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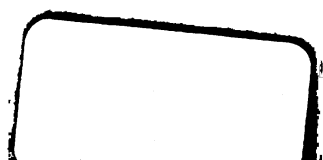
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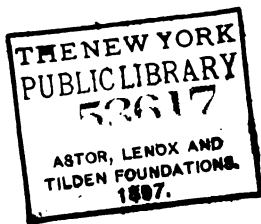
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*Yours truly
Joseph Wally*

PORTRAIT GALLERY OF HOGG'S WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR

WEEKLY HOGG'S INSTRUCTOR

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

REV. JOSEPH WOLFF, D.D., LL.D.

THIS truly extraordinary individual was born in Weilersbach, in the Duchy of Bamberg, in Bavaria, in 1796. His parents were both Jews, and only fifteen days after the birth of Joseph, David Wolff, the father, was invited to Halle, in Prussian Saxony, to take superintendency as rabbi of a synagogue in that ancient seat of science and letters. Here Wolff resided till he had reached his seventh year, when a second removal of his father, to officiate in the same capacity to another synagogue of his own countrymen in Crailsheim, near Anspach, and not long after a third, to Ulfeld, near Baireuth, made our hero successively a denizen of both these towns. When in Ulfeld a barber of the name of Spiess spoke with him on Christianity, being the first person who had ever done so. The conversation of Spiess produced on his youthful mind a decidedly beneficial influence, and in 1809 he was sent to pursue his studies at the gymnasium of Bamberg, being then in his thirteenth year. Professor Neff, a Roman Catholic, by whom he was instructed in Latin and Greek, exhibited to his young pupil so convincingly the beauty and excellency of the New Testament, that he became a decided convert to the Christian faith, and on the 13th September, 1812, after enduring a great many persecutions from his Jewish relations, Wolff was baptized at Prague, in Bohemia, by Father Leopold Zalda, abbot of the Benedictine Convent of Emaus in that town. Though only in his sixteenth year, his desire to enter upon the labours of a missionary was already decidedly formed. A perusal of the life and exciting adventures of Francois Xavier, the famous Jesuit Missionary, inflamed his youthful bosom with a passion the most sincere and ardent to devote himself to that enterprise, alike hazardous and honourable, in which he subsequently embarked. Wolff quitted Prague for Vienna about the close of 1812, but not before he had rendered himself sufficiently distinguished by his scholarship and intellectual attainments to attract the notice of that celebrated satirical poet and benefactor of the human race, Johannes Falck of Weimar, in Upper Saxony, through whom he also formed an acquaintance with the still more famous Goethe. At the University of Vienna, Wolff entered upon the study of the oriental languages under a variety of celebrated professors, and gained a very considerable share of scholastic distinction. Here, too, he lived upon terms of the closest intimacy with Friedrich Von Schlegel, the famous author of 'Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature,' and Zacharias Werner, the poet; individuals whose recommendation procured for him the

tutorship in Hebrew and Arabic of the sons of Friedrich Leopold, Count of Stolberg, in whose house he spent six months of no ordinary happiness. Leaving Vienna, Wolff prosecuted still farther the study of oriental literature at the University of Tubingen, in Suabia, under the auspices of Prince Dalberg, Archbishop of Ratisbon, by whom he was subsequently recommended to Cardinals Consalvi and Litta at Rome. Here being introduced to Pope Pius VII., he entered the Collegio Romano, and not long afterwards the Collegio della Propaganda. At Rome Wolff lived on terms of intimacy with several distinguished inhabitants of our own country, namely, Lady Carnegie, General Macaulay, Colonel Hallyburton, Henry Drummond, and Berkeley Noel. He likewise, at the Collegio della Propaganda, was successful in gaining, as the fruit of his literary efforts, two gold medals. Wolff about this time avowed opinions at variance with the creed of Rome. He was accused and convicted of heresy, and though he has never yet ceased to acknowledge the personal kindness he received while a student in that city, he was sentenced, in consequence of his change of views, to banishment from her walls. Retiring to Val-Sainte, near Fribourg, in Switzerland, he entered the order of the Redemptorists, but not resting satisfied with their system either, he embarked for Britain in 1819, and arrived in London on the 1st of June, being then twenty-three years and ten months old.

Ever since his perusal of the life of Xavier, Wolff's desire and resolution to become a missionary, instead of undergoing abatement, had increased in intensity and power. He had now formed the definite determination of traversing all regions of the globe where his dispersed brethren were to be found, and of preaching to them Jesus and the resurrection. This purpose he communicated to the gentlemen who welcomed him on his arrival in England, who heard it with sentiments of no ordinary pleasure, and not long thereafter recommended him to the notice of the London Society for Propagating Christianity among the Jews. Satisfied with his appearance, the society sent him to Cambridge to enjoy the superintendency and care of Professor Lee and the Rev. Charles Simeon. At the twelfth anniversary of the society, held in London on the 5th of May, 1820, the last mentioned individual, in the course of a highly eloquent speech, brought his interesting pupil under the notice of the meeting in the following terms:—'I must confess that I could have brought you a Jew who would have filled all your souls with joy, one who is under my care and that of Professor Lee, who understands not only Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, but Arabic, Persic, and I know not what besides, but who, with

sition as is seldom seen. He was desirous of coming, and I was desirous of bringing him, but I thought to myself, there is on this tree a lovely peach, but if I put it into their hands they will take off all the bloom and spoil it. I have his life, but I have not published it; and I will not, because if you see it he will, and therefore I conceal it. If you persecute him you will do him no harm; but if you praise him you will injure him; and I will not put my child into your arms for fear you should squeeze him to death; but I really have very great joy in seeing such an one about to go forward as your servant, to spend and be spent in the cause of the Saviour.'

So ardent was Wolff's zeal to be employed in active service among his kinsmen according to the flesh, that every hour seemed to him an age; and in the autumn of 1821, he set sail for Gibraltar on his way to Jerusalem, carrying with him a great many copies of the Old and New Testament for distribution among his brethren. Intending to proceed to the Holy City by Egypt as his route, Wolff had no sooner reached Gibraltar than he embarked for Malta and subsequently for Alexandria. Nothing could be more encouraging than the reception he met with from the Jews both there and at Cairo. A spirit of inquiry appeared to prevail among them, and Wolff was not only admitted into their synagogues but received much private kindness and hospitality from the most wealthy and influential members of their body. He also made liberal distribution, 'without money and without price,' both of the Old and New Testament in Hebrew. While at Cairo, Wolff resided under the hospitable roof of Henry Salt, Esq., a wealthy English merchant, and preached every Sunday to a congregation partly Roman Catholic partly Protestant, which assembled in one of the apartments of the mansion. About the beginning of November Wolff set out from Cairo, accompanied by two English gentlemen, on an excursion to Mount Sinai, mounted on camels and attended by Arab servants, and carrying along with them several copies of the Scriptures, alike in Greek, Arabic, and Hebrew, to be presented to the poor and somewhat primitive monks who inhabit the convent on the summit of Horeb. Having reached the spot about twelve o'clock at night, on the 6th of November, Dr Wolff and his party were drawn up to the convent by means of a rope let down from the window, the monks, on account of the Arabs, never opening the gates. Their reception was most cordial, and they next morning breakfasted with the monks, whose number amounted to twenty-five. Dr Wolff revealed to them his mission, and distributed amongst them the holy writings which he had brought with him from Cairo, a present with which these secluded religionists seemed highly pleased. In a day or two thereafter the English party, accompanied by an Arab guide, ascended the Mount of Moses, as it is called, and Dr Wolff preached on the same spot where the law was originally, amidst smoke, and lightning, and thunder, and the sound of a trumpet, and the voice of words, put into the hands of the man of God. After this they went to the rock of Meribah and the convent of St Catherine. On their return to the convent of Horeb, however, they were intercepted by twelve Arab robbers, who made them prisoners and insisted on conveying them to their tents, a journey of not less than ninety miles. The Arabs assigned as a reason for their conduct, that the monks at Sinai had refused to give them provisions, and they were determined to retain the party as hostages till the English consul had compelled the president of the mount to order his monks to give them in future whatever food they might demand. Having no other choice, the captives, after sending couriers to the British consulate at Cairo, mounted their camels, and, guarded by the Arabs, arrived on the third day in the camp of two rich sheikhs or robber chiefs, Hassan and Musa by name. 'I tried,' says Dr Wolff, with inimitable simplicity, 'to talk with them about religion, but they turned their back, and I was not provided with any copy of the Arabic New Testament. I was very much distressed indeed.' On the third day of their detention, another robber chief arrived at the camp of Hassan, who no sooner

than he recognised in one of them the very person who not long before had, during a fit of illness, shown him great attention and even given him medicine free of expense. This individual went that very evening to the camp of Salikh, the greatest sheikh of all the Arabian desert, who, attended by no less than fifty inferior chieftains, arrived the following day. Wolff fearlessly confronted the whole daring banditti, insisting upon the instant liberation of himself and companions, and adding, that he was sure they would be punished if they did not comply. After a discussion of two hours, they were dismissed from their captivity, during which, however, they had been treated with the greatest civility and kindness. The entire party arrived safely at Cairo on the 26th of November.

After three or four days Dr Wolff left Cairo, separating himself with a very heavy heart from the family of Mr Salt. 'Every day,' he adds, 'farther and farther from dear English gentlemen, and the more I separate myself from them the more I am approaching a perverted generation. I prayed to God to be able to preach the Gospel faithfully without offending anybody; the first reason is, that it is the Christian's duty not to offend anybody; the second, to see whether a missionary may not be able to maintain the truth without hurting the feelings of persons who are of different opinions; thirdly, to prove to other missionaries that there is a possibility of preaching the Gospel in the East without making a noise or exposing themselves to insults. If I had gone to the rabbis at Cairo, and told them 'You are wrong,' they would have shut the door before me and burned the Gospel I had offered them, but now they are reading it. If I had gone to Osman Effendi and told him, 'Examine the Scripture and see what is false or true,' he would have turned me out of his room; but I offered him simply the Gospel as a book worthy of attention, and now I perceive he has read it. Christ, who knew the heart of man, was able to call some hypocrites; I know not the heart of man.' After a march of thirteen days through the great desert of Arabia, Dr Wolff, on the 26th December, arrived at the ancient Gaza, and after endeavouring, without success, to purchase an old Arabic manuscript of the Gospel, of which the Greek Christians connected with the town are possessed, he reached Jaffa on the 29th, where he found a genuine descendant of the ancient Samaritans residing. 'He showed me,' says the doctor, 'three Samaritan manuscripts; the first contained the fourth part of the books of Moses; the second, a book called Mimar, old sermons of their priests, which he affirmed were above 1600 years old; and the third manuscript contained a catechism for the Samaritan youth, which consisted of the ten commandments of Moses. All these manuscripts were written in the Samaritan language.' After an interesting ride along the base of the famous Mount Carmel, Dr Wolff arrived finally at St Jean d'Acre, where he was well received by Peter Abbot, Esq., British consul of the place. In order that he might attain to yet greater proficiency in the knowledge of Arabic, Dr Wolff now visited Mount Lebanon.

Next to that enthusiastic zeal in the service of Christianity, the unflinching fidelity with which he discharged the arduous labours of his holy vocation, and the high fortitude with which he confronted danger when it beset his path, the prudence which Dr Wolff evinced in the many disputes into which he entered regarding the Christian faith is the feature in which we contemplate with the greatest admiration. To the boldness of the lion and the dove's meekness he added the serpent's craft. His labours in the service of Christianity, even while he was only ostensibly engaged in the study of Arabic, were very considerable. Every day found him journeying along the sides of the huge mountain, disputing with holy padres, and endeavouring to ascertain the precise state of religion all over the country. He took down the name of every person in Mount Lebanon who desired Bibles and Testaments, and sent off to Cairo and England pressing letters for more in the Arabic tongue.

town of Mount Lebanon, the dwelling-place of its prince, and situated on its highest summit, a good many Jewish families were residing. Dr Wolff, though he had been there before, thought it worth while to return and satisfy himself with his own eyes of the truth of the report. Taking up his quarters in the Maronite convent, he was immediately waited on by Sheeh Yussuff Basilus, the commander of the soldiers. 'Are there any Jews residing in this town?' inquired Wolff, so soon as the officer entered. Yussuff replied that there were, and that he was intimately acquainted with the rich Jew, Bahur Ahron Arabi, and promised to introduce Wolff to him on the following day. This was accordingly done, and in the house of Arabi our hero met with another respectable Jew called Saul Kohen Atid. Wolff, who had brought with him a Hebrew Bible, entered with his accustomed prudence and tact into a long theological discussion with these two Israelites, who, as it turned out, had not long before obtained a Hebrew New Testament, published by the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews. Saul and Bahur, it also appeared, were, from a perusal of the New Testament, nearly already converted to the Christian faith, and nothing, therefore, could have been more reasonable and opportune than Wolff's visit, exactly at the time when they needed some one to confirm them in the truth. Wolff discovered, moreover, that the number of Jewish families on the summit of Lebanon amounted to seven, and that they and their ancestors had been there for upwards of three hundred years. Taking an affectionate farewell of his brethren, Wolff, having finished his Arabic studies, again returned to St Jean de Acre, and preached for a few days with considerable success to his brethren the Jews. Having received letters of introduction to a rabbi at Jerusalem, our indefatigable adventurer prepared to set out in fulfilment of his mission, and in a few days afterwards arrived at that city. As we will have the pleasure, however, of returning with him to that illustrious spot after no long interval of time, we shall now merely observe, that after performing a vast amount of labour in reference to the conversion of his brethren in the town and neighbourhood, the increasing war between the two Pachas of Acre and Damascus obliged him about the middle of summer to proceed to Aleppo—a journey he was encouraged to undertake by the kind invitation of the amiable Benjamin Barker, Esq., who gave orders to all the agents of the British and Foreign Malta Bible Society to furnish him with as many Bibles and Testaments as he might require. Mr Barker received him on his arrival at Aleppo with great affection, introduced him to all the consuls and to the most respectable Jews, hundreds of whom waited on him, to whom, besides preaching the Gospel, he gave away great numbers of New Testaments and tracts. A project of establishing a college at Aleppo which Wolff had previously formed, received the sanction of the French, Spanish, and English consul-generals, and Mr Barker was appointed director of that institution.

Dr Wolff left Aleppo on the 8d of August, 1822, and reached Antioch on the 5th, where remaining till the 12th, he returned to the former city on the very night when the terrible earthquake reduced it in a few hours to a mass of ruins. The heat of the day induced Wolff, with a few of his brethren, to betake themselves for repose to the open fields, where while they were sitting comfortably together, about nine o'clock a dead calm was suddenly followed by a great wind—the Lord looked upon the earth and it trembled. A terrible shock first horizontal, and thirty-six vertical ones, accompanied by a noise like the thunder of cannons, proceeded out from the earth. 'The falling of houses,' says Dr Wolff in his journal, 'the shrieks and lamentations of dying women and babes, who were plunged in a time of sixty seconds into an awful eternity, produced in us all the firm belief that the judgment-day of the Lord was now coming. In all,' he continues, '40,000 of our fellow-creatures here lost their lives. At Aleppo are 26,000 souls buried under dead horses, cats, and dogs; there have been 8000 Jews at Aleppo, 2500 of them became victims of the earthquake; their ancient synagogues

from the time of the second temple have been utterly destroyed; not a single house at Aleppo remained whole.' After this calamitous event Dr Wolff left Syria and returned to Egypt, where he had an interesting interview with the celebrated Pacha on the subject of national education; and on the 18th of November he arrived once more at Malta. Here he found the Rev. J. King and Pliny Fisk of America preparing to make a journey together through the Holy Land. Dr Wolff having agreed to accompany them, they set sail for Alexandria about the beginning of 1828, and in the subsequent spring we find Wolff once more a temporary inhabitant of the city of David and the Jewish kings. It was about this time, speaking of Wolff, that Mr Lewis Way, a brother missionary, thus wrote to the secretary of the London Jews' Society: 'He appears to me like a comet without any perihelion, and capable of setting a whole system on fire. When I should have addressed him at Syria I heard of him at Malta, and when I supposed he was gone to England he was riding like a ruling angel in the whirlwinds of Antioch, or standing untappalled among the crumbling towers of Aleppo; a man who at Rome calls the Pope the dust of the earth, and tells the Jews at Jerusalem that the Gemara is a lie; who passes his days in disputation, and his nights in digging the Talmud; to whom a floor of brick is a feather-bed, and a box a bolster; who makes or finds a friend alike in the persecutor of his former or present faith; who can conciliate a pacha or confute a patriarch; who travels without a guide, speaks without an interpreter, can live without food and pay without money, forgiving all the insults he meets with and forgetting all the flattery he receives; who knows little of worldly conduct, and yet accommodates himself to all men without giving offence to any—such a man (and such and more is Wolff) must excite no ordinary degree of attention in a country and among a people whose monotony of manners and habits have remained undisturbed for centuries.' When Dr Wolff and his companions, Messrs Fisk and King, left Malta, they brought with them 2000 copies of the Bible, or parts of it, in twelve different languages, and some thousands of tracts. These during the whole of their perilous journey they circulated to the best advantage, sometimes selling the copies of the Scriptures at a low price, and sometimes giving them away gratuitously.

While Messrs Fisk and King remained at Jerusalem, Wolff in their company made an excursion to the Dead Sea, the river Jordan, Jericho, and other places. What is the condition of society in these regions may be inferred from the advice which they received when anxious to acquire a guide—'Hire the captain of the robbers to go with you, and the rest of the gang will not molest you.' The house in which Wolff resided while at Jerusalem stood on Mount Zion, and was close to the house of a Spanish Jew named Isaac, so that conversation when the parties chose could be carried on from the terrace. 'I tell him,' says Wolff, 'every evening, Isaac, I love Jesus my Lord. How much I feel his love in me! He is the very Lion of the tribe of Judah.' In another part of the journal he says—'Brothers Fisk, King, and myself took a view of the court of the prison where Zedekiah shut up Jeremiah. The Jews call it Hazer Hammata, and here they say he sang his Lamentations, and here received a piece of bread out of the baker's street till all the bread in the city was spent. Many Jews were in the court of the prison when we came there. An old man, lame and blind, with a white beard, sat on the floor. The other Jews told me that the old blind man is at his own desire carried there every day, as he wishes to finish his days in the court of the prison of Jeremiah the prophet. Poor blind man! oh that the light of the Saviour who gave sight to the blind may shine into his soul!' They are afterwards represented as visiting the Mount of Olives, and holding their monthly meeting for prayer on the very spot where, after blessing his disciples, Jesus Christ ascended to his glory. 'We read,' proceeds the journalist, 'that David went up by the ascent of Mount Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered. How sweet are tears, especially when we weep thinking,

like Peter, we have offended so dear a Saviour as thou art! We remembered on Mount Olivet all our friends in England, America, and France.'

The enthusiasm with which Dr Wolff discharged his missionary duties is almost incredible. He tells of three young rabbis calling upon him one morning, very stormy and very unpolite indeed. They blasphemed—Wolff told them that if they wished to argue they were welcome, but he would by no means tolerate blasphemy in his own room. They would not desist, however, and taking the entire three by the shoulders, the dauntless missionary turned them out. They stood for a while before the door humbled and mortified, when he again desired them to enter, and the conversation became subsequently edifying and calm. After this a Spanish Jew calls, and he argues with him for several hours. Then he converses with several rabbis, and shows them the words of St Paul. This is a mere specimen of the manner in which the time of Dr Wolff was usually occupied all hours of the day. At this time the Jews of Jerusalem were great sufferers, for the Greek war was raging in all its fury, and accounts were daily coming in of the cruelties perpetrated by the Greeks upon their brethren in the Levant. The Greeks, it is well known, were the most inveterate enemies of the Jews. Several of the chief rabbis employed Wolff to write in behalf of their nation to the Russian Emperor, a request with which he complied. Messrs King and Fisk had gone during the heat of summer to study Arabic on Mount Lebanon; they returned about the beginning of October, and the whole party setting out from Jerusalem began to make the tour of ancient Syria.

Tripoli in Syria (not to be confounded with the African town of the same name) was reached on the 2d October. There Wolff on the subsequent day showed himself in the market-place with Bibles and Testaments under his arm, which he offered publicly for sale. Leaving Tripoli they next reach Canobin, and go from thence to see the cedars of Lebanon. Dr Wolff counted thirteen large cedars, which are said to be as ancient as the reign of Solomon. Large and small the cedars of Lebanon amount altogether to 387, the scanty remains of the vast forests which anciently clothed its verdant slopes. Leaving Lebanon, Dr Wolff and his fellow-travellers visited Balbec, or Palmyra in the desert, which, though in ancient times a magnificent city, is now a mere village, containing about two hundred houses. The principal object to be seen at this place is the Temple of the Sun. A great part of the walls and many of the columns are still standing. Towards the close of 1823, we find him once more in Aleppo, where seven hundred Jews, he tells us, were going about without homes, deprived of their eyes, and no longer able to read Moses or the prophets.

About the beginning of 1824, Dr Wolff left Aleppo, and set out for Mesopotamia, Bagdad, and Persia. The journey to Bagdad was a very pleasant one. We give a specimen from the journal, March 18. 'We arrived near the Arab tents of Sheikh Satun. It was a beautiful day; flowers and green grass covered the face of the country. Towards the east we saw the free Arabs with their flocks and camels, and towards the west a beautiful hill covered with lilies. The Jews here are ignorant of their own language, and live not in tents but in little cottages, and are distinguished from the Arabs by their long hair and black turbans.' On the 22d March, Wolff took a view of the ruins of the ancient Nineveh. There he was shown the sepulchre of Jonah the prophet, which is now Turkish property; he saw also the famous Tigris or Hiddekel of Genesis. At Arbel he says he heard in the evening the warbling of the nightingale—that dear little creature—coming from the land of Bulbul, from the land of Persia. The borders of the bower and the walks of the garden are not pleasant without the notes of the nightingale. Bagdad was reached by Dr Wolff on the 12th of April, where he remained till near the end of 1824. About the middle of October he was attacked at Bassorah with a shivering cold fever of exceeding violence. Nothing, however, could abate or diminish his intrepidity and zeal. Stretched upon his bed of sickness

we find him thus writing to a friend in Malta—'I sail with the first ship from Bassorah to Shiraz, or rather to the ruins of Shiraz, for you will have heard that the earthquake has scarcely left one single house standing. The Persians there are tolerant of religion, for they have no religion at all. The tyranny of the Persian government is greater than that of the sultan.' While residing at Bassorah, Wolff made discovery of a singular people inhabiting the little towns near the Tigris and Euphrates, amongst whom sayings and traditions exist, hitherto little known, and who claim relationship with Abraham. They baptize in rivers, speak much of John the Baptist, but seem to hold the rites, customs, and manners of the common Jews in utter contempt. They call themselves Mandayi Yahya, followers of St John, and Mandayi Haya, followers of the living God. The Mussulmans call them Sabseans. They have a religious book which they call Sedra Raba, which they assert was written by Adam, Seth, and Noah, and afterwards continued by John the Baptist and other prophets. This strange people when visited by Wolff had a rabbi by name Adam, a man about fifty years of age, who was reputed a conjurer and astrologer, and even a raiser of the dead. Wolff procured from him a great many facts connected with the early history and singular faith of this ancient people, who appear to have some knowledge of the Christian religion, and even a species of belief in the atonement and divinity of its great Author. Wolff arrived at Shiraz, about 179 miles distant from Bushire, and as a proof of his intrepidity, though the earthquake which had recently destroyed the town had not yet altogether ceased, and the house in which he stopped the first night was threatened with destruction, he boldly encountered every risk, and showed no disposition to retreat. While at Shiraz he preached to his countrymen in the house of a gentleman of the town. The room only held about fifty, but the windows were thrown up and considerable numbers stood listening without. In his efforts to convert his brethren, however, he found the greatest caution to be requisite, in order, we are told, that the mullahs might not become jealous, and find a reason for exacting money from them. He held a great many controversial meetings, however, with the mullahs themselves. In Shiraz all the Jews reside together in the same street. They were, generally speaking, in a miserably poor and degraded condition. Wolff showed them great attention, distributed tracts and Bibles and Persian Testaments in abundance, and was instant in season and out of season in his efforts to do good. While at Shiraz, Wolff visited the sepulchre of Hafiz, the famous Persian poet. He is buried in a garden of roses, a fine marble stone being erected over his grave. One of the dervishes showed him a most beautiful manuscript of this Persian Anacreon. The name of Henry Martyn was well remembered in Shiraz—a noble youth who, in Wolff's own expressive language, had kindled a light in Persia that should never go out. Wolff remained in Persia till the close of 1825. He spent, after leaving Shiraz, the remainder of his time in Ispahan, where he disputed as usual with rabbis and mullahs, gave away Bibles and tracts, and aimed at the establishment of schools. Having learned that a body of Cairaites Jews was established in the desert of Hit, he went to visit them. The Cairaites are a singular portion, our readers may be aware, of the Jewish race. The account he received from them was, that perceiving how much, during the Chaldean captivity, the pure faith of the Jews had been corrupted by the admixture of the philosophy of the East, their fathers, in order to imprint the Scriptures unmixed on their hearts, read them incessantly, and were hence called Cairaites, or readers. When their brethren returned from their captivity they refused to bear them company, but separating themselves retired to the very spot where Wolff found them. They had sent colonies, they said, to several parts of the world (Wolff himself had previously found sections of them both at Cairo and Jerusalem), and that the name they wished to assume was Children of the Bible.

Leaving Persia, Dr Wolff, after passing through Georgia

and the Crimea, again visited Smyrna, from whence he set sail for England about the end of the summer of 1826. In our next number we will resume our notice of the further interesting and valuable missionary travels of this persevering and truly wonderful individual.

THE TEA DUTY.

A few weeks ago we gave a short history of the tea-plant, and an account of the exertions then commenced to effect a reduction of the present high rate of duties on this now almost indispensable requisite to the comfort of the community. Since that time the subject has been rapidly assuming an importance which cannot fail ere long to render the agitation successful; and from a conviction of the social and moral benefits which would accrue from a reduction of the impost now levied, we feel warranted in again recurring to the matter, and shall endeavour to present our readers with an abridgment of the information which has been collected through the instrumentality of the respectable and energetic members of the association recently formed in Liverpool, consisting of thoroughly practical men, who, from their connexion with one of the most important commercial ports in this country, as well as from their extensive transactions in the importation of tea, are of all others the best qualified to form correct views as to the probable effects on the revenue of a reduction of the duty. Even were a falling off in the exchequer to be the result, this, we are of opinion, would be more than compensated by the increase in the comfort and temperance of the great body of the people which a reduction of the impost duty to one shilling per pound on tea would undoubtedly effect. So far as the revenue would be affected, however, there is nothing to fear. The Liverpool Association states, that the conclusion of the treaty with China encouraged confident expectations of the extension of our trade with that empire. It was reasonably anticipated that the low rate of duty imposed by its government upon British manufactures would be reciprocated by a corresponding liberality in the admission of the staple production of the Chinese for the supply of our home market. The elements of agricultural industry essential to the production of tea, the fertile and extensive territory, and the superabundant population of China, estimated at above 350,000,000—are capable of enlarging its supply in a ratio at least equal to that in which the machinery of our manufacturers can increase the production of fabrics required for exportation. Our imports of tea from China have never yet reached four per cent. of the entire production of that country, according to the best calculation. The merchants are exposed to heavy losses in the importation of teas, which are now selling in the British markets at prices below their current value in China; while at the same time our manufactures are selling in China for less than the cost of their production here. The population at large are unbenefited by any practical result accruing from a treaty that has left behind it a tax upon British industry, which at the same time confers a bonus upon foreign competition. There is no difficulty in ascertaining the cause of so disastrous an issue. The pressure of an impost, unprecedented in any other tariff, cripples the operations of our merchants, and excludes our manufactures from the larger proportion of the Chinese population; while it deprives the labouring classes in this country of one of the most useful articles of domestic comfort. The chief export of China is brought in abundance to our shores, only to accumulate in our warehouses. A tax, as anomalous in its principle as it is mischievous in its results, stops at once the tide of commercial prosperity and the pervading currents of social civilisation. Under such circumstances, it is almost as easy to predict the future as to review the past. A losing trade can never be a permanent one. The discouraging results of this year's imports will curtail the shipments of the next; comparative scarcity, and proportionately high prices will follow. There is no reason to apprehend that the reduction of the duty to 1s. per pound would leave a deficit of any importance. This is not a gratuitous conjecture, but

a reasonable deduction from the result of similar changes in the duties on coffee and sugar; and, above all, it is confirmed by the only two existing precedents of a reduction in the tax upon tea itself. In 1744, the duty was reduced from £18:18:7½d. per cent. and 4s. per lb. to £38:18s:7½d. per cent. and 1s. per lb. The consumption immediately advanced nearly 50 per cent. In 1784, the duty was reduced from £55:15:10d. per cent. and 1s. 1d. 4-5ths per lb. to 12½ per cent. The consumption was at once more than doubled. In 1785, it was trebled, and in 1794 it was quadrupled. Since that period the duty has gradually advanced. Under the monopoly of the East India Company it was 100 per cent.; and under a system of individual enterprise and competition it is nearly 200 per cent. Every reduction in the price of the article has, however, been followed by an increase in its consumption. This will still farther appear from an examination of the quantity used in the British colonies and dependencies under a low rate of duty.

Previous to July, 1844, tea was retailed in the Isle of Man, under a species of monopoly, at about the same prices that were current in this country, under a duty of 1s. per lb., and with a consumption proportioned to our own. Since that time there has been a considerable reduction in the price, and this has been followed by a great increase in the consumption, which in that island is now at the rate, per head, of 2½ lbs. yearly, whilst our own scarcely exceeds 1½ lb. per annum.

Our consumption being only 45 millions of pounds, at a duty of 2s. 2½d. per lb., the net produce to the Exchequer is.. £4,921,875

Were our rate of consumption the same as in the Isle of Man, the United Kingdom, with a population of 39,000,000, would require 80,000,000 lbs., which, at 1s. per lb. duty, would yield to the revenue.....£4,000,000

The extra 35 millions of pounds of tea would require, at the most moderate calculation, 2½ lbs. of sugar for each, or 39,000 tons, which, at £21 per ton, would yield an additional revenue of..... 890,302

4,890,302

Leaving a deficiency of..... £101,573

As stated above, the present consumption of tea in this country averages about 1½ lb. per head per annum for the entire population. This is about one-fourth of the allowance usually afforded to domestic servants in families of the middle classes; it is less than one-half of the quantity consumed in the Channel Islands, where all intoxicating beverages are far cheaper than in this country; and it is scarcely one-sixth of the proportion used in Australia, by a population whose physical requirements will appear to most persons less favourable to its use. Whatever test may be applied to our present consumption, it will evidently appear to be restricted by the artificial limits of price, and not by any objection to the qualities and properties of the article. Supposing, however, that the national expenditure on tea and sugar would, after a reduction of the duty on tea to 1s. per lb., be the same as at present—

The average price of congou tea being 1s. 1½d., and the duty thereon 2s. 2½d., or together 3s. 4d. per lb., the retail price, or cost to the consumer, will be 4s. per lb.; at which rate the present consumption, estimated at 45,000,000 lbs., will cost..... £9,000,000

Were the duty reduced to 1s. per lb., the same tea could be retailed at 2s. 6d., as the reduction in the duty would enable the retailer to sell at a lower rate of profit, in consequence of the employment of less capital and the increase of his sales, so that the consumer would get for the same money 79,000,000 lbs., viz..... 9,000,000

The average price of Barbadoes sugar for the year 1846 being 51s., and the same retailed at 52s., the consumption being estimated at 260,000 tons for the year, the cost of that quantity to the consumers will be..... 13,520,000

Under the operation of the new law, the average price of sugar will not exceed 46s., or say to the consumer 47s. 260,000 tons at this rate will cost..... £12,280,000

27,650 additional „ „ „ „ „ 1,299,565

13,519,565

Estimating the consumption of tea for the year 1846 at 45,000,000 lbs., and at 2s. 2½d., the amount will be..... £1,921,875

Assuming a reduction of the duty to 1s., and an increase in the consumption to 79,000,000 lbs., the produce would be..... £3,600,000

Allowing for the additional quantity of tea only 2½ lbs. of sugar, 79,000,000 lbs. of tea will require 60,750,000 lbs., or 37,121 tons at £21 per ton..... 569,841

4,169,841

Deficiency..... £759,334

Thus, on the extreme supposition that, after a reduction of the duty on tea to 1s. per lb., there would only be the same expenditure on it as previously, the revenue would suffer only to the amount of £752,884. But a material reduction in the price of any article of general use almost invariably leads to a *great increase of the national expenditure on it*; and this would unquestionably operate in the case of tea, to cover a large proportion of the above deficiency.

The present duty amounting to two-thirds of the cost of the most serviceable descriptions of tea, it is evident that the dealers require, in order to cover their investments in its purchase, three times the profit which would repay them, were the article free of duty. The public have thus to pay a tax upon a tax; the magnitude of the impost, in the first instance, being indefensible and oppressive.

In our last article on this subject, it was stated that a pound of bohea, when purchased in China, scarcely costs 10d. We have since ascertained that bohea has almost entirely gone out of consumption for some years, owing to the reduced price of common congou, a far more palatable and wholesome beverage, the cost of which in China is somewhat less than 7d. per pound, while bohea, under the same circumstances, is scarcely worth 4½d. This only shows with greater force the disproportion of the present duties.

THE MOON.

CIRCLING freely in her own orbit, yet the faithful sister of the earth, there moves in mid space, not more than 240,000 miles off, a sweet orb, called, as the youngest of our readers well know, the moon. The very name of it is full of poetry to the gentle fancy. It has appeared and disappeared at intervals even from our infancy; serving as the toy at which, when in the arms, we grasped with glee in hope of catching it; afterwards awakening strange thoughts in us through the place it was made to hold in our story-books; our beautiful companion over heaths after sunset, and our witness of joy and sorrow as years brought care and blessings of deeper interest to us. The poetry of all ages and countries has drawn freely on this delicate planet for threads with which to work its exquisite embroideries. The painter has gazed and gazed on it till it seemed to circulate no longer as a separate thing out of him, but as an image of beauty in the interior of his own mind. Vows, tender and true, have often been sanctified and made seemingly more inviolable by being sworn in the light of its presence. So mixed up, indeed, with all our associations is this graceful satellite, that we feel the sentiment of kinship to it; and many might suffer, as if life were denuded of its value, if possibly this orb were extinguished in the heavens.

Yet how mysterious is its history to most of us! It seems often to hang like a spectre in the heavens; appearing suddenly as twilight deepens into night; having no rise, or none to us, and its setting unnoticed or delayed till sleep has called us to repose. For long intervals, again, it disappears, not following the sun as before, but as if lost in space. Ere we are aware, however, it resumes its watch, and looks upon us at shorter intervals till again called away. What adds to this peculiar mystery is its ever-varying form. When seen at all, it is now but a twig of light bent back in the sky; anon it increases in breadth till it reaches a half circle; it is then discovered approaching a bulged-out form like to a circle without suggesting one; and then it appears large and full, admitting seemingly neither of increase nor of diminution. Later and later in the evening, however, it is seen in the same place in the heavens, till we must postpone the hour of slumber if we would yet behold it. But now it is waning as it formerly waxed; losing from that side which was first seen when it began its monthly course. Some day after these changes, we are unexpectedly filled with wonderment on seeing a few straggling white spots shape themselves in the sky into the form of a half or quarter moon. So associated with the night

and the stars is the appearance of the orb itself, that we refer the phenomenon to a moon-shadow; not, until we are told, being disposed to believe that it can indeed be anything more than a shadow.

It would be untrue to say that science, the stern asserter of facts, dissipates all this world of the imagination which the moon forms for itself in the mind of sensibility. No; you may beat against the air reflecting ocular phantasmagoria, but the shapes, while opening a way to the arm, will not disappear. The spheres of reality and of fancy are different; both occupying the same territory of the spirit, but each being, as it were, a vacuum to the other. In those minds from which the study of astronomy at once or ever dispels the illusions of imagination, these illusions, it might be said, never really dwelt. For fancy or imagination is as proper to man as reason; carrying, indeed, a reason to itself in its every valid act, and creating as legitimately for itself a world of beauty and show as the other attempts to understand the world that already is. Pity, therefore, it is, when the gentle play of imaginative emotion descends in the heavens a new class of phenomena, we should disconnect these from the purpose of God in his works. Vainly do we describe the one class of facts as mere fancies; for still, of course, they are facts, permitted to have place in the universe as much as any other facts; and therefore to be taken account of in any estimate of Divine goodness.

If, indeed, there were no alternative but to be either reasonable or imaginative, without having the option of being both, we might even hesitate between their claims; so sweet are fancies, so real are reasons. But not being by any means necessitated to make a choice between them, but to accept both with thankfulness from the hands of God, we are very willing to escape the difficulty of volition, and humbly to submit to the beneficent compliance imposed on us. In this spirit, then, let us retain our fancies full and free, as meanwhile we take a scientific journey to the moon, and inquire what is its composition so far as we can know; after which we may return to our earth, and from the view-point which it affords, notice and explain the many changes of light and shade which the sister orb undergoes, and the effects of it on our tides experienced from day to day.

The distance of the moon from the earth, we have already incidentally said, is about 240,000 miles, over which we must travel with the telescope before we can alight upon firm ground. On reaching the moon we may rest for a little on certain dark flats, originally supposed to be *seas* (in which case it would have been dangerous to have ventured our first footing on their bosom), but now ascertained to be *land*, pretty equal in its surface and somewhat great in extent. It appears from observation that there is not a drop of water in the moon; although it is not known, even as probable, whether there ever has been any water on it, or whether there may yet be in some future transformation it may undergo. The evidence by which the fact is established that these supposed seas are really land is as interesting in itself as in its results. It is observed that when the line of light crosses over these so-called seas, while the moon is growing, it reveals a rough broken edge, not a smooth and regular one as we should expect if the spots were expanses of water. On looking out upon our own ocean towards the horizon, where the rim of the sea is seen against the sky beyond, we see a smooth unbroken line slightly curved, which indeed is true, however high the billows may be. But when a rocky coast, or a coast at all, bounds the view, the line upon the sky is uneven, descriptive of land surface as different from that of water.

Having collected the strength spent in our flight by a sojourn in these plains, let us now brace ourselves for an ascent up the mountains, leaving fear behind us, and taking hope in our heart, lest we should turn through fatigue, or, what would be worse, tumble into some one of the craters to the borders of which we may be conducted. These mountains are peaks, extensive ranges, and circular forms or craters. The peaks are of course, huge cliffs

or turrets shooting up enormous heights, like Mont Blanc, into the heavens. No clouds, however, play around their bald summits, nor need we fear the descent of dews if nightfall should overtake us ere we again reach the base. For, although there is a small atmosphere, there is no water, from which an exhalation of vapour could rise. The ranges, in their structure, appear to follow the seeming law which prevails in mountains on our earth; being bold and precipitous on one side, and sloping back in a gradually declining plain behind.

But neither of these classes in lunar mountains gives character to the surface of the moon so much as the circular forms and craters. These have been classified into three orders, the first of which is termed *walled plains*, having a diameter varying from 120 to 150 miles; the second order is called *ring mountains*, with a diameter of about ten miles; and the third or remaining one is styled *craters or pits*, including all circular formations of magnitudes inferior to those just mentioned. In some places the craters lie in a plain, in others they are surrounded by masses of independent mountains. Often they crowd and huddle together, intermixing with and overlapping one another. The law which these craters are supposed to follow is, that the depth within descends much below the general surface of the moon. When their entire depth is below the surface, and when there is no rim standing round their edge, they are called *pits*. With the help of these facts, we can form a very vivid picture of the style of surface which looks out, as on a moon to it, towards our mysterious globe. Nothing can be more grand than the idea which is suggested to our minds. Solitudes peopled by silence, occasionally startled into echo by the periodical changes which, at distant intervals, announce that the footsteps of Providence has again been felt! Enormous pits, which communicate a dimness to the eye that attempts to pierce their darkness! A circus of mountains here, and another there, with peaks jutting up, in conic form, as if to protect the orb in case of collision with some wandering comet! Involuntarily, too, the thought questions what kinds of animals inhabit these peculiar regions. No living organisms, such as those of our own planet, seem capable of subsistence there, for there is no water and but a scanty atmosphere. In vain do we strive to fabricate a class of living things which could be supposed fitted to conform to the conditions which so special a dwelling requires. We may conceive animals as large or small, as having senses in some respect like ours or wholly different; but our creations must of course be abortions; for no experience can provide for conditions which have been utterly unexperienced by itself. Baffled in our capacity to people a world with living realities, we must consent to acknowledge limits; to own that we are not infinite; that we can go a few steps in company with analogy, and discover the unknown so far as it is knowable through its guidance, but creation being another thing, we cannot create; and that not even can we conceive the idea of creation beyond the composition, by a new arrangement, of materials with which life has already furnished us.

Leaving this planet for our own, on our way earthwards, we may beguile the length of the path by mutual congratulations that our journey thither has been made only in the spirit, not in the body. For if we consider a little the circumstances, we shall soon see reason to believe that our safety has been consulted, though our ambition is checked, by gravity being appointed warder of the earth's gates, so as to prevent any enthusiastic but inconsiderate philosopher from endangering his life in attempts to visit, in the body, the satellites just left by us. Once fairly within its power, and he would never more return; since, as we have said, there is only a small atmosphere and not a drop of water there. The truth of this, while it is capable of philosophical proof, is rendered probable to the naked eye of a common observer. On looking at the moon, we perceive a rigid outline and surface, never apparently varying, as they would do, if there was a body of water from which cloud could be drawn by solar in-

fluence. Thus, our enthusiast, if even he had ventured there, would have gained his information at too great a cost. Meantime, however, let us be satisfied and hopeful; better instruments and better observations may correct and enlarge what knowledge of the moon's surface we already possess.

Contented, then, we may now lay aside the telescope, and walk out into the open air, with our eyes wide open and our hearts on the tip-toe of expectation. The moon, everybody knows, wheels about the earth, just as the earth circles round the sun; and is retained in its orbit, both from falling towards the earth and shooting away from it, by the forces, respectively, called the centripetal force (the force by which it is constrained to remain about the earth), and the centrifugal force (by which it is prevented from coming too close to and lighting on it). The union of these two powers preserves that beautiful arrangement which provides us with the kindly neighbourhood of this orb. Its period of circulation, that is, from new moon to new moon (taking that point when it is wholly unseen by us as the point of starting and of return), is 29 days, 12 hours, and 44 minutes, called the *synodical month*—which is different from the *periodical month*, 27 days, 7 hours, 43 minutes—the time occupied by the moon in returning to the same point in the heavens from which it set out about a month before. The difference of time arises from the earth's motion in its orbit, which assists the moon in relation to any point in the heavens. It will have been remarked by our readers, that both of these months are distinguished from the month of four weeks, and the month which receives a special name, as January, February, &c., which are arbitrary in their character, and made for convenience rather than from scientific reasons.

Like our earth, the moon rotates on its axis; but its day and night are equal to its year, that is, its revolution on its axis is performed at the same time as its revolution round the earth. On this account we never see more than one hemisphere of the moon: the same hemisphere turns gradually its face towards us, as the moon progresses in its orbit; not allowing us to behold the back of its head, but always adjusting itself so as that whatever of it is enlightened to our earth should be a part of the same which has monthly come into view from age to age. It may be observed, however, that the motion of the moon in its orbit being somewhat irregular, while its rotation is invariable, we see a little way beyond the borders. On account of the general law, which this remark modifies in a very slight degree, we always see the same external appearances on the surface of the moon when we direct our eye towards it; nearly a half of it, consequently, is wholly unknown, even in its superficial aspect, to the observers on this earth.

The phases of the moon, or the appearances which its partial and full enlightenment presents to on-lookers, next furnish a topic of great interest, especially to youth. The mere laws which regulate the moon's motion in its orbit may be easily understood by learners; but it is ever a source of perplexity, even to persons advanced in years, to comprehend not merely in knowledge but in vivid perception the actual aspects of the moon. Its presence and its disappearance seem equally difficult of explanation. When not seen, where is it? When seen, why does it look as it does? And why at this hour and for this length of time and no other? These are questions which may be explained in diagrams and schoolrooms, but ever return to pose the young mind when it tries to answer them in connexion with the moon looked at face to face, or looked for when it is absent. The difficulty arises from the complexity of the circumstances which must be taken into account. The view-point, or the stance occupied by the observer when looking at the moon, requires to be included in the reckoning, as well as the object whose motions he is attempting satisfactorily to understand. It so happens, however, that the earth, his point of view, is rotating, and rotating diurnally; a rotation very different from the the lunar one, and introducing an element diffi-

cult of adjustment in the calculation. The source of perplexity arising from this is that the moon seems to be travelling from east to west, in common with the sun, whereas it is always moving from west to east. Let us suppose, then, that the earth, from which we look at the moon, were standing still. The effect of the lunar motion would be this, that the moon would be seen by the observer to be steadily and equably travelling from west to east, that is, in the direction opposite to the one in which it seems to be going at present, when it rises in the east and sets in the west. But as our earth is in motion, and that a much more rapid one than the motion of the moon, it makes twenty-nine turns for one turn which the moon makes—the effect of which to the spectator is, that although the moon is really travelling in the same direction with the earth, it seems to be going in an opposite one.

Now, without retaining more of what has just been said, than as much as is secured by the general impression, let us attempt to explain and understand the different faces which the moon puts on in her course round our planet. First, then, take her when she is not seen at all, whether we look for her appearance during both the whole night and the whole day. Why is she not visible? For this reason—she is between us and the sun. When you cannot see her throughout the twenty-four hours of a day and night, look at the sun, and you are looking nearly at the moon although you do not know it. Why is this? Because the moon is lost in the solar rays. There are stars in the sky during sunshine; but you cannot see the lesser lights for the 'light that excelleth.' The moon, however, is in motion, and consequently does not always stand between us and the sun. It moves on a little, and next day by the same hour it has got some way to the left of the sun; still it is too near it to be yet seen. But it travels on, and just after sunset, look—well, what do you see? Do you not see a half-ring of light in the grey western sky, sweet and delicate to the eye? But the moon makes no pause. Look to-morrow, and you see it higher up in the heavens about sunset, and of course farther off from the sun. But you also see the half-ring has become thicker in the middle. Repeat your observations from day to day at the same hour, and you find the moon gradually getting farther off from the sun, and growing larger and larger, till, lo! it shoots up above the eastern horizon, full and round, just as the sun has fallen below the western horizon. By this time the moon has run half her course, and therefore, as she was formerly on a line *between* the earth and the sun, she is now on a line *behind* the earth. But still she goes round; and we find presently that the side which was next the sun when she first came into view like a half-ring of light, is now vanishing away, and the moon is already waning or growing less, just as before she waxed or grew greater. The process of diminishing goes on till the appearance of a half-ring returns. But this appearance is seen now, not at sunset and following the sun as before, but at sunrise and preceding the sun. Shortly after, the moon has again passed between the earth and the sun, and therefore is again lost—but not, thank God, for ever. A little patience, and she appears as formerly, running through, from month to month, the same delightful variations, music to the heart and beauty to the eye.

A few terms may be given which are agreed upon to express the leading varieties of the moon's appearance. When between us and the sun, which is when not seen at all, the moon is said to be in *conjunction*, and is called a *new moon*. When behind us, at which time she is seen large and round, the moon is said to be in *opposition*, and is termed a *full moon*. When passing from the new towards the full moon she is said, just when she first appears (namely, as a half-ring), to be *horned*; as she becomes half enlightened she is in her *first quarter*; as she reaches the condition intermediate between her first quarter and full moon, she is styled *gibbous*; then she is *full*; then again becomes gibbous as she wanes; afterwards is half enlightened as before, and is in her *third*

quarter; again is horned; and at last returns to the point of departure, becoming, as formerly, a new moon.

A class of appearances yet remain to be explained, namely, eclipses. That the moon, while quietly illuminating our earth, without reproach, should be suddenly plunged into darkness, and be kept in that state for a period of three or four hours, seems anomalous and startling. So at least it seemed of old, and must ever seem till science solves the riddle and sets it free of mystery. Lunar eclipses arise from the interposition of the earth between the sun and moon; so that the earth's shadow, which falls behind it, wraps up the moon from the solar rays. This phenomenon happens only when the moon is full, or in *opposition*; for at no other time is the moon *behind* the earth, in relation to the sun, but either goes before it or has a place by its side. But eclipses do not always occur when the moon is in opposition; else we should have a monthly eclipse. The reason is because the moon's orbit is not in the same plane with the earth's, but one half is elevated about five degrees and a third above it, the other so many below it. Unless, therefore, the full moon happens in or near (not beyond twelve degrees from) the *node*, or point of intersection, of the orbits—the point where they cross each other—there will be no eclipse. Eclipses are either partial or total, as the moon in her progress falls only in part, or wholly, within the earth's shadow. When an eclipse takes place with the moon full in the node, it is called a *central* eclipse. Such an one may last three or four hours while passing through the shadow. The shadow is of course conical or sugar-loaf in shape, being the shadow of a sphere or globe. We may just add that, as if by way of reprisal, the moon sometimes eclipses the earth, and

'Dianstrous twilight sheds
On half the nations.'

The reason in this case corresponds to that of the other. It is the interposition of the moon between the earth and sun at the time when it is in conjunction.

Little does the boy picking up pretty shells on the seashore in company with his sister, or raising palaces of sand, think, unless he is informed, that the tumultuous waves which fill his ear with echoes and his heart sometimes with fear, are answering to the moon, so far off, so placid and still in her movements, and only sometimes seen—the chief agent in all this disturbance of waters. But so it is; for the moon, from her attraction, heaps together the ocean at the point over which it stands vertically; thereby drawing the waters from the poles, and causing a tide for every sea and frith into which the ocean flows. As the moon can be vertical only at one point at a time (which, of course, is always varying), we should expect only one tide every twenty-four hours; but the case is such that we have two tides instead of one—one at the point over which the moon stands, and one at the opposite point. Hence each point has two tides, one by direct attraction, another by indirect attraction—namely, when the moon is overhead and when it stands over the opposite point of the globe. The cause of this is that the water being withdrawn from the sides, both of the opposite centres, by the law of gravity, receive an accession of waters. High-water at any one place differs on each day about three-quarters of an hour, owing to the moon's motion about thirteen degrees daily from west to east. The tides are affected by the sun and moon in different proportions. The satellite raises the tides ten feet, the sun, from his great distance off, only two feet; both, when acting in the same direction, raise them twelve feet. When the moon is in her quarters, the one raises the other depresses the waters; and, subtracting the smaller force of the sun from the greater one of the moon, the tides are elevated eight feet. Such being the case, it is obvious that there must be a highest and a lowest point of elevation, of which the highest tides are called *spring* tides, the lowest *neap* tides. When sun and moon are both vertical to (or standing directly overhead) the equator of the earth, while the moon is at her least distance from it (which is the case about the time of the ver-

nal and autumnal equinoxes) the highest tides are produced. But little thinks the boy gathering shells, as we said, on the shore which the tide is washing, that the rich sounds which have set his young spirit at liberty and a-dreaming about regions pictured in the imagination, are traceable to the sway of the moon, as she cradles the ocean in its tidal bed.

DEATH OF M. G. LEWIS.

(Written for the Instructor.)

Mathew Gregory Lewis, better known under the title of 'Monk Lewis,' from his juvenile novel of 'The Monk,' fell a victim to yellow fever at sea, having contracted the disease while visiting an estate in Jamaica, to the possession of which he had succeeded. The particulars respecting his decease, given in the following ballad, are strictly true; and one cannot imagine an end more accordant with the wonder-working and terror-loving fancy of him whom it befell. His visit having solely in view the good of the negroes on his property, Lewis may justly be said to have fallen in the cause of humanity—a fact that would of itself atone for many errors.

To the chambers of death he went not down,
As the many are fated to go;
He closed not his eyelids in hamlet or town;
No stone doth the place of his sepulture crown,
To tell who reposes below.

How brightly, yet strangely, he shone by the way,
While he walk'd with mortality here!
Not his was the open effulgence of day,
But the flash of the wildfire, that scatters its ray
From a dark and a mystical sphere.

In the spring of his manhood he startled the world
By the scenes which he loved to portray.
The senses by these now in wonder were whirld,
And now to the black depths of horror were hurld,
Or soft pity was call'd into play.

The grave and austere might look cold at his name,
And reproof on his errors might fall;
But ever, along with the language of blame,
High praise of his genius from multitudes came,
And the man was beloved of all.

How died he who thus took delight to outpour
Tales of wonder and terror in life?
He departed afar from his native shore,
Where the blasts in the swelling Atlantic roar
And awaken the waters to strife.

They cover'd him up in the garb of the grave,
And his corpse in the coffin they laid,
Then a shrouding of canvass to all they gave,
And they lower'd it gently, with weights, to the wave,
And the last solemn prayers they said.

When supported no longer, at once in the tide
Sank the dead in his lone, narrow lair;
But why, as they lean o'er the swift vessel's side,
Is the tear of regret by astonishment dried
In the eyes of the onlookers there?

The leads had dropp'd off, and the coffin uprose
To the face of the billowy deep;
And there, undisturb'd by tempestuous throcs,
It floated and rock'd in serene repose,
Like a child that lies cradled asleep.

But the breeze caught the folds of the canvass at le. t,
And it swell'd in the form of a sail,
And away from the vessel the death-boat pass'd,
Like canoe of the savage that showeth the mast
While obeying the breath of the gale.

Oh! fearful to view was that ark of the dead,
As it swam on the balancing wave!
Bold hearts at the spectacle shudder'd with dread—
From cheeks before blooming the bright roses fled—
And the giddy and reckless grew grave.

And away on the waters—away—and away—
Did that bark with its mariner go;
And whither it went no mortal can say;
Whether drifted ashore, or afloat till this day,
It was heard of no more here below!

Thus strange as the course of his earthly career,
Was the close of the life of the bard;
Not his fancy itself, though so ardent and clear,
Could e'er have conceived a more suitable bier
Than the one on his corpse thus conferr'd.

Peace with him! He err'd; but his bosom in life
Ever glow'd with humanity's fire:
And to free the sad slave when oppression was rife,
To shed blessings around him, and terminate strife—
For these aims did poor Lewis expire.

ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP!

THE TRUE VERSION.

'Some books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never penn'd.'

THE Sultaness Scherezade was one of the greatest story-tellers that the world ever saw. It seems they are famous for fibbing in the East; but we cold western people can tell stories too. Poor dear Scott was the greatest story-teller among us. Of course we mean 'Sir Walter,' but whoever dreamt of 'Sir' making such a man as that the greater—a man upon whom every one of warm feeling looks as a personal friend. So we suppose that there is something in story-telling that comes home to the heart. Then there was honest old De Foe—what a friend to manikinkind was he! Some people, indeed, are such staunch veritarians—if we may be allowed the coinage—that they set their faces against the use of the imagination altogether. Give them the figures of arithmetic, and they will give up the figures of speech. They look upon poetry as something akin to the black art, and care nothing for even lines and capital letters except as they appear in the ledger. Now we confess we are not of this spirit; we can look with deep respect upon the close reasoner, but we have a sort of familiar fondness for the good story-teller.

With what lively indignation have we not regarded the atrocity committed against some of our juvenile favourites in that insufferable abortion—'I'll tell you a story about Jacky my Norey.' Just as the bright blue eyes have begun to glisten, and the little rose-bud of a mouth has begun to open, and the chubby cherub face to glow with all the ardour of intense attention at the exciting words—'And now my story's begun,' to have that execrably chilling conclusion—'I'll tell you another, about Jack and his brother; and now my story's done.'—Done!—but we repress our indignant emotions, and return to the position that oriental imaginations ought not to have it all their own way. We are going to *occidentalise* one of the Arabian Nights—not that we expect to improve upon those delicious extravaganzas—that were presumption indeed—but since it is a rationalizing age, we would be in the fashion. Another thing is, that we have often found that ladies do not like the Arabian Nights; they are apt to call them 'stuff;' they seem to take things too seriously, and think it no joke for young princes to be whisked away when they are on the point of marriage, and fairies and ogres to interfere with the affections of young people. To please the ladies, then, we would fain try to find out some sense in this *stuff* about geni and magicians—and, in short, to give them the true story of Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp.

There lived a lad in London—such a lad as one sometime sees decent people troubled withal, and whom we are disposed to class with gnats and mosquitoes, flies and fleas, and all those troublesome tribes whose whole business and occupation it seems to be to make themselves disagreeable. Sam Wilful had been bound apprentice to a lamplighter, that being the only trade—or, we beg pardon—*profession* to which he seemed to have the slightest inclination; and it was shrewdly suspected by those who knew him best that his prepossession for this genteel pursuit arose from the delight that he felt in dropping the oil out of his can upon the persons of slow passengers—an opinion which seems countenanced by the fact that he gave up his occupation upon the introduction of gas, that is, when there

was no oil-can to carry. Sam Wilful was indeed the pest and plague of the whole alley in which he dwelt. He whistled louder through his fingers than any boy in the parish, broke more parlour-windows with his ball, and area-panes with his marbles, pelted omnibus-drivers with snow-balls more perseveringly, bowled iron hoops more assiduously, pinned more people together on twelfth night, frightened a greater number of horses on the fifth of November, and made a greater number of fools on the first of April, than any lad of his age in London. In short, he went as much beyond his oriental prototype in active mischief as the active energy of the west exceeds that of the east, while by a remarkable series of coincidences his fortune (as our young friends will see) bore a striking resemblance to that of their Asiatic favourite.

Wilful's father was an honest, hard-working tailor, and wished to bring Sam up to the same business; but Sam had a soul above buttons, or rather a spirit below work. It was said that Sam's conduct broke his father's heart, and cost him his life; but this wants confirmation, because, in that case, Sam's conduct must have operated in the shape of a quinsied sore throat, which grief seldom gives; and therefore we acquit our hero of the guilt of parricide; but it *just shows the evil of getting a bad name*, which bears the burden of most improbable iniquities.

Sam's mother, mother-like, seemed to love him the better for his faults; that is, she loved him the more that nobody else loved him at all. She had sold the defunct tailor's stock in trade, but she plied her needle with incessant assiduity to keep her thriftless son, rather than herself, from want. The neighbours hoped that Sam would run away, go to sea, and get drowned, thinking how much better his widowed mother would do, how much happier she would be, without him—a thought which just shows how much they knew about the matter.

One day when Sam was playing with his idle companions in the street, there chanced to pass that way *an old Jew clothesman*. He might have been an African magician or any other magician by his garb, which presented nothing remarkable save a long black calico robe singularly affected by the old clothesmen of London, and the playful peculiarity of three hats upon his head. The Jew evidently saw something in Sam that struck his fancy, for he gazed upon him with a sort of chuckle that made his little sly rascally eyes twinkle, and muttered something to himself with an air of satisfaction, which appeared to impart itself to every hair of his light, ragged, foxy, frowy beard; nay, so great was the Jew's apparent predilection for Sam, that with a sly wink he beckoned him across the way, plunged into a public-house, buried his beard in a pot of porter, and beckoned Sam to follow his example. Not a word had as yet passed between the amiable pair, but another smile of satisfaction lightened the visage of the venerable rabbi, as he beheld the natural and unaffected way in which the urchin imbibed the residue of the *entree*. They were evidently fitted for one another—the fellow-feeling of indolence and vagrancy, the freemasonry of craftiness and vice was between them. They traversed several streets together conversing upon topics of public and private interest, but in a species of patois which would not edify the reader. The Jew soon discovered that Sam had no money, and hinted that an application to his *uncle* might be desirable, because a lad might do without ordinary articles of dress, but could not exist without ale and porter. Everybody knew that Sam had no relatives alive but his poor old mother, yet he expressed no surprise at hearing of his uncle. Sam knew, however, that it is of no use to visit a rich relation empty-handed, and said so—a remark which the Jew endeavoured to overrule with the hint that parents if they missed little articles of trifling value had not the heart to persecute their offspring; but to this hint Sam turned a deaf ear; bad as he was, he had some sort of a heart in his breast, which was a mortification to the Jew. Nevertheless they became boon-fellows, and this new acquaintanceship was marked by a curious development of character on the part of Sam. We are grieved to say that Sam, who had never before carried a pocket-handkerchief, sud-

denly acquired so strong an affection for that article of personal convenience, as to covet the possession of every one that he saw hanging out of an old gentleman's pocket.

Things went on in this way for some time. The Jew became a frequent guest at the lodging of Sam's mother, greatly to the grief of that worthy individual, and the crisis of their companionship brought about the following event. It was one of the long winter evenings when a copper-coloured fog had settled down upon the great metropolis, so that you could hardly see the policemen's lamps, which, fastened in front, generally look like luminous holes in the poor men's stomachs. Meeting by previous concert, the Jew and his protegee sallied forth from the great city, and taking the nearest way to get free from houses, they betook themselves to that vast and solitary mountain which bears the name of Primrose, and upon whose summit may be seen the dark waters of the tarn or mountain-lake known by the title of the reservoir. Thence they descended into the vale of Chalk-farm—formerly no doubt a *dairy* farm, such establishments in the vicinity of London dealing largely in the article alluded to. The Jew now beckoned Sam to seat himself upon a style, and the bearded magi, pulling out a box of lucifer matches, lighted his pipe, and smoked in silence—every whiff lighting up his eyes, and revealing the tip of his nose to Sam in a way very amusing to behold. The African magician, you remember, acted somewhat similarly—he sprinkled a strong-smelling substance into the fire that he had kindled, and so did the Jew, but you would hardly have supposed that the results were not unlike. Hardly had the Jew commenced this singular kind of incantation when a strange rumbling was heard in the bowels of the earth, a fiendish shriek echoed around, and two great glaring glassy crimson eyes darted through the fog and murky air. In China or Arabia they might have called this enchantment—in Camden-town they said it was the train coming out of the Kilburn tunnel. Undismayed by these appalling terrors the Jew now broke his plan to Sam Wilful, who recoiled in horror from the attempt; but he was too deeply in the toils of the old villain to draw back; the Jew knew too much for Sam's safety, and nothing remained to him but to proceed.

The witching hour of night was now arrived—that hour at which silly *souls* get up to walk and sensible *bodies* go to bed; and the Jew, seizing Sam by the arm, led him to a secluded neighbourhood of detached houses. Stopping before one solitary residence he pulled out a skeleton key, with which he unlocked a kind of flat grating, and pointing out some steps which led into the area, desired him to descend. Another key was put by the Jew into Sam's hand, and he told him how to proceed. He was to descend the steps and open a door with the key which he held in his hand, when he would find a passage before him, and which would lead him to a butler's pantry. He would not say by whom, but the Jew hinted that the door of this closet was so left as to yield to a moderate degree of force. In the pantry he would see a plate-basket—he might cast the plate-basket away, but he must be sure to put its contents into his pocket; if there were any articles about the pantry, either edible or pocketable, he might make free with them, but he was on no account to linger long or to make any disturbance. So saying, and thrusting a dark lantern into his hand, the Jew urged him to his task, and Sam, with an unwilling heart, but feeling himself entirely in the power of the betrayer, obeyed. Sam descended the steps very cautiously, for they were steep and slippery, because the water-butt stood beside them, and when the water came in it splashed over them. He found the area-door just as the old Jew had described it; by the aid of his lamp he traversed the passage and discovered the butler's pantry. The opening of the closet-door was not, however, quite so easy as he expected, and as he made some noise in the attempt, he prudently turned the dark shade of his lamp lest the light should betray him. At length the door yielded to his hand and the pantry was open to him, but of course in perfect darkness. Turning his dark lantern, however, he threw a thin stream of vivid light into the place, but which thin stream of vivid light unfortunately

fell fall into the eyes of a black cat which chanced to be sitting on a shelf, dreaming no doubt of rats and mice. Now, you must confess that it is extremely disagreeable out of blank darkness to have a ray of light suddenly cast in your eye, especially, we believe, to cats black, white, or grey. Accordingly, puss darted past Sam in a paroxysm of terror, and it is difficult to say which was the more thoroughly startled—the lad or the cat. Sam, indeed, started back as puss started forward, and coming in contact with the leg of a clothes-horse which was hanging against the wall, down came the horse with noise enough to awaken the seven sleepers, had they been asleep in the neighbourhood of Camden-town instead of the city of Bagdad. Sam retained sufficient presence of mind to put out his lamp after pocketing the forks and spoons, and he made the best of his way towards the area; but before he had reached it there was a considerable hubbub in the house; more than one window was heard to open, and various voices, differing in pitch according to age, sex, and degrees of trepidation, were heard calling for assistance. Sam saw that he had no time to lose; he heard the voice of the Jew who was calling him to be quick, but as the more haste is often the worse speed, he slipped upon the green slippery steps and grazed his shins.—‘Give me your hand to help me up,’ cried this Cockney Aladdin.

‘Make haste—here iah de polishmen coming,’ exclaimed the Jew; and somehow in the confusion, while the Jew’s steps were heard retreating in one direction and the policemen’s advancing in another, Sam pulled the heavy iron grating down upon his own head with a slam which knocked him back into the area. There he lay stunned and stupefied, while the noise of the falling grating brought the police to the spot, and he was soon a helpless prisoner in their hands.

The Jew had made the best of his way out of danger, and Sam was left alone to deplore his hard fate—‘hard fate’ is a common phrase in this world for unsuccessful villainy. To make a short story, Sam was secured by the police, handed over to the magistrate, tried, and found guilty; but in consideration of his youth, his inexperience, and his subjection to the Jew, he was only sentenced to six months’ imprisonment, while that worthy, captured and convicted by the clear though undesigned evidence of his youthful associate, and found guilty of manifold high crimes and misdemeanours, was sent to expiate his achievements by a fourteen years’ sojourn in the pleasant settlement of New South Wales. This was a species of poetic justice very pleasing not only in poetry but also in the great drama of social life, which sometimes, after all, satisfies that instinct of equity implanted in the human breast most completely.

Now, it chanced one day, as Sam was sitting sadly in his prison brooding over his hapless fate, and well-nigh wishing that the worthy magistrate had condemned him to the gallows at once, he rubbed his hands impetuously together, and whether this action brought his hands into his head or not, the thought suddenly struck him—‘What had his hands ever done for him?’ Some men’s hands were invaluable instruments of industry, but *his* had never been employed but in idle occupations until they had degraded him by picking and stealing. Suddenly a light streamed into his dungeon. Whether his good genius or any other genius stood before him we have been unable to ascertain, but certainly a new light broke in upon him. It seemed as if a lamp had been lighted in his soul, and its effect was to show him the folly of his past conduct. It was one of those sudden but important convictions that are better than all the necromancy and magic in the world; nor was it in Sam’s case a fugitive emotion. It ended in sober serious reflection. The more he pondered the past, the more he resolved for the future; the spirit of industry came so strongly upon him that he loathed nothing so much as the life of inaction that he was forced to lead, and almost wished that he had been sent to the tread-mill that he might have had something to do. He now came to the conviction that idleness is the hardest work in the world, and that there is no labour half so irksome as having nothing to do. He longed for the expiration of his term of imprisonment more for the opportunity of exertion than as the end of punish-

ment—the genius of industry took complete possession of his soul.

Sam now borrowed a ready-reckoner of a fellow-prisoner, and, with a piece of burnt stick, began to cast up accounts on the wall. In this occupation he was indefatigable. The jailer seeing this, brought him a slate and pencil, for the man had good sense and good feeling enough to wish to encourage his newly-formed habit of industry. Nay, so remarkable was the lad’s application, that the jailer mentioned it to the chaplain; and this gentleman, upon a casual inspection of the wards, gave him a nod of approval. Another ray of light broke in upon Sam. A warm glow of feeling suffused his brow, a deep gush of emotion flowed in upon his soul, and even found vent in a tear-drop which hung upon his eyelash. As sweet a tear-drop it was as ever formed in human eye; and by what was it elicited? By nothing more than the chaplain’s nod of approval. But then that simple mark of approbation was the first piece of *character* that Sam had ever achieved. Yes, the man who possesses the invaluable gem—reputation—has no notion whatever of its worth. Neither has he who possesses it not—the former has never felt the want of it—the latter is too often reckless and indifferent. He alone who suddenly achieves it—a most arduous and uncommon achievement, by the by—is able properly to appreciate it.

Sam was far, very far, from establishing a reputation; but this was the first step he had ever made, and it gladdened his heart at the moment as much as if the genius now at his elbow had given him all the riches of a subterranean paradise. We have said that the chaplain of the jail had given him a nod of approval: he was a man of works rather than of words; the next day he sent him a few books, and allowed him the use of pen and ink. Talk of trees bearing rubies, pearls, and diamonds! Why, Sam felt as rich, and as great, and as elate of heart over his treasure as though he had got his hat full of precious stones like his Eastern prototype.

To work went Sam; he dashed away at straight strokes, plunged into pothooks and hangers. Great were the difficulties he had to encounter without any one to square his elbows for him, or to tell him how to hold his pen; but the thought of surprising his mother, together with the indomitable spirit of industry with which he was now possessed, had a magical effect. Nothing seemed too difficult for him; and whereas, when he came into the jail, the amount of his knowledge consisted of the art of reading, with the liberty of spelling all the hard words; when he left it, he could write a very legible hand, had a tolerable knowledge of figures, and not a little general information.

It was a happy day for Sam and his mother when the lad obtained his release. The mother’s heart beat high with exultation when she pressed her boy to it, and took him to their humble home. But his spirit sank when he found that the neighbours regarded him with greater aversion than ever. There was a shrinking away from the ‘jail-bird’ which cast a terrible damp upon his energies. His mother’s poverty seemed more profound than ever. She had but the coarsest fare, and that in the scantiest quantity, to set before him; and Sam found that he had fared better in the prison than his mother had done in her lowly habitation. But what of that? the fare of freedom was the sweeter. People talk a great deal of nonsense on this point, making out that the prisoner is much better off than the pauper; and they seem to think that they have triumphantly established the fact by a statement of the extra ounces of meat, or the additional pounds of potatoes consumed in the one case above the other. This is indeed making a man’s life to consist in the abundance of the things that he hath, without reference to his feelings, his conscience, his self-respect, his spirit, at all. Sam, however, felt extremely hurt that his mother should fare so ill, and, unable to control his feelings, he slipped out to indulge his dejection. His mother thought he was gone to see some of his idle old companions. She did not reproach him even in spirit, but she sighed sadly over the reflection of what the neighbours would think. The poor soul never felt any indignation or animosity against Sam

for his bad behaviour. She looked upon his character rather as *her* misfortune than *his* fault. Sam roamed about the streets in a melancholy mood. He was alone in the wide wilderness of London, friendless and alone. What could he do to earn an honest penny? He could not make a gentleman dismount that he might hold his horse. He could not make a sweeper give up the fee simple of his crossing, and resign his stock in trade—a besom stump—to him. He had never practised the beggar's whine; besides, he thought the very prison preferable to *that* trade. People met him with little ends of silk handkerchiefs hanging out of their pockets—old gentlemen, fat gentlemen, slow folks. Old associations made his fingers itch at the sight, but he manfully resisted the fiend—he would starve rather. Alas! he little knew the trial that his newly acquired virtue was destined to endure!

As he stood leaning listlessly against a post, giving himself up to utter despondency, a gentleman, strolling languidly along, pulled out one of those pocket-handkerchiefs which had been so sore a temptation to our hero, and, in so doing, flirited out a pocket-book which fell directly at Wilful's feet. Had a thunderbolt fallen there, or had the earth opened as it did before our eastern prototype, Sam could hardly have felt more surprised. There lay the book. It had fallen upon a heap of soft mud, and was unheard, as well as unseen, by its owner. What did the man do with it in the same pocket as his handkerchief? you will say. To be sure, you are quite right; but some men, you know, are so careless.

Was it not a trial for poor Sam? The man who would not think of picking a pocket will not hesitate to plunder the state. He who loathes petty larceny thrives often upon public peculation. Why, we don't believe your bubble-brokers, or your bank-defrauders, or your will-forgers would steal a man's snuff box. There is something about wholesale swindling more seductive than retail; and, in like manner, poor Sam, who had resisted the pocket-handkerchief, felt his courage sorely tried by the pocket-book. He snatched it up—he paused—his heart beat thick, and his legs tingled as he took a step or two away. The gentleman had turned a corner—he was in utter ignorance of his loss. One moment's hesitation more, and Sam had been a scoundrel all his days. It was the very turning-point and pivot of his fate. Sam was triumphant. He ran after the gentleman as fast as his legs could carry him, and pulling the unconscious loser by the coat-tail, exclaimed, as he held out the object, 'Your pocket-book, sir!'

Now, we would not be of the number of those who give to fortune the rights of virtue. This is too often the case; fortune too often runs away with the meed for which virtue has toiled; fortune is flattered, and honoured, and admired, while virtue sits neglected and alone. Still, we must admit that Sam, in this event, was not more virtuous than he was fortunate. There were two things connected with the transaction that made Sam's act peculiarly lucky. The first was, that the pocket-book contained nothing that could have been available to Sam had he detained it; and the second was, that a policeman, unperceived by Sam in his agitation, had witnessed the whole affair, and was ready to pounce upon Sam had he endeavoured to appropriate it. So you see he lost nothing, even in the lowest sense of the expression, by his conduct; whereas, if he had acted otherwise, he might have found himself again a tenant of his old prison quarters. The gentleman paused, felt in his pocket, said there was nothing of value in the book, but called Sam a good lad, and gave him half-a-crown.

Half-a-crown! What an amount of happiness may under some circumstances be bought for half-a-crown. Half-a-crown, in some conjuncture of events, may be of unspeakable value. There is an economy of almsgiving, for instance, which is invaluable. Your man of ostentation—your indolently generous—your carelessly profuse—may throw away large sums in nominal charity without securing much happiness to himself or others. It is only your man of real benevolence, of vital and efficient humanity, who hits upon the real luxury of doing good. He makes his well-placed pittance go as far as the idler's

pound by finding out the when and where for his beneficence.

We have made these reflections while Sam with open mouth is standing staring at the half-crown. The gentleman, indeed, had no idea of the amount of happiness that his half-crown had created. He dawdled down the street, leaving Sam looking at the piece of money in his open hand. But Sam's reverie was broken off by the approach of the policeman, who gently hinted that as Sam had met with such a windfall it was but fair that he should appropriate a portion of it to the encouragement of the porter brewers and their mutual comfort and convenience. But Sam, be it remembered, was a 'town-made' article; he replied to this hint by merely buttoning up the money in his pocket, and playfully inquiring of the policeman 'If his mother would let him out with a horse.' Sam, indeed, felt no little pride in braving a policeman, having so lately trembled at the white stripes and shuddered at the pewter buttons. He felt that his independence of the constable was one of the sweet privileges of honesty; and when the officer hinted that if Sam had not returned the purse he would have taken him to the station-house, the daring youth declared, 'That if he (the constable) had been born with a good voice he would have been a nice young man for a musical party.' With this gentle badinage they parted.

Sam now hurried homewards, stopping only occasionally to feel that his half-crown was safe, and to indulge in a little festive laugh when he thought of the empty book and the pouncing policeman. He stopped also to make a few purchases, including some savoury edibles, not forgetting pen, ink, and paper. His mother was absent when he reached their humble lodging, but he knew that the key was under the door-sill, and her absence was seasonable, because it afforded him an opportunity to spread out his little luxuries upon the table. He had no genius of the lamp to help him, but the lamp of love was burning brightly in his bosom, and the thought of giving his mother an agreeable surprise made him as glad as though the plates and dishes had been made of gold. Every one knows that some of the cheapest luxuries of London are the daintiest of human diet, and so the good woman was likely to be well pleased. We cannot indeed pretend to describe the enjoyment of that simple meal, but when it was over, and Sam, producing his writing materials, was delivered of a sentence in round hand, the gladness of the proud mother knew no bounds. 'Wanted a place by a respectable lad who can write a good hand.' Such was the sentence, concocted after much consideration, and never was specimen of calligraphy more sincerely admired.

Such happy periods as the night in question seldom last long. It is your peaceful moderate content that in this world can alone be warranted to wear. In the morning both mother and son, though happy still, felt that doubt and difficulty were around them, and Sam set out to seek what the 'respectable lad' required. Alas! he was soon stricken down again to the very ground. Wherever he applied, the first question was, whether he could have a character from his last place; and Sam's last place was—the prison. Determined not to be conquered, Sam set out again and again, but with the same ill success; the gleam of happiness was gone, and night after night he returned to his humble home a prey to disappointment and despondency. People do not pick up pocket-books more than once in their lives. Sam, indeed, with a singular combination of feelings, revisited the lucky spot, not indeed with any hope, but—well, there's no saying what he did it for, but he could not help lingering about that post. The half-crown was of course soon spent, and then he was obliged to be a burden upon his mother's extremely scanty resources. She, indeed, was not unhappy; she had got him at home, he was reformed too, and, but that she grieved to see him melancholy, she would have been quite cheerful. At length a thought struck him; he would apply to the chaplain of the jail. He would lay the whole state of the case before him. It was he who first encouraged, perhaps he would assist him. To resolve with Sam was now to act. He applied to the said gentleman,

and stated his case so pathetically that he excited a deep and powerful interest in his breast. It is an admirable moral instinct of humanity that we are always strongly disposed to do good to one whom we have once obliged. The chaplain of the jail felt towards Sam as if he had been a sort of protegee, and having once done him a kindness he went on to do another. By the influence of this new friend a situation was at length obtained, Sam pledging himself to the strictest honesty and assiduity. Never was pledge more faithfully or more fully redeemed. If ever there was a lad assiduous, upright, and attentive, it was Sam Wilful. The consequence was obvious—Sam created for himself a character.

We shall not dwell upon his farther progress. Qualities are generally causes producing known results. Accidental hindrances do indeed sometimes interfere, but this is the exception not the general rule, and we can pretty confidently predict the consequences of attention, assiduity, and uprightness. There was nothing remarkable to relate in Sam's course for several years. It was the course of many a worthy and upright man, which to your lovers of romantic incident is remarkably uninteresting. The spirit of industry ever at his command, he slowly but steadily rose from the porter to the confidential servant, the clerk, the partner, the proprietor; from poverty and shame to comfort, respectability, independence, opulence. Thus do we close the first 'fytte' of our history, devoting a few pages to the

Sequel.

Years had rolled on, and it chanced upon a fine sunny day that a hale old lady sat stitching at one of the handsome French windows of a house in one of the pleasant suburban villages. It was one of those cottage-palaces, with a double coach-house, which Professor Porson naughtily stigmatises as palaces of pride; but there was no pride in this place unless it was in the breast of that hale old lady, who was proud, yes, truly proud, not, however, of the cottage ornee, with its lawn, and drive, and shrubbery, and conservatory; its plate-glass, and pictures, and sumptuous furniture; not even of the little laughing imps who called her grandame and of whom grandames are licensed to be proud; no, her pride was all concentered in her son, one of the merchant-princes of the metropolis, and (need we say) our old friend Wilful. Now, old ladies will retain their peculiarities under all changes of circumstances, and so it was that old Mrs Wilful, though surrounded by every evidence of her son's opulence, could hardly give up her old economical habits, and wanted to make a penny go as far as it could possibly be persuaded to do. It was no marvel, then, that when she heard an old Jew clothesman pass the garden gate she should prick up her ears with attention. If a Chinese princess could condescend to sell old lamps in the east, you can hardly wonder at a merchant's mother selling old clothes in the west.

'Old clo, old clo!' cried the Jew; 'any old clo!'

Mrs Wilful called to her daughter-in-law, an elegant amiable young lady, and stating that it was a sin and a shame for so many of her son's left-off garments to be lying about, asked if the Jew might not be called to the door to purchase them. The young mother stooped to caress her youngest child, for the purpose of concealing the smile that played upon her features, elicited by her mother-in-law's peculiarities; but having received a charge not to thwart her, she consented, and a confidential servant was sent to call the Jew into the hall. The servant having received a hint from her mistress to humour the old lady, produced some left-off garments and began to bargain with the Jew; but nothing would serve the good dame's turn but she must come herself. Hardly had she done so—hardly had she begun to peer at the Jew through her horn spectacles when old associations came thickly thronging upon her brain. She turned pale and trembled, and quitting the hall desired that the old man might be dispatched as soon as possible. The Jew's eyes, however, were as quick as hers. We all know the worth of a Jew's eye. He had recognised her under all the changes that years had wrought upon her. No wonder, then, that

she had known that pale cadaverous face, with its foxy, frowzy beard, though the latter had become more scanty and grisly under the weight of fourteen years' transportation, and other six, at least, of adventure and vicissitude. The Jew having, under the circumstances, obtained the old clothes a prodigious bargain, repaired to a public-house in the neighbourhood to make inquiries concerning the family. What he had heard as a vague report was now confirmed—the boy Wilful, who had been the cause of his transportation, was the rich and respectable senior partner of the great firm of Wilful & Wayward, West India merchants. That lad, whom he had destined as his victim, upon whose shoulders he had hoped to plunder the public, had made his body the stepping-stone to fame and fortune. What a gush of malign and evil emotion rushed upon his soul! It was like as if a gall-bladder had burst in a body infecting every vein with bitterness. Bitter indeed were the feelings of the Jew—inexpressibly bitter—and as he revolved the events of his life in his dark mind, an inextinguishable thirst of vengeance possessed him. It was one of those all-absorbing feelings, utterly unjust and unreasonable, but which sometimes take full possession of an evil and malignant mind. The conduct of the Jew had been *aggressive*. All Wilful's days of darkness had been brought about by his agency, while the misfortunes of the old clothesman had been occasioned by Sam only as at first a passive, and subsequently as an unwilling instrument; yet the man hated him with perfect hatred. By making a companion of Wilful's groom, who frequented the ale-house, the Jew wormed out the secrets of the family. Like a spider watching for the destruction of his victim, trying every thread of his complicated net, weaving his web about and around, so did the Jew linger long and ponder warily, and plan and contrive to inflict some lasting injury upon his former friend. When he got the groom to allow him to come up and smoke a pipe in the stable it was a great step, and when he was introduced into the kitchen by the servants, but unknown to the family, it was a still greater advance. For a whole year did the Jew at intervals visit the house, skulk into the kitchen, haunt the neighbourhood, pursuing his revenge with a pertinacity consistent only with the most inveterate spirit of deadly hatred.

Alas! it seldom happens that an evil purpose so daringly and perseveringly pursued fails of success. An opportunity at length occurred for which the Jew had so long waited. A large sum of money was intrusted to the care of Mr Wilful, and for one night it was necessarily deposited in his house. That very night the house was most dexterously broken open—for the Jew was connected with the most adroit accomplices—and the money abstracted. But this was not all. While the robbers sought for plunder the Jew was intent on revenge—while they made off with the money he set the window-curtains on fire, and the house was soon enveloped in flames. You don't believe it! Why, bless you, my little dear, men will do sad things for revenge; and this is nothing to carrying palaces away bodily, as they do in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments!

Mr Wilful and his family escaped from the flames, but the morning saw that elegant abode a heap of smoking ashes. Utter ruin seemed to stare the merchant in the face. It was not only the house and furniture that were lost, but the large sum of money with which he had been intrusted. A feeling of deep despondency came upon him as he gazed upon the ruin and thought of his responsibilities. After a careful investigation, Mr Wilful came to the conclusion that his old enemy the Jew was at the bottom of the affair, but long before this discovery that worthy was far beyond pursuit. He had embarked with his associates for America, but he was destined never to reach that land of promise for so many English rogues, for the ship foundered at sea, and a business-like announcement was put forth that all hands perished. How many aching hearts are often summed up in that cold and everyday announcement—'foundered at sea and all hands perished!' It was with deep anguish that Wilful, having brought his affairs to a crisis, found that he was almost as penni-

less as when he roamed the streets of London in search of a situation. He cared not for himself—his character was established now, and he could be content to begin the world again; but besides his mother, he had a wife and children to support, and when he had left them at the obscure lodging which he had procured for them, he turned away so sick at heart, so deeply wounded in spirit, and depressed in mind, that life seemed an insupportable burden. It was indeed one of those seasons in which the tempter is so strong, and human nature so weak, that the instinctive love of life is overcome, and the rash and cowardly man rushes to the unnatural enormity of self-destruction. Wilful wandered forth he knew not whither. The great city was behind him and darkness was closing down upon the quiet country; but the darkness of his own mind was too great for him to heed that of the material world. He threw himself down upon the grass, buried his face in his hands, and for a while gave himself up to utter despair. He raised not his head again until it was black night overhead, for it was a starless night, and the glimmer of the great metropolis, like the reflection of a huge furnace, was alone visible, while a dull hoarse murmur like the distant roar of the sea fell on his ear. He sat up now, still overburdened with his woes. How many thousands in that mass of life were better off than he—but—yes—but how many were *worse*. The thought struck him forcibly. He was wringing his hands in the bitterness of his heart, when he chanced to rub the ring which his wife had given him before their marriage. Suddenly a light burst upon him—a new light—the holy melody of domestic love arose upon his soul—the trumpet call of duty rang in his ears. What did he do there lurking like a slave and a coward, when there were those beloved beings, full of affection for him, full of the very spirit of endurance, looking up to him for comfort and support? Stung by the thought, he started to his feet a new man: the spirit of perseverance had come upon him in all the energy of its existence; there was no longer a lion in the path, or if there was, he felt a second Samson to meet and rend it. What other and more valuable thoughts came into his mind we will not advert to, but a determination to *do* was prominent. He strode firmly homewards; no matter that he was hungry and tired; his firm and steady step was the very opposite to that air of vacillation and incertitude with which he had come forth; he was endued with an indomitable resolution. It would be tedious again to trace the career of our hero. As poor Burns says—

‘The true sublime of human life
Is to provide for weans and wife.’

But it is not the sort of sublime that cuts a figure on paper.

The rise of our hero was more rapid than before. He had got his foot upon the vantage-ground of character now; he had lost all but reputation, but that was an invaluable treasure. A great deal of sympathy, too, was excited by his misfortunes, and though that did not preclude the necessity, it materially opened up the path to his unwearied exertion. His poor old mother lived to see him a second time exalted by his own exertions to a state of ease and affluence. Had she not, indeed, half his feeling of triumph had been wanting. His amiable elegant wife was restored to the station in society to which she had been accustomed. His children grew up to assist and surround him. In short, the latter end of that man was better than the beginning.

So you see, the true *genius of the lamp* is the Spirit of Industry, and the real *genius of the ring* is the Spirit of Perseverance.

BUSY-BODIES.

DIFFERENT ages in the world's history have been characterised by the reign of some particular folly or vice peculiar to them: they rise and fall with the origin and removal of the circumstances which give them birth. Every time has its own peculiar sign or *tem* distinctive from that of any other period, living and dying with it. It sometimes happens that men are suddenly startled by hearing

of some bygone error, absurdity, or delusion, breaking forth anew with promising vigour, but it soon lacks nourishment, from the changed condition of the soil into which it is re-introduced; and although in a night it springs up gourd-like, gourd-like it as speedily withers and dies. But while this is generally the case, there are certain moral evils deep rooted in the human heart that all the changes and revolutions society has undergone have little affected—certain plague-spots that darken the social body and exhale a polluted atmosphere around. We might name many of these, but our text infers only one—busy-bodyism—and to it at present our remarks shall be confined. It can, beyond any other distinctive ism, lay claim to antiquity; yet, unlike some things, age has in no way enhanced its value, for, from the very first, busy-bodies have been regarded as a kind of black sheep amongst the flock; and no single authority we know of, ancient or modern, has taken up cudgels on their behalf. Long ago the Apostles made a crusade against them. In the inspired pages their existence is spoken of in no very laudatory terms, though we are left in comparative ignorance regarding the peculiar development of the vice in primitive times, and can only infer from occasional hints certain distinguishing characteristics.

Tracing effect to its cause, we should feel inclined to attribute this passion to an undue preponderance of the organ of inquisitiveness over the other faculties, cherished and increased no doubt by constant use. The faculty itself, when properly employed, is, like all other gifts, a blessing, tending to individual and social happiness and comfort, but when directed into an improper course, the very opposite results ensue. Of the passion inquisitive, the first and greatest feature exhibited by our subject consists of a love of gossip, obtruding itself on every possible occasion, without respect to time or circumstance. Should you happen to meet him in the street, you are, on the strength of acquaintanceship, what is vulgarly termed at once victimised. ‘Oh! how d’ye do, Mr —? Hope you’re well?’ he exclaims; ‘going down the street, I see. Ah! well, I’ve nothing particular to do, so I’ll just turn with you.’ He cannot detain you, like Coleridge’s mariner, by his wondrous eye, but chooses rather the plan of the old man in that popular fiction for youth, ‘Sinbad the Sailor,’ and clings to his victim with a tenacity worthy of a better cause, no matter how broadly you hint a preference to be let alone; the obtuseness of his faculties are just as remarkable on this point as his sharp perceptions on others. Then you are obligingly furnished with a catalogue of your neighbour’s sins of omission and commission—fully aware, at the same time, that to his next audience some of your own may be retailed. It is vain to attempt giving the conversation an impetus in any other direction. Invariably a new subject finds, by the law of association, a connexion in his mind with the shortcomings of some other party. He seldom ventures on a bold assertion of anything, but confines his conversational talent to innuendos, along with significant winks, nods, and shrugs, necessary to bring out more fully what it might prove inconvenient to state clearly. At times he assumes a portentous air, like a man laden with an important secret, yet dreading to reveal it fully—wishing thereby to convey the idea that he knows all about it, but doesn’t mind telling, lest it might injure the poor fellow who happens to form his subject. To such scraps as the following his fragmentary speech is usually limited: ‘Ah! have you heard anything of B., poor dog? I fear—mum—you know. Only the bank refused to discount a short bill of his yesterday.’ ‘Tom Grey—you know Tom—he who went into partnership with Duke?—well, they’ve split, and old Duke’s said to have done him rather. I always suspected that would be the result.’ With such insidious malignities—‘nauseous as the vapours of a vault’—he tarnishes the fame of those against whom he has no ground of quarrel. He is no stickler for the whole truth, knowing well that a titbit of scandal would lose greatly were the full particulars detailed. He practises the well-known instruction given by Scott in painting a battle—‘Raise a cloud of

stour [dust], draw a few arms and legs, and leave the rest to imagination; for in all his gossipings a great deal is left to conjecture: it heightens the effect. Sometimes, however, the busy-body does bring forward truths in a manner most unpalatable to those interested. We have seen him in the midst of a very pleasant party unexpectedly break out, by inquiring at an acquaintance if he had got clear of an action of damages a certain individual had raised against him; at another, if it was true he had lost a thousand by Duncabatten scrip; or, if a person whose trial for forgery he had seen in the papers was a relative of a third, the names were so very like. Most men, under such circumstances, would be deemed entitled to a sound horsewhipping; as it is, the reputation of the man, like that of a certain nameless offensive animal, saved his person.

Upon apostolic authority, the ladies seem to have been fully more guilty of this vice than the opposite sex. Gossip appears to have formed an agreeable item in the evening select parties of the Greek and Roman matrons, at which, we presume, in the absence of tea, it constituted a pleasant stimulant, and helped 'to kill those foes to fair ones, time and thought.'

The modern busy-body-feminine differs considerably in her *modus operandi* from the masculine; and as ladies are generally more practised tacticians than gentlemen, her resources in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties are more extensive. She seldom goes directly about it, when desirous of obtaining a bit of information, but adopts a system of manoeuvring much more effectual. A servant or children are quite a boon to her. If she goes a-visiting, she is sure to entrap the maid, either in the kitchen or some out-of-the-way corner, into whose thirsty ears she pours a whole string of events connected with your domestic history, past and present, in return for which the grateful listener retails such incidents as come under her own personal observation, and submits to any amount of cross-questioning. Thus garbled scandal is picked up to be dealt out at a convenient season, in such measure as suits the purpose. Her art is often beneficially exercised upon the children, though more caution is requisite in this branch of practice. By means of lollipops and sugarcandy they are thrown into a state of communicative clairvoyance, and encouraged to tell many things regarding matters which they are only imperfectly acquainted with, but which serve the purpose of the inquisitor. All the information thus gained is carefully bottled up, and preserved till opportunity, in her wanderings from house to house, of relating it presents itself, or till, with a few birds of a feather, she meets over a social cup of congo: then the busy-body is in her glory—all her powers are brought into full operation as she unbosoms herself of her envenomed treasures.

It may be, though we doubt it, that the busy-body is not fully aware of the evil he or she commits whilst pandering to this depraved appetite. Still ignorance can afford no excuse, because it must be ever of the most wilful and obstinate character, unreflecting and malicious. Oh! how mean and contemptible does the character of the man appear who undermines the reputation of his friend—who gloats over the failings of frail humanity—who winds himself with makelike subtlety into the friendship and favour of another that, in return, he may hiss out his venom at his unconscious victim! Never does the golden rule, 'love thy neighbour,' appear more beautiful, or more clearly show its heavenly origin, than when held up in contrast with such a character as this—so vile and loathsome. Surely men would shrink from the perpetration of such a vice, could they see the dire effects it has produced. The man who stealthily murders his friend in cold blood is no more a traitor than he who dishonours and destroys the fame of another by whispered innuendoes—paltry though they be in themselves, yet weighty by the portentous significance with which they are told. Tell us how many social disturbances, how many alienated friends, how many ruined reputations, how many embittered existences, how many agonised dying hours, have, by this fatal propensity of yours, ye lovers of scandal, been caused! Oh! could they

be all numbered up, we fear it would be found that more pain and misery have been wrought in the world by busy-bodyism than by all the gory battlefields that history records. Of all foes the busy-body is the worst, because the basest and most treacherous: his attacks cannot be encountered; they insinuate like poison—destroying, yet unknown, till irreparable injury is done. Truly said St James, 'The tongue is an unruly member, full of deadly poison.'

'Sacred interpreter of human thought,
How few respect or use thee as they ought!
But all shall give account of every wrong
Who dare dishonour or defile the tongue.'

HEALTH OF TOWNS' ASSOCIATION.

Among the many indications which our age presents of advancing civilisation, no feature is more gratifying than the general exhibition among the wealthier classes of a sincere desire to improve the condition and thereby promote the comfort of the great body of the community. This may be traced to various causes, the most prominent of which, no doubt, are the increased intelligence of the people themselves, and the desire on their own part to remove those impediments which have hitherto stood in the way of their mental and social elevation. We have on numerous occasions directed attention to the clamant evils entailed on society by the inattention which has hitherto been shown to the sanitary condition of our large towns, and at present recur to the subject for the purpose of calling attention to the exertions of the Health of Towns' Association in London. This society happily numbers in its committee the titled, the learned, and the philanthropic of all shades of opinion; and fortunate it is that it should be so, as the evils to be remedied are of such a gigantic nature as to require the energetic aid of every individual who has a regard for the temporal and eternal interests of his fellowmen. Of all the questions which at present agitate society, the sanitary condition of our towns is second in importance to none: it is not one which can with impunity be delayed from one year to another. We have already shown the amount of suffering daily inflicted, directly and indirectly, on thousands, from defective sewerage and drainage, from the want of a proper supply of water, and from the exclusion of air and light in the construction of dwelling-houses and workshops; these act as the expellers of virtue and the propellers to vice—as the prolific source of crime—the mainspring of intemperance: they fill our jails, pave the way to our penal settlements, convert youth into old age, crowd our almshouses and infirmaries, leave children orphans, and add heap above heap to swell the pestiferous miasms inhaled by the thousands who reside in the neighbourhood of our overcrowded burying-grounds. The matter has now been taken up by the government of the country, and never were legislators more entitled to support in any measure than in this. We hope that their legislation may be sufficiently comprehensive for the occasion. That there is much of prejudice to be overcome, as well on the part of those who will be more immediately benefited as on that of proprietors of property whose pecuniary interests may be supposed to be affected by the outlay necessary to render the dwellings of the poorer classes what they ought to be, is undeniable. To remove opinions acquired by habit and slothfulness, and misconception as to the expense of sanitary improvements, or groundless apprehension as to interference with existing pecuniary interests, is the praiseworthy object of the London Association. Their exertions are purely philanthropic, and are carried out solely by unpaid agency; they have already issued numerous pamphlets and circulars on the subject; and to render what aid is in our power, we select the following from their Weekly Sheet of Facts and Figures:—

EDUCATION VERSUS INSTRUCTION.

It is the deliberate opinion of those who have visited the filthy courts and alleys and over-crowded rooms in which the labouring classes live, that they are more fatal to morals and religion than even to health and life; so that if a sanitary measure were not called for

to preserve these first of earthly blessings, it would be imperatively demanded by a regard to the spiritual interests of the masses of the people. The existing state of the habitations of the poor, aided in many instances by that of the places in which they work, is such as to destroy all sense of decency and propriety, and to bring about a state of feeling which sets at defiance all the efforts of the spiritual teacher. The instructions of the school, the exhortations of the pulpit, and the home-visitations of the clergy, weigh as nothing in the scale against the *practical education* of filthy and over-crowded dwellings, totally unprovided with the means of cleanliness and decency.—*Sanitary State of the Metropolis.*

WATER SUPPLY OF ROME AND LONDON.

The probable supply to the 1,000,000 inhabitants of which Rome could at one time boast amounted to 50,000,000 cubic feet, being equal to about fifty cubic feet for each individual. This is probably twenty times the quantity which London now receives for each of its inhabitants—a fact which goes far to justify the application of the disgraceful term 'bathless' to this the largest, the most opulent, and the most powerful city in the world. How miserably insignificant do our water-works appear, and how trifling the supply they furnish to this mighty city of more than 2,000,000, when contrasted with the immense flood of pure water poured into old Rome by her gigantic aqueducts! And how discreditable the difference between the two capitals, when we reflect on the far superior resources which modern science has placed at her command, and on the well-known fact that through the happy constitution of the strata on which London stands, she has at her command (requiring as it were but the smiting of the rock to make them gush forth) boundless supplies of the purest possible water.—*Mechanics' Magazine.*

EFFECT OF HIGH WAGES ON THE SANITARY STATE OF THE PEOPLE.

During the last year, full employment has been given to the manufacturing towns, at higher wages than were ever before known in these places, yet the registration returns show that full employment at high wages has not been sufficient to preserve the population from an increased ratio of sickness and mortality—has been incapable of affording protection from disease, suffering, and premature death, arising from the neglect of efficient drainage, proper cleansing, a due supply of water, and other sanitary measures, which are actually extended to the inmates of well-regulated prisons, and which science might secure to the whole of the population.—*Report of Committee on Lord Lincoln's Bill.*

WHOLESALE INFANTICIDE IN MANCHESTER.

Here, in the most advanced nation of Europe—in one of the largest towns of England—in the midst of a population unmatched for its energy, industry, manufacturing skill—in Manchester, the centre of a victorious agitation for commercial freedom—aspiring to literary culture—where Percival wrote and Dalton lived—*Thirteen Thousand Three Hundred and Sixty-two* children perished in seven years over and above the mortality natural to mankind. These little children, brought up in unclean dwellings and impure streets, were left alone long days by their mothers to breathe the subtle, sickly vapours—soothed by opium, a more cursed distillation than hebenon—and when assailed by mortal diseases, their stomachs torn, their bodies convulsed, their brains bewildered, left to die without medical aid, which, like hope, should come to all—the skilled medical man never being called in at all, or only summoned to witness the death, and sanction the funeral.—*Report of the Registrar-General.*

DEBASING EFFECTS OF FILTHY HABITATIONS.

My own observation and inquiry convince me that the character and habits of a working family are more depressed and deteriorated by the defects of their habitations than by the greatest pecuniary privations to which they are subject. The most cleanly and orderly female will invariably despond and relax her exertions under the influence of filth, damp, and stench, and at length ceasing to make further effort, probably sink into a dirty, noisy, discontented, and perhaps gin-drinking drab—the wife of a man who has no comfort in his house—the parent of children whose home is in the street or the jail.—*Evidence of T. Hawksley, Esq., C.B.*

THE SMOKE NUISANCE.

The loss to the public, from excess of washing, &c., which a smoky atmosphere renders necessary, is more than at first sight might appear. Dr Lyon Playfair has shown that, in this one item, Manchester has been expending £60,000 a-year, and that, if the expense of additional painting and whitewashing be added, the actual money loss would be double the amount of the poor-rates every year. The Rev. Mr Clay states that in Preston only two furnaces consume their smoke, and even that imperfectly; but were all the factories in the town to do as much, the public would save £10,450 a-year in extra washing.—*Liverpool Health of Towns' Advocate.*

LOVE THY NEIGHBOUR AS THYSELF.

The golden rule of doing to others as we would be done by, would never have led us into such wastefulness and extravagance as what you have seen. If we in the town and country, landlords and tenants, employers and employed, had endeavoured to make the material, moral, and spiritual condition of our neighbours as healthy as we would wish our own to be, we should have found our reward literally here upon earth; but in this as in all other cases we shall be deceived and led astray, if we begin in a wrong spirit. If we seek merely that which is expedient, no foresight and calculation will be sufficient to guard us against error. Shrewd calculators enough there have been; but all their shrewdness and calculation has not prevented the waste of hundreds of thousands on ill health. 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.'—*Viscount Ebrington, M.P.*

BENEFICIAL EFFECTS OF SEWERAGE AND VENTILATION.

The London Hospital was badly drained, heated with hot air, and not large enough for its inmates. In 1837 and 1838 respectively, the mortality was 14 and 12½ per cent. In 1839 the sewerage was completed, and the mortality fell to 9½ per cent. In 1840 the hot air was discontinued, and a further decrease to 9 per cent took place. The mortality in 1841 was 10 per cent. In 1842 the new wing was opened, when the mortality fell to 8 per cent, and in 1843 to 7 per cent.—*Evidence of Mr Liddle.*

A CONSOLATORY PRECEDENT.

All degrees of nations begin with living in plights. The king or the priest first gets out of them; then the noble, then the pauper, in proportion as each class becomes more and more opulent. Better tastes arise from better circumstances; and the luxury of one period is the wretchedness and poverty of another.—*The late Sidney Smith.*

HYMN FOR THE HEART.

BY C. D. STUART.

Give me, whatever fate may hide—
Though every smile but chase a tear—
One single friend 'mid fortune tried,
And in misfortune still sincere;

And on the stormy sea of life,
Through all the tempest and the jar,
My barque shall calmly bear the strife
While beams that angle guiding star

A friend! Ah, kings have lost and won
The trophies of a million's toil,
And died, when empire's day was done,
Unmourn'd amid their empty spoil!

A friend! What wreath, what fame can fill
The measure of that priceless gem.
Which victor strength and tyrant will
Can neither woo nor wed to them?

Let every other ill be mine:
The scorn of foes I freely bear,
While there is left beside the shrine
One friendly heart to love and share.

THE LAST STAGE OF MAN.

Days of my youth, ye have glided away;
Hairs of my youth, ye are frosted and grey;
Eyes of my youth, your keen sight is no more;
Cheeks of my youth, ye are furrow'd all o'er;
Strength of my youth, all your vigour is gone;
Thoughts of my youth, your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth, I wish not your recall;
Hairs of my youth, I'm content you should fall;
Eyes of my youth, ye much evil have seen;
Cheeks of my youth, bathed in tears have you been;
Thoughts of my youth, ye have led me astray;
Strength of my youth, why lament your decay?

Days of my age, ye will shortly be past;
Pains of my age, yet awhile can ye last;
Joys of my age, in true wisdom delight;
Eyes of my age, be religion your light;
Thoughts of my age, dread ye not the cold sod;
Hopes of my age, be ye fix'd on your God.

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ANCIENT DUBLIN.

SECOND ARTICLE.

Prior to the year 1610 there was only one bridge built in Dublin over the Liffey. It was built by John Decer, Mayor of Dublin, a man eminent for his public spirit, in the reign of Edward II. This has been long pulled down, and none of the bridges now standing, which are eight in number, lay claim to any considerable antiquity, though the majority of them are possessed of great architectural beauty. Decer also founded a church, and was celebrated for giving a dinner to the friar preachers every Friday, at his own cost.

The corporation of Dublin were subject to such constant and heavy charges during the wars of the Pale, that they had but small funds to expend in works of public utility or ornament. They were satisfied with supporting the dignity of their city by less permanent displays, in which, however, they were, according to the concurrent testimony of writers of the Elizabethan age, profusely liberal. According to Campion, 'this mayoralty, both for state and charge of that office, and for bountifull hospitality, exceedeth any city in England except London.'

Thus ancient Dublin contained few public buildings beside those of the government and for military purposes, except churches. The fortifications of the city with the necessity for them have wholly disappeared. The unwholly wooden dwellings of its former inhabitants have also, like their mock military customs and uncomfortable luxuries, perished to make way for the substantial convenience of modern houses; and it so happens that almost the only specimens of architecture of remote antiquity which remain perfect in Dublin are its ecclesiastical buildings. The most ancient churches in Dublin of any considerable magnitude were the churches of St Patrick and of the Holy Trinity—the former now represented by St Patrick's Cathedral and the latter by Christ's Church.

The cathedral of Christ's Church, or the Blessed Trinity, was founded about the year 1038. It was built by Sitricus, king of the Ostmen or Danes, and Donat, then Archbishop of Dublin. In the following century, about the year 1163, Laurence O'Toole, another Archbishop of Dublin, changed the original character of the institution into a priory of canons regular. This archbishop was afterwards canonised, and is the most celebrated of the Irish saints, as received by the Roman Catholics, connected with this church. Henry VIII. converted the priory into a deanery and chapter. The foundation was afterwards endowed more largely by Edward VI., and Queen Mary, and also by James I. During the progress of these many changes, Christ's Church

was occasionally used for other than sacred purposes. It was used as the house of parliament in the reign of Henry VI., and was the scene of various treaties between the lords-deputies, and the powerful nobles, whose turbulence and ambition made Ireland the scene of so much violence and bloodshed up to the reign of James I. The church was built in the form of a long cross, according to the usual fashion. Part of the original building is still standing, and constitutes the northern wall of the great aisle. A considerable part of the structure fell in the year 1562 from neglect and age, but was immediately rebuilt. The work was, however, not executed in a sufficiently substantial manner, and about 1800 began to give way again, notwithstanding various partial repairs and attempts to prop it up; and it was at length reduced to such a tottering condition that it was considered dangerous to use it as a church, and it was closed in the year 1830. It was for some time supposed to be incapable of being effectually restored, and this venerable edifice, after having stood for seven centuries and a half, was in danger of being abandoned to add one more to the many beautiful but melancholy ruins which cover Ireland. This evil was averted by the laudable exertions of a Scotchman, the late Dean Lindsay, Bishop of Kildare. The building has since undergone a thorough and substantial repair, and is again opened for public service.

Christ's Church contains several monuments of great interest and antiquity. The most ancient is supposed to be the tombstone of Strongbow and his wife Eva. The sculpture on it represents a man in ancient armour, with a female figure reclining at his side. Several centuries posterior in date is an inscription which was fixed over it. It is as follows:—'This auncient monvment of Strongbowe, call Comes Strangvlenis, lord of Chipsto and Ogny, the first and principale invader of Ireland, 1169, qui obiit 1177: the monvment was broken by the fall of the roffe and bodey of Christes Church in ann. 1562, and set up agayne at the chargys of the Right Honorable Sr Heniri Sydney, Knight of the noble order, L: President Walles, L: Deputy of Ireland, 1570.' Among the other celebrated persons whose monuments stand in the aisle of this church, are the two eminent chancellors, Lord Bowes, A.D. 1760, and Lord Lifford, A.D. 1789. There is also the monument of Thomas Prior, the originator of the Dublin Society, which is remarkable for a very beautiful inscription in Latin from the pen of the celebrated Bishop Berkeley.

There are historical records of great antiquity and value connected with this cathedral. The one most frequently referred to is the Black Book of Christ's Church. A volume has been lately issued by the Archæological

Society of Ireland, containing the obits and martyrology of this church. The original manuscript, which bears date in the latter part of the 15th century, is preserved among the MSS. in the library of Trinity College. There is prefixed to this volume a catalogue of the relics once preserved in the church, but which were all destroyed at the time of the Reformation. Beside those usually found among similar collections, such as a zone of the Virgin Mary, some of the Virgin Mary's milk, some sacred bones of various saints, including St Peter, St Andrew, St Patrick, St Bridget, St Laurence O'Toole, &c., there are two which were esteemed of very great sanctity. These are a prophetic cross, mentioned as in great repute in the 12th century, and the 'baculus Jhesu,' or Christ's staff, which tradition said was given by an angel to St Patrick.

Claiming an origin of still greater antiquity is the Cathedral of St Patrick. It stands on the site of an ancient parish church, said to have been founded by the great apostle of Ireland himself. The first introduction of the gospel into the island is supposed to date so far back as the second century. Manusuetus, who is mentioned as a convert to the Apostle Peter, is proved by Usher to have been an Irishman, and he died about the year 105; but the missionaries whose names are most eminent in the early Christian history of this country are Palladius and St Patrick, who were nearly cotemporaries, and whose preaching bears date between the years 400 and 460. Before their arrival in Ireland, Christianity must have made considerable progress there, as the mission of both was 'to the Scots (by which name only the Irish were then known on the Continent) believing in Christ.' It is necessary to mention this to explain the fact of St Patrick having built a parish church, which implies that there was a sufficiently numerous congregation already existing and tolerated by the Irish kings to require it. According to the best chronologies, St Patrick died A.D. 465, and as his visit to Dublin was among his early missionary labours, it fixes the existence of a parochial church in that city as early as A.D. 450. This ancient church was pulled down and a cathedral built in its place A.D. 1180, by John Comyn, Archbishop of Dublin. It was burned down in 1362, but rebuilt in a few years after, and the structure then erected is still standing. The spire, which is a very lofty one, was not added until 1750. The building, like Christ's Church, is in the ancient Gothic style, and is in the form of a cross. It is much larger than Christ's Church—being 300 feet long.

St Patrick's Cathedral contains a vast number of ancient monuments of great interest. Among them are the monuments of Archbishops Marsh and Smyth. The former after a life of public beneficence, endowed a library attached to this cathedral, known as 'Marsh's Library,' which is perhaps the most liberally conducted institution in Europe, being open to the public indiscriminately without any qualification being required. It is to be regretted that this liberality has been ill repaid, and several valuable works have been stolen by the visitors. The inscription on the monument of the latter (Archbishop Smyth), is from the pen of the celebrated Dr Lowth. The oldest monument in the church is also one of an archbishop of Dublin, viz., Michael Tregury, who died about the year 1471. There are several monuments of military and political characters, eminent in their day, between that date and the 17th century, but which possess little interest to a modern visiter, their celebrity having little to distinguish them from the mass of men of the same order who figured during that monotonous period of Irish history. Among the military monuments in the church there are two very striking. One is a slab in commemoration of Frederick, Duke of Schomberg, the celebrated general of William III., who fell at the battle of the Boyne, 1690. This was erected a long time after his death, viz., in 1731, by Dean Swift, and the inscription upon it concludes with the following rebuke, 'plus potuit fama virtutis apud alienos quam sanguinis proximitas apud suos' (the fame of his valour had more effect on

strangers than the connexion of blood had on his kindred). St Ruth, the general of James II., fell at the battle of Aughrim, the year after Schomberg's death, and the same church preserves a very different tribute to his memory, viz., the cannon-ball with which he was killed. But the most interesting association connected with this church is the memory of Dean Swift, one of the highest and most peculiar geniuses who have contributed to English literature, and among the first of Ireland's great men. The most able political writer of his own or perhaps of any age, and possessing the most extensive political influence, he yet never attained any higher station in his profession than the deanery of St Patrick's Cathedral. His remains are interred there, and a monument erected to his memory, over which there is his bust, and beneath an inscription written by himself, and which has become justly celebrated for the characteristic vigour of its style and sentiment—'Hic depositum est corpus Jonathan Swift, S.T.D., hujus ecclesiæ cathedralis decani, ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit. Abi viator et imitare, si poteris, strenuum pro virili libertatis vindicatorem. Obiit 19mo. die mensis Octobris, A.D. 1745'—(The body of Jonathan Swift, dean of this Cathedral Church, is deposited here, where fierce indignation can no more lacerate his heart. Go, traveller, and imitate, if you can, one to the utmost of his power an energetic vindicator of liberty. He died on the 19th of October, 1745). On the contiguous pillar is the monument of Mrs Johnston, known to the world by Swift's writings under the name of Stella. Among the curiosities of St Patrick's Church is its organ. It is esteemed the finest in Ireland. It was built by Smith, a celebrated organ-builder of Rotterdam, and intended for the church of Vigo in Spain. It was on board ship and not yet landed at its destination, when it was taken in the attack on that place by the combined English and Dutch fleets in 1702, by the Duke of Ormond, and by him given to this cathedral.

Beside the two cathedrals there were a number of smaller churches built at a very early date in Dublin. Several of them claim the honour of being the scenes of the personal labours of saints of great sanctity, but whose obscurity is in some measure a guarantee that the honour claimed will not be contested. There is a popular tradition that there anciently existed an interchange of religious exercises between the church of St James in Dublin and of St James of Compostella in Spain, and that the souls of persons buried in the graveyard of the former should have the benefit of the prayers of the worshippers in the latter. Though the parish church of St James has been devoted to Protestant worship since the Reformation, the churchyard has been and still is a favourite burying-place with the members of the Roman Catholic church in Dublin. There is another church, St Michan's, situate in Church Street, which became a favourite burying-place for a very different but not less singular reason. The ground is remarkably dry, and possesses the property of preserving bodies from corruption for a very long period. In the vaults under the church are shown bodies which have lain there, it is said, for centuries, and one is pointed out as the veritable remains of a canonised saint. The process of decomposition does not appear to be in the least advancing, and the bodies have a shrivelled and dried-up appearance, the skin feeling hard to the touch and being of the colour of chamois leather.

The very great antiquity claimed for the Irish Church has been made the subject of sceptical criticism by some writers, which has gone so far as even to question the very existence of such a person as St Patrick. Modern researches have, however, proved beyond controversy that there is no real foundation for these doubts; and though there is much that is absurd and fabulous mixed up with the traditions and even published biographies of the Irish saint, his real history is as well ascertained as that of most other very early Christian fathers. The chief circumstance that gave even plausibility to the doubts respecting his history is the fact of its not being detailed by Bede. But Bede probably regarded the Irish Church

of his time as schismatic and heretical. He was a cordial supporter of the authority of the Roman see, and on several questions in which that had been called into dispute, before his age, the Irish Church had maintained the side of the controversy opposed to the Roman pontiff. One of these disputes was on a subject highly characteristic of the age, it was on the proper form of the priestly tonsure. The Irish ecclesiastics shaved away the front of the hair, while the Roman clergy shaved the crown of the head, leaving a circle of hair round it. This insignificant difference was the subject of a protracted controversy carried on with an acrimony and energy which the middle ages alone can parallel. Among the other points of doctrine and discipline on which the Irish clergy wrote and preached in defence of their own peculiar views, the two most remarkable were the discussion respecting the proper period for the celebration of Easter, and the controversy of the 'three chapters.' The former arose from the adoption of a different cycle for the calculation of Easter by the Eastern and Western Churches. The true time of Easter had become an object of attention immediately after the dispersion of the Jews, and was one of the matters provided for at the Nicene council, A.D. 325. That, however, did not put an end to the disputes on this point, which continued to divide the Christian Church up to the year 800, when the disparity produced by the erroneous calculation became so apparent that it was finally abandoned. On this discussion, the Irish Church defended what ultimately proved to be the wrong side of the question. The controversy of the 'three chapters' was touching a more vital point of Christian doctrine, viz., the subsistence of the two distinct natures of God and man in our Lord's person. It derived its name from the following circumstance. The council of Chalcedon, A.D. 451, affirmed the orthodoxy of the three following works, viz., the writings of Theodore of Mopsuestia, the works of Theodoret in answer to Cyril bishop of Alexandria, and the letters of the Bishop of Edessa on the condemnation of Nestorius. These were all strongly imbued with the opinions preached by Nestorius, whose doctrines respecting the nature of Christ's divinity were finally abandoned as heretical, but excited a violent theological controversy in the fifth century. Much of the discussion, like all others of that age, turned on scholastic refinements, but the substance of it involved the most important doctrines of Christianity, and in it the fathers of the Irish Church took a prominent part.

In addition to the churches which have been mentioned, Dublin contained several monastic establishments. One of the most important was the priory on the north bank of the Liffey, whose possessions were given to the legal profession by Henry VIII., and which in the days of their power possessed a peculiar jurisdiction over a considerable district—the lordship of Mary's Abbey. A similar establishment, at Kilmainham, was also possessed of great wealth and power; and for three centuries after the English settlement, the priors of Kilmainham held high offices of state, acting frequently as chancellors, justices, or even lords-deputies. It is, however, nearly two centuries since the last remaining vestige of these establishments was swept away.

Another of the monasteries of ancient Dublin is, however, associated with one of the most important and justly prized institutions of modern Ireland—the University of Dublin. The monastery alluded to was that of All Hallows or All Saints, on Hoggin Green, in the south-eastern suburbs of the city, about half a mile outside the ancient wall. It had been founded by Dermot M'Murrough, in 1163, for Arosian monks. Its possessions were confirmed to it by a charter of Henry II., and from that time to its suppression, in the reign of Henry VIII., it had been possessed of great wealth and influence.

It is hardly worth the labour of inquiry to ascertain when colleges for the encouragement of learning were first established in Ireland. According to the Irish annals, they have existed from the remotest periods, and flourished under the superintendence of the Druids,

at the royal seat of Tara, in the time of Ollam Fodhla, who reigned in Ireland more than six hundred years before the Christian era. Without, however, going back to that semi-fabulous epoch, it is certain that there existed in Ireland several eminently celebrated seats of learning during the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries. In that period the incursions of northern invaders had overturned the ancient seats of art and literature on the Continent, and overwhelmed Europe in bloodshed and barbarism. Ireland was a remote corner, removed from the din of war, and there the cultivation of letters still lingered, and shone with a brilliant lustre in comparison to the rest of Europe. But in the alternation of events the state of things became completely reversed. For a century preceding the English invasion, and for four centuries after it, Ireland was buried in the horrors of incessant and bloody civil wars; barbarism, beggary, violence, and the brutal vices that usually form their train, extinguished the last remnants of learning; and from being the most enlightened of the people of Europe, the Irish had become, before the age of Elizabeth, well nigh the most degraded among civilised nations. During this, to Ireland, awful period, a few feeble efforts were made to sustain a seat of learning in the capital. In 1311, Leck, archbishop of Dublin, procured a bull from the Pope, Clement V., to establish a university in Dublin, and in 1320 Alexander de Bicknor, his successor, renewed the attempt and procured a bull of confirmation from Pope John XXII. The college raised by their exertions was under the control of the Dominican monks, and was attached to St Patrick's Church. It received an endowment from Edward III., and lingered on in existence till the reign of Henry VII., but appears never to have attained any considerable magnitude or celebrity. An attempt was made to revive this college by Sir Henry Sydney, lord-deputy in 1568, but without effect.

The present University of Dublin owes its origin to a plan suggested by Sir John Perrot, in 1585, and the opposition given to it by Archbishop Loftus. Perrot made a representation to the council in England, that there was no place to hold the courts of law in Dublin except an old hall in the Castle, which was dangerously placed over the powder magazine; that buildings immediately adjoining the Castle, which would be a most convenient barrack for the garrison, were occupied as an Inn of Court by the judges and lawyers; that St Patrick's Church would be a most convenient building to hold the Queen's Courts in, and the adjoining residences of the canons of that church would be more convenient for the judges and bar than their present inn; that the reverence paid to St Patrick's memory made that cathedral a superstitious establishment, which had better be abolished, and that out of its revenues two colleges could be well endowed. Loftus successfully defended the rights of his cathedral against this insidious plan. The advancement of learning was obviously but a small part of the real objects of it, but was most strenuously urged in its support; and Loftus, to answer the argument, set himself zealously to work to found a university without sacrificing the rights of his order. The mayor and citizens of Dublin had, in the preceding reign, obtained from Henry VIII. a grant of the monastery of All Hallows. On the application of the archbishop, they readily gave up this recent acquisition as a site for the new university. Usher, afterwards primate of Ireland, was sent to petition the queen for a charter, and in March, 1592, the first letters patent were granted for the incorporation of 'The College of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, near Dublin,' the style by which the institution is still known, though it is now in the heart of the city. The original foundation consisted of a provost and only three fellows and three scholars, now increased to twenty-five fellows and seventy scholars.

Almost immediately after its foundation the college was near perishing for want of funds to support it. The estates with which it was endowed were situate in the north of Ireland, and during Tyrone's rebellion, in the latter end of Elizabeth's reign, were laid waste and became wholly unproductive. For several years, the chief

support of the institution was a concordatum of £40, allowed by the government until the rents of the estates should be recoverable. The plan adopted to defray the charges of the buildings necessary for the institution was a singular one. Requisitions were sent round, signed by the Archbishop of Dublin and the Primate, to the sheriffs and principal men in each barony, requesting them to collect contributions for this laudable object. The plan appears to have been a failure; some of the returns to these circulars are preserved, and are to the effect 'that application had been made to all the gentlemen of the barony, whose answer was, that they were poor and unable to give anything towards the building of the college.' After struggling through many difficulties for three reigns, the endowments of the college were largely increased by James I. and his son Charles I., by whom new charters were also granted. It again experienced a considerable decline about the period of the revolution, since which time it has steadily advanced in rank and celebrity to its present magnitude.

No part of the original building is now standing. There is an old wall bounding a part of the fellows' garden, between the examination hall and the library, which is said to be the oldest piece of building now standing within the college; but even that is not coeval with the original foundation. The four magnificent quadrangles of which it consists have all, as their appearance testifies, been built within the last century.

Trinity College library, which is among the largest in the British dominions, containing upwards of 100,000 volumes, owes its origin to the generosity of English soldiers. After the battle of Kinsale, in 1603, the English army, desirous of establishing some appropriate memorial of their success, subscribed a sum of £1800, a large amount in those days, to buy books for the College, then in its infancy. The expenditure of this sum was intrusted to Ussher, who, with two of the three fellows, proceeded to London to make the commencement of their purchases. Sir Thomas Bodley, the rebuilder of the library of Oxford, happened to be in London on a precisely similar mission from that sister university at the same time, and aided Ussher (who was his junior and comparatively inexperienced) much by his advice. It is a singular coincidence that the foundations of the Bodleian Library and that of Trinity College, Dublin, should have been the occasion for the meeting and exchange of kind offices between two such eminent men. It is to be wished that all military trophies were connected with such pleasing reflections as the foundation of this library.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

REV. JOSEPH WOLFF, D.D., LL.D.

In last number we brought our account of the missionary travels of Dr Wolff up to the end of the summer of 1826, when he arrived in Britain, where he was received with the greatest cordiality and enthusiasm. His published letters and journal descriptive of his many perilous adventures and hairbreadth escapes had imparted an interest to his character which made him an object of admiration even to those who cared comparatively little for his missionary services. In the religious world his fame had reached its zenith. The halls in which he publicly recounted his labours and adventures in the several countries he had visited were, throughout England, Ireland, and Scotland, filled to overflowing. Several of our readers may remember to have witnessed the fervour and enthusiasm of his manner when, towards the close of 1826, he gave addresses to audiences of the highest respectability in the Assembly Rooms, George Street, in this city.

While residing in London, Wolff was introduced to the Rev. Edward Irving, with whom, during the whole of his subsequent stay in this country, he lived on terms of the closest intimacy—a circumstance worthy of remark for the important results to which it very speedily led. Mr Irving, during the winter, introduced Dr Wolff to several noble

families in the city, and, among other illustrious females, to Lady Olivia Sparrow, in whose drawingroom he met, for the first time, with Lady Georgiana Mary Walpole, sister to the present Horatio Walpole, Earl of Orford. 'The moment she caught my eye,' says Dr Wolff, 'I said to myself, This will be my wife.' Nor was the presentiment fallacious. With that characteristic sincerity, boldness, and promptitude by which all his diversified movements were invariably characterised, Wolff lost no time in avowing his affection for the lady, who, instead of frowning upon his presumption, as many would have deemed it, gave serious inclination to the proposals of her wooer, and, at the risk of sacrificing all the brilliant prospects of her birth, bestowed her hand on him on the 6th of February, 1827.

Previous to his marriage, however, Dr Wolff, to convince the Earl of Orford, her ladyship's brother, that no sordid motive connected with his own private interest had influenced his conduct in taking such an important step, tendered in writing to his lordship a voluntary resignation of all right to his sister's property, and declared his intention, should he ever again embark on missionary work, to take no money from his wife, but to endeavour to travel solely at his own cost. The Earl of Orford accepted this written promise; and though, we are told, Dr Wolff has hitherto faithfully fulfilled all his engagements, and has never, in the shape of travelling expenses, encroached on the exchequer of his noble lady; although, too, on one occasion, he acted the part of a generous friend towards a member of the family, still there exists on his lordship's part a reserve towards the doctor. In reference to this matter we have seen it jocularly remarked by Dr Wolff, that, from whatever source this coldness may have sprung, it surely cannot proceed from sensitiveness as to obscurity of origin, as in this respect Dr Wolff may be said to have the advantage of his lordship, inasmuch as while the Earl of Orford can only trace his pedigree in a direct line to William the Conqueror, Joseph Wolff claims kindred not only with the Jewish kings, but with Abraham and Isaac, Moses and Aaron!

Shortly after his marriage, Dr Wolff set out with his lady for Lisbon, and from thence to Cadiz, from which he crossed over to Gibraltar. Malta was the next station, which he again visited; whence, after a short residence, he set sail in his majesty's ship *Isis*, and in fourteen days arrived in Smyrna on the 20th December, 1827. The battle of Navarino had just been fought, and Wolff, on entering the harbour, found Sir Stratford Canning, the ambassador to Constantinople, along with all the British residents of the place, already embarked in another vessel for their own country. Sir Stratford endeavoured to dissuade him from entering on his enterprise at a juncture of affairs so very critical; but Wolff determined to persevere, and having managed, by the kind assistance of the Dutch consul, to get his trunks on shore, he went, the very first day of his arrival, into the market-place, where, meeting several Jews, he at once proclaimed to them the gospel of Jesus Christ, 'for,' says he, 'there is no time more proper for making researches than whilst one event, one great event, is rolling after another event, and whilst the kingdoms of this world seem as if they would soon be ground to powder by that stone, the chief corner-stone, the Lord Jesus Christ, God blessed for ever, who will take the kingdoms of this world to himself.' He distributed likewise a number of Hebrew New Testaments among them, and a great many religious tracts.

Having at last, through the advocacy of a sincere friend, procured, though with the utmost difficulty, a passport from the sultan, Wolff, along with his wife, set out for Cairo, whence he proceeded through the desert to Jerusalem, where he at last arrived for the third time, in company with his noble partner and their infant son. Before his arrival, the British ambassadors and consuls had left the Turkish empire, and yet Wolff, nothing daunted, maintained himself for seven months in the city; and having thus discharged a third time in that sacred place his duty to his ancient brethren, he returned with his wife, *via* Cyprus and Alexandria to Malta. Leaving Lady Georgiana in

the latter place, Wolff set sail for the island of Rhodes, Mitelene, Lemnos, and Mount Athos, being, on his return, chased and very nearly captured by some Turkish pirates.

In addition to a general desire to make known to his brethren of the Jewish nation 'Jesus Christ and him crucified,' Wolff had for some time laboured under the persuasion that the Jews who were scattered after the captivity of Babylon had still a separate existence; and while residing at Jerusalem in the year 1829, he had said to his wife, 'Bokhara and Balkh are very much in my mind, for I think I shall there find the ten tribes—those tribes of Israel who, according to the sacred oracles, shall be united to the house of Judah, and whose present abode is a matter of speculation among many Christian divines and Jewish rabbis.' The latter assign to them a fabulous country, which they call 'the land of darkness, beyond the Sabbathical river.' Benjamin Tudela and the Jews of Jerusalem boldly assert that they are residing at Halah and Habor, which they state to be the present Balkh and Bokhara. Lady Georgiana having consented to his setting out on this new mission, Wolff, after leaving his family in the circle and care of kind friends, took his departure from, and journeying through a large portion of Asia Minor, again, on the 24th of June, 1831, entered Persia.

This second journey through Persia was an exceedingly perilous one. The plague happened at the time to be raging with unwonted virulence, and a great many of the villages and towns through which he passed were literally deserted. On the 12th of November, after halting for a short time at a small village called Sangerd, and learning that the people of the famous Ishak Khan were prowling about in the neighbourhood for predatory purposes, he joined, for greater security, a caravan of ass-drivers and a horseman from Nishapoor. The asses were laden with dates and lemons for Abbas Mirza, the prince-royal, sent as a present by Ali Nakee Khan of Tabas. After advancing five miles, they heard at a distance the report of firearms, and immediately a band of ferocious-looking horsemen rushed in sight from behind, riding up to them at full gallop. Wolff, who was considerably in advance of the caravan, could easily have effected his escape, but he did not think it proper to leave his servant in the hands of the robbers, and therefore, after retreating only a short distance, he returned, and expressed his willingness to surrender. One of the banditti seized his horse, while the rest bound the others. The fellow who came up to Wolff was panting in a frightful manner, and the match of his gun was smoking. He demanded Wolff's money, who gave him all he had in his pocket, assuring him that he had more in his trunk. Soon after, our traveller was surrounded by the whole gang. They stripped him of every portion of his clothes, not leaving him even his shirt, and it was then excessively cold. They flung a rag over him filled with vermin, and brought him to the highway, where he found his comrades weeping and crying, and bound to the tails of the robbers' horses. The bandits were twenty-four in number, and as they were in constant terror of the approach of a band of Turkomans, by whom their captives would have been assuredly liberated, they drove them along at a furious gallop. Wolff, in hopes that his cries might reach the ears of the Turkomans, shouted out for some time with all the potency of his lungs; but he was soon compelled to be silent, as the robbers threatened, if he bawled so, to put him instantly to death. At last evening settled down upon them, and shortly after midnight they halted in the centre of a forest to enjoy repose. The pitiable condition of Wolff awoke something like compassion in the hearts of his savage captors, and they gave him a cup of tea made from his own store, which they had already secured. While they were regaling themselves, it was announced that three of the prisoners had contrived to escape. Hassan Khan, the robber captain, a horrid looking fellow, with a tongue blue and diseased, and much too large for his mouth, screamed out, 'Look out for them; and if you find them, kill them instantly.' After this, they were all put in irons; twelve of the robbers separated for the purpose of making another plundering expedition;

while others broke open the cases belonging to Abbas Mirza, and began to eat the dates. A price was next set on the heads of the captives. Wolff's servant was valued at ten and himself at five tomanas—about £6 and £3 of our English money. The former was then told to surrender whatever cash he had about him; and as he reluctantly complied, the doctor discovered that the rascal, to save whom he had at this time risked his own life, had previously robbed him of sixteen tomanas. They continued their march the whole of the subsequent day, halting in the evening at a little village, where, while seated with his knavish servant in front of a small ruined and roofless house, one of the robbers came up to Wolff, and putting the chains round his feet said, 'Now you sit comfortably.' Next day they mounted him on a wild horse, which one of the bandits struck, in order to cause the animal to rear and plunge and throw its rider; but Wolff kept his seat, and contempt was exchanged for admiration.

On the 17th of November they concluded their journey; and as they drew near to Torbad (the village where the robbers dwelt), wives, daughters, and little children came flocking out to meet their husbands, fathers, or brothers, and to congratulate them on their return. As they approached the gate of the town, all at once a company of Jews came out of Torbad to meet the advancing cavalcade. 'Hear, Israel!' shouted Wolff (a common exclamation among the Jews all over the globe), and the whole of his brethren immediately surrounded him. Meanwhile Hassan Khan began to offer them for sale the bibles he had stolen from the doctor, not knowing what they were. The sight produced amazement among the Israelites, and pledging themselves that Wolff would not run away, they took him to their houses; 'and thus,' says this unwearied labourer in the service of his great Master, 'I had them all around me, and I proclaimed to them the gospel of Jesus, of whose history, sufferings, and death they were quite ignorant'—a circumstance which convinced him that they were certainly a portion of the ten tribes who did not return to Palestine after the Babylonian captivity.

For one evening Wolff, in the society of his brethren, almost forgot his captivity and present woes. Next morning, however, amidst execrations and curses, he was dragged back again, put into irons, and chained with the other slaves. To increase his torture, a Kurd, with fiendish malignity, squeezed crossways over his legs the dreadful iron. The wretch was himself one of the slave-sellers. But this was not all. Though bound in one common chain, his unfortunate fellow-captives themselves lavished curses on the afflicted missionary. It is hard to say how long even the mental fortitude of Wolff might have permitted him to sustain his present sufferings; fortunately it was not doomed to be much longer tested. While extended on the ground, chained and ironed, a man suddenly came in upon him, calling out, 'Is any Englishman here?' 'Yes—yes!' was the exclamation of Wolff himself, and his chains were instantly struck off, by the express orders, as it appeared, of Mohammed Ishak Khan himself. A soldier of Abbas Mirza, prince-royal of Persia, had brought a letter from his master commanding Mohammed to release the missionary from England. This he accordingly did, bastinadoing at the same time the robbers, as if the whole affair had been transacted without his consent. Wolff was brought before him. 'How much money have the scoundrels taken from you?' was the question put to Wolff. 'Eighty tomanas,' was the reply. He here turned to the robbers, and demanded the money. They counted it out into his hands, and in the coolest manner possible he tumbled it into his huge side pocket, and kept it for himself. 'You came here with good books,' he then said, with a sanctimonious shake of the head, 'in order to show us the right way. Well, go on.'

Setting out from Torbad Hydarea, along with a large caravan, our hero, on the evening of 4th December, descried the golden and splendid cupola on the mosque of Imam Resa at Meshed, a city which was reached on the noon of the following day. Here he found a great many Sooffees—a remarkable class of Jews, who acknowledge Moses,

Jesus, Mohammed, and no less than 124,000 prophets. They refuse to obey, however, any moral restraint; are fearfully licentious in their lives; and in order to become absorbed in the contemplation of the universe, which they say is God, they smoke, almost constantly, a kind of intoxicating pipe. Dr Wolff laboured hard to convince them of the flagrancy of their violations of all moral rule, and learned that he was not the first person who had so spoken to them from the Bible. Lieutenant Arthur Conolly was the first. 'How singular,' says Wolff, 'that I should have followed his steps even up to the hour almost of his death! He was in Meshed in 1829. I then wrote of him as follows: 'He is an excellent, intrepid, and well principled traveller. The misfortune of this gentleman is, that he has no interest with great men, on which account his late journey was not remunerated.' Little did Wolff think, when he penned these lines, that he was afterwards to be so singularly connected with the inquiry into the death of the very person who had been the subject of his eulogy.

While at Meshed, Wolff was introduced to Abbas Mirza. His royal highness sat upon a Persian divan in a small room. Right opposite where he sat, leaning, according to the Persian custom, on the wall, and with their hands placed submissively on their breasts, stood Mirza Kasem, his chief minister, and Mirza Baba, his chief physician. The amiable prince, after asking Wolff to sit down at a little distance from him, and inquiring into the state of his health and the length of time he had been absent from England, expressed sincere regret for his recent robbery and cruel sufferings; 'but such adventures,' said he, 'belong to the life of a wandering dervish who goes about as a man of God.' He then desired Wolff, when he had reached Bokhara, to tell its king how sinful it was to make men slaves; 'and you may tell him,' he added, 'that I have no intention of conquering Bokhara, but I mean to put a stop to slavery.' He reminded Wolff of having granted him permission five years before to establish a school at Tabreez, and expressed still an unchanged desire to see his nation civilised and enlightened. He promised Wolff every assistance in his power to get him forwarded safely to Bokhara, and with his own hand wrote out his passport for this place. Wolff stuck up on the walls of numerous shops at Meshed addresses to the Jews, in which several prophecies respecting our Lord Jesus Christ were cited, exhorting, at the same time, his brethren to turn to their Saviour. They were exclusively intended for the Jews, but, without taking any offence, hundreds of Mussulmans read them as well. Meshed being like Mecca a place of pilgrimage, is like that town noted also for the gross immoralities of its inhabitants. Pilgrims to the number of 20,000 annually come to Meshed from the whole of Persia and Najaf in Arabia, as well as Delhi, Lucknow, Cabool, and Herat. They visit the tomb of the famous martyr Imam Reza, poisoned by the son of Haroon Rasheed, in the city of Toos. Gowher Shahd, a female descendant of Tamerlane, erected at her own expense the splendid mosque, to which we have already referred as bearing his name. A few days before he left Meshed our traveller made the acquaintance of Kerbelay Mowrwaree, a very respectable merchant connected with the town. Mowrwaree endeavoured to dissuade him from going to Bokhara, 'for at Bokhara,' said he, 'they are Haram Zadah (sons of bastards), who are capable of killing you.' 'When people,' said Wolff, 'advised Paul not to go up to Jerusalem, he said he was ready to die at Jerusalem.' 'Ah! now,' replied his friend, 'I can answer nothing.' Semi-barbarous nations are well known to have very superstitious notions in reference to signatures, and Abbas Mirza, a very short while before Wolff took his leave, sent for the sixteen deputies of the Turkomans from Sarakhs, and desired them to give Wolff their signature, by which they would stand pledged to bring him safely to Bokhara. They did so, and accompanied by Captain Shee, Mirza Baba, and five English sergeants, the missionary left Meshed on 29th January, and after sleeping the first night near a village called Mastroon, and the second in an open field, with shepherds from Sarakhs, he arrived at the last-mentioned place on

the 1st of February. Here Wolff took up his abode in the house of a Jew. Three Mullahs, along with several others, called upon him, to whom he expounded several interesting passages of the Old Testament. They all listened with intense interest, and two of the Mullahs, Yakoob and Michael by name, became subsequently sincere converts to the Christian faith. After this, having passed through Mowr, Jehaar-Joo, and Karakol, Wolff entered Bokhara, where the number of Jews amounts to 10,000. He began immediately to explain to them his mission, and though he did not take any part in their religious services, he, however, read to them in their synagogues the law of Moses. Here he was likewise waited on by Jews from Samarcand, Kokan, and other places. His preaching in Bokhara was accompanied by numerous conversions, and his sojourn in the town was a very interesting one.

Having obtained a passport from the king, Behador Khan, then in his twenty-eighth year, he crossed the Oxus and arrived at Balkh, where, after holding several interesting conversations with his brethren, he proceeded to Mazaur, the spot where the camel of Ali disappeared miraculously from his tomb. Cabool, in Afghanistan, was the next town he visited, and then he passed on to Peshawar, whose principal inhabitants are Affghans of the Momand tribe, and accompanied by three soldiers of Runjeet Singh, he arrived in the afternoon at Daghe Banda, nine English miles farther on. After preaching to the people, who exhibited the most profound attention, about the death, ascension, and second coming of Christ, he rode on six miles farther, and towards evening on the following day entered the Punjab. On his road to Acoora he was met by fifty horsemen sent by the governor to meet him. An elephant, which he was desired to mount, stood ready for him, and after giving the driver two rupees, he did as desired and was soon thereafter set down at Acoora, in one of the mosques. Here he was received with every mark of respect. 'After having travelled,' says he, 'for several months among wild Turkomans, and having been delivered from slavery, and escaped death at Dooab, and passed through the wild mountains of Khashbaree, it is an agreeable surprise to be surrounded by kind people, dressed in white garments, their hands folded, and waiting for an order. Oh, how agreeably the believer will be surprised, when, after having faithfully fought on earth the good fight of faith, and under many trials and afflictions finished the work which He has given us to do, his soul departs from this body upon the pinnons of death, and goes to that land where a crown of glory which fadeeth not away is prepared for him, and where the family of heaven, clothed in whiter garments than those of the Seiks, meet him; and where he hears the voice, not of an heathen king, but of the King of kings, exclaiming: 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!'

At Jehaangeer, however, six miles farther on, he was still more honourably noticed. Serdar Hurry Singh, chief general to the king of the Seiks, received him in a tent where he was sitting, surrounded by about eighty officers, nobles, and soldiers, and rising took his hands and bade him welcome in the name of the Maharajah. As our traveller was in want of linen, the finest that could be procured was immediately brought; a beautiful red coloured tent was prepared for him, ten jars of sweetmeats as well as 250 rupees were bestowed as a present, ink and paper were placed on the table before him, and he was told just to write down his wants and he would get whatever he might desire from Hurry Singh. On the 80th of May he called on the last mentioned person. 'Do you wish to see the fortresses of this place?' inquired the general.—'I never,' was the reply, 'look at fortresses, my occupation is to speak with people about God?' Foster's description of Howard passing unmoved through the classic scenery of Rome and Greece will force itself on the memory of the reader.

Passing through several towns, where he experienced the greatest kindness, Wolff, on the 19th of June, arrived at Lahore, a city containing about 80,000 inhabitants, and distinguished for its splendid mosque. Here, while

stretched out upon a sofa in the house of Monsieur Allard, a French gentleman, enjoying repose after the fatigues of his journey, letters from Captain Wade, Lord William Bentinck, and Colonel Churchill, were put into his hands, inviting him to call upon them at Loodianah and Simlah, the towns at which they were then residing. He, accordingly, on the 20th of June, after holding a very interesting religious conversation with the Fakcer of Runjeet Singh, left Lahore, and after a pleasant journey of five days' duration, on the 25th crossed the Sutledge and arrived at Loodianah, the first English station of the utmost northern frontier of British India. 'Now,' he exclaimed, on arriving, 'through God's infinite goodness, I am safe! after so many troubles, I am safe! and the Lord has not permitted one hair to fall from my head; and the prophecy of those of Teheran, that I should not get beyond Meshed, has not been fulfilled!'

Captain Wade, the political agent of the East India Company, as well as Dr Murray, received Wolff with great cordiality. Here he also collected a great deal of important information about the religion of the Sikhs, which he discovered to be a compound of the Christian, Hindoo, and Mohammedan. During his stay, too, in the place, he preached regularly to the English inhabitants. On the 2d of July, leaving the house of Captain Wade, he set out for the Himalayah mountains, and on the 4th he arrived at Budee, where the magnificent range begins. He next sent forward a letter for Sir Jeremiah Bryant at Subathoo, and in the afternoon a letter from Lady Bryant, accompanied by a supply of provisions and a hill pony, were sent to meet him. At ten o'clock at night he reached Subathoo, where, in the house of Sir Jeremiah and Lady Bryant, he resided for several days, preaching to the English inhabitants; he then departed for Simlah, on the road to which he was met half way by a palanquin and bearers from Lord William Bentinck. He alighted at his lordship's house, where he was received in the most cordial manner by Lord and Lady Bentinck and the whole staff. Here he met an old Cambridge friend, the Rev. H. Fisher, his lordship's chaplain. In the evening, a large party were invited to meet Wolff. Arrangements were made for his delivering lectures, of which he gave about twelve, and preached for several Sundays in Lord William's house. He likewise was incessantly employed during the whole of his stay in collecting information regarding the ten tribes and conversing with Mohammedans. He one day preached before no less than six Mullahs of distinction. Having through the kind interference of Lord William and Captain Wade procured permission from Runjeet Singh, king of the Punjab, to go to the city of Cashmeer, Wolff, about the end of August, took farewell of Simlah, and after again visiting Sir Jeremiah Bryant at Subathoo, an officer from Runjeet Singh arrived, with six soldiers, on the 8th of September, to escort him to Cashmeer and the frontier of Thibet, and he immediately began to climb up higher the craggy mountains of the Himalayah. The country, we are told, round Subathoo, and all the way to Seraj Kotah, is most romantic, and may be styled the Switzerland of Hindostan.

Wolff performed the journey to Cashmeer in about a month, labouring incessantly, during the whole of his fatiguing march over the mountains, in the duties of his sacred vocation. Nor was he unrewarded. A spirit of inquiry, he tells us, was excited among the Hindoos and Mohammedans, from Loodianah to Cashmeer, and from Cashmeer to Bombay. This they have manifested at Delhi, Lucknow, and Cawnpore by their own writings; and whole families of Europeans in India were through the agency of his preaching brought from infidelity or indifference to a knowledge of the truth. On Wolff entering Cashmeer, the soldiers, who are dressed in European costume, presented arms, and by order of the prince fifty guns were fired as a salute; 700 rupees, thirty pots of sweetmeats, and six bottles of sweet brandy were sent him by Runjeet Singh. On the following day he was introduced to his royal highness Sheer Singh. The soldiers, as he entered the magnificent palace, presented arms, and a salute, as if intended

for a governor-general, was fired. The saloon into which he was ushered was so hung with chandeliers, glass, and silver dishes, that it resembled some immense jeweller's shop in Oxford Street, London. He was received in the most gracious and kind manner by the prince, who asked him to sit at his right hand, and to put his hand on his knees. He was introduced to three pundits, who told him that Brahma was born of a water-lily. Nothing dazzled, however, by the learning and lustre that surrounded him, Wolff boldly declared to all present his faith, and spoke to them most earnestly about the sin of idolatry. On the 19th October, he held a conversation with the Brahmin Sheuram, who is a very learned man, and asserted that the whole earth stood upon the serpent Sheshnag, who has 1000 teeth and 2000 tongues, pronouncing with every tongue every day a new name of God. On the same day our adventurer sailed with his royal highness in his boat on the beautiful lake called Dall, where they had much religious conversation. He likewise went to see his country house and magnificent gardens. The prince wanted to send for a witch to give Wolff a specimen of her abilities, but the offer was respectfully declined. The country of Cashmeer contains a population of 600,000 souls, the town itself 250,000. Wolff got several presents from the prince, which, with the others, were very acceptable, as it enabled him to send back £125 which a gentleman had kindly advanced to enable him to accomplish his mission. On the 21st October, Wolff left Cashmeer, and after a long, perilous, and fatiguing journey, during which he accomplished a most stupendous amount of missionary labour, he arrived at Delhi on the 6th of December, and was introduced by Mr Fraser, the commissioner, on the 11th, to the Grand Moghul, Akbar Shah. A robe of honour was flung over the missionary, and his majesty put some false pearls about his head and neck. Here, during December, he expounded the Scriptures to large congregations, preached in the British residency, and held conversations with a mullah, at which several thousands of Mohammedans were present. From Delhi Wolff travelled, preaching as usual and lecturing all the way till he reached Cawnpore, where, arriving on the 10th January, 1833, he took up his abode with Lieutenant Conolly. Here he lectured to large assemblies of ladies and gentlemen in the assembly rooms. Lieutenant Conolly was very kind to Wolff, not only evincing the accustomed hospitality of a landlord, but supplying his purse with cash. Conolly, we are told, not only collected Mohammedan mullahs to his house, but gave Wolff most substantial assistance in combating their errors. 'Conolly,' he proceeds, 'was a man possessed of deep Scriptural knowledge—a capital textuary; and I bless God that he enjoyed that comfort in his captivity, that inward light, when the iron of tyranny entered into his soul.'

We have been favoured by a respected friend, Major Vetch, of this city, with the following particulars of a passing visit which he received from Dr Wolff. The major was at the time stationed at Burdwan, in Bengal, about sixty miles from Calcutta.

'A letter,' says he, 'from a friend in the interior announced to me that he had given the doctor an introduction to us, that he might take a few hours rest and some refreshment at our dwelling as he passed. Such was my admiration of this wonderful man, that I felt the greatest delight, mingled with veneration, when I found I was to entertain the illustrious traveller. It was on the 18th of March, 1833, the Indian summer was raging with intolerable heat, and those only who have travelled during the daytime in a palanquin, at such a season, can have any conception of what the traveller suffers. Instead of arriving in the morning, it was 3 P.M. before Wolff's palanquin was brought to our door. I expected to see a dark, impetuous, bearded Jew rush from his palanquin and make the house resound with his vehement tones, instead of which a fair-complexioned, calm, slow, benevolent-looking man walked serenely from his palanquin into the house, saying, 'Let my Bible be cared for, for it has been already in the camp of the Philistines.' He was shown into a room, from which he sent me the following note:—

'Dear Sir,—Would you be so kind as lend me some white waistcoat and jacket, for I find it impossible to wear my black waistcoat and coat. Yours truly, JOSEPH WOLFF.' The Hon. Mr and Mrs Forbes, and Mr Linké, a German missionary, came to enjoy his company at dinner; but he was scarcely able at first to sustain himself under the effects of the late exposure to the tropical sun. Mr Forbes kindly wrapped a towel steeped in vinegar around his head, and 'the light of his soul began to arise,' and certainly, with his strangely turbaned brows and enthusiastic manner, the bearing of the undaunted missionary was all in character. Themes of all kinds furnished forth for us a truly intellectual banquet, from his deeply interesting and romantic interview with the Rechabite in the desert to the description of his own little boy whom he had left at Malta. I had ordered the little chapel to be got ready, in hopes that he might favour us with a lecture, but after what he had suffered during the day I said I would countermand it. 'By no means,' said Wolff, 'a lecture is the thing to cure me.' So, by six o'clock, he was in front of the reading-desk, where he lectured for two hours. So deeply was his whole soul in the discourse that he seemed to forget his position, and had advanced half way up the chapel as if anxious to give himself body and soul to his hearers. His varied tones and action, from the wildest impassioned bursts to the softest modulation of sorrowful pathos, gave him all the appearance of one crying in the wilderness 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord,' or with mild earnestness, 'Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world,' or with the Hebrew patriot, exclaiming 'Are they Hebrews? so am I.' At the conclusion, he stood in the midst of the congregation, and closed the lecture by alluding, in a solemn and subdued tone of voice, to the second advent, when Christ shall stand again upon earth, and, like Joseph, be reconciled to his brethren. The sound of his voice died away like the last breathing of the Æolian harp.

'He ceased, but left so pleasing on the ear
His voice, that list'ning still they seem'd to hear.'

After drinking tea at Mr Forbes's, and delighting the party again with his animated descriptions, he called for his palanquin, lighted his cigar, and taking a kind farewell, said, 'The people say I am mad, so here I go; and our illustrious visitor, preceded by torch-bearers, and amid the usual clamour and shouts, was seen proceeding down the long avenue of trees that opened up the dark plains of Bengal. On his arrival at Chinsurah, next day, he sent me the following note:—'Hoogly, 19th March, 1833.—My dear Captain Vetch,—I have forgotten, if the bearers have not stolen it, my writing-desk, containing bills for 2500 rupees; I shall be much obliged to you to send it to me to Mrs Craigie's. Yours truly, JOSEPH WOLFF.' The writing-desk was found in his room, affording a proof that the avarice of the modern Jew formed no part of his disinterested character.'

From Cawnpore Wolff marched on to Lucknow, where he was presented to the King of Oude, who gave him a present of one thousand pounds sterling. From Lucknow he passed on to Benares, and at last, on the 22d March, 1833, he arrived at Calcutta. Here he lodged with its kind bishop, experienced anew the hospitality of Lord and Lady Bentinck, lectured in the town-hall to about twelve hundred persons, met Marshman and Carey the Baptist missionaries, and after a considerable stay, set out on 27th April for Madras. Cholera, accompanied by cramp and dysentery, seized him between that city and Hyderabad. 'With no European near me,' he says, 'I commended my soul to God; my hands and feet became convulsed, but I felt peace in Christ amid all my sufferings.' Wolff recovered, however, and after five days was carried to Nellore, where his life was for twenty days despaired of, in consequence of a severe attack of bilious fever. He at last, however, reached Madras in safety, left it on the 31st August, 1833, and after a long march reached Bombay on the 20th of November. Here he met a cordial reception from Lord Clare and the Rev. Dr Wilson—a gentleman in whose company he waited in a day or two on a certain

captain of the Bombay native infantry, a person of immense obesity. He was of the Benee Israel, and believed that Wolff had raised the dead from their graves. On Wolff's approach this Jewish Falstaff shook from crown to toe. The missionary, who has a spice of wagery in his constitution, told him he was Joseph Wolff, and requested to be shown the sanctuary. 'No, I shall not show it you, for you are a magician,' was the reply. Here Wolff muttered some incoherent nonsense to himself, and then, with a strange motion of the finger, he said to him, 'Daoud Captain, you are too fat.' Fearing the influence of the fascinating eye, he grew more frightened than ever, repeating 'Sir, sir, let my fatness alone.' Wolff then said, 'Show me your synagogue,' and raising his huge person from the chair on which he sat, he gave reluctant compliance. These Benee Israelites are quite distinct from the rest of the Jews in Europe and Hindoostan. They have synagogues, but want the five books of Moses written on parchment. They read in the Pentateuch, but without understanding the language. They came, according to their own account, from Arabia to Hindoostan, where they have since forgotten the law, but continue to repeat in Hebrew certain prayers; they serve the English as volunteers in their armies, and are esteemed the best native soldiers; they are far more moral than the other Jews of Hindoostan.

Wolff, after some residence at Bombay, passed on to Mocha, where he arrived on 28th December. In a sailing cutter, commanded by Lieutenant Wood, he set out for Jiddah about the beginning of January, 1834, and after a dangerous voyage, during which, on the 2d of February, the small vessel struck upon shoals on the coast of Arabia, they reached that place on the 9th. Jiddah contains about 60,000 inhabitants, and as it stands on the great road to Mecca, strangers from all quarters are to be met on its streets—Persians, Tartars, Mussulmans, Africans, and Turks are all distinguishable. On the 25th of February Wolff embarked for Suez, and after again visiting Cairo and Alexandria, he left the latter place in the brig Juno, commanded by Captain Montano, and after a rough passage of sixteen days arrived safely in the harbour of Malta, 'and, by God's grace,' says he, 'after an absence of three years, three months, and eight days, joined once more my beloved wife and child.' Wolff, after residing in Malta till March, 1835, returned again to England, where, however, he made no considerable stay, for on the 19th October we find him returning to Malta, to commence another missionary tour, in which we will accompany him in our next number, concluding, at the same time, with a brief account of his mission to Bokhara.

THE MARCH VIOLET.

(Written for the Instructor.)

There wander'd far a fallen one
Along the empty streets:
No arms in mercy stretch to her,
No heart in kindness beats.
She wander'd, oh! she cared not how,
That dreary, starless night—
Her only wish, that morn might ne'er
Arise upon her sight.
She heard the watchman's startling cry,
She shunn'd each human form;
She pass'd her hand across her brow,
And bared it to the storm,
To quench the burning fever heat
That rag'd within her veins—
To quench her mem'ry's faithfulness
And dash away its stains.
And still she wander'd on and on,
Untill, from ocean's breast,
The sun in mirror'd beauties rose,
And spread a golden west
O'er tower and temple, and foreward
The world asleep that lay,
That now it must begin the toils
Of the returning day.

She wander'd still,—what matter'd it?

No end or aim she hath:
No being in the world so wide
Would weep her early death!

And now the ceaseless, busy hum
Deepened in that city,
And many eyed her with contempt,
But not one glance of pity.

The rustic wains moved slowly on,
Laden with fruits and flowers,
To tempt the city dames to buy,
And dream of rural bowers.

The wind was hush'd, the storm allay'd,
A gentle breeze astir,
Which wafted back the fragrant scents
Of bygone scenes to her.

One flower alone dropp'd to the earth—
The heat her mouth did parch—
How sweet to press it to her lips,
That violet of March!

Its odour woke a thousand thoughts
Of childhood's happy state:
Oh, could she, *then*, have but foreseen
Her present awful fate!

The tears stay'd in their fountains.
The flower lay on her lips,
Unheeded and alone she sank
Upon the cold stone steps.

She grasp'd the flower convulsively.
As if they should not part;
The memories that its scent aroused
Had burst in twain her heart!

Oh, blame her not! oh, judge her not!
Trace not her future doom;
She died with holy thoughts at last,
Of parents and of home.

YENGEE THE HALF-BREED.

A TALE OF THE FAR WEST.

THIRTEEN years ago Michigan was the western frontier of the white man's progress, and Wisconsin was the undisputed country of the Indians. The Menomonees camped by the head waters of Rock River, and hunted and fished, as their fathers had done, on the same plains and rivers, from time immemorial. The powerful Sioux or Dacotahs lighted their council fires by the waters of the Mississippi, and combated with the dauntless Chippewas, who often intruded on their hunting grounds; and the Winnebagoes and Pottowatomies built their wigwags by the great lake to the east of which were the clearings of the Longknives. The Pottowatomies were not a numerous tribe, and there was cause for their numerical paucity. They had left their kindred's bones by the banks of Grand River, and had crossed Lake Michigan in sorrow, for the smallpox and freewater had been destroying angels, striking down their braves and youths, sparing neither the wise nor old. When the white men had first landed on the borders of the strait which connects Lake Erie with St Clair, and where a city now stands which is called Detroit, the Pottowatomies could muster five hundred warriors; when they struck the poles of their wigwags, and took the last lingering look of their fathers' hunting grounds, they hardly counted a hundred scalps. The remnant of the tribe had not, however, left the homes of their childhood to die in despair; they built their huts in what is now called Madison county, and began to hunt and fish with a feeling of freedom to which contiguity with the white man had long rendered them strangers.

The noblest, most agile, and brave of the Pottowatomies was Yengée, a warrior of stately mien and elastic form. He was tall, athletic, and grave, and when he rolled his blanket round his handsome person, and bent his head in a thoughtful manner, it was not difficult to know where Yengée's spirit had gone. His skin was fairer than those

of his tribe generally, because his father was a white hunter, who had won the heart of Ice-drop, and had built his wigwag among the Pottowatomies. In his boyhood, when the warriors of his mother's tribe were numerous, and its chiefs proud and haughty, the son of the Four Bears was despised because of the Longknife blood that circulated in his veins; but when Manitto frowned upon them, and they were smitten down in the strength and glory of their manhood, the weak and humbled women and warriors turned their eyes towards Yengée, for he was wise and strong. He was wise, for his father had taught him many of the white men's mysteries; and he was powerful and brave, as he had often demonstrated, to prove to the pure red men that there was no cross in his courage. It was at Yengée's suggestion that the tribe had built their huts on the western bluffs, when the smallpox had left only a few of them, and it was to his sagacity they owed their escape from total annihilation. When he was despised by his mother's people, his white blood rose in rebellion at the thought, and in the council and on the field he vindicated his father's reputation and his own. His father's nation claimed his sympathies, and although he was an Indian in nature and education, he felt a yearning towards the Longknives. But when he saw the ravages which white men's cupidity, heartlessness, and avarice had created, he forgot that they were of his kindred, and clung unto his savage brethren.

When the Pottowatomies crossed Lake Michigan, Yengée was alone. He built a hut, but his dogs only warmed themselves around its fire, and his father's arms, and the robes which had been embroidered by his mother, were rusty betimes and sadly in need of repair. He hunted the buffalo and elk, and none was more successful in the chase; but it was only for the aged squaws who had no sons to bring them food, or children whose fathers were chasing spirit deer in the happy hunting-grounds, that he bore home his venison. He had no one who would cut his locks for him when he died, and mourn as became a kinsman; no bright-eyed maiden of the Pottowatomies who would wail on the hills for him should he fall to-morrow. Yengée was not a stoic, although his native taciturnity was increased by gloomy anticipations for his people. He had a large dark eye, more eloquent than a thousand tongues, and when its softened glances fell on First Blush, the girl would cover her own bright eyes with her taper fingers, and her neck and brow would glow with a deeper colour than usual.

First Blush was the only daughter of her mother, and she was a widow. They had neither father, husband, nor son to bring them peltries for their robes or venison from the prairie, so it behoved First Blush and her mother to cultivate a little maize patch and trap the denizens of the forest. Yengée had often brought the choice portions of his game and presented them to the squaw and her daughter; the minx fur, which was the fruit of his skill and perseverance during winter, he had fashioned himself into a robe, and when he carried it to the girl he told her that his wigwag was lonely and silent.

Weeping Eye, the mother of First Blush, thanked Yengée when he brought her meat, but she did not behold in the eye of the youth the image of her daughter; for Waukeesha, the Fox, brought her venison also, and he too smiled upon First Blush. He was a harsh man, tall and powerful in his person, and fierce and implacable in his temper. He was cruel and unforgiving, and so subtle that he was named first chief of the Pottowatomies and graced with the cognomen of The Fox. He hated the white men, but his tribe rather trusted him on that account, for they believed that he, in common with all the nation, had just cause to do so. He hated Yengée, and Yengée was the only one who despised his hatred; but he professed to love First Blush, and the half-breed's blood rose in rebellion against him.

Weeping Eye was not insensible to the dignity of an alliance with Waukeesha; he had three or four squaws to dress his furs and cultivate his maize, and he had brethren and kindred. But love is as blind in an Indian village as

in an eastern city; and First Blush not perceiving the advantages which were plain to her prudent mother, perversely preferred Yengee to the haughty, cruel chief. The youth brought his father's rifle, the most valued article in his wigwam, and a steed, to the door of Weeping Eye; he laid the gun at her feet, then lifting the maiden on the steed bore her off to his home.

Waukeesha, when he heard that First Blush sang in the wigwam of Yengee, could scarcely suppress his rage; but when Weeping Eye went to Yengee's lodge and fashioned handsome robes for her son-in-law, and, after a time, for his son, his imperious temper broke down all restraints, and he frowned at Yengee when they met in council, even though they smoked the calumet of peace. Waukeesha became fierce and cruel if Yengee counselled peace with the wandering hunters of other tribes. If Yengee advised no return to the haunts of white men, Waukeesha would declare that he was only half an Indian who would fear to look upon the dogs and drive them from his path. And if the young man hinted that the Oneidas and Stockbridges lived at peace and cultivated their lands, Waukeesha would say they were rabbits and women, whom a warrior would scorn, and the merest true-born Pottowatomie boy despise. Yengee and Waukeesha, in short, were enemies; the one manly and open in his contempt, the other fretful and virulent in his hatred. If they met in front of their lodges there was no sign of recognition, but a dark gathering of Waukeesha's brow and a twitching of Yengee's nostrils. If they inadvertently joined the same hunting party, the gallant Yengee would invariably turn his horse's head and start on some trail alone. He did not fear Waukeesha, nor any other warrior in Wisconsin, but he felt that the chief deeply hated him, and he knew that in the excitement of the chase he might defy and kill the chief.

On one of these occasions the half-breed had turned his back upon the prairie, and having passed through some beautiful oak openings, was leisurely walking his steed among the flowers and shrubs that fringed a glassy creek, when the voice of a man broke upon his ear.

'Hillo, Ingen, Pottowatomie or Winnebagoes! here I am, old Eb Boyden, willing to give you a back load of 'coon skins and elk peltries if you'll fix my arm.'

At this unexpected salutation Yengee turned suddenly, and desecrated on the other side of the creek a white man seated on an upturned canoe, whose left arm hung down by his side as if it had been a broken bough. It was the work of but a few minutes for the Indian to urge his steed across the narrow strait and confront the stranger.

'It's a bad fix I'm in,' said the white man, still sitting and contemplating his dislocated arm. 'I might manage to trade with one arm in the settlements, but I can neither hunt nor paddle without two no how.'

Old Eb Boyden was a tall brawny hunter, who had been from his youth no bad exemplification of perpetual motion. His father had tried to make a mechanic of him, but that cunning piece of mechanism called a rifle had charmed all complexity of handicraft from his brain, and his highest attainment had never exceeded the scooping out of hog-troughs and canoes. He had left Connecticut when a young lad with only a few dollars in his pocket and his beloved rifle on his shoulder. He had hunted and trapped for various companies until he had run himself into a labyrinth of obligations; and when his eye-teeth cut, which was rather late in the season, he cut all connexion with any other party, and started bee-hunting, trapping, and shooting on his own account. Eb had only started business a few months before his mishap, and the hopes which had sustained him in his solitary and hazardous calling were all dashed to pieces when he rose from a fall over a bank and felt that his arm was powerless. But hope, or something akin to it, had reanimated his bosom when he saw the red man, and in the impulse of a hidden sympathy he had hailed him, careless whether he deemed himself the white man's friend or foe.

'My brother lifted his voice,' said Yengee, throwing the halter over his horse's neck and allowing it to browse.

'That's a fact,' said Eb, looking up and surveying the

native; 'and I guess, if your arm was broken, you'd call for the doctor too.'

Yengee looked for a moment in the weatherbeaten face of the hunter to assure himself of the white man's sincerity. Eb's eyes were as transparent as glass; you could see through them into his unsophisticated honest heart; and the Indian being satisfied with his scrutiny, immediately ripped the garments from the wounded limb, and seizing it between his powerful hands set the dislocated joint with a vigorous pull.

'Well, that's Ingen slight-o'-hard, in good stead,' said Eb, calmly, as he moved his fingers; 'and the furs and peltries are fairly yours.'

But his surgeon had not finished with him; he took him to the brink of the creek, and began to bathe and rub the swollen arm. The water was as clear and smooth as a mirror, and the picturesque forms of the hunter and half-breed were so beautifully reflected in its bosom, that they paused a moment to gaze into the transparent creek, with the green trees and blue heavens also blending in its unruffled breast. There was a contagious repose in the scene—a peacefulness breathing from everything around—trees, rocks, flowers, green bluffs, and sunny waters seemed cradled in the arms of nature, and smiling on their nurse's lap, when suddenly Yengee started to his feet, and, rushing upon a man, hurled him to the ground. The suddenness of the half-breed's motion brought Eb to his knees, and just as he fell a tomahawk flew over his head and dashed into the water. The next instant saw him, knife in hand, standing over the prostrate Waukeesha, while Yengee, with folded arms, gazed on the chief in undisguised scorn.

'Short trial and quick execution, that is the law of the woods,' said Eb, drawing back his hand to strike; but Yengee suddenly interposed and stayed the blow. 'Well, seeing that he is your prisoner, it being your fortune to see him reflected in the water,' said the unmoved hunter, 'you may fix the varmint after Ingen ways;' and as he spoke he retired a step or two.

Waukeesha, taking advantage of the movement, instantly bounded to his feet, and shaking his clenched hand, with a demoniacal scowl at Yengee, dashed into the woods and was gone.

'Well,' said Eb, with an incredulous stare, 'that beats Dutch dirtiness; an Ingen to let an enemy slip through his fingers that a way, comes over me like smash.' As the white man spoke he pushed his light bark into the water. 'Now, friend,' he said, 'there are your peltries; and if ever you come to the white settlements and meet old Eb Boyden, 'tain't creation will make me forget this meeting.'

'Let my white brother take his peltries,' said Yengee, placing them in the boat. 'I am a hunter, and can trap when I need furs; and let my brother also beware of the Chippewas or Pottowatomies, they are not all the children of white men.'

'And let my half red brother take an older man's advice, and watch the trail of the wolf who broke trap just now,' said Eb, as he seated himself, and Yengee caught his steed. 'And, harkee, brother,' cried the hunter, as he pushed off, 'if you require any assistance to fight, hunt, or trap, follow a trail or flay a deer or buffalo, you'll find me in some of the creeks ten miles south of your village.' The white man propelled his bark with wonderful celerity, considering the accident which had so lately befallen him, and was soon lost among the forest-curtained waters.

Yengee rode homeward with a heavy heart; he was irritated and gloomy, and yet he knew not why. He had no fear of Waukeesha's vengeance, for he had confidence in his own strength and courage, and yet Waukeesha's malignant countenance obtruded itself upon him as he approached his home. Perhaps the tendency to experience mental depression was attributable to his Caucasian origin; there is no doubt that his mixed nature was higher toned than that of his red compeers.

Alas, poor Yengee! his enemy knew that he could strike deeper into his heart through that of another; he knew, like more refined savages, that we can be smitten in our

sympathies more mortally than in our flesh; that the seered, bereaved spirit can multiply death and make it fiercely sentient, while the pulse that is once rudely stopped can throb no more. Where was First Blush? The hearth of Yengee was blushing at the sacrilege which had stained it with her blood, and Weeping Eye would weep no more. Yengee looked in horror upon the desolation which had been wrought so shortly on his home. He gazed upon his wife wildly and then fondly, for he loved her, and then covering her body and her mother's with buffalo robes, he drew his blanket over his face and sat down to brood in the silence of his despair. Presently a little hand was laid upon his knee, and then it sought to remove the blanket from the sorrowing husband's face, and then a soft voice whispered 'father.' At that word the robe fell over the shoulders of the stern Indian and a portion of the cloud passed from his brow; he clasped the little boy in his arms and kissed him in the fullness of his paternity, and then, as if he had robbed First Blush of that heart so wholly hers, he held him back from him in his trembling hand, and, lifting the robe, gazed again upon his dead wife.

'I have something to live for yet,' said Yengee at last, as he rose from his cramped position and laid his son on his throbbing bosom; and then, wrapping his blanket round him and concealing his treasure, he strode slowly from his lodge and entered the forest. With wonderful precision and sagacity the half-breed soon discovered the white hunter. Having calmly told his tale, left his new friend the care of his son, and named a rendezvous known to both, the Indian departed once more to his home.

It was evening when Yengee entered the village again, and walking directly to his desolate wigwam he armed himself with spear, tomahawk, and knife; he threw himself on the ground and prayed for a few minutes, and then rising to his feet he strode towards the lodge of Waukeesha. The braves and squaws gazed at him as he passed, and although they knew that he sought Waukeesha, they offered no obstruction, for Waukeesha was the first chief of the nation, and he that was wronged might seek him to convene the elders of the people. When the widowed Yengee reached the chief's lodge he paused for a moment, then stepping boldly amongst the brothers and friends of the murderer he struck him down with his spear before any one could interpose, and uttering a yell of triumph, bounded away like a hunted stag. And then a fierce yell arose of rage and vengeance, and the warriors hurrying to their arms pursued the fugitive. Strong and light of foot, Yengee kept far ahead of his enemies: his son was before him holding out his little arms and calling for shelter and succour in his bosom, and animated with all a father's courage, hope, and love, he left them far behind.

On the morrow Eb and Yengee urged their adventurous canoe over the mighty lake. She flew like a thing of life, and, without encountering a squall or any other danger, bore them safe to the western coast of Michigan. About two miles from Freedom, county of Washtenau, Michigan, there is a beautiful little lake, so peacefully embowered amongst tall trees, and green, lovely, flower-spangled banks, that the settlers call it Lake Pleasant. The poplar and dark pine are mirrored in its clear translucent bosom, and the swans and geese that ruffle its glassy surface seem proud of their lovely home. Some portions of its banks are broken and covered with rapient plants, and others slope gently from the water's edge, and are dotted with shrubs and flowers. It was on the borders of this placid and beautiful sheet of water that Yengee built his wigwam. He hunted and trapped in winter, and old Eb and little Elkhorn were always his companions, and he cultivated a portion of land in summer, and as Eb often declared, took to 'white ways amazing.' There were many white men around him, but he rather loved than shunned their society. It was upon a Scotch settler's land that he reared his little home, who rather encouraged than obstructed the lonely Indian.

Yengee was careful to teach his son all the requisite accomplishments of the aborigines. Hunting, boating, and

trapping were his constant employments in his earlier years, and to fit him for a settled life should he prefer it, he was encouraged to assist the farmers in their vocation when he acquired strength to guide a plough. Elkhorn was a sprightly boy, and manifested singular intelligence from his earliest years. He roamed about the settlement with bow in hand, and sported with the white children on the banks of Lake Pleasant, and then he would dive into its waters and swim towards his father as he reposed on the summer evenings in his canoe. The only white man he ever manifested strong attachment to, however, was old Eb. He seemed to have some spiritual affection which he could lavish on none but his father. The white men, who talk of the callousness of the redskin's nature, and write him down a human being with nerves of iron and heart of stone, should have seen these two strangers in their unrestrained moments; they should have gazed upon the father exiled from his kindred and thinking of his home, with his dark expressive eyes full of memories of the past, drinking deeper draughts of sorrow from each glance at his boy; they should have seen the boy clinging round his father's neck, his eyes radiant with life's first joyous love; they should have heard the tones in which he asked his father concerning the First Blush of whom he talked so softly in his dreams; and then they should have seen him kiss the tear away that glittered on Yengee's cheek, and bury his beautiful head in his sire's robe that he might weep unseen. They were all in all to each other, and if either had any love to spare it was centred on Eb.

The settlers began in time to reckon the two Indians good citizens, for they sometimes went to meeting and deported themselves with great decorum. Miss Priscilla Barber had talked to them often, and she had been heard to declare that they were beautiful listeners; but still they shook their heads when she asked them to accept a book, and from that day she had set them down as confirmed heathens, never doubting that they could read. Elkhorn had grown a tall and stately young man, and some of the white maidens did not scruple to say before their own sweethearts that he was very handsome, but still there was no manifestation of a desire to change his mode of life. He rather clung more fondly to Yengee now that he could comprehend the cause of his father's sorrow and expatriation, and he never left him alone in the woods if it were possible to keep together.

One evening near the close of the Indian summer of 1840, old Eb entered the hut of Yengee; he knew that the redskin loved to converse in the Pottowatomie language, and he invariably addressed him in that tongue. 'Brother,' said the hunter, 'I have been following the bees to their hollows, and I have come to ask if Elkhorn will accompany me and help me to bring home their store.'

'My brother knows that the boy is his,' said Yengee, tenderly; 'he saved his life from my tribe ten suns ago.'

'You remember that long,' said Eb, as he grasped the native's hand; 'but, Yengee, I would have died like a docked beaver had it not been for thee.'

'It is many suns since we met,' said Yengee, as if he mused, and did not hear the old man, 'and he has been as never Pottowatomie was to me.'

'Have not we slept on the same buffalo robe, and eaten of the same meal? have we not hunted and trapped together? and would we not die for each other?' said Eb, his eye lighting, and his weatherbeaten face gleaming with enthusiasm.

They grasped each other's hands again and again, and Elkhorn, who had stood silently by and witnessed this burst of feeling, was recalled to action by the voice of Eb: 'Come, boy, thou hast a light foot and keen eye, and I have some honey for thy father if thou canst climb for it.'

Eb and Elkhorn penetrated deep into the wood, and, striking the trail of a deer, followed the track forgetful of the errand that had ostensibly led them from home. The sun was beginning to set before they brought down their game, and the gloom of the forest was deepening ere they had cut it up, leaving the offal to the wolves or wild-cats, and securing the choicest portions for themselves. They

at last set out for home, however, with light steps and light hearts, and Eb was laughing at his folly in neglecting to secure his honey, when the sharp reports of three rifle-shots in rapid succession brought him to a stand, and rendered him all attention.

'Yengee fired those two first shots,' said Eb, slowly and emphatically, for he prided himself on his quickness of ear, 'and that third came from a rifle that has not been heard in this settlement before. Them sounds bode mischief, boy; and lest evil befall my friend, let us speed.' As he spoke, the old hunter threw the saddle of venison from his shoulder and started off, preceded by the impatient but active youth.

When they reached the borders of Lake Pleasant they beheld white men hurrying towards the wigwam, and widely gesticulating as if some unusual occurrence had taken place, and as they approached the little garden which was surrounded by a fence, they beheld Yengee lying weltering in his blood. Elkhorn was about to throw himself upon his father, when the dying man looked him steadily in the face and uttered a few words in the Pottowatomie language. The youth then folded his arms on his breast and bent his head. Old Eb, with a tear in his manly eye, approached the dying warrior, and kneeling down beside him grasped his hand. 'And must we part so soon?' said the old hunter, deeply moved.

'I am going to the happy hunting-grounds,' said the Indian, calmly. 'Wilt thou be a father to my son, and lay my steed and arms beside me, that I may dash into the land of shade as becomes an Indian chief?'

'Thou shalt be obeyed,' said the white man, solemnly.

'I fall by the hand of a Pottowatomie—by the rifle of the Wolf, the son of Waukeesha,' continued Yengee, 'and I have shot down two. Let Elkhorn live amongst the white men then, and not seek the wigwams of his nation, neither in peace nor in war.

Old Eb could only wring his red friend's hand. Suddenly a low monotonous song broke from the lips of the warrior; his dark eye dilated and seemed to pierce the heavens; and then his song suddenly stopped, his eyes grew glazed and dim, and Yengee was no more.

He was buried according to his request, although many good people condemned Eb for countenancing so heathenish a custom. His son laid the arms beside his father's corpse, and slew the horse that was to be the companion of his grave; but when the ceremony was finished, and the many who had witnessed it had gone to their homes, Eb looked in vain for Elkhorn. The youth was never more seen in the settlements, and although Eb hunted for miles round, and made inquiries at every one likely to have seen or heard of the lad, he could find no trace of him.

About three years after the disappearance of the young man, a hunter passed through Freedom with a knife in his belt, which Eb immediately recognised as Elkhorn's. When questioned concerning it, the man told that he had found it, together with two tomahawks and rifles, on the shores of Wisconsin, amongst the ferns and long grass which covered the mouldering skeletons of two Indians. They lay transversely, he said, and he had taken the knife from between the ribs of the under one.

Reader, this is no fable. The story is yet current amongst the settlers in Freedom, who suppose that Elkhorn had tracked the last murderer of his father to the very vicinity of his native village, and that they had fallen by each other's hands, victims to predecessorial malignity and revenge.

LAW OF INERTIA.

THE heavenly bodies, moving in free space, subject to no opposing influence, keep on in their path with a velocity which has remained unabated since first they were launched from the hand of the Creator. They move not, indeed, in straight lines, but in curves, as they are drawn towards each other, and towards a centre, by the universal force of gravity. This force does not diminish their velocity, but deflects them continually from the right line in which

they tend to move. If this central force were suspended they would all shoot forward into space, and the harmony of their motions would cease. Some force similar to this central tendency is always in action whenever we see bodies move in curve lines. The stone to which a boy gives accumulated force by whirling it round in a sling, is for a time kept in its centre by the central force represented by the string. When let loose, it darts forward in the air, turning not to the right or left, until the atmospherical resistance destroys its motion, or the force of gravity sends it to the ground. A full tumbler of water placed in a sling, and made to vibrate with gradually increasing oscillations, may at last be made to revolve in a circle round the hands, each drop tending to move out in a straight line from the centre, and therefore remaining safe in the tumbler, whose bottom is always farthest from the centre. In a corn-mill the grain is poured gradually into a hole in the centre of the upper millstone. The weight of the stone pulverises the corn, while its circular motion throws it out as fast as it is ground into a cavity around the stone. When a vessel, partly full of water, is suspended by a cord, and made to turn rapidly round, the water, in its tendency to run out in a straight line, recedes from the centre, and is gradually heaped up against the sides of the vessel, sometimes leaving even a portion of the bottom dry. Water moving rapidly in the stream of a river, or the tide of the sea forced irresistibly through a narrow passage between opposite rocks, not unfrequently forms a whirlpool on the same principle. Bent out of its course by a projecting ledge, it departs, as if reluctantly, from a straight line, and heaps itself up towards the circumference of the circle in which it is compelled to move. To this cause, too, it is owing, however little we might expect such a consequence, that a river passing through an alluvial soil, and once turned from its onward channel, continues to pursue a meandering course to the sea. Driven by any cause to one side, it strikes the bank with all its violence, is repelled, and rebounds with the same force to the opposite side, continually wearing the two banks and leaving a larger space on the inner side of the bends. The force with which a body constrained to move in a circle tends to go off in a straight line, is called the centrifugal force. Advantage is taken of it in many processes of the arts, and in all circular motions of machinery. The clay of the potter is placed on the centre of a swiftly revolving table, and while his hand shapes it, the centrifugal force causes it to assume the desired dimensions. A globe, or sheet of molten glass, is in a similar manner made to expand itself. The legs of a pair of tongs suspended by a cord, and made to revolve by its twisting or untwisting, will diverge in proportion to the velocity of the revolution. The steam governor of Watt is constructed, and acts on this principle. Weights are attached to two rods, to which circular motion is communicated by the machinery which is to be governed. If the motion be so rapid as to cause these rods to diverge from each other beyond a certain angle, they act upon a valve which partly closes and diminishes the supply of steam. With a slower motion the rods collapse and the valve is opened. In consequence of the centrifugal force occasioned by the rotation of the earth, the weight of bodies is diminished the 29th part. If the earth revolved on its axis in 84 minutes, the loose parts near the equator would be projected from the surface. Another consequence or particular of the law of inertia is, that motion is communicated gradually. A force which communicates a certain quantity of motion in one second will impart double the quantity in two seconds. A ship does not yield at once to the impulse of the wind when the sails are set—its motion increases as new portions are successively imparted; a horse does not start at once with a carriage into his utmost speed—his force is at first spent in giving motion to the great mass; afterwards with far less exertion he keeps up the motion required to supply that portion only which is destroyed by the obstacles of the road. The motion communicated to a body, if not destroyed by some force, is accumulated. Thus a nail is driven in by all the force of

the band, accumulated through the whole time of the descent of the hammer. The knowledge of this fact gives the means of increasing the effective force of a moving power in a very great degree. A force of fifty pounds, communicated every second to a loaded wheel, will, if not diminished by friction or other cause of waste, enable it to overcome a resistance of 500 pounds once in every ten minutes. Such a wheel is called a fly-wheel.—*Dictionary of Science.*

MODERN COOKS.

GASTRONOMY has become in these later days a science of no ordinary moment to the royal, the noble, and the wealthy of the world. Nay, it has even become of no slight importance politically; or, at least, it certainly was so during the last general European agitations, when embassies and congresses were things of everyday occurrence. Even Napoleon recognised the potent effects of good dinners in diplomacy; and, though he disdained individually to avail himself to any great extent of such agencies, he yet, while first consul of France, gave his full sanction and approval to the magnificent entertainments of his supple colleague Cambaceres, as he also did, when emperor, to the splendid fetes of the still more wily Talleyrand. Bonaparte saw clearly the influence of such instrumentation, and was content, accordingly, to let his subordinates surpass even himself in this respect in cost and display. No doubt pure luxuriousness of taste has also been the means of bringing the gastronomical science still more extensively of late into acceptance and cultivation. Abounding in riches, palled with common enjoyments, and anxious to shine in their sphere by novelty of entertainments, the great among mankind have carried the contrivances for enhancing the pleasures of the table to a most extraordinary pitch. Now, while we, for our own part, as little approve of gourmandism in excess as we do of the eating of raw meat—ever considering that there is a medial course here, as in other matters, which rational people ought to adopt—nevertheless we have the impression that some notice of the extreme features of modern cookery, or rather a glimpse of the life of the acknowledged *prince* of modern cooks, may amuse our readers generally.

Have these readers not yet heard of Monsieur de Careme?—of that illustrious 'chief of the kitchen' (*chef-de-cuisine*, as the French have it), who served in succession ministers of state, princes, kings, and emperors, and whose services were more eagerly courted by such regal personages than those of the most able statesmen, and were moreover far more highly rewarded? My Lady Morgan is 'one English writer who has given an opportunity to the public of this country to know and appreciate Careme, having devoted a chapter to his laudation in her lively sketches of Parisian notabilities. According to all accounts, he was (for he is now no more) the very Brummell of cookery, exhibiting as much enthusiastic egotism in the culture of his art as the Beau did in the department of dandyism. However, we shall allow the character of the man to develop itself in the course of our article.

Jean de Careme (which, oddly enough, may be rendered in English Jack-a-Lent) was a Parisian by birth; and, as his father was a poor workman with no fewer than fifteen children, he opened life under no very favourable auspices. Besides his poverty, the elder Careme led an irregular life, and all the help he could give to the subject of our notice consisted in the following advice, often repeated by the great cook in later years: 'Go, my boy,' said the father, who had noticed in the youngster some special marks of activity and talent; 'there are good things to be picked up in the world. Leave the rest of us, for our lot is misery. This is the age of lucky hits and sudden fortunes. You are clever, and will make yours. Go, my boy, and see what Providence will do to open your way.' The lad was then actually left by his father alone, in the open streets. Hungry and despairing, he begged shelter from a poor publican, and, as it was on the morrow admitted into the

same person's service. Here the afterwards famous Careme received his initiation as a *cuisinier*; but at the age of eighteen he removed to the service of one of the first *restaurateurs* (confectioners or pastry-cooks) of Paris, under whom he aided in supplying the table of Prince Talleyrand. This was about 1800; and Talleyrand had then restored, under Napoleon, all the splendour of the tables of the old regime. The peculiar talents of Careme were soon observed by M. Laguiere, the *chef-de-cuisine*, who latterly attended Napoleon to Moscow, and was then and there found dead in his carriage from the cold. [Here we cannot but digress a little way. War must be a fearfully heart-hardening business, indeed, since Bonaparte could deem the attendance and services of a first-rate cook essential on that dreadful campaign, while famine beset so many thousands of his followers. Such unions of enjoyment and misery cannot but shock common humanity. But let us not blame the French emperor too much either, since we have the well-authenticated statement of a British soldier, that he and others were delighted to have the charge of feeding the Duke of Wellington's hounds with biscuit during part of the Peninsular war, that they might appease their constant and mortal hunger with portions of the canine food. Heart-hardening, indeed, must war be!] Let us return to Careme, however. Under M. Laguiere he learned much in the art of cookery, and also pursued his studies otherwise, according to his own account, with a degree of ardour which one does not well know whether to wonder or smile at, approve or despise. He tells us in a published work that he pored over all the histories of antiquity to get at the secrets of their domestic and culinary arrangements, and even went the length of searching manuscripts to find out in what lay the fame of the tables of Lucullus, Pompey, Heliogabalus, and the Cæsars generally. Here was, at least, enthusiasm in kitchen studies! The proper erection of fires and furnaces formed also a subject of his inquiries, and one in which he attained such surpassing skill as to be employed, partly under Laguiere, in arranging the kitchens of all the brilliant marshals raised to eminence and wealth by Napoleon—such as Murat, Junot, Lannes, Eugene Beauharnois, and the rest of that famous and martial fraternity. It is really entertaining to find Careme telling us who taught him the mystery of *sauces* originally—to whom he owed his knowledge of *soups*—whence came his acquirements in *roasting* meats—and how he learned all the other branches of his 'incomparable science.' His opinion of that science he gave with epigrammatic sublimity: '*L'homme mîme, c'était l'estomac*;' that is, 'What is the real man? It is the stomach!' Nothing can beat this egotism of art, excepting, to repeat a comparison already made, the famous exclamation of Beau Brummell about white neckcloths, 'Starch is the man!' Another expression of Careme was either borrowed from, or perhaps may even have suggested, a similar one of Bonaparte. When the aids of the great cook complained that to execute some of his orders was impossible, he would cry, 'Impossible! erase that word from your minds.' The warrior and the cook had the same idea. Between the sublime and the ridiculous there is truly but one step, and it is a short one.

Careme soon became one of the best employed of the ambulatory confectionary cooks of Paris, being now engaged in one grand mansion, and now in another, and there working out the hundred and fifty recipes which he ultimately gave to the world in his '*Pâtissier Pittoresque*,' or 'Picturesque Pastry-Cook,' and which he had drawn from his inquiries in the imperial library. But his genius, as he tells us with modest dignity, speedily sought to burst the bounds of mere experience; and after skimming the cream of Tertio, Palladio, Vignole, and others—after picking all that was best from the cookery of India, China, Egypt, Greece, Turkey, Italy, Germany, and Switzerland (barbarous England is *not* on his list), he felt himself irresistibly pressed forward to the conception of new culinary feats, and, in his own language, 'saw the ignoble fabric of routine cookery crumble under his venturous attacks.' Careme in narrating the anecdote of (said) snake

not in a tone of more elevated gravity than Careme does here. 'The peace of Amiens came,' he continues; 'the consul had willed it;' and that great event was followed by others equally great in the eyes of Careme. As assistant for the time to M. Bailly, he gave full scope to his invention in pastry-cookery. 'I executed,' he says, 'the most extraordinary uniques in my department. But oh! young students of the art, what busy days and sleepless nights were required to attain to what I did attain! Through three-fourths of the hours of darkness I laboured, composing my designs—in pastry-work. What enthusiasm, we repeat!

We have already, in part, anticipated a point in Careme's life by mentioning his engagements with many of the marshals and princes of the empire. It was there and then that he left the field of confectionary for that of general cookery, applying himself to 'grand dinners' almost solely. Talleyrand pleased him best of all his employers; and, alluding to the magnificent repasts given by that astute statesman in the saloons of the Foreign-office Hotel, Careme would say, 'M. Talleyrand understands the genius of the cook. He respects it, appreciates its most delicate results, and combines grandeur and prudence alike in his outlay.' Riquette, an able coadjutor and pupil of Careme, was sent for to Russia by the Emperor Alexander, and soon made a large fortune in the imperial service. Talleyrand made an inquiry regarding Riquette in 1814 when the czar was in Paris. 'Oh!' said the latter, 'he is truly a man of genius. He has taught us to eat—we knew not the way before!'

In the same year, 1814, Careme had in hand the great task of dining the whole of the imperial, royal, and martial allies on the plain of Vertus. He executed his duty so ably that some of the British chiefs there present seem to have aroused a wish in the Prince Regent to possess this marvellous caterer for the palate. Careme accepted the enormous salary offered, and transported himself to England, where he remained for two years in the regent's service. A practised gourmand, the prince made full use of the talents of the Gallic cook. Every morning the latter visited the royal apartments, explained his plans for the day, and dilated on the virtues, the perils, and the neutral qualities of such and such dishes. One hour was regularly thus spent. In all probability the *tailor* followed Careme—for so passed much of the privacy of the fourth George. On one occasion the regent observed to Careme, 'The dinner of yesterday was delicious. Indeed, I find all that you offer me excellent; but you will make me die of indigestion.' 'My prince,' replied the great cook, 'my duty is to gratify your appetite, and not to regulate it.' Still Careme took to himself the credit of so serving the royal table as to free the prince from gout. Though loaded with bounties, Careme, nevertheless, could not be persuaded to remain in England. 'That villainous grey sky,' he declared, 'would soon be his death; and he returned to France. Ten years afterwards George IV. sent for him again. He declined the invitation, but remarked with pride, 'What a memorable honour for my age! The sovereign of Great Britain deigns to preserve the recollection of my art!'

However, another sovereign was lucky enough to secure the master-cook to himself, probably by far higher offers. Careme went to St Petersburg, and there shone for a time in the imperial palace. But the clime of Russia pleased him as little as that of England; and he left for Vienna, where he superintended the grand dinners of the Austrian emperor and the ambassadors then assembled there. The present Marquis of Londonderry was one of these envoys, and induced Careme to visit England with him once more. But he could not keep the illustrious *chef-de-cuisine* from his own *belle France*. Thither he went, as he announced, to write down and to publish his professional experiences. Notwithstanding, when called on by the eminent plenipotentiaries engaged at the several congresses of Aix-la-Chapelle, Layback, and Verona, Careme could not resist the flattering appeals, and went to each of these meetings to soothe the palates of the diplomatists there congregated to decide on the fortunes of nations. Possibly the admirable cook may have played as important a part as any of them

in these high affairs, since the state of the digestion exercises, undeniably, a vast influence over the tempers of men and ministers, and that department was, in a measure, wholly under his command. An over-seasoned ragout may have irritated some of the high contracting powers into the sacrifice of a province.

Careme lived to serve several other parties of distinction, and among these were the Prince of Wurtemberg, the Princess Bagration, and Baron Rothschild. The baron was his latest employer; and Careme, though he had ceased to invent new dishes, revelled in the gorgeous display of his former 'creations' of fancy, as he called them, under the auspices of the munificent millionaire. He had a salary like a noble's income, and had the carriages and suite of a noble. With M. Rothschild, as remarked, he spent his last active years. His final illness was long, but patiently borne; and in the closing scene of all there was a resemblance to that of Napoleon. It will be remembered that the last words of the ex-emperor were singularly in accordance with the pursuits of his life, 'Tête d'armée!' (head of the army), was the dying exclamation of him who had 'headed' so many 'armies.' The expiring chief of the culinary world, in his final moments, had a pupil by his bedside, whom he gently chided for the seasoning of a slight dish made for himself. He drew the pupil nearer to him, and told him in a whisper, waving his hand to enforce the lesson, that when he dressed it again, he should '*shaks the sauce-pan!*' These words were the last of Careme!

Half seriously, half in jest, have we written this article. At its close, the repetition of the axiom (usually ascribed to Napoleon, but in reality the property of Edmund Burke) occurs to us as the best possible winding-up—'Betwixt the sublime and the ridiculous there is but one step.'

WHITE MOUNTAINS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

This detached group occupies the centre of New Hampshire. The country at the base is, for the most part, covered with endless pine forests, full of ponds and tangled streams, through which the smaller rivers, proceeding from the slopes, filter slowly towards the more open country. There seems to be going forward, in many parts of these uncultivated districts, a continual struggle between the two great elements, earth and water. Large tracts are overflowed at one season, and the land and its produce drowned beneath the dark lake; while, on the bosom of many of the latter, banks of sand are gradually thrown up by the action of the waves; shallows are formed, which teem with aquatic plants, water-snakes, terrapins, and bull-frogs; piles of floating and rotting timber are stranded upon them; a vegetable mould is formed, and in the course of years, an island rises, covered with the ordinary forest-trees of the climate. The latter, from the predominance of the fir tribe among them, are of a much gloomier character than those further to the south; but they abound with many shapely and beautiful trees, none more so than the tall sugar-maple; and many sweet flowers peep out from the marshes, or from the thickets of fern and dwarf oak. How wonderful and how imperfectly understood are many of the ordinary operations of nature! No sooner does the axe of the woodman, or the accidental burning of the forests, destroy one class of trees and brushwood—a class that may have apparently covered the soil for centuries—but another race, perfectly distinct, rises, as though by magic, from the disturbed and discoloured soil, and covers it with beauty.

The proofs of the almost universal principle of spontaneous vegetation, throughout both the forest and prairie lands of the New Continent, are so well known and acknowledged, as to need no additional confirmation at the present day. We have met with continual evidences of its truth in every part of the east and west. It would seem that the seeds of one class of plants and forest-trees must be deposited by some catastrophe beyond the action of light, heat, and atmospheric air, where they lie supplanted by another growth, and are forgotten; preserving, however, the vital principle for centuries in a dormant

or torpid state, till accident or tillage brings them to a position favourable to their reproduction to light and life.

One of the most remarkable instances of this extraordinary phenomenon, of frequent but well-attested occurrence, is, that the marl dug from pits thirty feet deep in some parts of the Union, on being spread over the soil, becomes instantly covered with white clover; and in New Jersey, this is the case with the mud dragged up from the bottom of the Delaware, and used for the purposes of manure.

The ascent of the highest summit of the cluster, Mount Washington (6234 feet), was attempted by our party, under disadvantageous circumstances. Upon gaining the summit, after some hours' toil and much expectation, we were enveloped in heavy mist, which set our patience at defiance, and sent us cold and wet on our downward route. A solitary scramble to the summit of the third in rank, situated in the same chain, which I had contrived to accomplish the preceding day under better auspices, allows me to give you some faint picture of the scenery of the White Hills. As a mountain view, it was truly magnificent, though by far the most gloomy I had ever beheld. The entire group, save five or six of the most elevated mountains, which rear their scalps of micaceous rock over a belt of dwarf fir, appears invariably clothed to the very summits with the dense northern forest; and excepting here and there in the deepest valleys, or at such a distance that the gaze could but just detect the difference amidst the blue tints of the horizon, where the swelling surface sank imperceptibly down towards the lower country, the eye was scarcely relieved by the sight of cultivation. No rock could be descried, except that which heaped up the highest summits; no bright green pastures were seen on the steep slopes; no white cottages shone like stars from afar; but here and there, the precipitous declivities were deeply seamed by tremendous earth-slides, appearing like gashes in the dark face of the mountains. A number of misty lakes gleamed in the distance to the southward, and occasionally you saw the white smoke rising from some upland valley, where a hardy son of the soil had pitched his habitation, and begun his struggle with the wilderness and its inhabitants.

From my description, you will gather that the upper districts of this mountain region are still in the state of nature—as wild as when the red warriors, two centuries ago, gathered themselves together in their recesses, and leagued for the destruction of the intruders on their coasts; and with the exception of the Indian tribes, the district is still tenanted by almost the same inhabitants. Here the bear, the catamount, the Siberian lynx, the wolf, and the lordly stag, still find harbour.—*Latrobe.*

THE KAIM OF MATHERS.

About six miles to the northward of the town of Montrose stand the ruins of an ancient stronghold called the Kaim of Mathers, pitched like an eagle's nest, on the point of a projecting rock overhanging the sea. From the limited extent of the rock on which it is placed, it must of necessity have been but a small building, and appears to have been intended as a retreat in cases of emergency, rather than a constant residence. Before the invention of gunpowder it must have been a place of great strength, as the only approach from the land is by a very narrow isthmus, and the rock fronting the ocean is of great height, and almost perpendicular. There are properly two rocks, the deep rent between them being about a yard wide. A small portion of one of the towers still remains on the most westerly rock; and on the other, which communicates with the land, are the ruins of battlements. The view from the castle is extensive—the mighty deep on one side, extending as far as the eye can reach, until in the distant horizon the air and water appear to amalgamate; while here and there, on the face of the waters, may be seen ships and fishing-boats, giving variety to the otherwise monotonous scene. Landward stretches out the rich and well cultivated fields of Mathers; a few miles to the left, the

royal burgh of Montrose; and still farther off, the well-known promontory of the Redhead, running far into the ocean. To the right is a finely diversified country, studded with farm-steading, and in a high state of cultivation. But it is not so much for the view to be obtained from this fortalice, nor the great strength of its position, that we have been induced to take notice of it, as for the following tragical event with which it is connected. The tradition is still current among the inhabitants of the district, and it is also noticed by several authors. Like most other traditions, this is subject to considerable variation, but the following is the most common form which it assumes:

About the year 1420, in the reign of James I., this stronghold was possessed by the then Barclay of Ury, who is reputed to have been a man of savage appearance and disposition, so much so that he generally went under the appellation of 'the gloomy knight.' At the same time there lived a person of the name of Melville, laird of Glenbervie, who was sheriff of the Mearns. This functionary exercised his authority in such a manner as to incur the displeasure of the gentlemen of the county, who complained of his conduct to the king. Barclay of Mathers, in particular, made frequent complaints; tired of which, in a moment of unguarded impatience, the king said to him, 'Sorrow gin that sheriff were sodden and supped in brie.' 'As your majesty pleases,' replied Barclay, and instantly withdrew from the royal presence. Coming home in haste, he convened those gentlemen of the county whom he knew were dissatisfied with the conduct of the sheriff. Amongst these were the lairds of Arbuthnott, Benholme, Lauriston, and Kair. At this meeting they agreed to adhere literally to the king's words, and thus make the impatient and probably unmeaning reply of his majesty a pretext for destroying the sheriff. In order to accomplish their plan in a manner least likely to create suspicion in the mind of Melville, they agreed to have a hunting party in the forest of Garvock (the present parish of that name being then a forest), and invited him to make one of their number. On pretence of dining in the forest, they ordered a fire to be kindled in the midst of it, and on the fire was placed a large caldron full of water. After a short space spent unsuccessfully in the chase, they rushed with fatal design to this memorable spot, and having dismounted, seized the unsuspecting sheriff, and threw him into the boiling caldron. After the body had for some time boiled or 'sodden,' each helped himself to a spoonful of the soup or 'brie,' thus fulfilling the king's words to the very letter. The place is still known by the name of the 'Sheriff's Kettle.'

When his majesty heard of the horrible deed, he was greatly incensed against the gentlemen of the Mearns, particularly Barclay, whom he justly considered as ringleader in the diabolical act. To screen himself from the king's wrath, Barclay fled to the Kaim of Mathers, where, in those days, he must have been very secure. Lauriston shut himself up in his own castle, which was also a place of considerable strength. Arbuthnott, who was related to the Macduff family, fled to Macduff's cross, near Newburgh, in the county of Fife, where, after performing several ceremonies, and presenting an offering of nine cows, &c., according to an ancient statute, his punishment was remitted. He is said also to have been related to Barclay, and that he soon after so far influenced his majesty, that on Barclay's confessing the heinousness of his offence, and humbly asking forgiveness, he was freely pardoned and restored to favour. The other individuals connected with this barbarous affair, after lurking about for some time, were all ultimately pardoned.

WINTER AND SPRING.

AN ALLEGORY.

An old man sat alone in his hut, on the banks of a frozen stream. The end of the winter was near, and his fire was almost burned out. The old man seemed very aged and very lonely. His locks were white with the number of his days, and every limb trembled. One day followed after another in all its dreariness, and he heard nothing but the howl-

ing of the storm, and beheld the falling of the new snow. One day, as the fire was almost spent, there came towards him a beautiful youth, and the youth entered the hut. His cheeks were red with the bloom of youth, his eyes beamed with the light of strength, and round his lips there played the most lovely smiles. Around his brow was bound a crown of sweet smelling grass, not the helmet of the warrior, and in his hand he bore the fairest flowers. 'Oh, my son,' exclaimed the old man, 'my heart is warm at sight of thee! Step in, step in, and tell me of thy adventures, tell me what strange lands thou hast beheld. Let us remain together this night; and I, too, will tell you of my glory and power, of my wonderful deeds, and all that I have performed; thou shalt do the same, and the night will pass quickly away.' Then he drew forth from his bag a fine carved old pipe, filled it with tobacco, which he softened by means of certain leaves mixed with it, and handed it to his guest. While they smoked they began to talk. 'I breathe,' said the old man, 'and the streams stand still. The waters become firm and hard as a transparent stone.' 'I shake my locks,' continued the aged one, 'and snow covers the land. At my command the leaves fall from the trees, and my breath drives them far away. The birds arise and take wing and seek some other lands. The beasts of the forest conceal themselves at sight of me, and the ground grows hard as a flint.' 'I shake my light locks,' answered the young man, 'and warm gentle showers refresh the earth. The plants raise their heads above the surface of the ground, like the eyes of young children when they dance for joy. My voice calls back the beautiful birds. The warmth of my breath unchains the waters; wherever I wander, sweet music fills the forests, and all nature rejoices.' Then the sun arose, and a gentle heat spread over the whole region, and the old man became dumb. The redbreast and the blue-bird raised their song above the roof of the hut. Before the door the stream began to murmur, and the sweet scent of the growing herbs was borne onward by the spring breeze. As the light of day advanced the young man suddenly perceived who had been his host; for while he gazed on him he beheld the icy face of Peboan (winter) before him, and the waters rushed from his eyes. The higher the sun rose, smaller and smaller became the old man—soon he had quite disappeared. In the place of his hut there remained nothing; nothing but the wiskodid, a little white flower with a pale red border, the first flower of the north.—*Wallachian Legends.*

TREATMENT OF THE INSANE.

It is a great point to induce patients to keep up self-respect; a harsh and tyrannical keeper may soon do irreparable injury to sensitive and irritable persons; their mental power and vigour fail, they become prostrated by such treatment. The physician should always be placid and dignified; his conduct regulates that of the attendants; and the conversation and actions of the patient himself much depend upon his observation of what transpires around him. It is rarely advisable to allow a patient to speak of his delusion; it is far better to converse with him, when not in a state of excitement, upon general subjects, but always with composure. Contradiction can do no good, and a kind and conciliatory manner should always be exhibited towards the insane; the delusive opinions they hold, however absurd, are to them realities; and a greater degree of irritation is produced by laughing at them than we should ourselves feel if our word were doubted, or we are jeered at by others. A conciliatory disposition, with a manner sufficiently authoritative, is the great desideratum. Whenever a person's means will at all admit of his being treated at home, this is always preferable, and especially in the first instance; for to send an incipient or slight case to mingle with lunatics, or persons holding deluded opinions, is very likely to aggravate and confirm those symptoms already present, or even by imitation to cause him to assume those fictitious ideas or characters which are so powerfully and so perpetually impressed upon him. It is

frenzy of maniacs, and often tempt the insane to commit suicide. Pinel, who first denounced and abandoned the restraint system, found the number of furious maniacs diminish immediately the chains and manacles were abandoned. In the summer of 1842, upwards of 19 tons weight of iron bars and gates were removed from the Lancaster County Lunatic Asylum; and what has been the consequence? The gloominess has been dispelled, and attempts at self-destruction have been much less frequent. In the commissioners' report we find 'that the diminution of restraint in the treatment of lunatics has not only lessened the sufferings, but has improved the general health and condition of the insane.'—*Medical Times.*

WHY DID HE DIE?

BY M. C. COOKE.

(Written for the Instructor.)

'Why did he die?' the mother asked
As tears bedew'd her cheek,
As rising sobs almost forbade
Her fault'ring tongue to speak.
She stoop'd and kiss'd her son's pale corpse,
She grasp'd his hand so cold—
'Soon shall I slumber by his side,
For I am growing old.'

'Why did he die?' we ask the rose
That blooms in fragrance sweet;—
Why does it wither and decay,
And crumble at youth feet?
The scent is gone which once exhaled
From 'midst the crimson leaves,
And where the blooming flower once hung;
His web the spider weaves.

'Why did he die?'—Why melts the snow
Before the summer's sun?
Why are the dew-drops quaff'd away
When morning is begun?
Why bursts the bubble which so bright
Sails through the vapoury air?
Why do the flowers thus fade and die,
However bright and fair?

'Why did he die?'—The blooming rose,
The melting snowflake tells;
The dew-drop bright, the bubble frail,
The reason each reveals.
For all on earth—man, woman, child,
Rose, dew-drop, snowflake—all
Were framed for time: as He decrees
So each must droop and fall.

THE NATURAL ADVANTAGES OF THE SABBATH.

The ordinary exertions of man run down the animal machine every day of his life; and the first law by which God prevents man from destroying himself is the alternation of day and night, so that repose may succeed to action. But although the night apparently equalizes the circulation well, yet it does not restore its balance sufficiently for the attainment at least of long life—and hence one day in seven is thrown in as a day of compensation to perfect by its repose what sleep alone could not do. Take the horse and work him every day of the week and he will droop; but give him rest one day in seven, and you will soon perceive by his superior vigour that even his system has been calculated for the Sabbath. Possessing a higher nature, man is borne along by the vigour of his mind, so that the injury of uninterrupted excitement on his animal system is not so immediately apparent as in the case of the brute, but in the long run he breaks down more suddenly, or he has no vigour in old age. I consider, therefore, that the Sabbath is to be numbered among the natural duties, if the preservation of life be a duty, and its premature destruction a suicidal act. This is said simply as a physician.—*Dr Farrer.*

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THE BACONIAN IDOLS.

The temple of knowledge, in which most men make some profession of worshipping, is ever standing open; but, simple as appears to be the duty of us all, namely, to listen to the responses of God speaking through his works, crowds resort within the precincts rather to constrain the oracle than with reverence hear it as it may declare itself. The eye, the ear, and the touch—every organ, indeed, by which we place ourselves in connexion with nature, is apt to be bribed by the will and predisposition; for while nature must be mistress and not maid, we resolve to be master and not servant. Sweet and gentle is her yoke, since truth is lighter than error, and she never of herself misleads us. But being the sole interpreters of her answers, we too often allow sinister motives to corrupt our translation, and fatuously console ourselves with a stone instead of the bread which she offers. If self-imposition were not a common error, we should scarcely believe this of dear humanity. But so it is. Although gaining nothing but loss in this way, we waywardly pursue our calling; with difficulty restraining the causes of self-deception, and never succeeding in expelling them altogether. Yet still there is no reason for despair or even for despondency. By care in noting these causes of loss, by earnestness in rooting them out of us, by higher aspirations and more plentiful perseverance in pursuit of truth than heretofore, we may succeed in detecting them, and in so restricting their influence and calculating their inevitable power as to save us from serious error or important injury.

To assist the seeker of knowledge in his noble task-work, Lord Chancellor Bacon, a name dear to science, has quaintly, but appositely and beautifully, arranged the sources of mistake, arising from the conditions of the inquirer, into so many classes, under the odd designation of Idols. The reason of this emphatic and descriptive phrase is found in the nature of the case. As idols are the creatures of our own hands, which we foolishly place in the room of the true God, so the results of our inquiries, as far as they substitute the truth of nature, are fashioned by ourselves, and are not veritable representatives. Hence Bacon calls those conditions of mind through which falsehood is taken in lieu of truth, idols: we are unwilling to put them away; we bow the knee to them in secret, yielding them the worship which is due only to the fair and lovely forms of truth, the sole manifestations of the true God. He has classified them into four kinds: the Idols of the Tribe; the Idols of the Cave; the Idols of the Marketplace; and the Idols of the Theatre. Strange and mysterious names; but how much underlies them!

Which are the Idols of the Tribe? Those which belong

to humanity in general; they are more or less common to all, lying solely at no one man's door. As creatures we live within limits, restrained by the powers of the mind and the walls of the senses. No man can overleap these boundaries; but all, in some way or other, attempt to do so. The consideration of these methods first, and of the others in their order, will afford pleasant matter of thought and remark for a little.

The first source of error, connected with this common class of idols, arises from the tendency of the human spirit to arrange all the perplexing variety of things existing outwardly and inwardly under a few general heads. The principle of the mind out of which this tendency originates, is in itself the grandest endowment by which the intellect of man is distinguished from the instincts of the lower animals. Under its energy and guidance we trace law where confusion only seemed to exist; and if we did no more than proclaim a law whenever we had really found one, no evil but great good would arise. But, feigning identity of origin among effects, where either we have no proof or proof to the contrary, we assign different effects to the same causes; thus blundering in our interpretation of nature, from impatience of the laborious process of distinguishing between things that differ. From this cause have arisen many explanations of natural facts, which, on more careful inquiry, have been seen to be mere hypotheses or fancies. So, too, the phenomena of mind have been often construed from loose analogies in the material world; the organs of the body have been forced to explain the faculties of the soul. Mutually helpful to their interpretation are the seen and the unseen worlds of nature and spirit; but all haste, all forced resemblances and analogies, all desires of simplification beyond what the cases admit, mislead and misinform us. Better rather to wait patiently upon truth, following, not taking precedence of discovery. Thus will the riddle of the universe be unfolded before us; not by ingenuity, but by observation; not according to some imaginary plan, but according to the divine idea in which it had its origin.

As if, however, the danger to which this tendency exposes us were not enough, we are subject to the influence of prepossession: what of opinion gets first hold of the mind, retains it against truth oftentimes, how cogent soever its claims and manifold its uses. In parting with an opinion, even though we are to exchange it as false for one which is true, we feel as if we were putting an indignity upon ourselves; as if we were suffering loss rather than gaining, and were unjustly dealt with by truth in being dispossessed of that which we had long counted on as a perpetual possession. The evil is, that it is in proportion as a notion can trace up its paternity into the dim shade

of childhood, with its source lost in darkness, never subjected to examination but imbibed implicitly, that we cleave to it more firmly; repelling every assault on its legitimacy with an indignant warmth and an energy of conviction, which a lifetime passed in its verification would scarcely entitle us to assume. Time neither adds to nor takes from the claims of an opinion; truth being eternal, and our opinions being entitled to respect so far only as they are clear and adequate representations of its immutable forms. But it seems to us as if an opinion doubtful to-day became certain if retained till to-morrow; yet more sure if suffered to be occupant for a season; and infallible if kept from the dawn of life. Of course, our daily experience turns our confidence to foolery, by reversing the judgment despite its prepossession. More wise and pleasant would it be, if, instead of staking our whole character for discernment on an idea, we would venture only a part of it: retaining an opinion so long as it seems true, but forwardly ready to displace it so soon as its legitimate substitute appears to claim its rights.

But we do not pause with prepossessions. On the contrary, not contented with holding fast what we have, even although its authority has been disproved, we engage fancy to patch up the holes in our knowledge, and brush them over with a daub of colour to prevent our notice of them. Truth is plain and often severe in her aspect; looking sometimes austere at us, unconcerned that we are dissatisfied, and that we want something more gay and cheery to divert us. Misunderstanding her intention, which is to feed us on a pure and wholesome fare, we leave her behind us, laughing as we go, and purchase a fancy diet of the imagination, not minding its quality if only it please the senses. In this way we carry our infancy into manhood; grasping at a toy at the moment when the serious business of inquiry should be receiving all our attention.

Like children, in another respect also, we set ourselves tasks which transcend our abilities, wasting that little measure of strength and time which has been equitably dealt out to us in efforts to reach the unattainable, to perform the impossible. Though never so often foiled, we refuse to desist; willing rather to be active, if it be only in raising up castles and pulling them down again, than to confess limits and acknowledge our impotency. As a dam, when checked in its proper outlet, overflows the borders, and forces a way with less rather than gain to the proprietor, so our restless impetuosity, not expended in the pursuit of truth itself, breaks into divers extravagances and feats of ingenious trifling, beguiling itself by accomplishing nothing, while it seems to be achieving a very important result. A locomotive engine may bury its head in the dust; but certainly its power, however great and formidable, is ineffective and purposeless; better far that it keep on the rails, whirling along itself with a train behind it. So with man. To attempt to eat stones or to pierce through the crust of the earth to the very centre, may be curious and amusing as an exercise, but is not specially significant of wisdom in him who undertakes the task or in those who look on applauding it.

Will and passion, however, play even a more important part than these other causes in retarding the attainment of truth. What we wish to be true, we are ready to believe is true; and thus opinion does in great part conform to the nature and composition of the temperament. Truth, therefore, is apt to be refused if it oppose our desires; error to be accepted if it flatter our affections. The love of offspring, for example, leads the young mother to invest her first-born with every attribute consistent with human imperfection; so also in the case of the progeny of the mind. Passions, according to the sort of their object, modify opinion to a degree scarcely possible of belief. The lover clothes his mistress with the grace and dignity of an angel. Enthusiasts look with unflinching hopes to the realisation of their dreams and to splendid results, without for a moment thinking of an estimate of chances, or doing so only to laugh at its indications. Poetry, metaphysics, down to the humblest handicraft, find votaries who will maintain their sovereign claims in contempt of

every other employment. A man from passion kicks the stone which tripped him, as if it were amenable to punishment; and the victim of superstition finds a meaning in vision, while he interprets its fulfilment in circumstances which account for themselves quite otherwise.

But by far the most influential of these working powers is the action of the senses, which sometimes are insensible to impressions lying within their legitimate sphere, at other times are exercised where they are incompetent, and at others mislead us by false accounts of their experience. The senses and mind act together, and in addition to this combined activity there is a reaction of each upon the other; so that if we are indifferent in our mental state, an object observed by the senses is observed superficially; sometimes even no impression, or none worth counting on, is made in a condition of neutrality. On the other hand, what is more important to observe, the senses often acquire so great a predominance among the forces as to overbear the spirit, and impair, if not ultimately extinguish, all capacity of discerning other elements of being than those of matter. Although enough of mistakes originate from the first mentioned imperfection of the senses, this last mentioned one is on the whole more dangerous: it disqualifies for studying the inner world of the soul, even for perceiving its existence. Spiritual phenomena, because not obtrusive like those of matter, cease to be believed in—they drop, as it were, out of memory, and lose all power of restoring themselves to their place among the possessions of the mind.

Such are the forms under which the idols of the tribe, or those sources of error common more or less to all of us, manifest themselves in life. Would that we could stop here in the enumeration, and congratulate ourselves that mankind were innocent of any other species of idolatry! But each has household idols, as well as those which all worship; we have what Bacon calls the Idols of the Cave. To the consideration of these, therefore, we now come.

The prejudices of this class arise, first, from the predominance of a single idea in the mind, so as to lead to the explanation of all the sciences by the laws proper only to the one which has succeeded in subduing the mind to itself. As when we look steadily at the sun at the commencement of its decline in the western sky, or at its rise, we convey away with us a tint or colouring which is imagined, to be lying spread over everything looked at; so the mind, after being long exclusively occupied with any one set of ideas, interprets the nature of most others by those rules applicable only in the favourite study. The principles of the better-known science are exalted out of the special office where nature intended them to remain, and made universal in their reference. The mind becomes so fascinated and deluded that it cannot strip itself of the prejudice. Hence, the geometrician will sometimes attempt to prove the certainty of morality by mathematics; the logician will ask what a poem proves; as if, in the former case, necessary and probable evidence, while the one may be as good as the other, were not essentially different, and in the latter case, as if we had no faculty but the reasoning one, and should have no works but those which minister to its exercise!

Another set of mistakes arises from the aptness of one class of individuals to observe and give predominant attention to resemblances, overlooking or slightly noticing wherein exist differences; while other individuals will take just the reverse way, and give prominence only to the differences, passing by the agreements. Of these classes, the first are known by the number and fancifulness of their analogies; finding in every face of nature the same features. One person is just like another to them. Idiosyncrasy, or what is often called individuality, is left out of their account. Not confining, however, the application of this ingenious talent to the units of a species, they pass over from one branch of knowledge to another; they discover between sciences the most disparate a likeness which they insist is identity. Taking quite an opposite course, the other class are over-curious in their observation of differences. They split straws on occasions when most men would be con-

tented to suffer even a log to remain undivided. Nature is to them full of variety, with little of unity. Thus, if they were looking at a horse and a man at the same time, they would say that the former had four legs, the latter only two; that the one had a tail, the other none; but that both could be happy and sorrowful, love and hate, be active, or dull, or disheartened, would scarcely suggest itself for a moment. So, too, if they were considering the races of men, they would divide them into black and white, or take special note of some such frivolous distinction, counting as of less importance that all men are of one blood, and play a part in the drama of providence essentially related, although one act may be performed by this tribe, another act by some other tribe. Both tendencies are to be avoided; since nature has linked all her works by many beautiful bonds, as well as given each of her creatures to support in her domain a life marked off from that of every other by characters appropriate to itself.

A biasing influence, different from either of those just mentioned, is an affection for times, under the power of which the mind regards truth not in itself, but as it has relation to the period when it first received the form of opinion. One educated in the ancient classics, and accustomed to associate with these his best thoughts, his finest conceptions of beauty and art, and his examples of history, is apt to justify or censure an object of judgment, as it can trace its origin to antiquity, or has no pedigree earlier than the last generation. On the other hand, the individual who has had no access to thought or ideas of taste but through works of modern production, comes to esteem the warm admiration of the pupil of ancient times as false, or at least overdone, and assumes the antiquity of a notion as a proof of its unsoundness. The case is, however, that truth is dependent on no times. Whether it has been expounded by early or late discoverers, its claims are unaffected. No position appears to the general eye more assured than this; and yet men individually are ever lapsing into associations which superadd a purely arbitrary force of their own upon the natural claims of opinion, as it is brought before them.

The remaining forms of the idols of the cave are what may be termed the microscopic and the telescopic methods of studying nature. Nature may either be considered in her parts, without relation to the whole, or in her grand outlines, as exhibited to us in the entrenchment with which she first appears. The former style of inquiry demands an inquisitive genius—one not unwilling to pause over some fragment, and take its minute proportions and measurements. The latter manner implies a mind fond rather of the great and sublime—of nature in her large movements, in the study of which it loves to lose itself, as in the vast and boundless, to rise far above the ken either of others or of itself, and stay in this point of elevated vision without descent. Partialities of any kind are unfavourable to the acquisition of truth. To remain in the laboratory and speculate with the narrow results obtained there, or to forego and despise the apparently inglorious task of analysis in order to take wing into the limitless, are extremes equally to be condemned and to be eschewed by every student who is anxious to establish between himself and truth a set of genuine relations.

Come we now to the Idols of the Market-place. And what are they? Words. The market is the great resort of everybody; for all have something either to buy or sell. Words are needed as the medium of intercourse between different people and nations; hence the market is used as a general term to comprehend all the idols which are set up in the minds of men through the influence of words.

Now, words have the curious power of representing nothing to us, or more things than one: they may be used to conceal our ignorance, or the same term may be employed in many senses. In the case of fabulous theories, and all attempted accounts of what is purely mysterious, the words used for expression have no objects in nature corresponding to them: they are merely set up to terminate our view, by leading us to believe that we see to the end of the matter.

their meaning that they suggest not the same idea to all minds, but different ideas. The way of remedying the former sources of error is to reject the theories, and the words of themselves will become harmless or inactive. As these are the shells which enclose the false systems, they will break and fall away as soon as the nutriment is withdrawn from within.

The latter causes of mistake, however, give more trouble: namely, words which are vague and indeterminate in their meaning; and it will be the last effort of wisdom to fix its nomenclature in a state of such precision as to moderate or preclude the war of words which is ever raging. As signs, not in themselves significant, but dependent on general usage for their meaning, words mislead by standing for one thing to one man, and for a different thing to another; while a third and fourth will take them in senses varying from one another and from the rest, till their meaning becomes so unsettled that they cease to serve for media of exchange either of thought or feeling. The origin of such ambiguities does not lie merely in design to mislead; but often in the nature of society, and the many subtle causes at work in the formation and modification of language. An idea annexed to a word is frequently very complex; and in the effort to explain, other words are introduced, themselves of as doubtful a meaning, while yet the difference in the apprehension of persons respecting the same word may be unsuspected; and thus the error is perpetuated, and grows into a more perplexing form.

What mistakes, finally, are expressed by the Idols of the Theatre? The human mind, limited and imperfect though it be, is yet continually active. The fruit of this activity, in ambitious and daring minds, is a philosophy or class of opinions. Abilities so superior in its creation fill the world with admiration; and whether the philosophy be true or false, it is, under the influence of emotion, readily received into the mind. As it sails down the stream of time posterity views the venerable relic with a superstitious veneration. It speaks without appeal; but as false philosophies have no correspondence to truth, or rather are the mimics of truth, the influence they exert upon beholders is like that of the scenic and dramatic illusions of the playhouse. Hence the name.

In this way we have rapidly traversed the ground over which the great spirit of Bacon had previously gone, and made passable to general minds coming after him. Need we wonder, on considering what we have seen of the pits and snares encompassing us, that so much attainment remains yet to be made in the inquiry for truth? We must encourage one another in the pursuit; in the assurance that the causes of error, as they come to be noted for avoidance, will diminish in number and power of seduction. A love of truth, if ardent and steady, must more than anything else contribute to this happy issue. Every effort we make secures a certain gain, and fits us for yet more profitable enterprises. Nor is any individual too insignificant to engage in the attempt to root out pernicious tendencies in his own mind and in the minds of his fellow-men. Society is composed of individuals, all of whom are linked together, and not one of whom can be unaffected without communicating more or less of influence to all the rest. The fact gives importance to individuals, and may inspire the young spirit, in its aspiration after good, with hope of reaching it. Numerous as the sources of mistake are, they are not innumerable; on the contrary, they can be counted and weighed, and, when fully valued, removed for ever. Perplexing as they may seem when first looked at, they are easily managed, if their nature and law of development are known. By watching them as they appear in us, and calculating their force and mode of attack, we may ultimately take them captive and destroy them. Truth, then, would come forth more augustly robed; her beautiful countenance would fascinate us; and all men, charmed by her aspect, would submit to her sway and thenceforth be free from error. Few, however, are earnestly living for this happy time. May it come sooner than we dare

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

REV. JOSEPH WOLFF, D.D., LL.D.

OUR last notice of Dr Wolff left him on his voyage from England to Malta in October 1835. From Malta he sailed for Alexandria, and from that city, by way of Rosetta, he set out for Cairo, from whence he went for the second time to Mount Sinai. He here met his old friend Sheikh Hassan, who told him that he had married four wives but divorced three of them, reserving only one whom he sincerely loved. She, however, stormed like a fury if he spoke of taking another, and threatened if he did so to tear out his beard. Wolff met also a very kind reception from his former friends the monks on Mount Horeb, whom he regards as most excellent people. From thence he returned once more to Suez and then back again to Jiddah, from whence he crossed over to Mossawah on the African coast, and discovered that the inhabitants spoke the purest Ethiopic. When Wolff left Mossawah, his servant Bethlehem, like Rob Roy when his feet were on the heather, found himself an altered man; he became conscious of a sudden metamorphosis, declared himself an Abyssinian gentleman, and told Wolff that he would act as his escort but not as his servant. The Abyssinians have a great many customs peculiar to themselves. They speak seven languages, baptise by immersion, circumcise on the eighth day, can only have one wife, must, if priests, dress, like the Levites of old, in white raiment, and on entering the churches, which are all round buildings and resemble synagogues, they must all, priests and people, put off their shoes, kiss the door-posts, and pray silently. Priests and deacons are ordained by the aboona, who is the chief spiritual authority and lives at Gondar. Wolff was one day taken, or mistaken rather, for this sacred personage. He was conversing with some priests about religion, when a sudden cry was set up—'He is our aboona in disguise.' Upon this the assembled crowd began to sprawl at the missionary's feet, which they kissed, imploring as a great favour the honour of being spit upon. Wolff spat till his throat was dry, when they compelled him to have his feet washed, that they might afterwards drink the dirty water! He got hundreds of cows as a present, and though to undeceive them he ordered his pipe and smoked, which it is a crime in a priest to do, they would not be persuaded, and raising him at last on their shoulders, they bore him triumphantly into the town of Adwah. Wolff's white appearance whilst at Zaasega shocked the Abyssinian ladies not a little. They said he was as white as the devil, and that some awful calamity must accompany the visit of such a hideous Copt. The priests, however, still called him aboona and craved his blessing. He was carried shoulder-high by the populace. A warrior-chief came to Wolff at midnight and implored his blessing; the hair of this person's head resembled Abalom's in length, and he was one of the finest-looking men in Abyssinia. 'I am no aboona,' said Wolff. 'I know it, but bless me,' replied the man, 'for you are a servant of Christ.' Wolff was next carried on the shoulders of his soldiers an immense way over mountains and rocks. Arriving on the 24th of June at a village called Behesa, they found that a neighbouring freebooter had been devastating the country. Two days afterwards our traveller arrived at Adwah, the capital of Tigre, where he met with Gobat the missionary, who was very ill. The doctor accompanied him back to Jiddah, where they arrived on the 2d of October.

Before returning to Abyssinia, Wolff determined to pay the Rechabites around Sanaa a visit. After traversing a goodly portion of Araby the Blessed, a work rendered very disagreeable in consequence of the almost intolerable heat of the sun, he found in Sanaa the persons in quest of whom he had set out. He spent six days with them. 'They drink no wine, plant no vineyards, sow no seed, live in tents, and remember the words of Jonadab the son of Rechab.' He also found residing among them a remnant of the tribe of Dan, who dwell near Yerim in Hadramaut. Both are expecting the sudden arrival of the Messiah in

the clouds of heaven. They wanted Wolff to marry a fair young Rechabite, and pitching his tent among them, to become their rabbi; an invitation and offer with which, of course, he did not think proper to comply, but before his departure he distributed among them a number of Hebrew Bibles and Testaments. When Wolff departed one of their number escorted him as far as the gate of Sanaa. This town is situated in a valley surrounded by four mountains, exhibiting to the eye a highly magnificent prospect. It is enriched with the loveliest of gardens, adorned with vines, pomegranates, and cherry-trees. The houses, all of which have terraces in front, are built of stone, and are usually four storeys in height. The palace of the Imaum or prince somewhat resembles a fortress, and is a splendid piece of architecture. Wolff on calling was very kindly received. The Imaum was very drunk, however, and is, indeed, seldom sober, being supplied with wine and brandy by the Jews of Sanaa. The doctor declined an invitation to stay at his palace, preferring to take up his abode with the Indian merchants. While at Sanaa, our traveller was seized with fever, in consequence of which he had to be transported to Mocha. On his recovery he set out again for Abyssinia, but a typhus fever which he caught at Hodeyda confined him to his bed for six weeks. He subsequently embarked for Bombay, bodily weakness rendering it impossible for him to recross Abyssinia. From Bombay Wolff set sail for the United States of America. At St Helena, where they stopped to refresh, he went ashore and lectured on the second coming of Christ. On his arrival in New York, which took place in August 1837, he was introduced to Bishop Doane of New Jersey, by whom he was ordained a deacon of the Episcopal Church, after which he visited successively Philadelphia, Washington, and Baltimore, preaching as usual as he went along. He gave a lecture under the especial patronage of John Quincy Adams, in Congress Hall, before almost all the members, and did the same thing at Pennsylvania and New Jersey. A number of worthy people in America wished Wolff to go about endeavouring to convince the native Indians that they drew their primary origin from the ten tribes of the dispersion. This, however, he would by no means consent to do, for this very good reason, that he was far from being satisfied of the truth of the hypothesis himself. He could trace no remarkable affinities in their language to lead to such a conclusion; nor could this conclusion be justified by the religious rites which they were in the habit of practising. From many of their customs, besides words which occur in their language, he is disposed to regard them as being of Tartar origin. In America, says Dr Wolff, the Jews are very lax in their moral creed, 'intermarrying with Quakers, Anabaptists, and Independents.' He made no long stay in America, leaving New York on the 2d, and landing at the Isle of Wight on the 28th of January, 1838, where he resided for some time in the house of the Marquis of Anglesea, and afterwards delivered a lecture, in which a full account was given of his missionary labours for the last eighteen years. Through this nobleman he was soon afterwards introduced to Archbishop Whately and the Marquis of Normanby, then lord-lieutenant of Ireland. The title of D.D. from America, and that of LL.D. from the university of Dublin, were conferred on him about the same time. In Ireland he was soon after, by the Bishop of Dromore, received into priest's orders.

His constitution being now considerably enfeebled, Wolff became desirous of settling down as a clergyman in some country locality in England. With considerable difficulty this wonderful man received, through the influence of the Rev. Hugh Stowel, a small living at Linthwaite, near Huddersfield, Yorkshire, having attached to it an income of £24 annually, chiefly derived from the pew rents. His predecessor had indeed received in addition £80 from the Pastoral Aid Society, but Wolff on application met with a rebuff, as they said Lady Georgiana had an income sufficient for both. At Linthwaite, on this miserable pittance, Dr Wolff struggled for two years. The locality was, however, a very exposed one, and the health both of Lady Georgiana and the doctor suffered materially. In

consequence, when an offer was made of the curacy of High Hoyland, near Wakefield, with a salary from the rector, he thankfully closed with it, 'and these,' says he, 'were assuredly the happiest of my days.' Between him and the people of his charge, whom he regularly visited, there existed a mutual attachment; but the salary proved too small for his expenditure, and pecuniary involvements to a considerable extent were the necessary consequence. Wolff having procured the Bishop of London's promise to obtain for him a foreign chaplaincy, separated in 1843 with no small regret from his affectionate parishioners, who, as a testimonial of their respect, sent after him a piece of plate, which he received just as he was about to remove for Bruges in Belgium.

About a year before this, however, news, first of the imprisonment, and next of the murder of two distinguished British officers, Captain Conolly and Colonel Stoddart, by the express orders of Behadar Khan, king of Bokhara, had reached Britain from India. Stoddart had gone to Bokhara on a direct mission from the British government; Captain Conolly was on a mission from the Indian government to Khokand and Khiva, but had been empowered, should circumstances have rendered it necessary, to give all the political assistance in his power to Colonel Stoddart. The King of Bokhara, on the pretext of their being spies, acted as we have described. The news produced a strong sensation all over Britain, and government was about to bestir itself for the purpose of procuring or compelling their liberation, when an express from Colonel Shiel, charge d'affaires at Teheran, announcing on the authority of a Persian minister on whose veracity he could rely, that both the unfortunate officers had been put to death by the tyrant, seemed to our foreign minister, by rendering farther interference hopeless, to make it also unnecessary. Many, however, were of a different opinion. They regarded in a less satisfactory light than the members of the British government seemed to do the authority by which the execution of the individuals in question had been established, and an opinion was expressed in several quarters that since the public authorities of the country would not move in the matter, private interference had become absolutely necessary in order that a point so closely allied to the common interests of humanity should be clearly ascertained. It was at this juncture that Wolff stepped forward, and in the July of 1843, a few months after his departure from Hoyland, and just before he set out for Belgium, a letter in the *Morning Herald* bearing his signature attracted general notice. It was addressed to all the officers of the British army, and after expressing the writer's conviction that the murder of the distinguished officers in question was very doubtful, held out an offer on the part of Wolff, that, provided the mere expenses of his journey were defrayed, he was ready himself to set out for Bokhara, feeling confident that with God's help, and the assistance of his Turkoman friends in the desert of Khiva and one of the dervishes, he would be able to achieve their liberation. The letter farther went on to say, that the journey was to be undertaken solely on the writer's own responsibility, without in the least involving the British government, and that even in case of complete success, the *slightest pecuniary compensation was not required*. Wolff was at this time residing at Richmond, and the next day he received a letter from Captain Grover promising to provide the requisite funds. That gentleman having in the month of September organised a committee in London, styled 'The Stoddart and Conolly Committee,' of which Sir E. Codrington, the hero of Navarino, and Mr J. Silk Beekingham, the famous traveller, were members, a sufficient sum was speedily raised, and our adventurer was advised that if he still continued of the same mind his offer would be cheerfully accepted. Wolff accordingly appeared before the committee in London, and received from Captain Grover a check for £500. He gave a full detail of the plan he designed to pursue during his journey to and after his arrival at Bokhara. He was resolved to take the direct route, and on no account to deviate therefrom. It was agreed that if he ascertained the certainty of the deaths of

Conolly and Stoddart, or if alive, should have got them conveyed safely to Teheran, his engagement with the committee should cease, and he might go wherever he had a mind. Matters being thus far arranged, a meeting of the committee was immediately convened at the Hanover Square Rooms, Major-General Sir Jeremiah Bryant, C.B., in the chair. The chairman, in alluding to the object for which they were met, entered on the merits of the Conolly family most feelingly. One brother, he stated, had died a prisoner among the Affghans; another had been shot through the heart while aide-de-camp to Sir R. Sale; the third, Arthur, was the object of their present solicitude. The journal of Captain Conolly was before the public. He had himself seen Wolff and Conolly together in 1832, at Cawnpore, in a controversy which Dr Wolff was conducting with some Mohammedan doctors. He farther stated his conviction that Wolff was eminently fitted for the mission from his former experience, general acquaintance with Asiatic countries, and strong personal attachment to Captain Conolly.

Dr Wolff sailed for Malta on the 14th of October, 1844. He afterwards visited Athens, and on the very Mars Hill where in former days Paul preached, Wolff read from Acts chap. 17th, 'Ye men of Athens.' He met while here his old companion, Jonas King, the American missionary, and had the pleasure of seeing Constantinos (one of four Greeks he had sent from the Isle of Cyprus, when boys, to England to be educated, having previously saved them from slavery) the teacher of a flourishing seminary. Another of these individuals is now a physician in Scotland, and a third a schoolmaster at Larnica. Wolff was likewise introduced to Father Arnott, confessor to King Otho, who procured for him an interview with royalty. Our intrepid traveller arrived at Constantinople on the 3d of November, where he was kindly received by Sir Stratford Canning, the British ambassador, and Lord Napier. While residing here, exceedingly conflicting accounts were almost daily received of the fate of Stoddart and Conolly. Individuals were now announced as just having arrived from Bokhara itself who had positively witnessed their execution. Dr Casolari, of the quarantine department at Trebizond, wrote to Sir Stratford that he had recently conversed with a Bokharalee who had quitted his native place not six months before, and had assured him that one of the English prisoners only had been executed; the other, having embraced Mohammedanism, was spared and sent to officiate as a servant in one of the mosques. Next day the more cheering intelligence was communicated that there were people from Bokhara by the last arrival, who stated that both Stoddart and Conolly were alive. In a French journal, published at Smyrna, the rumour of Stoddart's death was officially contradicted, and a corresponding announcement vouchsafed that he was in life at Bokhara, where he was retained a prisoner. Wolff was all this while performing the work and service of a pious missionary—teaching, lecturing, and exhorting. Sir Stratford for this purpose granting him the use of the chapel connected with the British embassy. Yet not all the pleasant attentions he received from many kind friends, nor yet his wish to be of benefit to the souls of men, could make him unmindful of the high purposes of the mission in which he had more especially embarked; and although he remained for nearly three weeks in Constantinople, the delay was not of his seeking, it was unavoidable. Shortly after his arrival he had requested Mr Stephen Pisani, first interpreter to the British embassy, to procure for him as speedily as possible a common travelling firman from the sultan, mentioning the cities of Bokhara, Khokand, and Khiva, along with letters from the same mighty personage to the King of Bokhara, ordering the instant liberation if yet in confinement of Conolly and Stoddart, or if dead, to state the reasons of their having been put to death, and how far he, the king, might be willing to make reparation. He also requested the interpreter to procure for him letters to the same effect from the Sheikh Islam to the mullahs of Bokhara, Khiva, and Khokand.

On the 24th of November, the very day on which he ob-

tained these letters and firmans, attended by Lord Napier and all the rest of the attachés, Wolff embarked on board the Metternich, an Austrian steamer, when, taking leave of his friends, and accompanied by only one servant, Michael by name and a Servian by birth, he sailed for Trebizond, at which port he arrived on the 27th. Having been, through the influence of Mr Stevens, the British vice-consul, introduced to the pasha, that dignitary, though an enemy to the reforms made by the sultan, received Wolff in the most satisfactory manner, and granted him a passport and a guide. Over roads which rendered walking on foot the whole day necessary, Wolff on the 1st of December set out for Erzurum. After a journey of three days over rocks and snow, he for the first time crossed the western Euphrates, and met on the road three dervishes whom he knew by their dress to be from Bokhara, whom he addressed as follows:—‘Have you seen, dervishes, at Bokhara, some English travellers?’ ‘Yes,’ replied they, ‘and it was reported for some time that they had been killed, but there was no truth in it; but one of them came from Khokand, with whom the King of Bokhara was angry, believing that he did assist the King of Khokand, and therefore put both the tall and short Englishmen into prison; he let them out after some time, and they now teach the soldiers of Bokhara the European nizam.’

Recommending these holy devotees to the vice-consul at Trebizond, and requesting him, at Wolff's expense, to send them forward to Sir Stratford at Constantinople, our traveller shortly after reached Erzurum, where he was kindly saluted by the inhabitants (who, thirteen years ago, would have looked upon a European with contempt), many of whom walked with him to the house of James Brant, Esq., the British consul. The snow was now falling so thick, and lay already so deep, that Colonel Williams, of the royal artillery, insisted upon Wolff remaining where he was until such time as he could get a suit of winter clothes provided for him. Wolff would have rebelled, but the colonel was imperative, and he was compelled to submit. In the mean time every attention was paid to his personal comfort, and he had an interview with the pasha, who promised to send two soldiers along with him, and to defray the whole expense of his journey till he reached the Persian frontier. At last Colonel Williams announced his clothes to be ready, and the doctor was dressed in the following style: In an aba, trousers made immensely large, a waistcoat and coat of the same, the coat precisely the form of a shooting jacket; over this a large loose coat, sleeves and body entirely lined with wolf's skin. A large woollen shawl encircled his waist, on his feet, first of all, some half-dozen pairs of thick worsted stockings, and light boots lined with fur; large leather ones, like those worn by the horse guards, ascending nearly to his middle, being drawn above them. A large pair of fur gloves were sewed to his coat, and a hood, to draw over his cap when travelling, was attached to his fur coat. He was now told that he looked quite like a gentleman bound on a shooting expedition, and that his friends had every reason to think he would now be snowproof.

The soldiers of the pasha, and the horses for his departure were all in readiness, but there was no possibility of stirring abroad on account of a tremendous snow-storm. The roads were literally blocked up, and guns were fired from the citadel every five minutes for the warning of travellers, to save them from snow-drifts and the surrounding marshes. Not a single caravan either arrived or set out for a week. On the 22d, Dr Wolff received a letter from Colonel Williamson, from which the following is an extract: ‘My dear Dr Wolff—I send you a pair of saddle-bags, and will request of the pasha to allow my cavass to affix a Turkish and Persian copy of your address to the Mussulmans at the gate of the principal Persian khann (better than palace or mosque). You will find your sheep-skin ‘sleeping-bag’ in the saddle-bag, and pray, my dear doctor, DO NOT FORGET TO PUT YOUR FEET INTO IT!’ The address referred to was one which Wolff, previous to his arrival in Bokhara, forwarded to that city, as well as to Cabul and Cashmeer, and many portions of Persia, Khorassatin,

and the Turkish empire. It was headed ‘Followers of Islam!’ and went on to say that having been formerly among them at Damascus, Egypt, Bagdad, Aleppo, Bokhara, and Ispahan, they could not fail to remember him well. Having learned, it proceeded, that two British officers of high merit had been put to death by order of the King of Bokhara, Wolff was going to the Great Bokhara to ascertain the truth of the report, which he felt indisposed to credit, having formerly himself been treated in that city with great hospitality, not to talk of such an act being against those rites of hospitality so sacredly observed by all Mohammedans. He, however, was on his way to the mighty city to demand the bodies of Stoddart and Conolly if alive, or, if dead, to demand the reason.

Considering that possibly the fate of the two individuals referred to in the address depended on his speed, Wolff became now most feverishly anxious to depart; but the state of the weather, which continued in unmitigated severity till Christmas, rendered the possibility of such a thing out of the question. Stragglers were daily brought in from the roads dead, and his kind friends in Erzurum would not permit him to depart. His detention proved so far fortunate, as dispatches were received from Sir Stratford Canning, enclosing letters from Lord Aberdeen to Colonel Sheil at Teheran, in which Wolff was not only mentioned, but a hope expressed that Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly were still alive, so that the doctor might calculate on full protection from the charge d'affaires on his arrival at that town. That these two British officers were yet alive, the doctor had now received assurance from no less than thirteen different people, all natives of Bokhara. So impatient did he become to ascertain the truth of these reports, and at the risk of being compelled to wade through the snowy mountains from Armenia into the frontier of Persia, that on the 27th of December he dauntlessly determined to set out on his noble mission. Colonel Williams accompanied him to a distance of six miles, just to the spot where a French physician and ten muleteers had perished in the snow a few days before. ‘The snow,’ says Wolff, ‘was still so high that I wanted to go on foot, but Colonel Williams said to me in a commanding voice, ‘Never go down from your horse, for as long as you see that your other horse will be able to carry your baggage, this one will also be able to carry you. And besides this,’ continued the colonel, ‘imagine you have behind you the robbers of Mohammed Kerahe driving you on with their whips.’ This humorous allusion to his old persecutor made Wolff smile and obey.

Wolff's fatiguing journey from Erzurum to Teheran, the residence of Colonel Sheil, the British charge d'affaires, was not accomplished in less than five weeks. About the beginning of January, after traversing a succession of mountains, all covered with deep snow, a severe storm, in which the flakes fell so thick that a person could not see his neighbour, though standing close beside him, came rapidly on, just as he and his attendants had reached the shelter of a cottage in Ghial Deesa, a most miserable Kurdish village, where not one of the inhabitants would have admitted him, had not the two soldiers of the pasha forced, by a sound horsewhipping, a surly Kurd to act the host on the present occasion. The delay of an hour here proved most fortunate, as a courier arrived from Tabreez with the intelligence that the prince of Tabreez had forwarded to a neighbouring village horses and a guide to accompany Wolff to his dominions. He reached Tabreez on the 13th, and was soon after introduced to the prince, by whose permission he was allowed to visit an old acquaintance. This was no less a personage than Mohammed Khan Kerahe of Torbad Hydaréa, by whose robbers Wolff was made a slave in 1831. ‘He was now a prisoner at Tabreez by order of the king, and as I like,’ says Wolff, ‘to see people in misfortune, not to triumph over them, but to console them, I went to pay him a visit. This fellow had put out the eyes of hundreds of people, and cut off noses, &c., and sold not less than 60,000 Persians to the people of Bokhara; but his own turn had now come.’ No sooner had Wolff entered his dungeon than the captive

recognising the missionary, reminded him how smartly he had punished the rascals who made him prisoner, and took away his money. 'But he prudently omitted to state,' continues the doctor, 'that he put this latter commodity into his own pocket. His appearance is remarkably mild, but I should shun that eye of his if I met it in the desert.' At Tabreez he received most confirmatory evidence of what had been formerly told him of Stoddart and Conolly as being yet alive. Mr Bonham, the British consul, furnished him, during his stay, with introductory letters from all the authorities, civil, military, and ecclesiastical, for Teheran, and on his departure, on 20th January, accompanied him on his journey seven miles. After he had gone, the doctor observed, to his great grief, that Michael, his servant, was so drunk that he was not able to hold himself on his horse. Being ordered to dismount and deliver up the money which had been given him to keep, he obeyed, but struck Wolff severely, and then left him on the open road. Afraid that he might either die in the snow, or be carried away as a slave, the doctor sent a messenger back to Tabreez with the intelligence, and Michael was carried by force to the latter place. What became of him afterwards Wolff could never learn. He himself continued his journey, and arrived the same day at Seydabad. The following was a bitterly cold day, and a terrible rising of the snow and sand in enormous masses from the ground, which the Persians call *kulagh*, took place, so that no one dared stir from the house. In all his extensive travels, Wolff had never witnessed anything similar. In two days, however, he resumed his journey, and on the 3d of February arrived at Teheran, where Colonel Sheil gave him a kind reception, and assured him of every assistance in his power to enable him to reach Bokhara in safety; telling him, at the same time, that he had seen the ambassador from Bokhara, who told him that he did not believe that Stoddart and Conolly were killed, but kept in prison. Dressed in his canonicals, with his doctor's hood over him, Wolff was introduced by Colonel Sheil to the King of Persia, who sat upon a divan eight feet from the place where they took up their position. After Wolff had bowed, his majesty entered with him into an extremely friendly conversation, and told the traveller that though Stoddart and Conolly were dead, his prayers might make them alive again!

After leaving Teheran, our traveller had to pass between the mountains called Darey Khar, famous for the many murders which have been perpetrated on their sides and summit, and, after a journey abounding with adventures, he arrived at Meshed, where he remained till the 25th of March. Having now in his possession letters to Bokhara favourable to his mission both from the Sultan and the King of Persia, Wolff determined to proceed, even were it certain that Conolly and Stoddart were dead, that he might investigate into the circumstances. On the 31st of March he fairly entered the great desert, during the whole of his march through which the accounts he received of Stoddart and Conolly's fate were very conflicting. On the 12th of April he arrived safely at Mowr, where he was hospitably received by the khaleefa (spiritual interpreter), who told him positively that Stoddart was alive but in prison. About Conolly he was not quite certain. In the course of his further journeying, Wolff began to entertain serious apprehensions as to the fate of these individuals. He found by repeated inquiries that no one had recently seen them at Bokhara, and though he could not find any European or Asiatic who had witnessed the execution, he dreaded the result; and now began to think that he himself might shortly be called upon to share their fate. When within 180 miles of the dangerous capital of Bokhara's king, Wolff having no writing paper, on the slips of his memorandum book wrote to his friends in England, requesting them to bear his death, should it happen, as the will of God, and that no doubt good effects would spring from it, for he should die in the full belief of his all holy Son Jesus, and in the joyful hope of a resurrection of the just. He likewise addressed an epistle to the philanthropists of Europe, in which the following sentences occur:—'Should my head fall, it falls for a good cause; I do not call on you

to avenge my death should my head be struck off, but remember one thing, 200,000 Persian slaves are sighing in the kingdom of Bokhara!' He also dispatched a letter to the King of Bokhara, in which he boldly begs his majesty to be prepared for his arrival, and if Stoddart and Conolly had been put to death to state to him the cause, and to deliver up their bones, in order that they might be buried in their own land. Meanwhile, as the doctor drew near its gates, great excitement prevailed in Bokhara.

Wolff's addresses having been circulated throughout all Persia, Turkistam, and Bokhara, his object had become widely understood, and by consequence, on the morning of his expected arrival the capital presented a most astonishing sight. 'People from the roofs of the houses, the Nogay Tatars of Russia, the Cossacks and Girkhees from the deserts, the Tatar from Yarkand or Chinese Tartary, the merchant of Cashmere, the Serkerdeha or grandees of the king on horseback, the Affghans, the numerous water-carriers,' all were assembled to behold him arrive. Nor did they require long to wait. Arrayed in his canonicals, with an open Bible in his hands, Dr Wolff, before noon, marched up the principal street of the great city. Shouts of 'Selaam Aleikoom!' from a thousand voices rung upon his ear. In the midst of these continued shouts Wolff looked closely among the populace in the hope that he might recognise Stoddart or Conolly. It was vain. Our heroic adventurer was next introduced to the palace of the king, situated on a lofty eminence. The people surrounded him in masses, asking what book he was carrying. Previous to his entrance, one of the makrams appeared before him and said, 'His majesty condescends to ask whether you will submit to the mode of salaam,' which consists in saying 'Peace to the king,' and repeating 'God is the greatest,' three times. 'Oh!' cried Wolff, 'thirty times if necessary,' and then entering the gate, he was desired to sit down upon a stone seat, and shortly after was ordered to send up what letters he had. He forwarded no less than seven, including two from the sultan and one from the king of Persia. After this he was brought before the king. 'His majesty,' says Wolff, 'was seated in the balcony of his palace looking down upon me—thousands of people in the distance. All eyes were bent on me to see if I would submit to the etiquette. I not only submitted, but I bowed repeatedly and exclaimed unceasingly 'Peace to the king!' until his majesty burst into a fit of laughter, and all the rest standing around me. His majesty said, 'Enough, enough,' and I was then ordered to retire.

After presentation to the king, who is described as being about five feet six inches high, rather stout, of dark complexion, and small black eyes, and having the whole appearance of a *bon vivant*, Wolff was introduced to an antechamber in the palace, where the shekhaw or secretary of state waited on him immediately. After some desultory conversation, the doctor, turning to the secretary, and speaking with great emphasis, exclaimed, 'Where are my friends Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly? are they alive or dead? If alive, I beg his majesty to send them with me back to England; if dead, his majesty will state his reasons for putting them to death.'—'Has the British government,' was the question then put to him, 'itself authorised you to come here?'—'No,' was the reply, 'I am sent by the Sultan and the King of Persia.'—'Are you authorised to claim them if alive?'—'Yes, by all the powers of Europe, and the voice of the British nation.' This was nearly all that passed, and without having his doubts resolved, Wolff was sent as his dwelling-place to the house formerly inhabited by Toora Zadeh, brother to the present king, and not long before killed by his order. Dr Wolff now found himself virtually a prisoner. From the moment he entered the mansion of the late prince the makrams of the king watched him night and day, and the liberty of going out as he pleased was altogether denied him. In the evening a makram (confidential servant to the king) paid him a visit. 'I am sent by the king,' said the man, 'to ask why you are dressed in black and red colours (for Wolff had worn all day his clergyman's gown and doctor's hood). What meaning have these

colours with you?'—Wolff, who now entertained no idea that Stoddart or Conolly were alive, answered with prompt and fearless intrepidity, 'The black colour indicates that I mourn over my dead friends, and the red colour indicates that *I am ready to give my blood for my faith.*'

Nothing occurred for the two subsequent days at all worth noticing; at the end of that time the makhram again entered the apartment, or prison rather, of the doctor. 'Follow me,' said the fellow. 'Where?' asked Wolff. 'This you will see,' was the reply; whereat all the attendants around Wolff trembled as if they had heard his death-bell toll. An old Yoos Bashi (commander of a hundred soldiers), who was a Persian slave, wept, and said to him in a whisper, 'Why did you come here? Stoddart Saib and Conolly Saib have thus been taken out of the house where they will now bring you.' As they were about to leave the room, 'Heusseim,' said the doctor to his servant, 'they all flinch from me, will you accompany me?' He replied in the affirmative, and then mounting their horses they rode off to the garden of Nayeb Abdul Samut Khan, chief of the artillery, a singular and most suspicious character, of whom Sir Alexander Burnes had, in 1832, desired Wolff to be on his guard, as he was a great rascal, who knowing how much Englishmen held him in contempt, strove to injure them on all possible occasions. Wolff was, however, now compelled to appear before this very man, and was actually ushered into the identical room where the villain had often before conversed with Stoddart and Conolly. When Wolff entered he gave him a most cordial welcome, pressing him to his heart, kissing him for about ten minutes, and then asking him to sit down and partake of an excellent breakfast of roasted lamb, rice, coffee, and tea. While discussing this meal, the Nayeb, eating all the while, gave him a minute account of the circumstance that led first to the condemnation of Stoddart and next to that of Conolly.

'The King of Bokhara, on Stoddart's arrival on horseback, insisted on his dismounting before he would hear his message, which he at first obstinately refused to do, and when at last he complied, and the secretary stepping forward wished him to obey the customary etiquette and bow to majesty, in oriental fashion, the indignant soldier drew his sword and threatened if he but touched him again to run him through the body. Nothing was at first said to this, and Stoddart occupied that night the same lodgings which were subsequently assigned to Wolff; but when in the course of a few days the king sent a messenger to ask whether the colonel was an ambassador or only a merchant, 'Fellow,' replied Stoddart, 'begone and eat dung!' He was upon this cast into prison and loaded with chains, and, reduced to the last extremity of wretchedness, the unfortunate officer first became a professed Mussulman, and then his old heroism reviving, he recanted, and avowed once more the Christian faith. His fate, however, proceeded the Nayeb, still eating heartily, 'was sealed, for according to our religion, if a person promise to become a Mohammedan he must either keep his word or die.'—'And what about Conolly?' inquired Wolff. 'Conolly,' said the Nayeb, 'during the time that Stoddart was here came to Bokhara, announcing himself as a British agent, without having any letters from the British government; and overturning all that Stoddart had agreed to, he announced that Britain would never interfere in the affairs of Turkistan, thus seeming to prove Stoddart a liar, and the king, waxing furious, had them at once brought out, ironed and manacled. The executioner stood ready with his huge knife to perform his work. The two unfortunate officers kissed each other on meeting. 'Tell the Ameer,' shouted Stoddart boldly to the executioner, 'that I die a believer in Jesus; that I am a Christian and a Christian I die.'—'Stoddart,' said Conolly, turning to his companion with the most serene composure, 'we shall see each other in paradise, near Jesus.' The dreadful order being then given, first the head of Stoddart, and then that of Conolly, was struck off by the fatal weapon.'

When the conversation had concluded, the Nayeb, after a long silence, renewed it again by inquiring what was to

be done. 'I saw clearly,' says Wolff, 'that there was nothing else to be done but for me to get away from Bokhara as soon as possible,' and perceiving, unless he held out some hopes to the king of reconciliation with Great Britain, he would not be allowed to go back to tell the tale, he proposed 'that an ambassador should be sent with him, to apologise in England for his conduct.' This was subsequently agreed to, and on the 5th of May, 1845, Wolff, in a letter to Captain Grover, in which he gave an official detail of the execution of Stoddart and Conolly, announced his intention to leave Bokhara on the 9th. He was, however, disappointed, and did not get away till the 3d of August. Wolff, not satisfied with having procured an ambassador to accompany him, determined if possible to obtain from the Ameer the bones of his two murdered friends. This bold request he at last made on a levee day. The tyrant answered, 'No; but I shall send your bones to England.' On the 15th May, Wolff expected a written order for his departure, but Colonel Sheil having detained the ambassador from Bokhara as a hostage for his safety, the Ameer told him that until that personage was liberated he could not let him depart. Wolff upon this sent off immediately a letter to Colonel Sheil at Teheran, and after waiting a number of weeks, was alarmed to find that, on the return of the messenger, though the ambassador from Bokhara had been discharged by Colonel Sheil's order, the Ameer was so influenced by rumours brought to him of the many abusive epithets the charge d'affaires had lavished on him, that out of revenge he was determined to have Wolff's head. He was now more strictly watched than ever, and after several ineffectual attempts to escape, was at last summoned to appear before the king. He looked sternly at Wolff, and was evidently displeased, but the interview produced nothing. Towards evening, however, a messenger was sent to his apartment, who told him that the king would either furnish him with a simple passport, in which case he would leave Bokhara without honour and in disgrace, or adorn him with a robe of honour and send an ambassador with him to England. Wolff replied that he left the matter entirely to his majesty's choice, who the next day set out for Samarcand, with the intention of reconquering Khokand and Tashkand. What Wolff suffered all the time of the king's absence it is impossible to describe. It lasted forty or fifty days; and the day after his return the king sent a mullah to Wolff, asking whether to save his life he would not recant and turn Mussulman. 'Tell the king,' replied Wolff, 'that I never will, never, never, never!' A few hours after the executioner came, the same who had put to death Stoddart and Conolly, and made a sign at his throat with his hand. The hint was obvious, and preparing for death, the doctor carried opium about with him that if his throat were cut he might not feel the pain. Casting away the opium, however, he fell on his knees, prayed, and wrote these words on his bible: 'My dearest Georgiana and Henry, I have loved both of you unto death. Your affectionate husband and father, J. Wolff.' A letter, however, from the King of Persia arriving at that very time, awed at length the tyrant of Bokhara, and, attended by a sufficient escort, Wolff left the great city on the 3d of August; and after a long and most perilous journey, by the very same route which he had taken when he set out, Wolff finally set foot on the shores of England on the 11th of April, 1845.

On disembarking at Southampton, he was welcomed by his wife and son, and by his highly prized and generous friend Captain Grover, who, to defray the expenses of the Bokhara mission, had expended £400 out of his own pocket, besides £200 more in a journey to St Petersburg, in order to secure the interest of the Russian government in the same benevolent enterprise. To the credit of the government of Sir Robert Peel be it mentioned that they afterwards voted £400 from the national funds, to defray the outlay incurred by Captain Grover.

Large as has been the space we have devoted to the history of this indefatigable champion of the Cross, we have not been able to recount a tithe of the good performed or

the sufferings endured by Dr Wolff. It were but reasonable to suppose that one who has so fearlessly risked health, means, and comfort in the common cause of ignorant and suffering humanity, would have been adequately provided for in his declining years. Had Dr Wolff done no more than made himself master of the different languages of the countries he visited, this would have formed no inconsiderable amount of work for a lifetime; but when it is recollected that, while acquiring these, he was continually scaling the snow-clad mountain or treading the burning desert, his labours may be styled almost superhuman. His varied talents admirably fitted him for the objects he had in view. He was 'a gentleman in the drawing-room, a scholar in his library, an apostle in his mission.' And how has he been rewarded? Will the reader not share in our regret to hear that, after all he has done, it was only through the kindness of Colonel Mitchell of Dewlish House that he obtained the vicarage of Isle-Brewers, near Langport, Somersetshire, the duties of which he now fulfils, with a salary of £150 a-year! Britain has often been blamed for extravagance in the bestowal of pensions, but sure we are that nothing would give more universal satisfaction than a national requital of such services as those performed by Dr Wolff. But, for all the hardships and privations he has endured, he has a noble reward. His was no idle love of adventure. To quote his own words—'I ever detested travelling for travelling's sake, for I dislike uncivilised life and uncivilised habits. I was carried onwards by the object; and should I ever be again called on to be the instrument of reasoning English or other captives from the hands of the vile Khybarees or the merciless Affghans, or from the power of the bloodhound Abdul Samut Khan, I trust never to be wanting at my post. I have given such proofs to my Jewish friends of my sincerity of belief, as I may say, without boasting, no other Jewish convert has yet done. Independent of this, my nation saw that the Jew was prepared to risk his life to save the Gentile; and further, my mission to Bokhara has been a practical preaching of the gospel to the Sublime Porte, to the court of Persia, to the descendants of Genghis Khan and Timur; and Yousuff Wolff and his Bible are as well known in the world as the opposite principle in Wellington and the cannons of Waterloo. The important principle has been developed, that there exists not a recess so dark upon God's earth into which philanthropy will not pour its light—that Eastern tyranny can neither daunt nor subdue the Christian principle, but that it will force its way, like the mighty leaven that leaveneth the mass, not only to the remotest ends of the earth, but possess every particle in it with its own benevolence, charity, and love.'

A CASKET OF JEWELS.

BY JOHN ANDERSON.

(Written for the Instructor.)

DE MOIR.

Hail Job of modern poesy! Mild ever is thy lay,
Whether thy muse bewails the dead upon the burial day,
Or soars in lofty grandeur on fancy's airy wing;
The pure delights of childhood's time with thrilling power to sing;
For therein thou excellest much. Thy magic touch can stir
The dry bones of the buried hours, and clothe them as they were,
When o'er the mead in summer time a thoughtless boy you ran
And the glit'ring butterfly, that flit of little man.
In the name of many millions who have drunk thy nectar drops,
And risen better from thy page, with more exalted hopes—
With trust in God far higher, and more resolved to be
Men, in the fullness of the term, from sin's defilement free!
I own thee in thy country's name, all rivalry apart,
Mineral of the affections—bard of the tender heart.
There is no gall in thy chaste hymns, no venom in thy song:
Like fairy Eek's meandering tide thy numbers glide along;
And on their bosom carry a summer measured store
Of happiness to every heart their waters wander o'er;
For thy rapt spirit circles aye around the Sun of Love,
And every lay thou weavest is a message from above!

PRINCE.

Bard of glowing sentiment, thy love is warm and bold,
For poverty's benumbing touch ne'er makes thy warblings cold:
Thy homestead may be desolate, thy prospects may be drear,
But sorrow never clouds thy song—there joy is ever near.

Thy loved lays form a banquet where men of every clime
May feast in plenty from thy board of philosophic rhyme;
The patriot there may gather texts inspiring as the sun,
And all who toil to better man with benefit may come.
Yes, Burns of Lancaashire! mankind are deeply in thy debt
For all those stirring songs of thine to freedom's key-note set.
They take the human heart by storm, and lead it on and up
Beyond the tavern's fever mart, above the drover's cup;
Far, far away, with silken string, and almost wizard wand,
The mind in sweet captivity is borne to elfin land,
Where poverty, and vice, and crime are neither felt nor known,
And virtue sways her sceptre o'er a world without a groan.
Stand forward then, thou heir of fame, and take thy proper place
Among the heaven-anointed priests of poetry's true race!
Stand forth, thou nightingale of those who warble from the bowers
Where toll's true aristocracy improve the evening hours.

THOM.

True-hearted representative of Scotland's bardic clan,
Whose gather'd sweets make glad the heart of nature-loving man—
Hail! keeper of that scrapp pen which made the lad of Ayr
A saint in poetic kalendars, acknowledged everywhere!
If deep, o'erflowing tenderness may stand forth as a plea
For minstrel honour, every tongue will grant the wreath to thee!
Yes, pathos almost perfect, and simplicity refined,
Run through thy songs for ever, thou friend of human kind;
And if famed statutes copy the law of love divine,
Which reward the pure in spirit, rich blessings must be thine,
Thou bard of Inverury; for, high o'er all thy strain,
Peace, love, and virtue, like a court of angels, ever reign.
May thy dark days be ended now, beloved of the muse!
May cruel fate upon thee shower no more her damp mists;
May fire-side comforts find thee and fill thy heart with song,
Sweet as thy country's melody, and as her valour strong!
Brother! Scotland's eye is on thee now with deep and fervent gaze;
She saw thee tried with poverty and want's destroying haze;
And now when fortune's golden sun shines on thy evening hours,
She expects a setting worthy of thy high and holy powers.

ELLIOTT.

Stand forth, thou man of mettle, with thy despot-scathing strains!
Stand forth, thou matchless breaker of foul oppression's chains!
Stand forth, thou staunch defender of all that's great and good!
Stand forth, thou lion-hearted in the war for human food!—
Stand forth, and let me give thee thanks for all thy muse has done
To let the hearts in darkness now in future see the sun!
Isaiah of the people's cause, I love to hear thee sing,
For notes of more than trumpet-power come ever from thy string.
No soft excuse hast thou for sin, for crime no honey'd name:
Thou pointest at them with thy rod, and on the wall they flame,
And day by day they melt away within the growing fire,
Fann'd into wild intensity by thy soul-stirring lyre.
The thunder rattles in thy song when tyranny's the theme,
And at oppression all thy rage bursts forth with lightning-gleam.
But when the fight is over, and thy armour laid aside,
Away thou boundest, like a child, out to the woodland wide;
And there thy song is soft enough to hush the sleeping babe.
We loved thee then; but now that love is cast into the shade,
And higher reverence now we feel, as purer pleasures find
A dwelling in our inmost heart—a temple in our mind.

MACKAY.

Hail! chieftain of the tuneful tribe, the rare poetic sepl!
Hail! fugleman in freedom's ranks, on whom all eyes are set!
Watching to catch thy signal now, and hear thy gathering cry,
The nation stands on tiptoes, with enthusiastic eye.
Thine is no schoolboy station, thou would-entrancing seer:
Thou'rt at thy post as sentinel to tell when foes are near
The sacred ark of liberty; and when the Vandals come,
Then thou must sound thy pibroch note and strike the alarum-drum,
And, like the electric telegraph, whose couriers beat the wind,
And leave swift-footed lightning, like a laggard, far behind.
Swift as the light thy warning-note from hill to hill will go,
And every glen shall bare its arm to ward the treacherous blow.
Yes, thy living spirit of advance has many an echo now;
Ten cannot meet in fellowship to register their vow
Of going forward—forward still, with purpose firm and high,
But in the midst thy song is heard—heard in its majesty—
Heard with its twining sentiments and stimulating tone—
Heard like a monarch's edict deliver'd from the throne.
There youths of stately promise and men with hair grown grey
Strive to fulfil thy sage request and live to 'clear the way.'

THE SERVANTS OF THE PRISON.

'Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part—there all the honour lies.'

In the year 1800 I was confined in the prison of a provincial town of France, and, though not for the first time, yet I have no reason to blush for the cause of my imprisonment. It is not my purpose to dwell upon the jailer and his wife, kind and charitable as they were, and gratefully as I remember how they made me feel that the disagreeable office of a jailer might be one of the most respectable when exercised with mildness and humanity.

Madame Henri was infirm from very delicate health,

but she had as her delegate and representative, in the interior of the prison, an old housekeeper called Angele, but whom the prisoners called Angel—some of them really believing it to be her name. And what can bear a closer resemblance to happy and blessed spirits than Christian charity? Angel—I cannot give her a better name—was about seventy, but her age in no wise interfered with her efficiency. Quick, active, intelligent, she was everywhere at once and everything to everybody, as if she were only fifty. She was always lively and cheerful—a good conscience made her so. There is a true cheerfulness known only to the good. Minds filled with evil thoughts, are, on the contrary, easily depressed, and well they may—there is no sunshine like the sunshine of the breast. Whenever I think of Angel I fancy I see her before me in her white cap, her black dress made to fit tightly, and the silver belt hanging round her neck, fastened to a narrow velvet band a little the worse for wear. She dared not yet exhibit the cross which was also suspended to it, for the revolution was not yet long enough over to permit her doing this with safety; and it lay hid between her bosom and the haircloth which she wore by way of penance, though both good and bad amongst us were agreed that she never could have done anything that called for penance. Certain it is, that the influence of Angel over the most unruly and turbulent spirits was far more powerful than any force that could have been used, and was exercised like some magic spell in an undefinable, imperceptible way. Angel had the secret of comforting and helping the weak-hearted and soothing the despairing. When in the dungeons a mutiny arose, no soldiers were needed to quell it; Angel went amongst the excited prisoners, and, a moment after, all was again quiet.

Angel was seconded in her noble and pious ministry by her grandson, Pierre, a youth of three and twenty, weak in body but strong in patience and fortitude, and indefatigable in everything that could alleviate our situation. Any words of mine could give but an imperfect sketch of his resigned yet not dejected expression of countenance, his large compassionate blue eye, his fair hair smoothed and parted on his forehead; but you may perhaps have seen some of our mountain-peasants, or pictures of some saint drawn by a master-hand in the simplicity of true genius. Pierre was not a great personage even in the prison. Introduced under the patronage of Angel, at least so we conjectured, he was nothing more than a subordinate turnkey. Indeed, I afterwards heard that he bore the title of deputy-turnkey, and that this office was conferred upon him for his good conduct. However this may be, I was drawn towards Pierre by that great attraction to youthful minds, similarity of age and misfortune, and also by sympathy in religious belief—the only social tie which political discord had left unbroken, perhaps because it enforced its concealment. It may be, too, that I had an instinctive feeling that the providence of God had destined us both to a life of trial and self-sacrifice, and that our happiness, as well as his kingdom, was not to be of this world.

Our ward, No. 6, was usually opened by Pierre, who was beloved by us all, and the pious salutation which he addressed to us every morning seemed like a blessing upon the whole day. On one occasion, the bolts turning later and more roughly, without any care for the interruption of our slumbers, announced the visit of another turnkey whose name was Nicholas. Nicholas was a good man, who had been intended for a far different vocation. How he came to be employed in a prison I never heard; but it was not without an effort that he had accommodated himself to his situation. He had, however, so far succeeded as to deceive those who did not know him with respect to the real state of his feelings. From the constant exercise of the lower notes of his voice, the poor man had succeeded in acquiring a deep hoarse tone, which he thought to render more formidable by a convulsive knitting of eyebrows, which, though thick, were yet too soft in their outline ever to have been intended to express anger. This twofold artifice must have cost him a great effort, and, accordingly, he never assumed half so roughly as when he

had his back turned to us. One day he was surprised weeping over a man who was embracing his wife for the last time—he pretended that snuff had blown into his eyes. I have known twenty turnkeys like Nicholas. Some men have a strange fancy to appear worse than they really are.

‘Where is Pierre?’ said I, as I got out of bed.

‘Pierre!—Pierre!’ answered he, bitterly; ‘you are always calling for Pierre. One would think that there was nobody here but Pierre. What can he do for you that others do not do? does he bring you anything but bread and a pitcher of water? Well, here is the pitcher and here is bread. If you want Pierre you must go look for him—Pierre is in the dungeon.’

‘Pierre in confinement!’ cried I. ‘What has he done?’

‘What has he done! and how can I tell what he has done? What affair is it of mine? I never meddle with other people’s business. A door opened too early or kept open too long, a letter secretly delivered before it had been examined and read by the authorities, any rascally indulgence to you or such as you was quite enough to account for it; and we all know he was quite capable of any one of these acts, the little fanatic.’

I need hardly say that Nicholas had turned his back, that he might give proper utterance to these big words.

‘It is infamous,’ interrupted I, ‘perfectly disgraceful. If the magistrates did but know it, they would interfere to prevent such an abuse of power. The dungeon is a severe punishment, and no punishment can be inflicted upon a free man save by the authority of the law. This conduct is as unjust towards Pierre as it would be to you. I tell you it is a wrong that must be redressed.’

‘This is very fine,’ replied Nicholas, turning round and for once looking me full in the face. ‘And do you really believe your friend Pierre to be a free man like me, who could this very instant demand my wages and quit the house? He is a prisoner like yourself, except that, as your trial is to come on to-morrow, the worthy gentlemen above there may if they choose, and if your witnesses are of any service to you, send you home to your friends, whereas Pierre has thirteen years more of it; he has been kept here seven years as a favour, but any day that the whim seizes the Commissioner of the Executive he is liable to be sent off to the galleys. I admit that this would be dealing hard measure to him, but what would you have?—he was not old enough to be guillotined.’

The guillotine, the galleys, the good Pierre, the worthy Angel!—all my previous conceptions of them, all the new ideas thus conveyed to me in a conversation of two minutes were rapidly whirling through my mind, when the door again closed upon me. I could not question Nicholas any further, and probably he would have been in no mood to answer me; but I thought I heard him still muttering through the thick walls in tones harsher than the sound of the bolts—‘How do I know? what affair is it of mine? why need I meddle in other people’s business?’

Just as Nicholas had predicted, I was brought to trial the next day, and acquitted by a majority of nine voices out of twelve. It will be no matter of surprise if I candidly own that never did any decision appear to me half so just.

My first object when set at liberty was to inquire into the history of Angel and Pierre. An aged priest, with holy rashness, had in 1793 made his way to their house to bear words of exhortation and of hope to a flock whom revolutionary rage had left without a shepherd. He was surprised in the very act of performing divine service, and offered his hands to the fethers, like the martyrs of the first ages of the church. His little village flock, notwithstanding his entreaties that they would leave him to his fate, defended him with that devoted and ardent enthusiasm which religion when persecuted always inspires. They were fifteen in number, of whom thirteen died on the same scaffold with their pastor after receiving his last benediction. The grandmother was then more than sixty, the grandson not yet sixteen, and, as the turnkey remarked, ‘One of them was too old, and the other not old enough to be guillotined.’ Therefore it was that Angel and Pierre

were in prison

Meanwhile Bonaparte had returned—Bonaparte who talked indeed of civilisation! But how could a civilisation be established whose basis he would have laid on the dead bodies of his fellow-men? or how could a civilisation make progress whose steps were tracked in blood? On Bonaparte's return from Italy, the Provisional Government began to revise the proceedings of the heartless legislation of the revolution. A great number of respectable persons interested themselves for Pierre and Angel. Men are generally ready to repair injury when there is no danger to be encountered in doing so. I did not mention the efforts that were making to my prison friends, whom I often visited; for I knew by experience that the slightest official change might render them all unavailing. But the very moment the documents announcing the decision reached me, made out in all their due form, I flew to the prison tenfold more happy than when I left it the day of my acquittal. I was the bearer of liberty to Angel and Pierre.

I recall the emotions of that day as vividly as if I had never sorrowed or beheld sorrow since. It was at four o'clock in the evening of a fine spring day, such as France enjoys in the month of April. But the time for recreation had not yet expired, and the prisoners were still in the courtyard enjoying the bright and cheering sunshine. There are actually in prisons hours and periods allotted for recreation! I can bear witness to the fact. 'You are free!' I cried, as I embraced alternately Pierre and Angel. I had some trouble to make them understand me, but every one else had understood, and the emotion of the prisoners was the best interpreter of my words. And now a long silence—a deep, serious, and sad silence—ensued, for there are other bonds than those of captivity to be broken in a prison in which one has lived for seven years. Angel gazed upon the women, upon the infirm, upon the invalids, to whom she had been so long a mother—the sick in mind as well as in body to whom she had ministered, and whom she flattered herself she would yet bring back into the paths of religion and virtue—the ways of pleasantness and peace. Her eye fell at last upon an old man, whom the weakness of age or the excess of feeling had kept, as it were, chained to his seat. 'Ah, George,' said she, 'who will bring you your broth now?'

She then turned to me, and pressing my hand in both hers, 'Am I really free?' she said.

'Yes, Angel.'

'I may go out this instant with you, if I please?'

'You may, Angel.'

'You could take me immediately to the counsel employed by my prisoners?'

'Yes, Angel.'

'You could show me the house of the physician of my sick?'

'Yes, Angel; and the churches which are about to be once more opened; for we live under a humane, just, and enlightened government, that feels the necessity of basing its powers upon religion. God is the best of allies.*'

'You are right, my friend. Oh, if I were quite sure that I should not be a burden in the prison —'

The wife of the jailer embraced her, and made a movement as if to detain her.

'This is just as it should be,' continued she, with a smile, whilst with the back of her hand she brushed away some tears. 'I am not yet so old but that I can earn my bread with my good employers. Go to your wards now, my friends, for it has struck four. We shall meet again tomorrow. I will not leave this. Indeed, where could I go,' added Angel, 'to be more useful or more happy? A home, a native village, a family, no longer exists for me. Even the grave has no voice for me; for I know not where they have laid husband, brother, or child, for all died afar off. As for Pierre, it is quite another matter; he is young, good-looking, industrious, good-tempered, and, above all, God-fearing; and, if the world be turning good, as you tell me it is, my poor Pierre will perhaps prosper. Come

here, my child, and let me bless you, and bid you farewell.'

Pierre had not yet spoken; he appeared lost in deep thought; but when she thus called him he approached her and firmly said—'Not so, my mother; I have sometimes thought of what I should turn to when my time here was out. I should have liked to be a priest, but I have not leisure for study; and, besides, though the office of priest is a high one, that of turnkey has duties that I find pleasure in, and therefore I will not resign it. Nicholas wants help, and he knows by this time that my compassion for misfortunes, which I have myself experienced from boyhood, has never been suffered to interfere with my duty. I implore you, mother, to let me stay in the prison; it is the life marked out for me by the Almighty, and I will not quit it.'

The prisoners had retired, and Nicholas could give free vent to his natural kindness of disposition—'Stay with us—stay with us,' cried he to Pierre, and the tears rolled down his cheeks.

'Were you in my place would you not do the same?'

said Pierre, turning to me.

'Yes, my friend, if I had but courage enough.'

Angel and Pierre died in the service of the prisoners.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF JOKING.

THE remark is not more familiar than true, that, were it at all difficult to find a marked characteristic to distinguish man from the rest of animated nature, the desideratum might be at once and most appropriately supplied by dubbing him 'a laughing animal.' So far as known, this distinctive feature in his constitution can be claimed by none of the lower animals. Whatever perceptions of the ludicrous they possess, and whatever enjoyment they derive from these, cannot be ascertained, for external indications are wanting to testify. It is possible some of them may be so constituted as to enjoy an internal chuckle at the foibles and failings of their fellows, and, perhaps, even at the wayward humours and 'fantastic tricks' of their proud superior man. But whatever their feelings-ridable on this score, they would seem to enjoy them all to themselves.

The faculty for the perception and enjoyment of the ludicrous would not have been bestowed upon man unless meant to be exercised; and, accordingly, causes, personal and external to himself, exist in abundance for its gratification. There are, no doubt, some men gloomy and austere, who regard with contempt everything like the ebullitions of wit and jokery, who think it derogatory to their dignity to confess that they spend a minute in idle wagging and merriment. But so opposed to nature and reason is such a disposition, that we cannot help suspecting its manifestations to savour very much of grave imposture. There may be more foolishness, certainly more hypocrisy, wrapped up in a never-bending, solemn exterior, than can be covered by features that are ever ready, even at the most abortive joke, to expand into unrestrained risibility. Few people have known a really bad man who could burst into a hearty fit of laughter. His thoughts are of such a hole-and-corner kind, he makes them so much his own secret, they eschew the broad light of day with such shrieking suspicion, that he seems afraid lest with his laugh there might escape too much of his mind. Therefore it is, that when we conjure up the beau ideal of a joker—one who laughs heartily at the mirthful sallies of others and can perpetrate the like himself—we never associate the idea of a bad heart with the picture. To do so would be as preposterous as to search for the villainy of Iago in the character of Falstaff. Conceive of Iago throwing his whole heart into a laugh! We never think of a Jefferies, a Robespierre, a Danton, a Borgia, or any of the monster ruffians of fiction or real life, convulsed under the influence of a genuine laugh. The malignant grin, the withering sneer—not laughter but the hiss of the serpent—are instantly associated in our minds with black actions and villainous hearts.

* The narrator was not the only one deceived by Napoleon in his attempt to restore religion as a convenient prop to his sway.

The individual, on the other hand, who laughs on mirth-provoking cause till the tears come—whose soul and body, for the time being, seem to be swallowed up in one huge guffaw, forcibly reminding the onlooker of a small earthquake, and exciting considerable fears where the subject is more than ordinarily rotund—is rarely found to be a really bad man. So much of the heart is apparent, that we argue well for his kindly and benevolent feelings in other relations. There is no hypocrisy in a good laugh, while a great deal may be hid under a never-relaxing sanctimonious face. In truth, the highest minds and the best hearts have often found amusement in frivolities, that the pompously grave man, high on the stilts of a starched austerity, looks down upon with ineffable contempt. Plato loved a good joke, and was not only witty himself, but, like Falstaff, 'the cause of wit in others.' It was his habit, sometimes, to make merry with his disciples. On one of these occasions, a solemn pedant was observed approaching, when the philosopher exclaimed, with a perfect knowledge of his man, 'Let us be wise now; I see a fool coming.' The celebrated Spartan, Agesilaus, used to amuse himself and his children by riding on a stick. The divine Socrates, by way of relaxation, used to dance and sing. Lucian, the facetious Roman poet, and Scaliger, the grave critic, entered heartily into the same amusements; Swift, most inveterate of jokers, often enjoyed himself in chasing his friends, the two Sheridans, through all the rooms of the deanery. Shakespeare, whose master hand has waked the truthfullest tones from every chord of the human heart, played on the bass viol; and he, who himself had such an inimitable command of the ludicrous, we may rely could heartily appreciate a good joke. He evidently spoke his own sentiments when he made Gratiano exclaim—

'Why should a man whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By lying peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks—
There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain.
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, *I am Sir Oracle,*
And when I *peep* my lips let no dog bark;
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing!'

There are few men, indeed, of healthy mental constitution, but, in the language of the lamented Thomas Hood, 'dote upon a jest within the limits of becoming mirth.'

The intimate union of the mind and body renders any exhilaration of the one beneficial to the other. Viewed in this light, the mission of the joker is by no means unimportant. A joke that elicits a peal of laughter puts us in better humour with ourselves, and disposes the mind to a warmer sympathy with humanity. If possessed of the happy knack to suit himself to his hearers, a hearty humorist is an invaluable acquisition in a general company. We have seen the sudden entrance of such a one the signal for welcoming smiles of gaiety, where but a short time previously a drowsy stillness and oppressive languor were beginning to reign. What a contrast to the approach of the stiff, solemn man! As *he* draws near, he acts like an east wind upon the mind, chilling, damping, blasting all buoyant mirthfulness. Commend us rather to the joker, of the jovial laughter-loving face and merry twinkling eye. To society, such a one is worth his weight in gold. We believe he contributes more to the preservation of social order and happiness than miles of legislative enactments and shiploads of demure homilies. When the mind is depressed with cares and anxieties, it is then the rivets that fasten our moral and social obligations are most apt to give way. A witty sally that dispels this depression may often restore the mind to its lost tone, and turn the thoughts into happier channels. The man who, in a twinkling, can transform the sombre hues of melancholy into the sunny tints of joy, who, by the magic of his voice, can dissipate the darkness and bid the light break forth, is no common

man. Brief the gleam may be, but not valueless; rather, like the fitful bursts of sunny splendour through the cloudy masses of an autumn day, we appreciate it all the more because of the general gloom.

In joking, however, there are some who forget altogether the wise man's observation, that 'there is a time for everything under the sun.' They possess such an intense perception of the ludicrous that it often manifests itself at times and in circumstances anything but appropriate. The subject of a good joke is presented to such an individual's mind, and out it must come. He is like a veteran sportsman, who mechanically places his finger on the trigger of his gun whenever a tempting shot offers; pop goes the gun, the game is down. He must have his joke, even on the most solemn occasions, not from any paucity of feeling, but from a total want of command over the workings of the bump-risible. Like good-hearted honest Mr John Chick, in 'Dombey & Son,' who, totally oblivious of his situation, hums all manner of merry staves and catches, even when going to a funeral. John, for such untimely developments of his musical genius, procureth unto himself sundry sharp reprimands and angry looks, only to forget them and perpetrate the like indecorums the next minute.

A jocular propensity, unaccompanied with prudence and good-nature, is often-times a dangerous possession. There is no weapon at once so easy and so difficult of use as ridicule. The weakest may wield it; a wise man only can use it. By a single ridicule-suggesting joke we may create for ourselves animosities that long years will be insufficient to eradicate, till we have reason to exclaim with the poet,

'Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for the envy which it brings;
Whose flame with pains we guard and lose with ease,
Sure some to vex, but never all to please.
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun;
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!'

Let us never, therefore, for the purpose of raising a smile, wound the feelings of a friend; let no personal bitterness be mixed up with our jocularities; let us ever remember that the sacrifice of truth is but poorly compensated by a laugh; let us beware of revengeful or thoughtless ridicule; let us aim, in all our jocular sallies, not to annoy, but to render happier and better, those around us. The kindly feelings that thus radiate from our own bosoms to those of others, will return, like the dews exhaled from earth to heaven, in refreshing showers of love and benevolence upon our hearts; and we will then come near realizing the true 'Philosophy of Joking.'

EDUCATION IN FOREIGN STATES.

THE state of public education in England was a few months ago shown at considerable length in the INSTRUCTOR, in two separate articles (Nos. 75 and 76), the one entitled 'What the Government has lately been doing for Education,' the other 'Educational Reports.' As a sequel to these, we have abridged the following account of the state of education abroad, from a recent number of the *Topic*, confining ourselves simply to the statistical portion of the information there given.

Passing the straits of Dover, Prussia, Holland, and France present themselves first offering systems of education. The higher schools of Prussia are the gymnasia and progymnasia, reckoning about 26,000 scholars, and 1500 teachers. In these schools are educated all the nobles and those intended for the learned professions. Next come the *Real Schulen*, designed for those who are to become merchants and traders. In these living languages are substituted for those of antiquity. In other respects these *schulen* do not differ from the gymnasia, being, like them, day-schools. They are dearer, some costing as high as forty dollars, or six pounds sterling, per annum; the scholars number about 12,000. Practical sciences occupy twenty hours a-week, modern languages twelve, fine arts from seven to ten, and Latin, when taught at all, from seven to eight. Next to these mercantile schools come the middle schools, in which

40,940 boys and 42,460 girls are educated at the cost of their friends. Lastly, 22,876 elementary schools for the poorest classes, having 27,471 teachers, instructing 1,107,963 boys, and 1,061,087 girls, or in both 2,169,000. The cost to Prussia of these is £127,648, out of a revenue of £8,500,000, and a population of 14,098,125. The minister of education presides over all the schools, immediately superintending the universities alone. The schools he rules through the section of a provincial committee, attached to the locality to which they belong, whose business it is to take care of them. This committee or consistory has the charge of the public institutions of the province, ecclesiastical as well as civil. It is a sort of council to the minister. That section which manages the local education is called the provincial school collegium. A president, vice-president, and two school councillors, called consistorial councillors, one for the Catholic, and one for the Protestant gymnasia, govern the course of instruction for their locality. This school collegium issues its orders through the resident director or head master of the school, who holds his appointment from the king. He draws up annually the plan of study as instructed by the government, and is the medium of communication through whom alone the teacher can communicate with the collegium. He is the censor and head of the other teachers; is required to report their zeal in their duties, their moral behaviour, and how they conduct themselves to each other, and his reports may be secret. He receives the scholars and classes them. The pecuniary affairs of the school are managed by a permanent committee, elected by the local government, consisting of the burgo-master of the place, the town councillors, and a few of the clergy, the director of the school being president. The director, too, is expected to give instructions from eight to fourteen hours a-week himself.

The school teachers have two degrees, upper and ordinary masters. There are also assistant masters. The singing and drawing masters are styled 'technical-assistant masters.'

The director before mentioned calls a meeting of the masters once a fortnight, to receive a report of the progress of the scholars, settle the school affairs, and concur in the infliction of the severer kind of punishment, if it be necessary, which is generally imprisonment, and cannot be given without such a concurrence. Extra work, the threat of bad testimonials, which would destroy the future hopes of the youth in life, are the usual means adopted to punish youth. The schools thus spoken of are generally day-schools, to which the children of the richer classes are sent. The expense is about £2 or £2 8s. per annum. Each gymnasium or school has a library for the masters, and most of them one for the scholars. Almost always philosophical instruments and collections of zoology, botany, and mineralogy are found attached.

The scholars are controlled strictly at their own houses, out of school hours. No boy can go into an inn or shop, or visit a place of amusement or a ball-room, without his parents or friends. He must not read books from circulating libraries, nor dress smartly, nor smoke, nor use fire-arms, nor fence. When not living with their parents the boys are visited at their dwellings by their class-master to watch over their morals and conduct. At school they are divided into six classes, and generally pass them in about nine years. They are entered at nine or ten years of age, on which occasion the children are expected to write both in German and Latin characters with tolerable proficiency, and also to write from dictation, to have some knowledge of biblical history, of Christianity, and of the rules of arithmetic. At the end of his tuition, if designed for the university, the boy must undergo an examination conducted by the director and a member of the school collegium—an examination so severe and varied that it would puzzle the youth from our great seminaries.

This may give an idea of the other schools of Prussia, in the very cursory mode we can afford to describe them, and making allowance for differences in their degree. It

tion carried out in proportion to anything like the same extent. In 20,500,000 of Austrian population there are not 2,000,000 of pupils; Prussia has more in her population of 15,000,000. The professors at the universities to which the scholars go are tolerably free, all over Germany, as to the subjects and matter of their lectures, except in Hanover; in Prussia they are perfectly so.

The system of public instruction in Holland is very like that of Prussia; the Dutch are a well-educated people.

In France the foundation of the Lycées by Napoleon is familiar. England has little to learn from that country, since the means of education in France have left still destitute a vast number of her population. With all that has been done, there is a heavy responsibility on the French government upon this head; in some departments eight-tenths of the youth are still uninstructed.

In Italy the Austrian government has acted exceedingly well in regard to education, especially when contrasted with those of the neighbouring states. The elementary schools established for children under twelve years of age receive all destitute of the means of education gratis. No absence is permitted; lists of the children's names being taken between six and twelve years of age, for the purpose, both of those who can and cannot afford the expense: all must attend. Reports are received by the authorities from the master. No corporal punishments are permitted, nor any degrading stigma whatever. There are inferior benches, and a black-book in which the names of negligent pupils are entered, and such besides are made to stand at their studies. Great attention is paid to health and cleanliness. The masters are bound by rigid rules, and are under watchful superiors. The slightest misconduct will remove them from their post. The system of teaching and books to be used are all dictated to them. They are to attend to propriety of accent and spelling. Written arithmetic is ordered to follow mental, and the former is applied to familiar subjects. In religious instruction there is no difficulty, where there is but one species of belief. The education afforded is made obligatory upon the children. It comprises reading, writing, arithmetic, religious instruction, Italian grammar, writing under dictation, written composition, geometry, civil architecture, calligraphy, geography of the Austrian empire, stereometry, and mechanics, foreign geography, natural history, elocution, physics, and drawing. As to the gymnasia, or higher schools, our present business not being with them, the example of Prussia will suffice to gratify curiosity on that head as to Italy, from the complete resemblance of the latter to it. That species of education alone engages our attention, in the present article, which attaches more immediately to the poorer classes. We must repeat that corporal punishment is not permitted on any pretence whatever in the Austrian-Italian schools.

In Switzerland, bordering upon the Austrian-Italian states, the population is both Catholic and Protestant, the former in the proportion of two to five of the latter. The Catholics are the poorer part of the population, and have consequently been able to do least in the way of education; but they have not neglected it. The elementary schools in the canton, where the towns are largest, are under the superintendence of a council appointed by the government for that purpose. The schoolmasters receive different sums, varying according to the means of payment possessed by the different cantons. The scholars who have the means make payments, but they are generally of a small amount. Among the Catholics education has been left in the hands of the clergy. Money and property have been bequeathed to some for the purpose, and the clergymen have been bound to instruct the children of his living. In others the priest does all he can with the little time he has to spare from other duties, which is but small. Latin and the old plan of our grammar schools is the routine. The system is consequently very defective that passes by the native language, and all that is demanded by the increased knowledge of passing years. Almost all modes of instruction have been adopted in one part of the country or

Girard at Fribourg, but when the Jesuits settled there the schools were placed in their hands. Morals are carefully attended to, and the negligence of parents in regard to their children at their own hearths has been more than once matter of reproach.

The system of instruction in Switzerland for those above the state of a labourer must not be passed over, because some of the seminaries of that country have become famous for the zeal and ability displayed by their teachers, who have been the promulgators of new ideas upon the subject of education. At Berne there is a gymnasium and a school for artisans, the last gratuitous, in which lectures are delivered in the evenings. In the canton of that city, too, are the schools of M. Fellenberg, the renown of which is far extended—for who has not heard of Hofwyl and Maykirch? Here boarders are received from the richer families, and a charity school for children exists, who are instructed in agriculture, and supply the country with enlightened labourers; blacksmiths, carpenters, and others are taught mechanical arts. The system of M. Fellenberg is of itself a matter of study, and is too copious to trace here even in outline. It has also been published in this country. Then there is the glorious name of Pestalozzi, a native of Zurich, who devoted his life to the improvement of education. There are gymnasia at Lucerne, Soleure, Basle, Schaffhausen, Geneva, and other places. Universities are not wanting, except in the smaller cantons. Austria has deprived the Swiss of twenty-nine places to which they had a claim in the college at Milan before the revolution. In the Swiss schools, except in those of the Jesuits, there is no corporal punishment. The system of the Jesuits is strict, morals are carefully regarded, but it is antiquated and too limited for the present age.

The effort to establish elementary schools in Spain was made by the well known and learned Campomanes seventy years ago, and it is probable would have succeeded in doing much good under the care of the Patriotic Societies, had not the French revolution broken out and stopped the progress of the scheme. The schoolmasters in Spain established in the different towns profess to teach the poor reading, writing, and the catechism, with a little arithmetic, but the instruction is in reality next to nothing.

In Belgium the efforts of the government have not been seconded as much as was desirable. The clergy at first were opponents of the measure. The schools are about 5000 in number, and about a third of a million among the young receive instruction.

The kingdom of Denmark has about 3000 schools, and there education has taken root among all classes.

We have thus far endeavoured to show by the statements given how fast the great work of educating the poorer classes is proceeding in other countries. We will give but one example more, for which we shall go across the Atlantic. In the United States of America instruction is in some places so complete that an uneducated individual is almost unknown. Of the six New England states, having a population of two millions and more, it appears that in the capital, Boston, the present system of education was begun as long ago as 1635, when a public schoolmaster was appointed and lands granted for his support. Soon after £50 a-year was allowed for the master, and £30 for an usher. In 1647 Massachusetts passed a law that every town of 50 families should keep a free school, to teach reading and writing; and that in every town of 100 families there should be a school in which Latin, Greek, and mathematics should be taught, so as to prepare youth for the university. The other New England states enacted similar laws. In Boston the law demands but three thousand dollars annually for the purpose of education, but no less than 60,000 are raised and applied annually to that purpose. The affairs of the schools are managed by a committee in each township. They annually levy a duty on all the male inhabitants liable to taxation, and this committee, called the 'Select Men,' manage education both in town and country. For the country the townships are divided into districts, in each of which is a school committee, which receives its share of the funds levied.

Not less than 10,000 free schools are opened annually, with about 200 scholars to each, who learn reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, history, and geography. Half the scholars in each district are taught during the long winter months only, while during the summer, when they work, women instruct the smaller children in the mere elements of the foregoing acquirements. Not one in a thousand is unable to read and write of those born in New England. The effect is found to be greater security to property and person than is met with anywhere else in the world. The funds being levied by a tax on property, all pay towards the system in due proportion, rich as well as poor. Thus the New England people were the first to maintain and furnish the example to the modern world, that it is the right and duty of the government to provide for the instruction of youth, on the ground of general security attained by well principled moral sentiment. They do not suppose they can make those they thus instruct philosophers, poets, or statesmen; these must be made by nature and their own genius; but they believe that by general instruction and the infusion of virtuous sentiments they may not only secure their own private property, but the integrity of their political government.

In New England there are 11 colleges and 150 chartered academies. The last are gymnasia, ranking between the free schools and the colleges, their foundations being either laid or assisted by the state. Thus the free scholar may enter the academy, if intended for a profession, and thence proceed to the college.

THE COUNTRYMAN'S REPLY TO THE INVITATION OF A RECRUITING SERJEANT.

(From the Peace Advocate.)

So, ye want to catch me, do ye?

Nae! I doant think ye wad,

Though your scarlet coat and feathers

Look so bright and beautiful;

Though ye tell sich famous stories

Of the fortunes to be won,

Fightin' in the distant Ingles,

Underneath the burnin' sun.

S'pooe I am a tight young feller,

Sound o' limb, and all that ere,

I can't see that that's a reason

Why the scarlet I should wear;

Fustian coat and corded trousers

Seem to suit me quite as well;

Think I doant look badly in 'em—

Ax my Meary, so can tell!

Satin'ly I'd rather keep 'em—

These same limbs ye talk about,

Cover'd up in cord and fustian,

Than I'd try to do without.

There's Bill Muggins left our village

Jest as sound a man as I.

Now he goes about on crutches,

With a single arm and eye.

To be sure he's got a medal,

And some twenty pounds a-year;

For his health, and strength, and service,

Government can't call that dear;

Not to reckon one leg shatter'd,

Two ribs broken, one eye lost,

Fore I went in sich a venture,

I should stop and count the cost.

'Lots o' glory?'—lots o' gammon!

Ax Bill Muggins about that;

He will tell ye 'tain't by no means

Sort o' stuff to make ye fat;

If it was, the private so'ger

Gets o' it but precious little:

Why, it's jest like bees a ketchin'

With the sound of a brass kittle.

'Lots o' gold, and quick promotion'

Phew! Jest look at William Green:

He's been fourteen years a-fightin',

As they call it, for the Queen;

Now he comes home invalided,

With a serjeant's rank and pay;

But that he's made a captain,

Or is rich, I arnt heard say.

'Lots o' fun and pleasant quarters,

And a so'ger's merry life;

All the tradesmen's—farmers' daughters

Wantin' to become my wife?

Well, I think I'll take the shillin';
Put the ribbons in my hat!—
Stop! I'm but a country bumpkin,
Yet not quite so green as that.

'Fun!'—a knockin' fellow-creatures
Down like nine-pins, and that ere—
Stickin' bag'nets through and through 'em—
Burnin', alayin', everywhere!
'Pleasant quarters!'—werry pleasant!
Sleepin' on the field o' battle,
Or in hospital, or barracks,
Cramm'd together jest like cattle.

Strut away then, master serjeant:
Tell your lies as on ye go;
Make your drummers rattle louder,
And your fifiers harder blow:
I sha'n't be a 'son o' glory,'
But an honest working man,
With the strength that God has giv me
Do'n' all the good I can. TIMOTHY CLODDPOLL.

BRITISH LAWS AFFECTING ALIENS.

ALTHOUGH few countries have had more occasion than Britain to have intercourse with foreigners, no country has displayed more jealousy in her enactments regarding them. The laws of France and Austria were more favourable to foreigners; and even Russia afforded facilities for the naturalisation of strangers, nearly as great as those of America. Until 1844, the laws affecting foreigners resident in this country remained substantially the same as they were at the close of the reign of William III. The partiality which that monarch exhibited towards the Dutch officers and other dependants whom he brought over with him, excited considerable jealousy in the public mind towards strangers coming to settle here; and this feeling was rather increased during his reign by the near prospect of the accession of George I. to the British throne—himself a foreigner, and likely to be surrounded by foreign favourites. The result of this feeling was the passing of an act, by which foreigners were placed under the most rigorous disabilities. Referring to this statute, Mr Hallam says 'No other country, so far as I am aware, has adopted such sweeping disqualifications.' Subsequent enactments rather aggravated than lightened the disabilities imposed upon foreigners by the act of settlement.

As the law stood prior to 1844, aliens in Great Britain were debarred from the possession of real property and some descriptions of personal property. They could not take houses on lease for years without danger of forfeiture, nor could they hold British registered shipping, or even shares therein. They could not claim any commercial benefits by virtue of British treaties with other states, and they were absolutely excluded from all places and offices of trust, civil and military. So stringently were these laws acted upon, that in the cases of Prince Leopold and Prince Albert, the rights of citizenship had to be conferred by special act of parliament. By a somewhat strange anomaly, although a foreigner was debarred from holding an inch of land in Britain, he was nevertheless permitted to hold thousands of pounds in the funds. In some instances the laws respecting the holding of land were evaded by its being held in trust for foreigners; and Lord Ashburton stated, in his evidence before a select committee of the House of Commons on these laws, that he had held an estate in Worcestershire for Lucien Bonaparte, when he came to this country and wanted to buy a property for the purpose of living upon it. His lordship said—'Mr Percival was then minister; I asked him whether he had any objection, and he said, 'You are, of course, aware that the crown may seize it at any time.' I stated that to Lucien Bonaparte, and he said he was willing to take it upon these terms, if there was no objection to its being so held, and I held it for a time. It was on sufferance only, and the crown might have seized it if they had thought fit.'

There were two ways, however, by which foreigners were enabled to obtain certain privileges—by denization and naturalisation. By obtaining letters patent of denization, which cost about £120, foreigners were thus far relieved from their disabilities that they could hold and transmit

all kinds of real and personal property, but they could only transmit real property to such of their children as were born subsequent to their denization. They were also permitted, when otherwise qualified, to vote at elections of members of parliament. By obtaining from parliament an act of naturalisation, foreigners acquired all the privileges of denization and some slight additions to them. Naturalised foreigners might inherit real property, and transmit it to any of their children, without distinction as to the time of their birth; and if they resided seven years in this country after the period of their naturalisation, without having quitted it for more than two months at any one time, they became entitled to the benefit of British treaties in their commercial transactions with foreign states. The expense of obtaining an act of naturalisation did not much exceed £100; but so many certificates and other documents were necessary, and so many oaths required to be taken, that the average number of foreigners naturalised in this country never exceeded eight in a year.

Jews could not be naturalised under any circumstances, and the recent enactment does not appear to have made any provision for their relief. The form of the oaths effectually exclude them, as the words are, 'On the true faith of a Christian.' On the accession of James VI. of Scotland to the throne of England, rather a nice question respecting naturalisation arose; viz., whether the inhabitants of Scotland generally, or those only who were born after the union of the crowns, should be entitled to the benefits of naturalisation. The case of the *post nati* (persons born after the union) was argued by Lord Bacon, when solicitor-general, in the Exchequer-Chamber, and it was ruled that they were entitled to all the rights of citizenship. He endeavoured to perform a like service for those born before the union, and argued their case in the House of Commons on grounds of general policy, and supported his view of the case with many excellent arguments; but it was decided against him, and those who were born before the union never did acquire the rights of citizenship.

Although, under ordinary circumstances, foreigners were excluded from holding commissions in the army or navy, yet during the war there were large bodies of aliens serving in the British army under the provisions of a special act of parliament; and on one occasion there was an act passed, granting the most unlimited rights of citizenship to parties serving in the navy. In 1784, Ireland appears to have been held in such disfavour, that bounties or advantages of a peculiar nature were granted to foreigners, in order to induce them to settle there. It was enacted, 'that from and after the passing of the act, all and every nobleman, gentleman, merchant, &c., of any sect, religion, or persuasion,' and so on, including all classes (excepting Jews) born out of the kingdom, 'who should, at any time thereafter, transport him, her, or themselves into this kingdom (Ireland), with intent to abide or settle therein, should, from and after his or her taking the oath thereafter mentioned (or affirmation if a Quaker), be deemed and adjudged a liege, free, and natural subject, as fully and effectually as if born within the kingdom.' In order, apparently, to induce them to remain in the country, it was farther enacted, 'that no person naturalised under this act should have power or be entitled to serve in parliament, nor be of his Majesty's privy council, nor be a peer of the realm, nor should be entitled to hold any office of trust or profit, civil or military, unless he should have resided in the kingdom three years, at one or different periods, from the day of passing the act.'

After a lengthened and minute investigation of the existing laws affecting aliens, the committee of the House of Commons reported that, in their opinion it was 'highly expedient to consolidate and amend the whole law relating to alienage. At present that law is neither remarkable for clearness nor uniformity, and its operation is occasionally marked by harshness and injury.' In consequence of this report, and in consonance with the spirit of the age, a bill was brought into parliament in 1844, which speedily became the law of the land. By its provisions, any foreigner who, after the 1st of January 1845, had resided in the kingdom for seven years, at one or different periods, from the day of passing the act, should be deemed and adjudged a liege, free, and natural subject, as fully and effectually as if born within the kingdom.

home department that he is residing in Great Britain or Ireland with the intention to remain there, and that he is of good conduct, may obtain from him a certificate which will invest him with *all* the rights of a British subject, saving the right of sitting in parliament or at the council board. These higher privileges, however, are no longer withheld, as formerly, from aliens, but they are conferred by an act of the legislature only. The mere certificate is enough for most foreigners. It costs *nothing*; if the party wishes, for the purpose of record, that it should be enrolled, a fee of 20s. is payable on that account. The form of application to the secretary of state is exceedingly simple; the party desirous of being naturalised must petition the secretary, stating his wish to be admitted to the rights and *duties* of a British subject, and mentioning any facts, such as residence of some duration in the country, marriage to a British-born female, &c., which he is able to allege in his behalf. This, supported by a declaration from some person of known reputation or public functionary, to the effect that the petitioner is of good character, and well affected to the British sovereign and laws, is all that is necessary. On these documents being approved by the secretary of state, the certificate is issued, the party taking the oath of allegiance.

Although this enactment would have been very startling to our forefathers, who had the fear of the French so much before their eyes, there can be no doubt that it has been dictated by an enlightened policy, and is more in harmony with the general spirit of the British laws than the former narrow-minded and illiberal regulations, which were calculated to serve no good purpose. They were more fitted for the meridian of China than the British isles, and contrasted unfavourably with the liberality of countries generally considered to be the most despotic and exclusive.

THE BLESSINGS OF THE BIBLE.

What an illustrious book is the Bible! It rises like a stream in the desert land—its source in the skies, and its fountain in the valleys of the earth. 'It has rolled on, century after century, enriching every land with verdure and beauty, reflecting all the glowing sky above it, diffusing 'whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report' around it. It shines into the casement of the widow, like the light of the morning sun, and makes her heart sing with joy; it enables her orphan to lift his eyes to the wide shore of the eternal sea, and to say, Immensity is my home; eternity is my life-time; the mighty God that built the universe is my Father, my Portion, my Friend. It plants in man's heart the hope of joy, the halo of glory and of immortality. It erects in man's conscience the rule of right and wrong. It is emphatically the standard of Christianity. Wherever that standard is unrolled, there freedom finds its noblest footing.

NAMES.

Emma is from the German, and signifies a Nurse; Caroline, from the Latin, Noble Minded; George, from the Greek, a Farmer; Martha, from Hebrew, Bitterness; the beautiful, though common name Mary, is Hebrew, and means a Drop of Salt Water, a Tear; Sophia, from Greek, Wisdom; Susan, from Hebrew, a Lily; Thomas, from Hebrew, a Twin; Robert, from German, Famous in Council.

EVERY DAY SUNDAY.

By different nations, every day of the week is set apart for public worship, viz.:—Sunday by the Christians, Monday by the Grecians, Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians, Thursday by the Egyptians, Friday by the Turks, and Saturday by the Jews.

THE COST OF FASHION.

It is said that five hundred millions of dollars are spent annually in the United States for such articles of dress as are subject to the fluctuations of fashion. Of this sum it is computed that 16,000,000 are spent for hats, probably about 20,000,000 for caps and bonnets, and for other articles of dress not less than 400,000,000.

WINTER.

BY G. LEMON.

(Written for the Instructor.)

Cae wa' na, fause winter, wi' thy fawning air;
Ye cam' to our lan' wi' a sigh an' a tear,
An' pity wall'd sair o'er your puir naked form,
And bade you come in frae the dark brewin' storm.
But, sooth, we nae sooner had welcomed you in,
Than, sirs! ye were neither to hand nor to bin,
But, join'd han' in han' wi' the prince o' the air,
An' tir'd our wee cot, left our roofin' tree bare:
Syne ye blighted the forest an' green spreadin' tree,
'Till nought but a waste met the sorrowfu' e'e.
Like an ather ye sug'd through the heather and wood,
An' stung ilka bairn in your venomous mood;
Ye seal'd up the loch, an' ye seal'd up the rill,
An' the blude in the veins o' the lammies stood still;
'Neath your cauld icy han' and your stepmither breath
The ripe and the green were a' scatter'd in death;
An' syne, when ye thought ilka pulso ceased to beat,
Ye wrapp'd them a' up in your white winding-sheet.
Nor did ye stop there: when the braw lady Spring
Like an angel cam' down on the clouds' downy wing,
Ye fiew like a clown then, and toozled her hair,
An' rified the laurels that hung budding there,
Till the blithe blink o' Simmer shone bright in her e'e,
An' her green olive wan' she waved over the lea;
Then ye shrank, like the lion, frae beauty, in awe,
An' syne lifted aff her ough rough frosty paw.
The flowers by the burnie bloom'd fair once again;
The thorn an' the laverock renew'd their sweet strain;
The bairnies an' lammies, wi' light an' life gay,
Seem'd a' friskin' roun' to ilk glad birdie's lay;
An' the bee keekit out frae his strae-theekit bower,
An' the butterfly flutter'd—a wee winged flower.
Till the red cloud o' gloamin' fringed gaily the west,
An' the sun sunk wi' nature in sweet balmy rest.
Then he, early winter, to thy icy bell,
An' think on the ways o' the meek an' the leal,
How the queen o' the simmer in love an' joy reigns
In the hearts o' ilk ane, e'en the wee bits o' weans!
Though vagrants like thee aften trouble them sair,
Contented they slip through the foul an' the fair!
Awa' then an' learn o' these nice little things,
The beauty o' virtue is mercy in kings!

WELCOME TO COMING SPRING.

BY M. C. COOKE.

(Written for the Instructor.)

Come hither, come hither, on gleesome wing,
And dance through the woodlands, my beautiful Spring!
Thou'rt welcome, right welcome, oh! hasten thee here,
And draw a fair smile from the infantile year;
Drive old Winter away, with his icicle train,
And let us enjoy thy sweet presence again;
Bid the wild flowers spring and the nightingale sing!
Thou'rt welcome, right welcome, my beautiful Spring!

Come hither, come hither, bid streamlets run clear,
And the dark clouds of snow in the skies disappear—
The lights of the north, like a vision, depart—
And the warm blood of man flow free from the heart;
Bind on thy green garments, thy tresses unband,
Sprinkle roses around with thy bountiful hand;
And the mild zephyrs bring on thy light gauzy wing—
For thou'rt welcome, right welcome, my beautiful Spring!

I see thee, I see thee, come tripping along:
I know thy soft footsteps—I love thy gay song—
So lightly, so sprightly, thou com'st at my call,
I dance at the sound of thy feet as they fall.
Lighthearted, lighthearted, I bid thee come on;
Thou soon must be with us—let Winter be gone:
We'll be merry, and sing till the wide welkin ring,
For thou'rt coming, thou'rt coming, my beautiful Spring!

. In reply to the communications which have reached us to the manner in which the Portraits will be supplied with our Weekly Numbers, we have to state that, in order to ensure regularity, it will be necessary for Subscribers to give in their names to their respective Booksellers. All those parties who supply the INSTRUCTOR will be furnished with the Numbers containing the Portraits in quantities equal to their usual orders, so that no disappointment can be experienced by those who take the Numbers regularly.

A Portrait and Life of THOMAS MOORE, author of the 'Irish Melodies,' will be given early in April.

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MILTON'S 'SATAN.'

The hero of a poem must not be less than a man, or more than a creature. He must have the image of God, and yet be no deity. A superhuman being is legitimate, though the elements and growth of his foreign nature, the outlines and impress of his invisible person, the circumstances and rank of his remote lot, and the mode and limits of his action, will task a consistent, and wholly defy a definite, conception of him in the poet's mind. Wherever his sublime and unknown sphere may be, he will become one of 'the old things under the sun,' strictly generic to the genius which dwells in dust. Indeed, humanity will, more or less, be the mould and standard, and the angel will have a real though vague incarnation, borrowed, according to his destiny, from a sinner or a saint. The artist cannot project himself out of his own nature into a higher; but his most daring ideas will speedily fall to its very centre, as by the laws of gravitation. He can only produce his own kindred—evidently and truly such amid all the differences. He may baptise them with names proper to the sons of the morning, but earthly spirits they still are essentially. Neither, in vile caprice, can he stoop to take a *brute* as a hero, without endowing it, almost unconsciously, with brotherhood. Hence Homer turns into men his gods, his frogs, and his mice, alike. In his parody and epic, the three races might have been upon the muster-roll of any army. Even Juno was compelled to undergo suspension and flogging.

What a grand inheritance humanity must be, when it can invite and attract all created existence to partake of it! It has an apparent totality for the universe. Each man might say—I am creation from depth to height; I am the subject of all that is objective, save God alone. With this fact, which must vitiate considerably every representation of a supernatural hero, it is yet quite lawful to choose him. An image of what is 'in the heavens above, or in the waters under the earth,' is as allowable though not as easy as an image of what is 'upon the earth.' But then there must really be an order of such beings, for, if purely fictitious, they are less interesting to us than shadows. It might have been conjectured that there are rational creatures of a higher order than men; and that our nature was neither the first nor noblest birth of Jehovah's power. Would not his decree be more consonant with his creative faculty, than to limit itself to the production of our race, and that, moreover, at a comparatively recent period? Has not God filled up some of the ages nearer to his own eternity, and some of the degrees of intelligence nearer to his own essence? The idea is forced

he has more ancient and glorious sons than we are, and that his own image had an earlier and grander copy than was seen in Eden six thousand years ago. Accordingly, Scripture tells us of thrones, dominions, principalities, and powers. *We* are at the lowest point of an intellectual scale which rises to heaven, and in which angels are ascending and descending. Prior to human origin, a revolt took place in the hosts of these morning-stars. Legions of them, under Satan, became rebels against God, and were involved in hopeless ruin and misery. The finest gold of heaven became dim when they sinned. It has been cast into the furnace, but no refiner watches to restore it.

There is thus a large and new development of wickedness and goodness among superhuman beings, and, besides, there is a gulf between them in character and destiny which is not among men. Now, out of which class of spirits may a poet most hopefully take his hero? Men can far more easily conceive of guilt and wretchedness than of virtue and happiness. They have but to intensify their own nature and lot, and then 'starts up in his own shape the fiend.' Their own depraved and sorrowful hearts can more easily reflect the image of the mighty sinner and sufferer than that of a holy and blessed seraph. How much more definite is the idea which such a man as Milton even has wrought out of Satan, than of Gabriel, who is but an univindicated essence, and a floating form of light!

In 'Paradise Lost,' Satan is the grand hero. He is the general *eclipse*, from which heaven and Eden emerge but for a moment in brightness and beauty. His character is spread out, in all its folds of dark grandeur, as a vast and living curse, while his majestic person is its fitting herald and standard-bearer.

Carlyle remarks, in illustration of Burns's expansive love, that 'he could not hate the devil with sufficient orthodoxy.' He labours to develop and praise that warm soul which could expatiate freely between the mouse of the field and the prince of darkness, and shed tears of pity at the thought of the prison of the one and at the sight of the 'upturned nest' of the other. Now, if we could suppose that our national poet was in earnest, and not influenced, in the pieces referred to, now by sentimentalism and then by wit, we should be compelled to admit that his sympathies were as boundless as they were strange and unnatural. None, we believe, save Carlyle, would have detected in the 'Address to the Deil' ought but questionable humour, for, certainly, the idea of this beloved and lamented hero 'spairing aboot the brimstane cutty to scaud puir wretches,' is grotesque enough, and does not present a very likely attitude to draw forth deep admiration and sympathy.

angel! The poet must have regarded the infernal power, not with love, for his mind had too decided a conformity to religion to allow, much less to cherish, such a feeling for such an object (and, in fact, it uniformly expresses the most inward abhorrence); but with a passion of admiration, excited by an intellectually sublime prowess of will, maintained, amid the burning agony, shame, and despair of the heart, its crest still and for ever haughty and defiant under the vengeful lightnings of heaven and the scorching blasts of hell; and riding on from battle to battle unconquerable, recovering itself in a moment from the sword of Michael, and in nine days from the ruinous thunderbolts of Messiah. With what surpassing fullness, force, and effect has Milton's genius executed the impersonation! The delineation of Satan has impressed itself upon the mind of succeeding generations. Its touches are found in poems and religious treatises. The ideal character has become, almost universally, the one for theological contemplation and anatomy. Previously, the common image of Satan was the 'squat toad,' such as lay close, with its poison, to the ear of innocent and unsuspecting Eve; but at the touch of Milton's rod of enchantment, ay, and of truth, up 'started; in his own shape, the fiend; and that shape has never passed away from the public view.

Whence did Milton draw his conception of Satan?

After putting this question, we cannot but advert to the vile criticism which suggests that Milton's feelings towards Charles I. are expressed in those of Satan towards Jehovah, and that he sketched himself in the great rebel. Milton had no ambition to see himself in the attitude and spirit of the fiend, when he could have a better likeness in unfallen Adam, with his 'fair large front' and 'hyacinthine locks'; and, as a devout Christian, apart from his being a zealous republican, he was little prone to regard the weak, tyrannical, and decapitated Stuart, as a type of the eternal monarch of heaven. This wish (so common) to trace the poet in his heroes, may be gratified in Byron's works, but not in Milton's. It is amazing and mortifying to find Coleridge saying of Milton:—'In the *Paradise Lost*, indeed in every one of his poems, it is Milton himself whom you see; his *Satan*, his *Adam*, his *Raphael*, almost his *Eve*, are all *John Milton*.' Whilst there can be no justification, there may be an explanation of this opinion. Milton, as a man, is happily *no shade*. We are familiar with the matchless beauty of his face and person, which foreigners as well as his own countrymen admired and sung; his ardent devotion to knowledge and freedom, the calm and unbending fortitude of his will; and when these physical and mental qualities are brought out in his poems, whatever be their modifications, and whatever be the scenes which they animate and grace, we are led to associate them with the poet, and unwarrantably to regard them as conscious and studied reflections of himself, as if through long years of trouble he could be a Narcissus. Milton, in his serene old age, we may believe, did not labour by night and day industriously to revivify in his memory that pure and spiritual face of his which he had seen mirrored in the lakes of Italy, nor to recal the proud and stern feelings of those later moments in which, with failing eyesight but with firmer and more rapid hand, he wrote in defence of liberty and the people of England, his pen as potent then as the sword of Cromwell, and which he might have held up, with its ink-drops, as he said—'See, how my pen weeps for this poor king's death!'

Whence, then, did Milton obtain his idea of Satan? From the Bible, undoubtedly. The *objective* idea is almost wholly the creation of his own genius, and the *subjective* idea is gathered, vivified, and sublimated out of Scripture materials.

With the exception of Satan's earthly manifestation as the tempter of man, the *objective* idea is altogether Milton's. The ruined angel's appearance is a new and tremendous vision under the sun. Dilated in its dimensions into something more fine and subtle than any known materialism, and coloured with hues and shades softer than blood ever blushed or twilight gave, it is yet condensed and solid with adamant texture and strength, 'like Teneriffe or

Atlas, unremoved,' the grand pillar of his own empire. Endowed with an organism too ethereal to quiver under pain, to open with wounds, or be scarred even by the crush of worlds, it is yet the very seat of most intense and active torture. The outlines of the form, with all their vagueness, have nothing shadowy, but are compact and massy with indwelling energy. You can see, measure, and touch what yet is no incarnation. The spiritual seems as substantial and palpable as if it were statuary, yet the proportions and the stamp never shock our notions of incorporeal existence.

The face and form attract outwards upon and around them, in vivid display, all the inner feelings and purposes, and the hardened and sublime character of the wicked principality. Courage, hatred, remorse, and despair, have a strange effluence of dark and tumultuous glory, from the 'unblest feet' up to the 'fulgent head.' The lustre of holiness has for ever gone, and with it the smiles of joy; still he is 'of regal port, and faded splendour wan.' His immortal nature and original rank have an expression which glows and glimmers through the darkness of guilt and misery. Thrust down from heaven to the lowest deep for wickedness, his greatness has yet a 'stature' which 'reaches the sky.'

Milton's *objective* idea of Satan is an achievement which genius will never rival in the future. It was fortunate that that idea could be taken at a time when Satan, fresh from his fall, all his original grandeur not fully obscured, had not made himself mean by assuming the wiles and craft of the tempter. The first two books of '*Paradise Lost*' are free from any impish or serpentine associations. The trail, or the jerking step, is not to be found on the dry and burning plain of hell.

The *subjective* idea of Satan is developed here and there in the Bible. His high pre-eminence over other wicked spirits, his courage, his enmity, and his anguish are indicated. Into what a vital, transcendent, and harmonious character has Milton blended these, and with what consistency does he sustain it throughout the poem! Satan, naturally, is and acts the king over the apostate band. Milton exhausts all the titles of rank and royalty in exalting his hero. 'The archangel,' 'the superior fiend,' 'the chief of many throned powers,' 'the general,' 'the mighty paramount,' 'hell's king,' 'the emperor,' 'the sultan,' are among his various names. And how spontaneously and unequivocally does the superiority appear—a superiority which the very spirits who had resisted the claims of the Supreme cheerfully admit. He is precipitated in common ruin with his followers down to the fiery gulph, yet there, for nine days, he lies apart in misery, as if none might share his pillow, throb in the fellowship of his anguish, and repeat his groans. Beelzebub, the next in rank, is nearest to him; yet the same distance honours the terrible couch of his chief as ever honoured the glorious throne. Satan is the first to awake—as the light falls upon the mountain ere it strikes the plain. Those 'baleful eyes' of his were the first to roll around upon the region of doom; noblest must have been the soul which was the earliest to recover itself. Besides, his 'crew' were not to see him in 'confusion worse confounded.' He is never to appear before them other than the collected, bold, and unconquerable king of hell; he awaits not the time or the movements of his subjects, but bespeaks Beelzebub; he has courage to mention the altered and woful appearance of that prince, and even to hint a doubt if it were the same being,

'Who in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
Myriads, though bright,'

thus setting all recrimination or retort at defiance. He challenges to himself the high interests of the late struggle:

'That fixed mind
That raised me with the Mightiest to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of spirits armed,
That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,'

He addresses hell, as being its one grand tenant: 'Thou

profundest hell, receive thy new possessor; ' he openly consoles himself with the thought—

'What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than He
Whom thunder hath made greater?'

He is thus filled with the assurance that in no peer of hell has he to dread a rival. He next seeks the myriads whom his seductions had for ever ruined; he was the prime cause of all their wretchedness and shame, yet he fears no murmuring from his victims; they might have been by right his humble vassals to do and suffer for his sake, and he views them but as a broken sword or a splintered spear in his lordly hand. So strong is the sense of his natural supremacy, that he dares to chide them for their present stupor and inaction, with such bitter scorn as he had formerly heaped on the good angels in heaven:

'Have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtues, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the conqueror?'

Grim Moloch had quietly to bear such taunts. No equal or superior by mere accident or election could have thus addressed his deluded and suffering followers at the very moment when they awoke to know their disaster; but it was their 'leader's' voice, and 'they heard and were shocked.' When, subsequently, they build and adorn Pandemonium for a council-room, in which their future enterprises might be debated and matured, they with cordial loyalty expend their richest materials and highest art upon the throne of Satan, 'which far outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind.' This superiority arises not merely from his original rank and higher intellect, but also from his moral nature—its excess of courage, its enmity against God, and its despair. These exist and are shown in a degree which none of the apostates approach; and such qualities of themselves cannot but crown him the grand 'emperor.' Who but he that dares, and hates, and suffers the most is worthy to take the burning throne of hell? He necessarily becomes the *ideal* of more faint associates; he is long ages before them, and they must follow humbly in his steps. That face which rises highest in defiance, and looks most darkly in hatred of God, and quivers in most intense pain under shadow of the deepest despair, must be the infernal idol.

Satan's courage is depicted as matchless; his heart seems to give bold blood to all his legions, for without him they are timid. He has to speak before they start up from the fiery gulf; and then when he ends an address with the words—

'War, then, war,
Open or understood, must be resolved;

we are told that—

'To confirm his words, out flew
Millions of flaming swords; the sudden blaze
Far round illumined hell; highly they rag'd
Against the Highest, and fierce, with grasped arms,
Clashed on their sounding shields—the din of war.'

All this demonstration is properly his thunder and lightning. When none—not even Moloch—will undertake the expedition in search of the new-made world and man; when all shrink from new dangers, difficulties, and responsibilities—for this very escape from prison may bring them nearer to that almighty vengeance, which they cannot brave without their chief—Satan at once and eagerly claims the peril as his. He will expose himself, not only to be waylaid by God and God's warriors, but to be blasted too, by the calm of earth's lovely Sabbath, and of man's blessed state.

But Satan's hatred of God is as strongly marked as his courage. It is up to the pitch of resolute and implacable revenge. On the steps of heaven's throne he had 'disliked' the Supreme, but how much more in the depths of hell! He is the fountain of dire enmity, supplying the hearts of all his followers. They look as if they could forget their enemy, but he never! They can engage in

various games, sing and harp valour, or talk philosophy; but he is on an enterprise to 'spite' God. He could, in pity, spare our first parents, but then God is their friend, and that prompts him to 'do what else, though damned, he should abhor.' His is also the excess of anguish. He has the capacity for hell's grief. 'Myself am hell.' Our readers will only need to be reminded of those awful communings with the past, the present, and the future, when he turns over incessantly the memory of heaven, contemplates with an eye, in which there is neither beam nor mote, the circumstances of his disaster, and receives fuller assurance of faith, that, do what he will, he is only kicking against the pricks.

Milton's character of Satan has no rival. Byron's 'Lucifer' is a philosophical infidel, with all the fluency and dashing oratory of the *genus*. There was not a slave in Milton's Pandemonium who could not easily have excelled such speeches. The mode of Lucifer's temptations, so extravagantly lavish, is in ridiculous contrast with the noble simplicity of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. He had to take Cain a long journey to Hades, and expend many hours' argumentation ere he could make a murderer of him; and, after all, it is difficult to perceive how the means brought about the result. Satan's character is best exhibited as the *temper of the good*, whereas Byron only shows him as the *prompter of the bad*, and the success of the infernal plot is greater than its ingenuity deserved.

NOTES ON GIBRALTAR.

THE very name of Gibraltar revives in the bosom of every Briton the spark of military ardour. It is justly considered as the brightest jewel of the British crown, which no boon, however splendid and valuable, could induce the nation ingloriously to barter. It is generally known that the Moors were masters of the rock for several centuries; from their leader, Gebal-Tarik, it derives its name. On the decline of their power, it fell into the hands of the Spaniards. The importance of this fortress, which is considered by Europe as the key to the Mediterranean Sea, does not seem to have been duly estimated by the Spaniards until they lost it; nor even by the English, who became masters of it more through accident than design. Sir George Rooke had, in 1704, been sent into the Mediterranean with a fleet, to assist Charles, Archduke of Austria; but was so limited by instructions, as to be unable to effect any enterprise of importance. Unwilling to return to England with a powerful squadron without having achieved something, he called a council of war, and it was determined to attack Gibraltar. On the 21st of July, 1704, the fleet reached the bay, and 1800 men, English and Dutch, commanded by the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt, were immediately landed on the isthmus. On the 23d, the ships commenced a brisk cannonade on the New Mole, which, in five or six hours, drove the enemy from their guns in every quarter, but more completely from the New Mole head. Captain Whitaker, with the armed boats, was ordered to possess himself of that post; but Captains Hicks and Jumper, who lay with their ships nearest the mole, eager to share in every part of the glory, pushed ashore in their barges before the other boats could come up. On their landing, the Spaniards sprung a mine upon them, which blew up the fortifications, killed two lieutenants and forty men, and wounded sixty. The assailants, however, kept possession of the work, and being joined by Captain Whitaker, boldly advanced, and took a small bastion, half way betwixt the mole and the town. The Marquis de Salines, who was governor, being again summoned, thought proper to surrender, and the British colours for the first time waved over the rock of Gibraltar. No sooner were the Spaniards acquainted with the loss of this important fortress, than they made every effort to regain it. Foiled in several attempts, they formed the extravagant and desperate scheme of surprising the garrison, although a British admiral was then before the town. On the 31st of October, five hundred volunteers took the sacrament, never to return till they had planted the Spanish flag on the battlements of Gibraltar. This

forlorn hope was conducted by a goatherd, to the south side of the rock, near the Cave guard. They mounted the rock, and during the first night lodged themselves unperceived in St Michael's cave. On the succeeding night they scaled Charles the Fifth's wall, and surprised and massacred the guard at Middle Hill. By the assistance of ropes and ladders they got up several hundreds of the party appointed to support them; but being by this operation discovered, a strong detachment of grenadiers marched up from the town, and attacked them with such spirit, that one hundred and sixty of them were killed, or forced over the precipice; and a colonel and thirty officers, with the remainder, taken prisoners. Since that period several attacks have been made on Gibraltar, with no better success; but the greatest of all was the memorable siege of 1781-2, when France and Spain brought before it the most tremendous force ever employed in any modern siege. General Elliott, whose name has been immortalised and identified with the event, was at this time governor of Gibraltar, with a garrison of near 6000 men. The Spanish army, consisting of 14,000, was encamped within a mile and a half of the gates, and had constructed the most extensive works. These General Elliott determined if possible to destroy; and accordingly, on the night of the 27th of November, a *sotie* was made from the garrison, the enemy surprised, and their works set on fire and blown up. All this was effected in less than two hours, and with the loss of one man only, who being the first man to mount a battery, encountered the Spanish captain of artillery, whom he wounded; but being wounded also, he could not be got off before the flames had reached him. The works thus destroyed cost the Spaniards the enormous sum of thirteen millions of large piastres, equal to three millions sterling. The Spanish monarch, mortified at the disgrace brought on his arms, and the great loss that he had sustained by this *sotie*, publicly declared his determination to have Gibraltar at all events, cost what it would. It was now determined to make the grand attack by sea and land, which had been so long projected; and the command of this mighty enterprise was given to the Duke de Crillon. From the arrival of this commandant, the most active preparations were made in constructing batteries, which, however, were frequently destroyed by the garrison. The whole force of the allied crowns seemed to have been centred in this spot, and such a naval and military spectacle is scarcely to be equalled in the annals of war. Their naval force consisted of forty-four large ships of the line, three inferior two-deckers, ten battering-ships, five bomb-ketches, a great number of gun and mortar boats, and large floating battery, many armed vessels, and nearly three hundred boats. The land batteries were furnished with two hundred and forty-six pieces of cannon, mortars, and howitzers; and the combined army now amounted to forty thousand. On the 13th of September the grand attack was made by sea, and met by the garrison by a brisk fire of red-hot balls. After a few hours the admiral's ship was observed to smoke, and eight more of the ships took fire in succession. Several of the battering ships exploded in the course of the following day; the remaining eight ships also blew up with terrible explosions. Brigadier Curtis, with his squadron of gun-boats, exerted himself most gallantly in the cause of humanity, and saved upwards of three hundred persons from the ships which were on fire, who must otherwise inevitably have perished. Lord Howe shortly afterwards arrived with a fleet and reinforced the garrison. The Spaniards, after the failure of their grand attack, kept up a petty warfare until February, 1783, when the news of preliminaries of a general peace having been signed at Paris, terminated hostilities. Since the establishment of steam communication with India, the importance of Gibraltar as a British possession has materially increased.

Among the numerous benefits which thirty years of peace have conferred upon the world at large, not the least important have been experienced by those whose trade is war. In the absence of stirring military employment and excitement, officers at the various garrison-stations have often been at a loss for some kind of occupation that might enable

them to pass their time usefully and agreeably. This desideratum has been found in scientific and literary pursuits, to which many of the military and medical staff have devoted themselves with praiseworthy diligence; and it would now be difficult to find a more zealous or persevering body of contributors to science in the departments of meteorology, geology, botany, and natural history, than among the commissioned officers of the British army. Any pursuit must be salutary which tends to divert the mind from war as a primary object of attention, and to fix it on those which purify the heart and elevate the moral feelings.

In 1837, M. Boissier, a French botanist, said, in his description of the abundance of plants to be found at Gibraltar, 'by the richness of the harvest, which I collected in a few minutes, I could judge of the interest which exploring Gibraltar would afford. I am astonished that such a work has not already been undertaken by some of the officers of the garrison.' This has now been accomplished by Mr Kelaart,* in a volume which furnishes a useful contribution to our knowledge of the rocky promontory commanding the entrance to the Mediterranean.

Mr Kelaart first arrived at Gibraltar in 1843, and was struck with the new and unexplored botanical field awaiting his investigation. In company with several friends, he explored the vicinity of the rock, extending his inquiries some miles round into the adjacent province of Andalusia, and across the straits to Tangier; and found that 'botany is a harmless and profitable means of relieving the dull monotony of a garrison life.'

Geologists ascribe the lofty elevation of the rock to four distinct 'upheavals' of the surface. The extent of each of these is sufficiently marked by the layers of oyster-shells imbedded in the mass at different levels, and corresponding with those found in the Mediterranean at the present day. Many stalactite caves are met with in different places; the largest of these, St Michael's, forms the object of an especial visit on the arrival of distinguished strangers. An official pass is required to obtain a view of the galleries and fortifications. Some of the excavations are so large that the governor has occasionally used them for his *salica*. Everything connected with the service is kept in admirable order; the cannon are varnished over to preserve them from rust. The sentinels on duty are numerous; by the side of each of their posts is 'a large pole, supporting a square mat, which at first I imagined was destined for a signal, but the use of which I found was to shelter the sentry (in summer from the rays of the sun), who can move it, by means of a rope, whichever way he likes. This is one of the details of the admirable system by which the English, notwithstanding the insalubrity of some of the colonies to which their troops are sent, preserve them in better health than any other nation.'

The extreme length of the rock is four thousand seven hundred yards, or two miles and three-quarters, and its greatest breadth sixteen hundred yards. The quantity of arable land is estimated at two hundred acres, but scarcely forty acres are at present under cultivation, and of these more than fifteen are laid out in gardens and parterres. The rock terminates in a sugar-loaf point at its south-eastern extremity, which is fourteen hundred and thirty-nine feet in height. In this neighbourhood is situated the famous 'Mediterranean Stair,' cut out of the solid rock. The signal-station is placed on almost the central point of the summit, twelve hundred and seventy-six feet above the level of the sea.

The isthmus connecting the rock with the mainland is known as the 'neutral ground;' but the term more properly applies to a space of about half a mile, measured from the last line of British sentries. A portion of this area is devoted to the growing of vegetables, and the remainder used as parade, race, and cricket ground. The isthmus is, in most parts of its extent, about ten feet above

* Flora Calpensia. Contributions to the Botany and Topography of Gibraltar and its neighbourhood. By E. F. KELAART, Army Medical Staff. London: Van Voorik.
+ Boissier's description.

the level of the sea. Its breadth near the rock is nine hundred and fifty yards; it gradually increases, and near the Spanish lines measures across about seventeen hundred and fifty yards; it still goes on increasing, until lost in the level ground at the foot of the mountain called 'the Queen of Spain's Chair.' The greater portion has been reclaimed from the sea, which process is still going on.

Standing at Europa Point, on a calm, clear day, this deep sea, over which are hung the charms of antiquity, poetry, romance, and genius, is viewed, silent as a lake, with scarcely a ripple on its surface. In the far distance across the water is seen Ceuta, and Africa's burning shore, towered over by Abyla's cloud-capped summits, with ranges of blue mountains in all directions.

The town and garrison are supplied with water from springs in the 'sand-deposits,' which depend for their continuance upon the rain which percolates from the surface of the rock. Those diligent workmen, the Moors, constructed an aqueduct no longer in existence, but which has been replaced by another, conveying the water from a reservoir to the town. There are also several large tanks for the use of the troops and shipping—the largest of them contains near 1,500,000 gallons of water. On the neutral ground there are also copious wells, leaving no reason to fear that the soldiery or inhabitants will suffer from privation of water.

The climate of Gibraltar appears to be less agreeable than has been generally represented. The peculiar conformation of the rock assists in rendering the heat of summer distressingly oppressive; an exhilarating breeze will be blowing on the eastern side, while in the town the air is perfectly stagnant, and darkened by a heavy fog. The reflected heat from the prevailing rocky surface is an additional cause of discomfort, and renders the impure air of the streets still more obnoxious.

The temperature might be rendered much more genial if the planting of trees on the higher parts of the rock, commenced by General Don, were continued. In some seasons the winters are nearly as bad as any in England. The cold is, occasionally, even in the most favourable winters, very intense; snow is observed in many parts of the neighbouring hills for many weeks. Rain frequently falls, with little intermission, for seven or eight days together.

What renders the climate of Gibraltar peculiarly distressing to invalids, is the prevalence of the easterly wind or *Levanter*, which blows sometimes for four and five weeks together; and during nearly all this period, thick, dark clouds hang over the rock, and the fog on the neutral ground is frequently as thick as any November fog in London. Various are the sensations ascribed to the *Levant* wind, but the general one is that of lassitude and dulness of spirits; and frequently one feels as if covered with a wet blanket, or walking, when heated, in a damp cellar. This wind, although unpleasant to the sensations, is said to produce no general increase of sickness; it is, however, rapidly fatal in pulmonary complaints: great numbers of the soldiers are continually sent home suffering from disease of the lungs.

The dirty condition of the town has served to aggravate the fearful epidemics with which Gibraltar has at times been visited; the filthy state of the dwellings of the Jews and poorer classes generally is proverbial. From some cause or other, the sewers emit, in the summer months, a most fetid smell. In the summer of 1844, the stench along the line wall was intolerable, and silver articles belonging to persons living in houses in this locality were almost entirely blackened, evidently from the quantity of sulphuretted hydrogen gas composing the effluvia from the sewers which open into the sea near the locality.

The visitations of the yellow fever appear to have been as fatal as in the West Indies. In 1804 it broke out in August, and disappeared about the beginning of January the following year. During this dreadful epidemic there died, 64 officers, 864 soldiers, 164 soldiers' wives and children, and 4864 of the civil population. On the whole, more than one-third of the troops and civilians who were attacked died. At four subsequent periods the disease

has again appeared and raged for months together; on the last occasion, in 1828, it carried off 1796 of the military and civil population.

There can be no doubt that the crowded state of the population, as well as the noxious influences above adverted to, contribute to the increase of mortality. Most of the streets are very irregularly laid out. Many of the houses are built in the Spanish, or rather Moorish style, with open courts, or *patios*, in the centre. Several families reside in different small apartments in one house; often may be seen houses with fifteen or twenty families occupying a space which, in most places, would be devoted to only half that number of inmates. Among the principal buildings are the cathedral, exchange, court-house, convent, naval hospital, garrison-library, and civil hospital. The garrison-library is a spacious building, founded in 1798 by Colonel Drinkwater, the author of the celebrated book on the 'Siege of Gibraltar.' This valuable institution, without which Gibraltar would, indeed, be an undesirable residence, reflects great credit on those who have propounded and encouraged its establishment. It is entirely supported by subscriptions from the military, naval, and civil officers. It contains upwards of twenty thousand volumes of all kinds and descriptions, and in different languages.

The convict establishment is a new feature in the modern history of Gibraltar. Between six and seven hundred convicts from England are located in well-built quarters in the neighbourhood of the dock-yard. They are a very useful body of men on the rock, and have plenty of work to perform. Gibraltar being a free port, and affording so many facilities for smuggling into Spain, attracts within its walls men of nearly all nations, so that a stranger on arrival meets in the principal street people of various colours and tongues. The most attractive of these are the stately Moors from Barbary, with flowing drapery around their manly forms. Some of this fine race of people are nearly as fair as Europeans, with light grey eyes. Most of the Jews retain their ancient costume, but the wealthier, or rather the better educated classes, wear the European dress.

The whole number of inhabitants is 15,564; among them are 1807 Jews, 65 French, 968 Genoese, 108 Italians, 591 Portuguese, 2160 Spaniards, 11 Turks, and 28 Germans. In trades and professions there are 160 merchants, 226 shopkeepers, 4 lawyers, 1042 tradesmen and mechanics, 43 wine and spirit dealers, 880 tobaccoists and cigar-makers, 2478 servants, with various others. The civil population is considered particularly orderly and well-behaved; crimes are not frequent or numerous; seldom are there more than five or six cases in the quarterly criminal calendar. The civil suits rarely possess any public interest. Drunkenness is not common among the poorer classes; however, the wine-houses are usually full. This is perhaps owing to the idle propensities of the people, and their *pénchant* for loitering habits.

The military consists of the six service companies of five regiments, five companies of artillery, and three companies of sappers and miners, amounting to nearly four thousand men, with the usual complement of general and medical staff officers. The duties of the soldier in Gibraltar are considered rather severe, particularly to those of newly arrived corps; and to young soldiers the pioneer duties must be very fatiguing. However, medical officers in general consider the employment of soldiers in the public works as conducive to health, or, in other words, that it keeps them in healthful exercise; whilst they regret that the extra pay allowed to soldiers for this kind of labour enables them to drink larger quantities of spirits and wine. The ration in this garrison consists of one pound of bread and one pound of meat per day, fresh or salt; the salt meat being usually served once in four days. The poorer classes of the civil population subsist chiefly upon fish and vegetables, which are to be had in great abundance, both cheap and good. To visit the market early in the morning is indeed a treat, especially during the fruit season: the quantities of oranges, grapes, melons, figs, &c. piled up in every stall is a remarkably pleasing sight; before evening comes the size of these heaps of luscious fruit is greatly

diminished: the quantity sold is almost incredible. The shipping in the bay, which often amounts to between two and three hundred sail, helps to consume the vast quantities of fruits and vegetables seen in the Gibraltar market.

The society of Gibraltar resembles the society of most garrison towns, the nature of which can be best understood by those who have at any time resided in one. There are but few sources of amusement. In vain will the lover of the fine arts seek to gratify his tastes. Opera and theatrical companies have very little support, and consequently their visits to the rock are few and far between. The officers of the garrison keep a tolerably good pack of hounds, which is to them a great source of healthful enjoyment, and to the Spaniards one of astonishment. The races, too, come off with great *clat*. Public balls are held in the winter, which serve to amuse the young people.

A species of palm which grows abundantly on the south-eastern side of the rock is the favourite food of the apes that abound in that quarter. It is supposed that these animals were introduced by the Moors, for even in the present day similar apes are brought over from Barbary and sold in the market. Abyla, the hill on the opposite coast of Africa, is still called Ape's Hill. The stationary habits of this animal on the rock give additional interest to its history: they seem to prefer looking on their fatherland from the heights of Gibraltar, and feeding upon the palms which grow there, rather than travel to the fruitful valleys of Andalusia. They are never likely to be exterminated from the rock, no person being allowed to shoot or in any wise hurt them, unless they venture near the town, which they seldom do. Some years ago one used to come down on the declivities above the Alameda pretty regularly during the time the guards trooped, and it consequently went by the name of the 'town-major.' Where they bury their dead it is impossible to say, for no one has as yet found the carcass of any on the rock. Some think the lowermost caves their mausoleum, while others go even further in their surmise, and suppose that they carry their dead into Africa, through a subterranean passage under the waters of the Mediterranean!

The whole country about Gibraltar is described as possessing the highest attractions for the botanist, heightened by the risk of being occasionally carried away by robbers and detained until a ransom has been paid for the victim's release. Previously to Dr Kelsart's visit, the flora of that portion of the world had received no exclusive attention. It now ranks among the first of those which show a connexion in the geographical distribution of plants. Many are found which are common to the northern coast of Africa and to Asia Minor. The number of plants and ferns indigenous to the rock is 486, and 44 cultivated and introduced: of these 140 are common to Great Britain, 170 grow also in Madeira and the Canaries, 180 in Sicily, more than two-thirds in Malta, and 78 in the Azores. The only plant peculiar to the rock is the *Iberis Gibraltaria*, a species of lilac-flowered candy-tuft.

Such are a few of the leading features of a work which we would gladly hope to see followed by others of a similar character. Observations made by those residing in a place for a lengthened period must naturally possess greater value than those of the cursory traveller. If the example be followed out, our acquaintance with distant parts of the globe will gradually become more complete; while military men may find a noble employment in diffusing the blessings of knowledge and peace.

REVIVAL AND PROGRESS OF NATIONAL LITERATURE IN SCOTLAND.

THE sensation which, for nearly three years, the almost weekly recurrence of the poetry of Fergusson in the 'Weekly Magazine' produced over Scotland was very considerable. Burns at the time was between his fourteenth and seventeenth years, and the influence it exercised over his boyish susceptibilities is a matter of history. Still, for a number of years, Fergusson, equally with Ramsay, found no adequate successor. A number of highly respect-

able odes and elegies on the death of the young poet made their appearance indeed, a little after its occurrence; and any one who will take the trouble of examining the periodical in which his verses first appeared will find that the success of Fergusson induced, in all parts of Scotland, the efforts of a host of imitators. The magazine, in short, to which he had so long contributed became, after his death, a regular and steady vehicle for the conveyance and circulation over the country of many admirable pieces of national verse. Epistles, songs, and sonnets, not excessively feeble in power, and sufficiently Scottish in feeling, began now more frequently to appear. From Fergusson's death to the appearance of Burns, a few intermittent flashes of mimic lightning gilded the gloom of Scotland's literary midnight; but no writer of genius was converted to nationality. Busily employed in the production of elements of criticism and men of feeling, it scarcely appears that the literary magnates of Scotland knew anything about Fergusson at all. Still the young poet had not lived altogether in vain; nor was Ruddiman unrewarded for the notice he had taken of the juvenile bard. His magazine, if it made little impression upon the learned, rose into importance among the people, and was, says Arnott, very successful; 'indeed,' he adds, 'it became so in a degree unprecedented in Scotland, for in the winter of 1776 the number of copies sold amounted to 3000 weekly.' It appears, in short, to have been the magazine of the people, and unquestionably deserved the patronage conferred on it. Ruddiman was obviously a publisher of considerable shrewdness and discernment, and his tastes and leanings were decidedly national. He encouraged the correspondence of young contributors from Thurso and Caithness, and rejoiced to learn, in 1776, that excursions to Inverary and Lochaber had recently been made by several parties from the south. Honourable mention ought therefore to be made of the national bibliophile, were it for nothing more than the moral courage he displayed when standing up for the literature of his country in these degenerate times—'among the faithless, faithful only he,'—and for the encouragement he gave to poor Fergusson he has a claim on his country's thanks. Not so the other literati at that time residing in the northern metropolis. They, as we have said, engrossed with their own interests, took no notice of the poems of Fergusson, either while they were appearing in the magazine or after they had, in 1778, been collected and published in a separate volume. This neglect is really wonderful; for surely the city of Edinburgh never before or since enclosed a greater amount of genius than during the whole progress of Fergusson's poetic career. Henry Erskine, Hugo Arnott, Mackenzie, and Craig, not to add Logan of Leith, were all companions of Fergusson, and being young men somewhere about his own age, it does excite our unqualified astonishment that not one of the five should have exercised in his favour the slightest portion of literary patronage. Henry Erskine was a fine poet himself, and the songs of Burns, not many years thereafter, threw him into raptures. 'Spak o' loupin' o'er a linn,' was sufficient to immortalise you,' said he to the bard, 'though you never had penned another line.' Both Mackenzie and Craig pretended subsequently great admiration of the minor pieces of the same bard in sundry laudatory criticisms which appeared in the 'Lounger;' and Craig, not many years after Fergusson died, gained celebrity to himself by a favourable notice which he published in the 'Mirror' of the poetry and character of Michael Bruce. No notice was, however, taken either of Fergusson or his 'Leith Races,' a case of neglect possibly unparalleled. That our present young poets who commence their career by contributing to the smaller periodicals of the day should frequently, for a season, pass unnoticed at head-quarters, is not so much a matter of surprise. Serials of all kinds are now so numerous, while contributors of genius are by no means rare, that the most excellent poetry is read week after week without attracting particular notice; but in poor Fergusson's time it was different. There were not then above two decidedly literary journals in Edinburgh; writers of even middling

poetry in magazines were then scarcely to be found; Fergusson, as a poetical contributor of real genius, stood alone; and surely it is a pity he met so little encouragement in high places. Among his own circle of companions in Edinburgh, composed, for the most part, of young shopkeepers and writers' clerks, he was admired and praised from the commencement of his short literary career to its melancholy close. Wood, the celebrated actor, too, showed him a little attention. But not one of the five decidedly gifted young men we have specified stepped forward to pay a passing compliment to the transcendent genius of the boy while he yet lived, or when he died to deliver a funeral oration over his dust. And if such generous spirits as they, in the first flush of their own young fame, treated with so much neglect the splendid verses of the amiable 'copyist of law papers,' what could be expected from Old Monboddie, Robertson, Kames, Blair, Hume, Finlayson, and the host of others more or less renowned then resident in the ancient capital? No wonder than Burns, when he found himself, about eight or nine years thereafter, surrounded by a circle of such notorious offenders, bore himself proudly. No wonder than remembrance of such heartless neglect should have sometimes excited his indignation, sometimes his contempt, notwithstanding the apparent anxiety which the culprits evinced to make some atonement for their previous fault by the unwonted kindness they seemed disposed to lavish on himself. Burns in the Canongate Churchyard, kneeling at the grave of Fergusson, is no meaningless picture; but it can only convey its adequate impression when viewed in connexion with two others which, going back to 1773, the mind can easily draw for itself: Fergusson entering the office of his surly employer to commence the drudgery of the day, pale, emaciated, and half mad; while at an elegant literary breakfast-party got up by her husband to welcome Samuel Johnson, Mrs Blacklock is boring the ears of the sage with laudations of young Mackenzie, then a youth of rising merit, as, on the conclusion of the meal, he retired with his papa, not let us in charity hope for the purpose of allowing the good dame, *illegitimately*, to manage the affair genteelly, and perform the operation without a quiver or a blush. Be this as it may, some one or other of the individuals we have noticed ought to have exhibited some kindness to poor Fergusson; they should have inquired where he lodged, how much he earned a-week, over how many folio pages his long consumptive fingers had daily to wander, and whether something better than his present drudgery could not have been procured for him. Fergusson's great deficiency was want of confidence in his own powers—a feeling which the contemptuous silence of such men as Mackenzie and Craig had a tendency to foster. Either of the two, by writing three words in his favour themselves, or getting old Kames to do so for them, in the 'Scots Magazine,' or 'London Review,' could have made the youth's fortune. His own comrades and the circle of acquaintance among whom he moved did all for him they could. His countrymen in general loved him much, but their internal and expressed decision in his favour would have been far stronger than it was had they been backed by support from without. Finding none of the great ones willing to ratify their verdict in the poet's favour, they grew, perhaps, sceptical; and though Fergusson's poetic reputation always, on the whole, kept progressing, yet had the future poems (no thanks to them) of Burns just employed three-fourths of the wind in blowing the fame of their own talented ploughman, whose genius and scholarship equalled their own, that they afterwards expended on the bard of Ayr, was different, in all human probability, would have been his destiny. But no such thing was attempted. Fergusson was only known by the sound-hearted peasantry of his country, by lasses on bleaching-grounds, clerks in offices, and men in workshops; by the very class that had formerly been the patrons of Ramsay, and whose thundering notes of approbation, heard from afar, compelled the bright array of the learned about town to fall down, in a few years subsequently, and do obeisance to the hobnails of Burns. We are now fast advancing to the period when a complete

revolution was at hand in reference to the literature of Scotland. We are just touching the age of Hogg, McNeil, Scott, Leyden, and all the others; and we wish it to be distinctly understood that the literary magnates of Scotland—the Humes, Smiths, Finlaysons, and Blairs—had no hand in bringing the change about. That up to the time when the poems of Burns were first published at Kilmarnock, they exhibited, in all the perpetrations of their authorship, as much unnationality as ever. A club of clever young men started, indeed, in the year 1782, a very excellent little paper, which might, in Scotland, have accomplished what the 'Spectator' had previously achieved in the sister land. But excellent though most of its numbers were, the 'Mirror,' so far as love of country goes, might have been published at Elsinore as appropriately as at Edinburgh. No Scottish baronets, no Sir Roger de Coverleys of the north, no Andrew Freeports or Will Honeycombs from Dunse or Dundee, no essays on the peculiar superstitions of Scotland, or pieces descriptive of the customs and manners of its peasantry, made their appearance in its pages. The 'Spectator' was intensely English, and the 'Tatler' and 'Guardian' were so too. But the 'Mirror' and 'Lounger,' whatever their other merits, were surely nothing Scotch.

In this woful condition matters still remained, when a terrific shout from the masses of Ayr, which threatened to rend the welkin, aroused the attention of all Scotland. Burns, the ploughman, had published his book, and every inhabitant of his extensive native county joined in one enthusiastic yell of applause. Our metropolitan wits, professors, and grave divines, were perfectly dumfounded. The scales fell from their eyes, and they became all of a sudden repentant and national. Scotland's day had come round at last, and a lad had arisen among her wild moorlands, whose horn-hard fingers could so sweep the tough music chords of Old Goila's lyre, as to unsettle the propriety of a whole nation. Ramsay and Fergusson had succeeded in exciting and fostering nationality among only a class; but Burns levelled all distinctions, broke down all barriers, carried all hearts away captive. Effects not very dissimilar to those so admirably represented by Tennant as accompanying the music of the 'Hero of Anster Fair' were immediately produced.

'The lords and ladies next, who sat or stood

Near to the piper and the king around,

Smitten with that contagious dancing mood,

'Oan hand in hand in high levail to bound,

And jiggered it on as feely as they could,

Circling in sheeny rows the rising ground,

Each sworded lord a lady's soft palm gripping,

And to his mettle roused at such unwonted piping.

Then did th' infectious hopping-mania seize

The circles of the crowd that stood more near;

Till, round and round, far spreading by degrees,

It maddened all the loon to kick and rear;

Men, women, children, illit, and ramp, and squeeze,

Such fascination takes the general ear!

Ev'n babes, that at their mothers' bosoms bung,

Their little willing limbs fantastically flung.

And cripples from beneath their shoulders fling

Their despicable crutches far away,

Then, yok'd with those of stouter limbs, up-spring

In hobbling merriment, uncouthly gay;

And some on one leg stand y-gambolling;

For why? The other short and frail had they;

Some, whose both legs distorted were and weak,

Dance on their poor knee-pans in mad preposterous freak.'

Dr Blacklock, grown penitent in his old age, dispatched a pressing letter to Dr Lawrie at Newmilns to send the wonderful ploughman to town, where he assured him of such a reception as never greeted bard before. Burns, indeed, complied; but he carried a lofty head. He knew to whom he was indebted for his high position; and as Edmund Kean laughed derisively at the approbation of dukes and lords after 'the pit rose at him,' so Burns, already applauded to the echo by every honest man and bonnie lass in his native shire, appreciated at its true worth the patronage which grave professors and gowned lawyers were compelled to bestow upon him after his arrival in the city. The literati of Scotland, in keeping aloof from the national sympathies and tastes of their fellow-

countrymen and citizens, had long grievously sinned. But their day of reckoning came round, and the retribution was fearful. 'He was sought after, courted with attentions the most respectful and assiduous, feasted, flattered, caressed, treated by all ranks as the first boast of our country, whom it was scarcely possible to honour and reward to a degree equal to his merits.'

We have thus reached a new stage in the history of our country's literature. After this our task can be performed without the slightest admixture of uneasiness or pain. We shall, therefore, in our next paper, exhibit the consequences which resulted to the literature of Scotland from the writings of Burns, along with a short sketch of the life of Hector McNeil.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

BY ANDREW PARK.

(Written for the Instructor.)

I threw three flowers into a stream
That swiftly journey'd by,
And sparkled in the golden gleam
Of May's reviving sky.
'Now,' said I calmly, as I stood,
'This is the stream of life
That sweeps to the eternal flood,
And these, three men of strife!'

I placed them gently aside by side
Upon the sparkling stream,
Then on they rush'd, like things of pride
Aroused from Morphean dream.
Awhile they journey'd on in joy
Along their pebbly way,
But soon earth's common lot, alloy,
Has seized them in their play.

One that bade well to be the first
'Mong the ambitious three,
Has hit upon a jarring rock,
And to the side runs he.
The others, heedless of his fate,
Move joyously along,
Nor mourn their poor, wreck'd brother's state,
Self-love has grown so strong.

But, ha! the foremost of the two
Has caught upon a brier;
And now the third one rushes past,
Impatient with desire.
Though all are trav'ling down to death,
Ne'er to retrace life's stream,
Yet do they thus mark other's wo,
Nor sad nor sickly seem.

On bounds the one triumphantly,
More pleased to reign alone,
And, laughing at the two behind,
Is dash'd against a stone:
While struggling now impatiently,
The other two sweep by,
And gaze on their relentless friend
With an indignant eye.

Thus moves mankind o'er mother earth—
Exceptions, little claim:
All are alike at weakly birth,
And have nor wit nor name.
But, growing into manhood bold,
They sail life's fleeting river;
One all-engrossing object, gold,
Which some find, and some never!

A GOSSIP ABOUT 'LUCK IN FAMILIES.'

THE old adage which pronounces that some folks are 'born with silver spoons in their mouths, and some with wooden ladles,' seems really to be founded in good, sound sense; or rather, we should say, to be very often verified by the chances and changes that occur in this world of ours. One is most forcibly reminded of the proverbial expression in

question, oddly enough, on glancing at any work of heraldry. It might be at first supposed that such a record as 'Douglas's Peerage' would give the history of nothing else than silver-spoon cases. But look a little closer, and you find that 'all is not gold that glitters;' and that there are also many wooden-ladle instances among the nobility as well as elsewhere. In tomes like that mentioned, we have the annals of many families of note presented to us, and can mark their origin, their progress, and their existing position at one view. Of course, this view relates entirely to the upper orders; our chimney-sweeps and colliers—though assuredly of equally ancient descent with the ennobled children of Adam and Eve—being the parties to whom the kings-at-arms do not pay particular notice. In following out the idea which has struck us, accordingly, regarding 'luck in families,' we are in a measure compelled, of necessity, to confine our attention to those houses which the books of heraldry, by the usages of society, have alone deemed worthy of attention. Taking up an account of our entire peerage, then, English, Scottish, and Irish, let us try if we can interest and amuse our readers, by developing to them the notion which has seemed a singular one to ourselves. It is scarcely necessary to say, that in alluding to the fortunes of the titled families of Scotland—our chief subject (to be) at present—no disrespect is meant to their present representatives. But they must abide the consequences of greatness. The circumstances which made their ancestry and themselves the theme of heraldic works, render their family annals also fair and open subjects of comment to the world at large.

Some people would say, and with great appearance of reason, that entailed estates are a very bad thing, inasmuch as the eldest child and heir is there benefited to the gross injury of the younger branches of the same family, whose claim on their parents must necessarily be the same. True; but, nevertheless, it is often a fine thing to be a younger son. In the case of the Ramsays of Dalhousie, for example, the matter turned out very differently from what usually occurs. In that instance the Hon. William Ramsay Maule (now Lord Panmure) had great reason to congratulate himself on being only the second son of his house, since he succeeded by entail to the large property of the Panmure family, while his elder brother, of the same parentage, obtained but one of the poorer, though most eminent, of all the Scottish earldoms. Here was a case, certainly, of family good-luck. Again, the Elphinstones, another noble Scottish family, have had a similarly singular fate. Two younger branches have become wealthy in no common degree, while it has been the fortune of the eldest and lineal heir to see himself at the head of a house greatly impoverished. The great-grandfather of the present Lord Elphinstone married Clementina Fleming, the only daughter and heiress of the last Earl of Wigton. But the eldest descendants of that union derived no benefit from the succession. It fell to a second son, the late Hon. Charles Elphinstone Fleming, uncle of the existing baron; and the sire of the latter saw a relative obtain much, while he got little or nothing. There was even a further peculiarity in this family's story. Lady Clementina Fleming was the sole daughter of George Keith, the last Earl Marischal; and her younger son, Keith Elphinstone, was the profitter by that descent, becoming Lord Keith, and leaving one daughter, the present Baroness Keith. True, he was a valiant and fortunate sailor, and owed much to merit, as well as something to a marriage with a rich heiress; yet it is a case, nevertheless, where the younger branch has completely overtopped the elder, and so far illustrates our present argument. There was a moment—as all who recollect well the history of Queen Victoria will have no difficulty in recalling—when it was widely rumoured that the true heir and head of the house of Elphinstone was indeed to be brilliantly recompensed, and to become fortune's choicest favourite; but either report (as is most likely) was wholly at fault, or else nor merit nor affection regulate royal alliances. But that is a truism.

Let us gossip away about 'luck' in families, taking up, however, another feature of the subject, though numerous

instances like the preceding might yet be quoted. Let us look to the curious accumulations of wealth and honours by marriages in some cases—marriages, often, which promised no such results at their formation. For example, there was a rather poor peer of Ireland, the Earl of Moira, who wedded a daughter of the Earl of Huntington, and whose son, by the decease of his mother's brother, became heir to multitudes of titles, some of them among the oldest in England—for the Hastings or Huntington family had themselves already accumulated many such honours by long-past marriages. Well, the second Earl of Moira did not lose the luck of the house. He was a man of great talent, and won honourably for himself new dignities, becoming Marquis of Hastings; but marriage also did much for him, since, though one of the ugliest men of his day, he had the good chance to captivate and espouse Flora Campbell, in her own right Countess of Loudoun, and mistress of a magnificent estate. Oddly enough, a large part of her property had been shortly before obtained, on her side also, by one lucky marriage. Then comes before us the third Earl of Moira, and second Marquis of Hastings—to which titles must be added that of Earl of Loudoun, derived from his mother. He maintained the luck of his pedigree, wedding an English peeress in her own right, the Baroness Grey de Ruthyn. The honours mentioned are now all borne by a child, the third Marquis; and it would positively puzzle all the heralds in the world to say how many families that youth represents, at least as heir of line. He represents the Rawdons, and to this day holds a portion of land, it is said, which was chartered to them by William the Conqueror. He is sprung from the great house of Hastings, being direct descendant of that famous Lord Hastings whom Richard, the crook-back tyrant, doomed to death with the words—as Shakspeare has it—

‘Off with his head! Now, by Saint Paul, I swear
I will not dine until I see the same.’

The title of Lord Hastings is inherited from this ill-fated nobleman, and, as he had married the heiress of another house equally noble and ancient, the title of Baron Hungerford is also one of his legacies. Through his grandmother, again, the dignities of the house of Loudoun fall to the young peer alluded to, with the heritage, besides, of a second very ancient house, the Mures of Rowallan. On his mother's side he can boast of even royal blood, being sprung from the same Greys who looked even to the throne after the death of Henry VIII., in virtue of an intermarriage with the reigning house. No one can have forgotten that this aspiring ambition led to the premature end on the scaffold of one of the most virtuous of her sex, Lady Jane Grey. So that, in fact, the young Marquis of Hastings is an English peer by a perfect host of titles, new and old, and holds, besides, no secondary place in the roll of the ennobled families of Scotland and Ireland. The fortunate marriages of three generations have done this much for him.

There is another noble house in Scotland which has been even more singularly lucky through its alliances—at least, the issue was certainly less to be anticipated when these were contracted. From holding but a second-rate station in point of riches among the peers of Scotland, the Earls of Glasgow, by a curious concatenation of circumstances, have been raised to the wealthiest rank in their order in our own day. The first windfall which came in their way resulted from the union of the present lord's grandfather with the sister of Lord Ross of Halkhead. The latter was cut off suddenly, and the Countess of Glasgow inherited all her brother's property. The next succession was really an extraordinary one. The late Earl of Glasgow had wedded Lady Augusta Hay, daughter of the Earl of Errol by the heiress of Sir William Carr of Etal, a very rich commoner of England. This gentleman devolved his estates upon the children of his daughter, each to succeed according to priority of birth, but no one holding the title of Errol to have a claim unless all other issue failed. The object here was to keep up the name of Carr. The fortunate heir, in the first instance, was the Hon. William Hay, second son of the Countess of Errol (Miss Carr). His

elder brother died, however; and, to the great detriment of his pecuniary circumstances, and, we may suppose, his special annoyance, Mr Hay Carr was obliged to become a poor Earl of Errol, *notens volens*, and to give up the fine Etal property to his sister, Lady Charlotte Hay. She also died, and her only son came into possession, though Lord Errol tried, but in vain, to shake him from it by litigation. But that only son, too, went the way of all living, and then Lady Augusta Hay, Countess of Glasgow, came at last into undisturbed possession of the rich Northumberland estates of her maternal grandsire. Here was luck for younger children. And we may say too, in contempt of human foresight, where is the name of ‘Carr of Etal?’ The third windfall of the Glasgow family is in its nature even more singular, and one which the wildest imagination could scarcely have deemed possible. The first Earl of Glasgow took to wife, somewhere about a century and a half ago, the eldest daughter of Patrick Crawford of Kilbriny, sister of the first Viscount Garnock. Well, when the eldest branch of the Crawfords or Lindsay-Crawfords came to a pause, the fourth Viscount Garnock became nineteenth Earl of Crawford and Lindsay, as descended from the fourteenth peer of that name. The earldom fell vacant or dormant in 1808, on the death of the twentieth lord, and his sister obtained his estates. On her death, and in truth before it, as all the Scottish world knows, numerous claimants laid siege to the titles and estates; but not one substantiated his pretensions. The consequence has been that the Earl of Glasgow, an indubitable descendant of the house by the female side, is now possessor of the fine estates of the historically illustrious house of Lindsay-Crawford. We have heard it said, that, from the most honourable as well as prudent motives, the late earl, at least, used none of the proceeds of that property pending the contests for the succession. This is not to the purpose, however. There are still claimants in the field, but their probable success, after so many failures, may reasonably be doubted.

The family of Errol has been mentioned, as giving forth a younger branch, which, through the freaks of entail, carried a splendid estate to the house of Glasgow. It would be impossible to find a better instance of contrast than these two houses present, as regards what we have called, for want of a better word, ‘luck’ in families. Representative in the direct line of no less than four earldoms, the heir of the Hays of Errol—that race who won, traditionally, the battle of Luncarty, and so perhaps saved Scotland from having a second Canute among her kings—is yet very far from being one of our wealthy nobility now-a-days. He is a Boyd, properly by surname, being descended directly in the male line from the unhappy William Boyd, Earl of Kilmarnock, who was beheaded at Tower-hill in 1746. That nobleman had wedded Lady Anne Livingston, only child and heiress of the last Earl of Linlithgow and Callendar. These two conjoined earldoms were forfeited in 1715, but to them Lord Boyd, son of the likewise attainted Earl of Kilmarnock by the marriage mentioned, was at all events heir of line. However, he succeeded to the honours of neither his father nor his mother, but to those of his grandmother, Lady Margaret Hay, who had married Lord Linlithgow, and became ultimately in her own right Countess of Errol. Inheriting so many dignities, but for the accidents of fortune, and entitled to bear so many noble names, the representatives of the Earls of Errol are yet by no means to be ranked, as has been already hinted, among the lucky families of our nobility. We have mentioned one instance in which fortune fairly seemed to take the field against them, and to prevent the enrichment of a junior male branch of their house.

We have many more instances of family luck, good and bad, to produce to the reader, but must here end for the time our heraldic gossiping. Before closing, however, let us avoid the chance of giving offence by again remarking, that the word ‘luck’ has been here used by us merely because it is the common phrase for indicating such minor chances as befall men in this world. Indeed, while all well regulated minds recognise a providence in every

thing, it would be but a profanation of the word to use it lightly, and on any and every trivial occasion. Therefore, in all likelihood, will 'luck' and 'fortune' be phrases among us of enduring stability.

THE NEWSPAPER STAMP.

It was on the evening of Monday, the 28th of July, in the year 1712, that two middle-aged men came out of Wills's Coffeehouse, and slowly walked through the close lanes that led to the heart of the city. As they passed along, they encountered a bevy of newsvenders, known then as hawkers or 'Mercuries,' who were bawling at the top of their lungs, 'Here you have the last number of the *Observer*—the last number—no other number will ever be published, on account of the stamp.' 'Here you have the *Flying Post*, which will go on in spite of the stamp.' 'Here you have the *Spectator*, this day's *Spectator*, all writ by the greatest wits of the age.' The more brisk of the two friends twitched his companion's arm and whispered, 'That's at any rate a comfort, Addison.' 'True fame, Steele,' was the reply. Their onward course was to a small printing-office in Little Britain. They climbed the narrow staircase, and were in a close and dingy room, with two printing-presses, and working spaces for four compositors. A grave man was reading at a desk, and he bowed reverently to the gallants in lace and ruffles, who thus honoured him by a visit to his dark den of letters. 'Why, Mr Buckley,' said Steele, 'your narrow passages and close rooms remind me of the printer of Ben Johnson, who kept his press in a hollow tree. We are come to talk with you about this villainous stamp; a red stamp, they tell me it is to be, not black, like its father. Lillie is obstinate, and says our penny *Spectator* must be raised to twopence; and, if so, where are our customers to come from?' 'I'm for stopping,' interposed Addison. 'Not so, sir; not so, I pray, ejaculated the frightened printer; 'there isn't such a paper in town, sir. Goes into the houses of the first of the quality; not a coffeehouse without it. Not like your *Post-boys* and *Post*, which are read by shopkeepers and handicrafts.' 'I should like to be read by shopkeepers and handicrafts,' said Steele. 'O dear, no, sir; quite impossible, sir. They must have coarse food—ghosts and murders. Delicate wit like Mr Addison's, fine morality like Mr Steele's, are for the town, sir, not the populace.' 'A nice distinction, truly,' cried Addison; 'audience fit, though few.' 'Few, sir! why, we print three thousand; and we shall print as many when the stamp doubles our price. Our customers will never stand upon a shilling a week; and besides, those who support the Government will rejoice in the opportunity of paying the tax. I shouldn't wonder if the stamp doubled our sale.' 'Very sanguine, Mr Buckley.' 'Sanguine, sir! Who wouldn't be sanguine, when rare wits like you condescend to write for the town? There is Dr Swift, too, I hear, has been writing penny paper after penny paper. A fine hand, gentlemen! Are we to go back to our old ignorant days because of a red stamp? We must go on improving. Look at my printing-office, and see if we are not improved. Why, sir, Roger L'Estrange, when he set up the *Intelligencer*, fifty years ago, gave notice that he would publish his one book a-week, 'to be published every Thursday night, and finished upon the Tuesday night, leaving Wednesday entire for the printing it off.' And now I, gentlemen, can, without boasting, print your *Spectator* off every day, and not even want the copy more than three days before the publication: think of that, gentlemen; a half sheet every day. A hundred years hence nobody will believe it.' 'You are a wonderful man, Mr Buckley, and we are all very grateful to you,' said the laughing-eyed essayist; 'but, talking of a hundred years hence, who can say that our moral and mechanical improvements are to stop here? I can imagine a time when every handicraft in the country shall read; when the footman behind the carriage shall read; when the Irish chairman shall read; and when your *Intelligencer* shall hear of a great battle on the Wednesday morning, and have a full account of it

published on the Thursday.' 'That, sir, with all submission, is actually impossible; and surely you are joking when you talk of the vulgar learning to read, and taking delight in reading. Reading will never go lower than our shopkeepers, I think.' 'I wonder,' said Addison, 'what the people would read a hundred years hence, if they had the ability? They must have books especially suited to their capacities.' 'They would read your *Vision of Mirza*, and know something about your Sir Roger de Coverley.' 'Come, come, Deacon, don't be sarcastic. I thought I was pitching my key low enough to suit our tops, and our courtiers, and our coffeehouse loungers; but to be relished by the rabble! A pinch of snuff, if you please.' 'If I could see the day,' said Steele, 'when we had a nation of readers, and books could circulate rapidly through the whole country, I would leave the town to mend its follies as it best might, and set up for a teacher of the people. We would make your press do ten times its present work then, Mr Buckley.' 'Ah, sir, great men like you always have their dreams! I once knew a clever man who fancied the mail would some time or other go to York in three days. Poor man, he was very nearly mad.' Addison whispered to his friend that the printer would number him amongst the Bedlam candidates if he propounded any more of his speculations; and then, drawing himself up with greater dignity, rejoiced the honest printer's heart by a memorable declaration:—'Come what may, we shall go on in spite of the stamp. There, Mr Buckley, is the copy for No. 445, Thursday, July 31, which announces our resolve. We will not be cashiered by acts of parliament.'—*Knight's Penny Magazine*.

TALES OF THE CENTURY.*

This volume cannot fail to become a general favourite. In Scotland, especially, we anticipate for it decided success. The field which the authors have selected for this the first specimen of their story-telling powers was certainly an exceedingly hazardous one. Scott occupied it for years, and stalked over it when he chose, the acknowledged monarch of the soil. He knew his ground, understood where to plant his feet, and no accident befel. But, with perhaps a single exception or two, no one else proved fortunate. It is strewn with the blasted hopes of the vanquished, and still remains covered with the bleached bones of the slain. To venture, after so many warnings, on the very same ground which Scott trode and made almost exclusively his own, and to commence a career by hazardous comparison with the great magician himself, required, to say the least of it, no small amount of courage. Yet, we suspect, the courage of the author has at this point failed, and that he has shrouded himself in an *incognito* similar to that of Scott in his earlier works. The volume bears to be the production of John Sobieski and Charles Edward Stuart. If so, the harmony of idea and the 'flow of soul' is something remarkable; but, be this as it may, whether the authorship be real or assumed, the work is certainly one of no ordinary merit, and will amply repay a perusal. Besides a large amount of historical and legendary reminiscences in the shape of notes, the work contains three distinct tales, which, though separately intelligible enough, do best, like the 'Monastery' and 'Abbot,' to be read consecutively, as they bear to one another the same mutual relation. From the second of these, 'The Red Eagle,' we give our extracts. It opens with the somewhat commonplace description of the discovery, in some old concealed drawer of a writing-desk, of MS. papers, which, being in the handwriting of the discoverer's father, he, of course, makes haste to examine. This was in 1831; and as the manuscript was written forty years before, we are carried back at once to an era not greatly distant from the battle of Culloden. 'The greater part of the journal,' says the writer, 'was written at an early part of my

* Tales of the Century, or Sketches of the Romance of History between the years 1746 and 1846. By JOHN SOBIESKI and CHARLES EDWARD STUART. Edinburgh: James Marshall. London: Charles Dolman. 1847.

father's life, when the desolating changes that followed the '45 were only beginning to come into effect.'

The story opens with a scene in Berwickshire, near the Lammermoirs. A young stranger gentleman pays a visit to a village churchyard in the locality specified, just at the time that a funeral procession arrived. The scene was, of course, solemn and impressive. After the mourners had retired, the stranger observed an old woman still standing beside the grave. Her head was covered in her dark faded plaid, so that her features could not be seen; but the circumstance of her dropping upon the grave a bunch of heather before she withdrew, evinced her to be a native of the Highlands. The stranger followed her; and after inquiring if she knew an Elspeth M'Donnel, comes to learn that he has stumbled at once on the very person he had come to inquire about. Elspeth, to her equal surprise, is soon made to learn that the young stranger is no other than Ronald M'Donnel, the son of her old West Highland master, and the same she had nursed when a child. Ronald had been in India pushing his fortune, and was now come back to purchase the estate and old castle from which his father, who favoured the claims of the Stuart, had, during the troubles of 1745, been expelled. His property was seized, exposed for sale, and soon after purchased by a nobleman from the south. All the old tenantry, including Elspeth herself, had been soon thereafter ruthlessly expelled by the nobleman's factor. Some had emigrated to America, several had died, and many, like Elspeth herself, were living in their own land, but still among strangers. Ronald, however, had now, in the prime of life, returned with a considerable fortune, and only two days before he discovered Elspeth, succeeded in re-purchasing the old family castle and estate. His parents were both dead, he was now 'laird himself'; and he told his old nurse that he was on the eve of setting out to the West Highlands to take possession of the property of his ancestors. 'I have bought it back,' he said; 'the house, glen, all!' The old woman clasped her hands, and raised her streaming eyes to heaven. At last, in a melancholy voice, she exclaimed, 'But ah! ye can never bring back the people!' Young Ronald said he would endeavour to do all he could to get back as many as possible of the banished tenants, and gave Elspeth a pressing invitation to come and enjoy the remainder of her days in her native glen. Escorted by an old Highland soldier, young Ronald set out early on the following morning for the Castle of Dulochan, the residence of his forefathers, situated in a remote district of the West Highlands. He had to make several stoppages by the way, and it was seven days before he had completed his journey. When he demanded admission at the castle gate he was surprised to find it opened by old Elspeth herself, who gave her young master to understand that she had arrived two days previously, having set out from Berwickshire nearly about the same time with himself, in order that she might be at hand on his arrival to minister to his wants. He is then shown into his bedroom, 'the vera same,' as Elspeth needlessly reminded him, 'that ye slepfit in the night before ye left the countra, only there's a new flure, a new rufe and a wianock, and a door, and sic like.' Next morning, before getting out of bed, he is visited by the grey bending figure of the former old steward of the family; and his father's great deer-bound sprag on his breast, and saluted him with his rough beard. After a few inquiries how the dog had been cared for, he held out his hand to the old man; 'You, and Elspeth, did the dog,' said he, 'are all that have been left to me; we'll never part more. How are the people in the glen?'

'There's name left for twenty miles,' said the old steward; 'and I dinna ken what had come o' the puir bonnie bit bodies if it hadna been for the Iolair-dhearg, that was staying at Dundarach,—and on but he was dead!'

'And who is the Iolair-dhearg?'

To this the old man replied, that all that was known regarding him was, 'that he came as simmer's morning

in a great king's ship till Lochandrine; that he was called Iolair-dhearg, the Red Eagle, for his red tartan and the look o' his e'e, that was never in the head o' man or bird but the eagle and Prince Charlie; that the postmaster said his name was Captain O'Haleran, and that he was son to a great admiral in the south.

After breakfast a note was handed to him from Glen-garve, the family chieftain, whose age wanted only a single day of a hundred years, inviting him to take up his residence with him till his own house should be put into better repair. The old chieftain was, of course, a staunch adherent of the Stuart race; and as he was enlarging before dinner on the merits of the banished prince, an arrival was announced. This was no less a personage than the main hero of the story, 'Iolair-dhearg,' or the Red Eagle. Eneas, a grandson of the aged chief, who formed one of the party, started up to meet him, and leading him to his grandfather, 'Captain O'Haleran,' said he; 'the gentleman of whom I spoke, is come to see you.'

The old chief gently nodded his head, but he did not speak, and gazed on him an absent look. As the stranger bent towards him, a sudden beam of the setting sun came through the window, and lit up his noble features, and the long golden hair which fell upon his shoulders. I thought involuntarily of the pictures of Charles Edward. The old man suddenly started, gazed eagerly upon his countenance, and pulling off his bonnet, grasped the arms of his chair as if to rise: they supported him, and he rose slowly up to his giant height, and bent his knee before the stranger.

The colour came into his face; but he stretched out his hand, and, raising the old man, inquired of his health, without noticing this appearance of failing intellect. The venerable chief turned away, and the tears ran down his face. 'God bless your royal highness!' said he; 'God bless you! Well, indeed I am to see this day!'

The old chieftain had mistaken his young visitant for the prince, to whom he bore so marked a likeness, and though speedily undeceived, he, however, after resuming his seat, became excited and impassioned, and addressing the Iolair-dhearg, exclaimed—

'I know you, who you are! God has written it on your brow! thou art the 'true bird of the mountain!' The rose that blossomed in the Duthaich-chéin—the red eagle of victory that should come from the sea—before the flood shall wash the foot of the tree at Bail 'Ionarara—before the coming of 'Gregor with the black knee'—when the 'white horse' shall carry the last of Clan O'Duine over Drumalbin; and the 'many coloured mantle' shall float down Lochfine, and the eagle, and the raven, and the hawk shall take his own!'

His eyes faded, his head sunk down upon the chair, and for a long while he spoke no more. At last he looked up, his face was pale and altered, and there was a dim blank whiteness on his eyes—he swept back the hair from them with his thin fingers, and pointed to the wall.

'Thoir na h-airm!' said he, feebly.

Eneas lifted down the long black sword, the dirk, and the target that hung over the chimney. The old man bent his bald eyes towards them, and felt them eagerly with his hands—he groped for the hilt; Eneas supported the blade, for it was too heavy for him, and he grasped his hand within the guard; for a moment his pale thin features grew sharp and stern, and his eyes fixed towards the stranger. He stretched out his left hand, and felt in the air, 'A Mhic an Rìgh!' said he; 'Thig dlùth Mhic an Rìgh!'

The young man approached, he felt for his arm, and placed his hand on the sword.

'It was at Cillechrakie—Sherramuir—Culloden,' said he, 'they came to take it—I hid it by my son's grave, where I buried him in the hill under the rock! I am going to meet him.'

His voice failed—he bent down his head. Eneas supported him in his arms, and the stranger held his hand as he stood beside him. Once more he looked up, once more he pressed the hand of the stranger, and laid it

upon the head of his grandson, 'Mo Rìgh! Mo Mhac! Glòir Alabin gubràth!' he said. A still smile came over his features, his head sank down upon the arm of the stranger, and his last deep breath passed across his hand.

The morning was yet scarce light, for the deep black silent clouds rested upon all the hills, as if they had come down to darken that day of mourning; not a breath of wind stirred the still bosom of Lochaniche, nor a sound came from the hill, but the deep, dull, sullen roar of the distant Garve. All was yet silent in the house, but a red still light shone in several of the windows, and at times a passing shadow told that some were already stirring at that unusual hour.

As the light advanced, a faint uncertain sound came from the mountain; but at length the hum of pipes could be distinctly heard in the gorges of the glens, and suddenly an approaching pibroch, and the heavy tramp of men, advanced up the avenue. It came on till the black shadowy column appeared between the trees, and the light fluttering streamers of the pipe could be distinguished amidst the dark waving of the tartans. In a few minutes another body approached from the opposite side, and in less than half an hour every road was darkened by the long black columns of the clans pouring down towards the house. As they arrived upon the lawn, they formed up into line, leaving an interval between each body, and before the house a larger space, in which was pitched the yellow banner of Glengarve, and the famous heath standard of the Clannodnel.

The piper took his place before the colours, and there was a long deep pause, till suddenly the door of the house was thrown open, and a dim glimmer of light appeared in the hall. It was already filled with the 'ceann tigh,' or gentlemen—heads of houses or clan septs—and in the midst appeared the deep black pall which covered the vast coffin. The pistols, dirk, and broadsword of the deceased lay upon the lid, and at the head the eagle-plumed bonnet and a branch of heath, the badge of his clan. Four Highlanders, with fir torches, stood at the corners of the hearse, and upon the wall a wax taper burned upon the white glimmering forehead of each deer's skull, and cast a wan light among the shadowy plaids and arms, and over the throng of plumes and tartans which stood about the coffin. At the extremity of the crowd I distinguished the figure of the 'Iolair-dhearg,' his tall eagle's wing veiled with black crape, and the bright glitter of his arms and ornaments obscured by the same sable covering. While I watched his deep noble countenance, as it was fixed towards the hearse, Alan-dall, blind Alan, the favourite bard of Glengarve, groped through the crowd towards the coffin. He started as he touched the velvet, but immediately felt it eagerly with his hands, and grasped the coffin, the arms, the bonnet, and we thrilled at his voice, as he wept aloud and exclaimed, 'Ochon! ochon! ochon! Mhac Mhic Raonail! Cha n-fhaic mi thu cha n-fhaic mi thu a-chaoidh? A Làimh dheas a' Ghaeil!' While we stood round him in silence, Eneas, accompanied by his uncles, entered the hall. Alan stopped at the sound of his step, but his hands clenched in the pall, and his bald eyes turned suddenly towards the piper. The young chief whispered to the Iolair-dhearg, and advanced to the head of the coffin. The stranger came forward and took the head of the bier; the vast flowing veil of black velvet rose slowly upward, and the sudden burst of the pipes blew up the march of 'Cille-Chriosd.' The banners were already lifted—the coffin passed slowly out beneath them—and the long procession moved forward to the avenue. As the coffin passed the ruined barican, a bright flash of lightning shot above us, the flame played upon the arms, and all at once the heavy thunder burst over our head, and drowned the clamour of the pipes. The storm seemed to wake, as if the heaven and the earth rose up to meet us. All the way as we passed on, the lightning flashed above, and the thunder and the rain swept around, as if the heaven shouted over us, and wept its tears upon the pall.

The bard lifted his bonnet, and waved his hand to the sky. A bright wild light of inspiration came to his sightless eyes, and suddenly he burst into a deep wild song of lament and exultation—calling the heaven and the storm to the grave of his chief, and constantly recurring with wild burden to the ancient distich:—

'Is sona 'Bhean-bainne' air an eirich grìan!
'Is beannaicht' an corp air an tuit an fhrao!

'Happy is the bride that the sun shines on!
Blessed is the corpse that the rain rains upon!'

In a few moments the whole host of the people caught the strain, and the deep surge of two thousand voices rolled up to heaven with the song. As the chorus went and came, the figure of the Iolair-dhearg seemed to rouse up like the eagle in the storm, and his tall noble figure moved like the bright battle-spirit of the hills amidst the dark black cloud of cloaks and plaids. His glimmering arms and ornaments glittering with the lightning, and the white rose of his bonnet, and the red wing of his plaid, shining like a pale star, and waving like the red lights of heaven on the clouds above.

At length the black column approached the burn which winds round the little solitary chapel of Laggan, the last resting-place of the great—the beautiful—the noble of Clanranald for a hundred generations. The stream was now swollen to a deep, black, furious torrent; but there was no check amidst the crowd. The dark, dense, shadowy column rushed amidst the foaming water, and, locked arm in arm, bore through the roaring torrent, amidst a white cataract of foam and spray. For a moment the wild thrilling battle-clamour of the pipes remained stationary upon the bank, as the crowd struggled with the stream; and, at every shock of the wind and flood, the shrill rapid pealing of the pibroch came up in the blast like the cry of the storm spirit. The coffin reached the middle of the stream—it stopped—the heavy spray dashed up over the pall, and the black heavy mass trembled, wavered, rocked, like a toppling tree. 'Làmh dhearg bhuadhach! Chlann Dòmhnail!' cried Eneas, through the wind. The thunder of the war-cry came up over the storm, and the black waving pall, and all its plumes and bonnets, passed forward through the torrent. We ascended the bank, and crossed the level field, and reached the gate of the chapel girth. The pipes stopped all at once, as they went through; and the deep heavy tramp of the crowd was all which came amidst the storm.

The coffin passed into the chapel. The mourners gathered round the grave, and the bright figure of the priest in his chasuble came forward through the dark crowd of tartans. A few pale tapers were set about the bier, and shed a faint light across the coffin, and over the deep, dark, shadowy mouth of the pit where it was to rest for ever. The priest advanced to the brink, and began the service. The corpse was lowered slowly into the grave, and a deep thrilling shudder ran through the crowd as the fearful hollow sound of the earth rebounded on the coffin. I looked up, the cold clear blue of the autumn sky appeared through the dark roof, and one pale star looked in upon the grave.

'Requiem æternam dona ei Domine,' said the priest; 'requiescat in pace!'

The deep amen passed away among the people like a murmuring surge, and the low muttering thunder of heaven answered it back upon the hill.

The night was far gone as I passed along the silent solitary street of Port Michael towards the house where I was to spend the remaining hours till morning. The great bodies of the funeral had marched away before nightfall for their respective glens, but numbers still remained in the little town; every room and changehouse which could afford a lodging was occupied, and long after dark many a solitary figure, yet seeking for a shelter, was seen hastily passing through the street. All, however, had now retired to some resting-place. The night was deathly calm and dark as I passed along the shore.

Not a star shone in the sky, nor a light in a window, and all was still, and silent, and breathless, as if the heaven and the earth listened with fearful pause for some terrible event.

I stopped upon the brow of the pier-cliff, and looked down upon the sea. It lay like a black void gulf below me; no stir, nor sight, nor sound, but the little still red light upon Eilein-marbh, and the low, deep, distant hum of the stream upon Beann-na-gaioith. For several moments I watched the pale spark of the fisherman's hut, and the long quiet pencil of reflection which slept upon the water. 'How many a fearful night has that lonely beam seen around it!' I thought; and, turning from the cliff, hastened to my lodging.

I was aroused by a loud noise. The whole world seemed rocking and rolling round the house. At first, in that confusion with which the mind awakes in any sudden or violent disturbance, I had no distinct sense of the cause; but in a moment I was aware of the conflict of a hurricane: The wind roared in the chimney; the rain washed against the window like a torrent; the blast shook the rattling casement, as if it would shatter the panes from the leads; and the deep terrific roar of the sea came like thunder through the confusion of sounds. I started up and listened, for I was yet sensible of having been awakened with some other noise. Suddenly the report of a cannon burst in the wind, and the quick rush and clamour of a crowd of people came past under the window. I started up, and hurried on my dress, and descended to the door. Donald, my attendant, was already there.

'Here's an awful night, sir!' said he.

While he spoke, the thunder of the cannon came again through the storm.

'What guns are those?' said I.

'A great ship has mistaken the light on Eilein-marbh for the pier-head,' replied he, 'and has struck on the Drum-an-t-orc.'

'Is any gone to her assistance?' said I.

'Chial! Chial! Glendulochan!' exclaimed Donald; 'there's no the face o' man can cross the Kyle.'

I folded my plaid about me, and hastened out towards the shore. As I approached, the deafening roar of the beach came like thunder through the darkness, and for a moment I could see the dim white mountain of foam and surf burst upon the rocks. The strand was crowded with people, and all the boats were drawn up high above the water. Numerous lanterns moved quickly along the crags, or shone with a dim stationary glimmer through the storm-baze; but it was so dark, that I could scarce discern the white sheet of the surge which broke at my feet. The voice of the fishermen could scarce be heard through its roar, and it was only where the lanterns shed a dusky glimmer among the plaids and bonnets that I could discern the dense still crowd which was gathered about me.

All at once the broad glare of a fire-beacon rose up on the cliff, and shed its dusk-red light over the rock and the dark shadowy figures along the strand. As the tall fitful flame wavered on the wind, it threw its momentary flashes upon the tops of the mountain breakers, but all beyond was one black empty line of void darkness.

I now discovered the pilots making signals at the tide-post. 'Is it yet near the flood?' said I to an old man who stood beside me.

He stopped his lantern to the ground, and I saw that we stood upon the green turf, though the waves washed up to our feet. 'A chial!' I exclaimed, 'is this the high-water mark?'

'Never before, since the great flood of the world,' replied the fisherman, 'there's no the oldest man on the coast has seen such a tide—at the highest she does na come to the bent hill, and now she's gone ow'r the Brugich-mar, and is out on the hail carse o' Moi.'

'And where are the cattle—the people?' I exclaimed.

'Gone to the great deep!' answered the fisherman.

I stood silent and appalled. 'To-night,' said the old man, 'is the anger of God in yonder water—and, on't ye'll see a sight when the morn breaks!'

While we spoke, the heavy report of the guns continued at steady intervals, and I saw the red flash not above two hundred fathoms before us. As I listened for the shot, a feeble old man pushed through the crowd to the brink of the water, and, as he looked upon the surf, he clasped his hands and exclaimed, 'O! Dhia! Dhia! an Eilean! an Eilean!' (The island! the island!)

None had thought of it before. 'Who! who are there?' cried several voices at once.

'Mo Nighean! Mo Nighean!' (my daughter, my daughter) exclaimed he.

A murmur of horror rose from the crowd, and I remembered the light which I had seen at the hut as I returned home.

'It was on the wee green bank in the sand bent,' said the old man to whom I had first spoken. 'It will be as fathom under the water e'neu!'

The father stood with his hands fast clenched, his eyes fixed in the darkness—he had no plaid nor bonnet, his breast was open to the rain, and his long grey hair whistled in the wind. Donald took off his own bonnet and covered his head, but he did not move, nor speak, nor turn his face. The crowd gathered about him; but after the first inquiries none spoke to him, for he did not answer. I turned away, for I could not look on his despair—and what could I say to him?

The people continued to reply to the minute guns with their lights; and there was now a distant fire burning on the opposite foreland of the sound, to direct the ship between the main and the isle. Before daylight the guns ceased; and we watched with intense anxiety for the dawn, to discover the situation of the ship. At length the day broke; the ridges of the waves came out to the grey light, but as the narrow channel appeared, nothing could be seen but the white terrific hurricane of water, and the black solitary head of Eilean-marabh!

The little island was almost buried in the waves, and only the black point of its sharp rock could be distinguished amidst the surf. As the light advanced, however, I distinguished a white object upon the summit; at first I thought it was but foam, but at length I saw it move, and taking the glass from the old pilot, discerned the shape of a human figure. The old fisherman snatched the glass out of my hand, and pointed it on the rock. It shook in the blast, but for a moment it came steady. The old man dropped it on the grass, and falling on his knees, clasped his hands; 'Praise to God! praise to God! praise to God!' he exclaimed, 'She is yet alive!'

I snatched up the glass, and distinguished the white slender figure of a girl upon the rock—her long pale hair flew uncovered in the blast, and as her white earasaid fluttered fast in the wind, she stood straight, fixed, and motionless, her hands clasped, and her face bent towards the shore; suddenly she waved her little slender hand in the wind, and the pale earasaid fluttered up towards us.

'Am bàta! am bàta!' (a boat, a boat) cried the old man with a terrible voice.

A sharp, deep biorliinn lay drawn up beside us, and several powerful young fishermen leaned upon the gunwale—but none moved nor answered. The old man tottered forward to the stern, 'Donald! Aonghas! Eachain!' he called, but none spoke out of the crowd. He wrung his hands, 'Men! brothers! fathers!' he cried, 'will none go!'

'Alas!' said Donald, 'if they had the 'blessed ship of Clanranald' they could not go!'

At this moment the venerable priest of Port Michael pressed through the crowd towards the old man. For a moment he stopped and spoke to the people, but they shook their heads and lifted their hands, and I could hear 'A chial! a chial! cha n-e Fionn mòr féin!' (Alas, alas, not the great Fingal himself!)

The priest came forward to the old man, who had thrown himself on the turf, and strove to raise and console him; but he did but clench the grass, and shake his grey hair, and turn his face to the ground. The pastor looked suddenly to the crowd. 'I have steered a boat

myself,' said he; 'it is possible—with the help of the Almighty!'

The water was still rising on the grass, and I looked anxiously towards the island. The white slender figure stood dim and motionless upon the rock; but at times I could see the fluttering ear-sail waved up in the wind. Suddenly a tremendous breaker burst upon the island, and for a moment all seemed buried in the foam; a loud clamouring murmur went up from the crowd, and the priest redoubled his incitements to the boatmen.

At this moment the Iolair-dhearg came through the crowd—we stood motionless about the boat, and the old man knelt and clasped his hands and cried—'Ochón! Mo 'Nigheann fein! Is mise tha sean, an-diugh, cha n-urrainn mi 'n stùit a chumail ni 's mò.' (Alas, my daughter, it is I that am old to-day and cannot hold the helm!)

The priest stretched out his hand to the rock, 'In the name of God, the God of battle and the storm,' said he, 'let some go to the help of that poor child!'

The stranger laid his hand on the boat: 'Lauich her awáy!' said he.

The old man sprung on his feet, and the priest came eagerly forward. 'Will you indeed go?' exclaimed he. 'But, oh! who will go with you?'

'God and these good fellows,' said the stranger, pointing to six young fishermen who had followed him; and throwing off his plaid, he leaped into the boat. The crowd gathered about the galley, and in a few moments the rudder was shipped, the sail unfurled, and the Iolair-dhearg stood with the sheet in his hand watching for the next wave. It came tumbling, foaming, roaring forward like a mountain, and burst along the coast in a hurricane of foam and thunder; the white froth lipped the boat's keel, but the next moment it retired, and the broad, smooth, foaming sheet swept raking down the beach. The stranger dropped into the stern sheet.

'Let go!' cried he, and the long, black, slender galley shot down like an arrow amidst the receding water. In an instant the ebb took her away twenty fathoms into the white tumult of surf; for a moment nothing appeared but the black rolling mast and the heads of the men—now up—now gone; but suddenly the short white storm-sail rose in the wind. The boat shot up—away—over the next wave before it broke, and flew out through the terrific surf like a bird.

The old man sunk on his knees, and clasped his hands, his sharp rigid face fixed towards the boat, and his low eager voice repeating, 'God hold the helm! God hold the helm! God hold the helm!'

A deep breathless silence rested in the crowd, but at every interval, as the little white storm-sail shot up above the black gulf, by which it seemed momentarily buried, a hoarse deep murmur rose from the throng, and I heard, 'A chial! a chial! the terrible hand! the terrible hand on the helm!'

Whenever we could see her, the boat held her course upon the island, without losing half a point from the wind; at last we could discern her approach the white head of foam. For a few moments it hovered round the black rock like a sea swallow, till suddenly she went down the wind like a dart. 'She's awa' for the lea water!' exclaimed a pilot, 'she's awa' for the lea water! and yon's no the hand o' man on the helm!'

As he spoke, she disappeared behind the island, and we could see the little fluttering figure turn towards it. 'A nis! a nis! a nis! a Dhia! a nis!' (Now, now, now! O God, now!) exclaimed the old man.

At this moment a terrific explosion of lightning and thunder burst together over the island, and land, rock, water, vanished in one dazzling confusion of light. I opened my giddy sight; the white fragile figure was gone, and there appeared only the low, black, solitary helmet of the rock amidst the mountain of foam and spray. There was a fearful pause. Suddenly the white sail shot like a bird into our sight, and, free to the wind,

flew towards the shore. Often it was lost for several moments, but again shot up nearer and nearer, till at last we could see the long black boat riding like a witch-boat over the waves. The people crowded down to the water—the wave hid her from our sight—another—and another—again she shot up not sixty fathoms distant, and one long fearful roaring shot came up twenty yards up the smooth grass. In an instant, a hundred hands gathered up out of the water, a loud bursting thunder of shouts rose up through the storm, the crowd parted asunder, and the Iolair-dhearg bore out the pale, weeping, faint girl, and laid her in the arms of her father.

The sun was low upon the sea, as I came to the summit of the little knoll which looks down over the white cliffs upon Lochandrine; the long silver ripple of the tide scarce lipped upon the sand; the broad, clear, spotless blue of the autumn sky slept with the stillness of heaven upon the hills, and the intermitting breath of wind scarcely shook away the yellow rain-drops from the slender birch. The solitary robin whistled in the thorn, and at times could hear the still mournful fall of the autumn leaf as it dropped upon the grass. I looked towards Port-Michael each lone blue isle and headland sent up its still white smoke in the sun, Eilean-Marabh alone was dark, a dim, and desolate.

As I gazed towards it, the low black shadow of a sail of war, under jury masts, came out from the south against the light. As she rounded the point, she kept slowly in with the land, and even at that distance, her vast shape looked grim, and torn, and shattered, like a giant warrior from the battle. She advanced with gun-shot of the cliff below me, and slowly bringing round her head, lay aback to the wind, and I saw a boat put out for the shore. As I watched it, an old fisherman came from the beach, and I asked about the ship. 'It is the frigate that struck on the Drum-an-t-ore last night,' said he. 'Yon awsum tide heezed her off afore the morning and she rode out the storm in the sound; she's back new for the Iolair-dhearg.'

'What! did she come for him?' said I.

'Aye,' replied the old man; 'he's awa south the day. As he spoke a quick step came through the trees, and the young stranger sprang out from the copse-path. He stopped, and kindly returned the salute of the fishermen as he lifted his bonnet.

'Aweel, sir, and ye're awa!' said he.

'Indeed am I,' replied the stranger; 'and heavy is the day to me.'

The old man shook his head—'Tis the pair folks will say that,' replied he; 'we needna think to see the like o' your father's son again.'

The young man smiled mournfully—'I will come back to you in the spring,' said he—'in the spring when the rose blossoms and the sun shines upon the heather.'

The old man's face brightened—'Dhia beannachd a' le! agus Eirichlhb air sgiath nam Beann, Iolair oig nas a' h-Albainn!'

A tear came to the stranger's eye; he held out his hand to the old man, and, lifting his bonnet to me, bounded down the path among the trees. In less than a quarter of an hour, I saw the indistinct speck of the boat glide out from the woody promontory below, and recede till she vanished under the shadow of the frigate. For a few moments the ship lay still and motionless; but suddenly her broad white wings went round to the wind, a white ensign fluttered up to the mast-head, and the black shattered ship stood slowly into the offing. I watched her till she entered the yellow stream of the sinking sun, and faded—faded—faded, till she seemed to pass away into the setting glory.

The old chieftain it will have been seen was nearly right in his surmises regarding the Red Eagle's rank. He was son to the unfortunate Charles Edward Stuart, and after a variety of adventures, which are described at length in the subsequent tale, he marries an English lady of rank, and leaves the country for Italy, where he spent the remainder

his days. Ronald spent a happy life afterwards on the covered estate of his father, fulfilling to the delighted Ispeith, the affectionate hoary-headed steward, and even a faithful deerhound, all the promises he had made.

PAGE BY PÆDEUTES.

ERBAL criticism is a department of grammar which has been generally deemed dry and uninteresting, and its study is the butt of ridicule and sarcasm; but despite Butcher's satiric rhyme,

'That they are found
To flourish most in barren ground,'

any modern attempts have abundantly proved that the derivations of words may be both taught and learned in a manner at once pleasing, popular, and beneficial. It will be found that the mere investigation of a word will often cause discomfiture and elicit facts which throw light upon any of those domestic traits and social habits of a nation that have escaped the penetration and scrutiny of the prosed historian; nay, more than this, it will be seen that just analysis of the terms and idiomatic phrases, which are often have excoagulated and coined, as signs expressive of their own sentiments and ideas, or borrowed as indicative of foreign modes of thought, illustrates their moral, intellectual, and religious history. With this view we will occasionally give examples from terms, either common or proper, as they occur to memory, without being tied down to any prescribed order, in the hope that the subject of Etymologies may be found of service to those of our readers who would fain write and read the English tongue with accuracy and understanding. Meantime we commence with the word *bumper*: *bûm-per*, noun common, is a cup, bowl, glass, or goblet filled with wine or other strong liquor to the brim, which it is the etiquette that the drinkers drain at a single draught. It is generally prefaced by a speech, and dedicated to the honour of some personage eminent for birth, rank, talents, beauty, or some other merit, real or supposed. At modern public festivals, civic dinners, and other convivial gatherings, the first flowing glass is always dedicated to the health of the reigning monarch, in testimony of the loyalty of the party; and it forms a prominent and appropriate part in the 'outcome' or chorus of many of our Bacchanalian rants. Thus, in that loyal and right royal song, 'The Queen, God bless her!' we have

'A goblet of Burgundy fill, fill for me,
Give those who prefer it Champagne;
But whatever the wine, it a bumper must be,
If we ne'er drink a bumper again.'

It would seem that, in Scotland, the word '*service*' was anciently used and understood in a sense somewhat synonymous with *bumper*; thus, in the following exquisite morceau of the fine olden time and taste,

'My ship, ridea by the Berwick-law,
The wind blows frae the Ferry
My boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
And I maun leave thee, Mary!

Go fetch to me a pint of wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie,
That I may drink, before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie.'

When Christendom was under the spiritual dominion of the Pope, it was the custom of every devout Catholic, after dinner or at a feast, to dedicate the first brimming glass to the holy patriarch of Rome and good father of the church. The formula of words employed was this, *A bon pere, i. e. to the good father*; and our modern *bumper* is neither more nor less than a contracted form or corruption, as it is technically called, of these two monosyllables *bon* and *pere*. But the investigation rests not here, we must dip deeper to come to the source. As Protestants have borrowed both the word and practice from their ancestors the Catholics, so these latter, for this as well as for many other customs, were indebted to their predecessors the Pagans; so imitative are mankind in every age and clime. History informs us that the Romans began their feasts and drinking-bouts by libations to their gods, and, in their de-

generate days, to their emperors. The *rex bibendi*, or master of the feast, who was generally the father of the family, uprose, and, crowning high the hereditary bowl, poured out a part in honour of some god whose image decorated the table, which was thereby deemed sacred as an altar. *Jupiter* or *Jove*, as the father of gods and men, and the patron of hospitality, was the most frequent object of this libation. The formula of words employed was '*Libo tibi bono patri*.' Here is the genuine source of our jovial English term *bumper*. This preliminary ceremony performed, the master drained the goblet, and thereafter it circulated round the company in due form.

But can the Romans with justice claim the paternity of this custom, which in a modified form obtains to this day? By no means. The Romans borrowed it from the Greeks, of whom in many things their rude conquerors were the servile imitators. Among the Greeks the favourite god of libation was Hercules, whence he was styled *Epētrapezius*, i. e. the president of the festive board. But had the ingenious Greeks, who were so excessively idolatrous as to erect altars to the 'Unknown God,' the merit of the invention of this custom? No, if we are to credit Quintus Curtius, who informs us in his history, book v. chap. 8, that the Persians practised the same custom of pouring out a libation to the image of some god, which consecrated the table. Thus far into remote antiquity has the investigation of the term *bumper* led us. *Brimmer* and *facer*, in the toper's vocabulary, are synonymous with *bumper*, with this difference, that *brimmer* merely implies that the bowl is filled to the brim, and *facer* means that it is filled tip-top, so that it cannot be handled, even by the most dexterous and steady hand without risk of spilling, and that the drinker has to stoop down to the table with his face to the glass, and make a prelibation. In this sense it occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's plays. We employ *bumper* as an adjective; thus we say, in Covent Garden parlance, a *bumper* house, when a histrionic star has attracted a crowded audience; and, in nautical lingo, we say a *bumper* ship, when a whaler has got a full cargo in bone and blubber.

We shall enliven this article with a passage from Virgil, as admirably translated by Dryden, which illustrates graphically the foregoing observations. It occurs at the end of the 1st *Æneid*:—

'A golden bowl, that shone with gems divine
The queen commanded to be crown'd with wine,
Then, silence through the hall proclaim'd, she spoke:
'O, hospitable Jove! we thus invoke,
With solemn rites, thy sacred name and power,
Bless to both nations this auspicious hour!
The goblet then she took, with nectar crown'd
(Sprinkling the first libations on the ground),
And raised it to her mouth with sober grace,
Then, sipping, offer'd it to the next in place.
'Twas Bitias whom she call'd—a thirsty soul;
He took the challenge, and embraced the bowl,
With pleasure swill'd the gold, nor ceased to draw,
Till he the bottom of the brimmer saw;
The goblet goes around.'

By way of corollary, we may subjoin the account which Buchanan gives of the goblet which the Orcadians of his day kept with great veneration, and which, for aught we know to the contrary, may still be religiously preserved as a curious relic of bluff antiquity. This goblet so far exceeds ordinary drinking-cups in size, that, with genuine classic taste, Buchanan says, it might have graced the board of the Centaurs and Lapithæ. There is a tradition, which they fondly propagate, that it belonged to St Magnus, who first preached the Christian doctrine and discipline among them. They say it was his ordinary drinking-cup; if so, then St Magnus was well named, and he might have coped with and *couped over* any Centaur that ever backed steed or bent a bicker. These islanders, whom the impregnation of the salt-water in their very atmosphere and soil renders constitutionally thirsty, are still wont to plead the example and authority of their great and boon tutelary saint as an apology and precedent for indulgence in the deep debauch. Upon the inauguration of a bishop, this huge crater, charged to the brim with potent wine, was in due form presented to the new incumbent, as a test

his fitness for the office. If he exhausted the pledge at draught, he was hailed with loud plaudits as a worthy successor of St Magnus. They interpret it as an auspicious omen that during his regime they will be prosperous both by land and sea—that Providence will bless them with bumper barns, and bumper boats, and abundance of 'godsend,' i. e. wrecked vessels, of which not a pul of the crew has escaped to be able to identify and aim the cargo. Perhaps this custom furnishes the clue to the adage, 'Drunk as a bishop.'

The custom once so prevalent of drinking and reciprocating the healths of parties present in private companies now, in accordance with the improved tone of feeling that characterises the age, exploded from all polite circles. Nothing could be more shocking to good taste, and it was the most vulgar phasis in which the 'gig-gag,' 'clapper-law' system and style of compliment ever exhibited themselves. We have heard of two boon friends, who, when drinking together, were wont alternately to propose and respond to each other's health in high-flown bumpers and hyperboles, till, dazzled by the effects of mutual laudations, they could not see each other across the table. Nay, it is said that one of these worthies was so inveterately addicted to this trick, that, when sitting alone over a solitary tumbler, he was wont to rise to his legs, launch out in his own praises, like the modest dictator, in the third person, and conclude by drinking his own health with all the honours, then resuming his seat; after a suitable interval of silence, he would again get to his feet and return thanks to himself for the honour done to himself, in due form of the first person, and style *egotistic*.

NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN.

Some people scorn to be taught; others are ashamed of it, as they would be of going to school when they are old: but it is never too late to learn what it is always necessary to know; and it is no shame to learn so long as we are ignorant—that is to say, so long as we live.

DUTY OF MASTERS.

It is the part of a wise and of a good man to deal with the inferior as he would have his superior deal with him. He that duly considers how many servants have come to be masters, and how many masters to be servants, will lay no great stress either upon the one title or upon the other.

DURABILITY OF THE BIBLE.

Let not any thing, however plausible, be substituted for the Bible: let nothing supersede it. The history of an ancient Church teaches a lesson never to be forgotten. The Jews had a written word, founded on stupendous miracles; but they turned aside from the fountain of living waters, and had recourse to the broken cisterns of human addition. The result of it was, that when Barabbas came, they said, Let him go free: when the Lord of Glory came of his own, they cried, Away with him; crucify him. And the final issue of this preference of tradition to the word of God was, that the Romans quickly gathered around the redoomed Jerusalem; the Roman eagle spread his wings, here the cherubim had been; the firebrands of the soldiery were placed amidst the carved work of the temple; the altar was overturned; the glory departed. And Josephus, the chronicler of the departed glory, warns us, as he records the Ichabod that rests on it, that it is an evil and a bitter thing to make void the word of God by the traditions and commandments of men. It is only when men lose sight of this book, that they take up other things. It is then we turn our backs upon the Sun of Righteousness, as we begin to light up the twinkling taper of earthly addition. It is when we have lost our way to the fountain-land that is in Scripture, that our vitiated taste is pleased with the dribblings of an earthly and polluted stream. The blessed book! we know that it shall never perish. These stars may be expunged from the firmament, but the word of God abideth for ever. It shall be embraced by all minds; it shall be possessed by every people; it shall be a glory of all time, the comfort of all hearts, and the

ornament of all the habitations of the children of men. It shall be translated into every speech: earth's thousand tongues shall repeat its melodies, from the pine-covered forests of the north to the palm-groves of the east. Its music shall mingle with the hum of great capitals, and blend with the breezes of the desert scene. Then it shall be seen, that what man calls great has its end; what God pronounces true endures for ever and ever.

A WISH.

BY NEWTON GOODRICH.

(Written for the Instructor.)

Oh! for a rural walk at eve,
When noise and strife are sinking,
Where quiet can my cares relieve,
Where flowers are dew-drops drinking,
While thought's still, sudden, solemn march
Brings beauteous things before me,
And high as is the welkin's arch
Hang God and nature o'er me!

'LOOK AT THE BRIGHT SIDE.'

(Written for the Instructor.)

Look at the bright side! The sun's golden rays
All nature illumine, and the heart of man cheereth:
Why wilt thou turn so perversely to gaze
On that dark cloud which now in the distance appeareth?

Look at the bright side! Recount all thy joys;
Speak of the mercies which richly surround thee;
Mute not for ever on that which annoys;
Shut not thine eyes to the beauties around thee.

Look at the bright side! Mankind, it is true,
Have their failings, nor should they be spoken of lightly:
But why on their faults thus concentrate thy view,
Forgetting their virtues which shine forth so brightly?

Look at the bright side! And it shall impart
Sweet peace, and contentment, and grateful emotion,
Reflecting its own brilliant hues on thy heart,
As the sunbeams that mirror themselves in the ocean.

Look at the bright side!—nor yield to despair:
If some friends forsake, yet others still love thee;
And when the world seems mournful colours to wear,
Oh, look from the dark earth to heaven above thee. W. M. H.

SECURITY.

It is a mark of the soundest wisdom not to pry into a secret, and, when found, of the purest honesty not to reveal it.

DESTRUCTION OF RATS AND MICE.

Some gardeners are in the habit of employing arsenic for poisoning pease, beans, grain, meat, &c., which they put in places frequented by rats and mice. This practice is exceedingly dangerous for other animals, and likewise for children. It is a much more simple and far less dangerous plan to rasp or crumble some bread, and mix it with equal quantities of powdered quick-lime and sugar, and lay small parcels of this mixture in the way of rats or mice. These, being very fond of sugar, eat the powder, and the liquids of the stomach coming in contact with the quick-lime produce an effect analogous to that produced by water on this substance: it becomes quenched. The violent inflammation which results causes death; and this may be accelerated by placing a vessel full of water within the reach of the animals.

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THE FOOD OF THE MILLION.

To procure a supply of food is the grand pursuit of all animated beings. For this the fowls of heaven continually roam the air, the fishes explore the deep waters, innumerable animals browse the grassy fields by day, while the lion and tiger prowl throughout the dark night intent upon their prey. At least nine-tenths of mankind are in the same predicament. Their best energies, their most earnest solicitudes, and, alas! too frequently the whole of their waking hours, are devoted to the incessant toil for bread. In a previous number (85) we gave an account of the functions of digestion, and now, leaving the regulation of the supply of the raw material of the 'food of the million' to our legislators, it may not be uninteresting to continue the subject by tracing more minutely the various processes of manufacture which this raw material undergoes, and the different textures and fabrics which it ultimately assumes under the nicely adjusted agency of the animal machine.

The living body is indeed a machine, and an admirable one it is, designed by the intelligence and framed by the art of Divine agency. Or it may rather be said to be made up of a series of apparatus, both of a chemical and mechanical nature, by which it assimilates materials from without and converts them into its own substance, thus becoming a self-sustaining, self-repairing, and reproducing agent. The celebrated John Hunter used facetiously to remark to his pupils, 'Some will have it that the stomach is a mill, others that it is a fermenting-vat, others, again, that it is a stew-pan; but in my view of the matter it is neither a mill, a fermenting-vat, nor a stew-pan, but a stomach, gentlemen, a stomach.' What would John Hunter now say, however, if Liebig told him, and that with strong reasons and facts for its probability, that the stomach, after all, is more like a fermenting-vat than anything else to which it could be compared? Neither did Dr Black anticipate when, about a century ago, he made his famous discovery of carbonic acid gas and latent heat, that it would be found that a species of slow combustion takes place in the body, so that, through the medium of the lungs, no less than thirteen ounces of carbon or charcoal are actually consumed daily, yielding as much heat to the system as an equivalent quantity of coals or charcoal would have produced by combustion in a common grate.

But any machine, however ingeniously constructed, cannot act of itself. It is a well known fact that no kind of machinery creates power; it is merely the medium of transmitting power; thus fire, water, steam, or the force of man or horses, are the powers which put machinery in motion, and of these powers there must be an increasing supply. It is the same with the animal machine, as regards its or-

ganic structure: it must have a regular supply of material, else its energies very soon become exhausted; this supply consists of food. The stomach is the great boiler, the source and centre from whence all the vigour of the system is derived. The food taken into the stomach, and digested into aliment, besides supplying the materials of every texture of the body, as bones, tendons, and muscles, is also the source of muscular power, or what is commonly called animal strength; moreover, entering into combination with the oxygen of the atmosphere, a degree of heat is produced by which the animal body always maintains a temperature higher than that of surrounding objects. We all know that to a labouring man, expending great animal force for a whole day, an ample supply of nourishment is absolutely necessary. When in the morning he commences his labour, his muscles are full, tense, and vigorous, but were he to prosecute his toil for a few days with a scanty supply of food, his muscles would soon become soft and flaccid, and would rapidly diminish in bulk, while their force or energy would also become exhausted. The cause of this may be thus briefly explained. Every part of his animal frame, but especially the muscular part, is continually undergoing change. By means of the nutritive apparatus, a constant supply of new matter is afforded, while no sooner is this new matter consolidated into flesh or muscle than it begins to suffer a decomposition, the particles undergo a chemical change; in scientific language, they are resolved into their original simple elements, and muscular force or power is the consequence of this change.

We have already said, that a certain degree of heat is continually being produced in the animal body, and this production also depends on chemical changes which take place between certain parts of the food and the oxygen of the atmosphere. A portion of vital air or oxygen is taken into the lungs at every inspiration, this air mingles with the blood, and in the course of its circulation through the blood-vessels it meets and combines with a portion of carbon derived from the aliment. During this change a degree of heat is produced in consequence of the conversion of the carbon and oxygen into carbonic acid, which latter is discharged from the lungs as superfluous. Now, this heat of the body cannot be kept up without a regular supply of food. One consequence of starvation is a universal chilliness over the whole body; while all have experienced the increased glow and warmth which follow the eating of a hearty meal. Thus, too, in warm climates, where the necessity of keeping up internal heat is not so great, the diet which nature requires is light and sparing, such as the rice and the fruits of the Hindoos, while, on the contrary, the Esquimaux, under the freezing sky of the arctic regions, is obliged to keep up his animal heat by eating voraciously

of fatty animal matters. Even in this country the change of seasons brings a modification of appetite; during the heat and languor of summer, much less food is consumed than in the cold frosty and bracing days of winter.

It will be very easy to understand the particular uses of the various kinds of food, if we take a glance at the composition of the animal frame. Thus we find that the body is made up of a few of the most common of the elementary substances. Four gases or airs, called oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and chlorinè, with carbon (or charcoal), sulphur, phosphorus, lime, soda, potash, and a little iron, make up the list. Two, three, or more of these simple substances combined form the various fabrics of the body. Thus the fleshy parts consist of fibrine and albumen, a substance the same as white of egg. Gelatine or glue is found in the skin, hair, nails, tendons, and in the bones along with lime; while fat or oily matter occupies various parts of the body.

Now, all kinds of food may be resolved into the very same substances as those just mentioned, both as regards the simple elements and their combination. We have in vegetables albumen, oil, sugar, and other alimentary products corresponding to those in animals. Indeed, the most recent researches in vegetable chemistry have settled the important fact that vegetables are essentially of the same nature and composition as animal bodies, with this exception that vegetables generally contain more carbon and less nitrogen than animals.

It appears to be a law of nature that all animals, either directly or indirectly, depend for subsistence on vegetable products. The lion feeds on the kid, but the kid has derived its subsistence from the grass of the field; the eagle preys on the partridge, hare, and squirrel, but all these have fed on the seeds, herbs, and nuts of the forest; while man, as well as some other animals, partakes of a compound diet, where the products both of the vegetable and animal kingdom join to compose his fare.

In treating of diet, it must always be borne in mind that food serves more than one important purpose. As already stated, it not only contributes to the nourishment of the various parts of the body, and supplies the vigour of the muscular parts, but it also furnishes the material for keeping up the animal heat. Now, the most recent discoveries have beautifully shown that one component portion of the food serves the first of these purposes and another the latter; in other words, that the bodily substance and vigour is maintained by the albumen, fibrine, and gelatine of the food, while the animal heat is kept up by the products of the oil, starch, and sugar. The most appropriate kinds of food, then, consist of those substances which contain a combination of all these. The milk of animals may here be taken as an example. This is a highly nourishing compound prepared by nature for the sustenance of the young animal before its system is sufficiently matured so as to provide for itself. The solid curdy part is wholly composed of albuminous matter (called caseine), which goes to the nourishment of the different parts of the body. The cream or oily part, with the sugar contained in the whey, are both of a carbonaceous nature, and are destined to supply the animal heat by the process of respiration already explained. Certain nuts, roots, and seeds of plants, but especially the grains, and, above all, the important staple product of temperate regions, wheat, are also highly appropriate articles of nourishment. Indeed, the matter secreted in such seeds bears a strict analogy to the milk of animals, for it also is stored up by nature as a nutriment for the young germ of the future plants. Wheat and oats contain a larger proportion of nutritive matter than any other grain. This matter consists of gluten, a substance similar to animal albumen, and of starch and saccharine matter, which latter contains a large allowance of carbon. In proportion as vegetables contain more or less of this gluten or albumen so are they more or less nutritious, while the proportion of starch and sugar which they contain adapts them for the purpose of respiration and the production of animal heat. Gluten is contained in greatest abundance in wheat, oats, maize, rye, beans, and barley;

while starch forms the chief ingredient in rice, potatoes, sago, arrowroot, &c.

Many animals of prey live entirely on the flesh of other animals, and so does man in the ruder stages of society. This diet is easily and quickly converted into the various textures of the body, but in order to have a sufficient supply of carbon for the lungs, a quicker waste of the solid textures is continually taking place, and thus a constant demand for fresh supplies is made. Hence a purely carnivorous life is the most wasteful that can be followed. Animals of prey are fortunately few in numbers compared to the other classes, else they would soon make a desert solitude around them, and tribes of men living in a savage carnivorous state require extensive ranges of country for their precarious existence, whereas a more civilised and agricultural people can support a far greater number on the same extent of soil.

In making a selection of food, then, it appears obvious that the kind of diet which contains all the substances requisite for the consumpt of the animal machine is the best. It will not do to confine one's self to one or two particular substances. Dogs have been fed on animal jelly, on suet, on gum, on sugar, and on isinglass, and have died under each in the course of a few days, and an experimenting philosopher once fell a victim to an exclusive diet of Cheshire cheese. A variety of food, then, is not only grateful to the palate, but is essential to the welfare of the constitution. In these experiments on dogs, the explanation formerly given of the fact of their dying on such diet was, that food of too rich or concentrated a nature was not so well adapted for the digestive process as coarser and more bulky articles; this conjecture is now found, however, to be erroneous, and the real cause of the innutritious nature of such articles of diet is, that they are deficient in nitrogen, one of the principal compounds of albumen. Gelatine, or the substance extracted from long boiling of bones, skin, tendons, deer or hart's horns, and similar animal structures, was some years ago tried and largely employed as the food of the inmates of some establishments in Paris. It was soon discovered, however, that though much relished for a time, such food was deficient in full nourishing powers, and without an admixture of other substances was not fit to sustain life. Such matters, in the form of hartshorn, or calf's-foot jelly, are also frequently given to convalescents. In cases of great debility and emaciation, from fevers, &c., they may be serviceable as part of a convalescent's diet, but they can never supersede those more common articles of diet which combine in their forms all the various requisites of the animal structure.

The quantity of food required is regulated, or at least ought to be regulated by age, habit, and circumstances. As a general rule, it may be said that the wealthy and the idle eat too much and too nutritive viands, and that the poor and laborious too often do not get enough to supply the incessant wear and tear of unremitting exercise and expenditure of power. Free exposure to the air, exercise of every kind, hard labour, and short sleep, all tend to accelerate the waste which is continually taking place in the body; while indolence both of mind and body, a position of rest, and long sleep have an opposite tendency. The more than half-starved Irishman, without the opportunity of labour, and without the means of living, lies in his miserable crib all day, and only creeps out at night to swallow his scanty meal of potatoes, fearfully aware by experience that a more active mode of existence only awakes in him the more craving and gnawing pains of hunger. The full-fed man again, knows not how to turn himself under the irksome feelings of unemployed powers. He has a superabundance of animal energies which he will not use. The excessive accumulation of fat—excess of bile—the thousand demons of indigestion—the nervous and hysterical habits—the peevish, irresolute, and dissatisfied mind—are all so many penalties paid by the indolent and over-fed, whether they be male or female.

Happily, however, there is always a right middle course in nature; her watchword is ever activity and exertion;

with these habits almost all kinds of food are in turn healthful, and without them the most elaborately observed rules of diet will be useless. During the first stage of life the appetite is keen and the digestion vigorous and perfect. In youth there is incessant motion and exertion, and besides the regular supply of waste required for this expenditure of power and substance, the body is gradually on the increase, and a farther supply is thus necessary. As the meridian of life is acquired, the progressive growth of the system has ceased, the frame is balanced and consolidated. The disposition is less volatile, the mind more grave and solid. Less food is now required, and excess of it cannot be taken with impunity. It is a common remark, that about the age of forty or fifty men in general begin to feel that they have such an organ as the stomach. As years creep on, ease and indolence are more and more courted and labour and exertion declined. Under these circumstances, the supply of food has again to be modified, until at last the second childhood of age requires somewhat of the diet of the infant. Meanwhile science, which has done so much in other departments, has of late thrown much light on the subject of diet. From the labours of chemists, we have now much more accurate ideas of the component parts of vegetable and animal bodies than formerly. We now find that vegetables bear a much closer identity in their composition to animal matters, and thus the nutritive qualities of many vegetables are likely to be more highly estimated than formerly. Next to animal food, milk, and fish, are the grains, and especially wheat, the pulses, as peas and beans, with several kinds of nuts, in the proportion of nutritive ingredients. Turnips, carrots, cauliflower, and other vegetables, would also appear to possess more albuminous matter, and consequently to be more nutritious than was formerly supposed. Potatoes are rather low in the scale of albuminous matter, but contain abundance of starch, which has been shown to be a necessary requisite in food.

Liebig offers a plausible solution of the use of those universally esteemed articles of diet, tea and coffee. He supposes that their gratefully stimulating and refreshing effects on the nervous system depend upon a direct supply of nutritive matter which they furnish to the brain and nerves. Both tea and coffee possess the same peculiar narcotic qualities, and if taken in excess they prove decidedly hurtful. Yet, as regards their moderate use, long experience has now decidedly shown that they are at least innocuous luxuries, perhaps even salutary stimulants, especially to people living in an artificial or highly civilized state of society. Wines and fermented liquors, besides their peculiar stimulating qualities, contribute carbon for the respiratory process already described. They are like oil, however, thrown on the fire—if used intemperately they needlessly waste the energies of life.

Innumerable rules have been written for the regulation of diet. Many of these may be of importance for the invalid, but one general injunction only is requisite for the healthy. It is what Demosthenes enjoined to the orator, 'Action, action, action.' Nature will not be cheated of her due. If she gives you abundance of food, the elements of power both muscular and mental, she requires these powers in some way or other to be expended. Perhaps he is the happiest of all men who, before calmly sitting down to his dinner, has first earned it by his own exertions. No doubt the daily toil and scramble for food, by the great mass of mankind, is often looked upon as a grievous affair; yet would they have been happier if, like trees and plants, they had passively been rooted to the soil and imbibed their nutriment directly from mother earth? would they not have been deprived of many positive and exciting pleasures? Undoubtedly, on the whole, it is a happy arrangement for care-worn mortals that there are such things as eating and drinking. When a man has nothing else to occupy his thoughts, he begins to anticipate his next meal; and even the most lugubrious growler cheers up when a good dinner is placed before him. The labourer, as he breaks stones on the roadside, cheers his toil with the thoughts of his midday hour's repose and his cold re-

past from his basket under the hedgerow, but much more with the anticipation of his return at evening to his clean hearth, blazing fire, happy family, and warm supper. The weary traveller spurs up his jaded horse, and pleasantly revolves in his mind what savoury dish shall regale him at the well-stored inn to which he is approaching. The man of business, cooped up at the desk all day long amid the din, dust, and bustle of the waggon-groaning alley, mounts his steed with an exulting heart and speeds with the fleetness of the wind to dine at his country villa, leaving the bustle and glare of the vast city behind him. The lonely prisoner, whose only occupation is to count from morn to night the nails in his dungeon door, hears with a glad bosom the massy bolts unbarred, and seizes with avidity and delight his brown musty loaf and jug of water. The fat alderman revolves joyfully in his mind the turtle and venison of the city feast, and 'whets his tusks for the combat.' While the pale skeleton-like convalescent grinds his salivating chops, and longs with all the avidity of a hollow stomach, which for weeks has only fed on drugs and water-gruel, for his roasted chicken or juicy beefsteak.

A SHIPWRECK IN THE PACIFIC.

EVENTS occasionally occur which attract attention to a comparatively little known portion of the globe, comprised in the great Indian Archipelago. Mr Brooke's recent exploits at Borneo have done something towards bringing the largest island of the group into notice; and a narrative and vocabulary published in an American work have brought one of the smallest within the circle of our acquaintance. Speaking of this fifth division of the earth, M. de Rienzi, a French navigator, says:—'It is the land of prodigies; it contains races of men of the most opposite characters, the most extraordinary wonders of nature, and the most admirable monuments of art. We there see the pigmy by the side of the giant, and the white man by the side of the black; a cannibal people in the neighbourhood of a patriarchal tribe; and, at a small distance from the most brutal savages, nations that were civilised before we were. While one of its islands prides itself on the majesty of its temples and its ancient palaces—superior to the monuments of Persia and Mexico, and worthy to be compared with the *chefs d'œuvre* of India and Egypt—others display their pagodas, their mosques, and their modern tombs, which rival in elegance and grace every thing that the East and China may offer us, even the most perfect of the kind.'

A short distance from the Pelew group is the small and low island of Tobl, or, as it is called by navigators, Lord North's Island, from having been first seen by a ship of that name in 1782. It rises precipitously from the depths of the ocean, and rears its head but a few feet above the surface of the waves, which in stormy weather often roll far inland. The inhabitants bear some resemblance to the Pelew islanders, but are much more ferocious and cruel in disposition.

In May, 1882, the Mentor, an American whale-ship, with a crew of twenty-two individuals, commanded by Captain Barnard, was cruising in the vicinity of the Molucca Islands. Stormy weather coming on she was driven from her course, and as no observations could be taken for several days, on the night of the 21st, when no danger was apprehended, the vessel struck on a coral reef. One of the boats was instantly lowered, and ten of the crew jumped into her, thinking themselves safer than on the ship; but in the darkness and confusion of the first alarm she was dashed to pieces and all in her perished. A second boat shared the same fate; those who had crowded into her, however, with one exception, regained the deck, where, clinging to the rigging in a very exhausted condition, they determined to wait for daylight.

Morning brought with it but little mitigation of the horrors of their condition; land was seen about twenty miles distant, and at a league from the wreck a portion of the reef appeared to be dry. No alternative presented itself to the survivors, eleven in number, but to embark

in their remaining boat, which the storm had greatly damaged, and endeavour to make the land. Providing themselves with such articles of clothing, bread and water, arms and ammunition, as their means of transport permitted, they abandoned the vessel and steered for the reef.

This was found to be a narrow strip of rock, not more than fifty yards in length. Here they were fortunate enough to catch an eel, some crabs, and snails, which they cooked at a fire kindled with pieces of drift wood. A melancholy and dreary night followed upon this lonely and half-drowned rock, and the next morning, finding that the shattered condition of their boat rendered it impossible to undertake a long sea voyage, they decided to make for the neighbouring island, and trust to chance for their reception by the natives. At this moment a canoe was seen approaching them, manned by twenty-two islanders from Baubelthonap, the largest of the Pelew group. They hesitated to land on the reef until the wrecked seamen hoisted a shirt on a pole in token of amity, when they left the canoe and presented the strangers with cocoa-nuts, and bread made from the same fruit, boiled in a juice extracted from the tree. They displayed but little of that mildness of character usually ascribed by travellers to the Pelewans, and seized whatever articles struck their fancy, quite regardless of the rights of ownership. They were perfectly naked, and armed with spears, hatchets, and tomahawks. Though not black, their features, flat noses and thick lips, presented some similarity to those of the negro. Their eyes were red; and their hair, hanging long and loosely down their shoulders, imparted a wild expression to their countenances. In common with other natives of that part of the world, their teeth are quite black from chewing the betel-nut.

The women wear a sort of petticoat of skins, open at the sides, reaching nearly to the knees, and fastened round the waist with an ornamental girdle. They are remarkably fond of trinkets, and cut up the old shoes of the seamen into strips, to place in the slits of their nostrils and ears as ornaments. They also tore the leaves out of a volume of the 'Practical Navigator,' and, rolling them up, applied them to the same decorative purpose.

After living for some time with these islanders, who improved on acquaintance, the Americans, despairing of other succour, resolved on an attempt to reach some European settlement in the Eastern Archipelago. They were not suffered to depart until the islanders, according to custom, had consulted their prophetess. Three of the party were left behind as hostages for the due fulfilment of the stipulations; which were to the effect that, on reaching America, the survivors would send as their ransom 200 muskets, with flint and ball; ten casks of gunpowder; with articles of dress and ornament, such as beads and combs. They fortunately met with an old compass which had been left on the island nearly fifty years before; although much injured, it proved of essential service to them. Two chiefs and one of the common people accompanied the party to ensure the due performance of the contract. When fairly at sea, however, the boat proved so leaky they were obliged to put back. Another month passed away before the repairs were fully completed; at the end of this time they finally quitted the island, though not without some emotions of regret on leaving those who had regarded them as superior beings, and treated them with all the kindness their situation permitted.

In this second trip the boat was attended by a canoe as transport for the provisions, of which, however, they lost nearly the whole in a squall. The remaining store was then equally shared; it amounted to little more than four cocoa-nuts per man. Thus situated, with starvation staring them in the face, they were at sea for nine dreary days, suffering greatly from hunger and thirst. They had almost ceased to hope, when land was seen at the distance of a few miles. Overjoyed at the unexpected sight, the famishing crew bore down upon it, little anticipating the horrible fate that awaited them.

As they neared the shore of what proved to be the island of Tobi, a fleet of canoes, filled with naked savages,

made towards them. Sweeping on with reckless ferocity, they dashed the boat to pieces, and, while the exhausted seamen swam among the canoes imploring pity, beat them mercilessly with their war clubs, and kept them for a long time in suspense for their lives. At last they were taken into the canoes, and made to row their captors to the shore, where they had no sooner arrived than they were stripped of every particle of their clothing, and left exposed to the blistering rays of a tropical sun. The women and children proved themselves not less unfeeling than the men; they surrounded the unfortunate captives with the screams and gesticulations of maniacs. A rare exception to the women of the Pelew Islands in general, they were much more harsh and malignant than their savage partners.

The language of this people partakes in some degree of the Italian softness which characterises the dialects of the South Sea Islands. The females wear a kind of kilt made of fibrous leaves split and plaited together. The men are sometimes seen with a girdle of bark round their loins, but more frequently go entirely naked. Their complexion is light copper colour, with high cheekbones, and broad flat noses; and so strong are their teeth that with them they strip off the outer husk of a cocoa-nut without difficulty. Their hair is kept scrupulously clean by daily washing, and hangs in long coarse masses down their backs. Cocoa-nuts are the staple food of the natives, though they occasionally catch fish with hooks made of turtle shell. They refused to make use of some iron hooks offered them by the Americans, until by heating they had so altered the shape that the fish slipped off, observing, that otherwise Yarris (God) would be angry with them. They are continually exposed to suffer from deficient supplies of food; and as soon as any one among them shows signs of weakness, he is placed in an old canoe and turned adrift on the ocean. Brutal and ignorant as they are, they are not altogether devoid of religious notions; rude temples, in which a priest officiates, are erected in various parts of the island. The whole population entertain the greatest dread of thunder and lightning; of the former they say *Yarris titiri* (God is talking). They reckon time by moons and days, and seem to have no notion whatever of years. No musical instruments were seen among them; their arms are spears and clubs. Although acquainted with the method of igniting wood by friction, they always keep a fire alight in some part of the island. Their canoes are made of logs that drift to the shore, none of the native trees being large enough for the purpose. Perfect equality prevails between parents and children; the latter invariably address their elders by their distinctive names, and are seldom or never punished.

Such were the people among whom the shipwrecked seamen were now apportioned, not without furious contention among the vociferous claimants. The captain and one of the men fell into the hands of a native who treated them with some show of humanity; particularly the former, whose corpulence recommended him to favour.

In February, 1838, two months after their landing on Tobi, the hopes of the Americans were raised by the sight of a ship that arrived off the island. Overjoyed, they hastened to the canoes, but were cruelly beaten and driven back, with the exception of the captain and his partner, who were permitted to join the natives in their visit to the ship. Once on board, the two fugitives refused to return to the island; their companions on shore waited in the agonies of expectation for a signal of succour, but, from some unexplained cause, no effort appears to have been made for their release. The vessel remained in sight for three hours; at one time so near the land that her crew could be seen in the rigging; at last, making sail, she gradually disappeared from the eyes of those who had watched her with such torturing suspense. 'Our minds,' says one of the survivors, 'after having been gladdened by the hope of once more enjoying the society of civilised beings—of once more reaching the shores of our beloved country—sunk back into a state of despair; we wept like children.'

The natives returned from the ship disappointed with their trade; they had obtained nothing but a few pieces of iron hoop and other trifling articles. Their vexation vented itself in new cruelties on the unfortunate seamen, who were given to understand that their doom was fixed. The escape, too, of the captain and his companion excited a desire for vengeance. The captives were roused from their sleep at sunrise, and compelled to work in preparing the ground for plantations of *korei*, a root somewhat resembling the yam. Naked, under a scorching sun, and without tools, they dug deep trenches in the sand with their bare hands, and filled them with mould, which, with the addition of water, was afterwards reduced to the consistency of mud. In this they were frequently kept working from sunrise to sunset, with no other food than a morsel of cocoa-nut; and sometimes even this small allowance was denied them.

But greater sufferings were yet to come: about four months after the arrival of the Americans on the island, a hurricane swept away nearly the whole of the cocoa-nut trees, stripped those left standing, and buried the *korei* grounds beneath drifts of sand. No escape presented itself from the impending starvation; and as the natives believed their captives to be the cause of the storm, they redoubled their severity. For several months the miserable seamen were made to carry lumps of coral on their bare shoulders, for the construction of a sea wall as a barrier against future incursions of the waves. To this torture their savage oppressors added that of tattooing on various parts of the body; but the captives avowed their determination to resist, and suffer death rather than submit their faces to the same operation. They were also forced to pluck out their beards, and the hair from every other part of their bodies as fast as it grew; and all attempts to make signals to vessels that approached the island were rigorously prevented.

Two of the seamen, whom these complicated miseries had so weakened that they were scarcely able to crawl, were sent adrift in old canoes by the pitiless islanders, to end their wretched lives in the agonies of hunger and thirst. Another was mercilessly beaten to death by clubs; and the survivors would have shared the same fate, but for once the women interposed in their behalf. The next victim was one of the Pelew islanders, who died of starvation; and another having been detected taking cocoa-nuts without leave, was also sent adrift with his hands tied behind his back. This appears to be the usual punishment awarded to such an offence, and the method of disposing of their dead; none but very young children are buried.

At last there remained alive but two of the Americans and Kobac the Pelew chief, between whom common misfortunes had created a strong attachment. After dragging on this miserable existence for two years, the poor fellows became so emaciated as to be utterly unable to work, and they supplicated to be put on board the first ship that might arrive. No work no pay, seemed to be the principle of the islanders, who withheld the usual scanty supply of food, and the miserable seamen crawled from place to place, subsisting on leaves or begging a morsel of cocoa-nut.

After two weary months more of these despairing efforts to prolong existence, another ship hove in sight. A dozen canoes were instantly manned by 100 of the natives, who put off, taking with them their now useless prisoners. The fleet excited some alarm on board the vessel, the captain of which, anticipating an attack, ordered shots to be fired to disperse the canoes, when voices were heard calling in English, and entreating assistance. A boat was lowered and sent to ascertain the cause of the cries. Approaching cautiously, her crew discovered one of the Americans, who jumped into the sea, and after some difficulty was safely picked up. On reaching the ship he spoke of his companion; another attempt was made to scatter the canoes, which happily succeeded, and at last the other man, scarcely conscious, and suffering from fever, was rescued. A few days more would probably have seen them consigned, as their companions had been, to the mercies of the ocean.

The vessel which was thus the means of saving the lives

of these two unfortunates proved to be the British bark *Britannia*, Captain Short, bound for China. The date of the rescue, as recorded in her log, was Nov. 27, 1834. By humane attentions, the two seamen were in some degree restored, and enabled to return to their own country, where they arrived in a feeble and destitute condition. They met, however, with generous and influential friends, by whose assistance a narrative of the distressing events was published, with a vocabulary of the language of an island on which Europeans have never landed, throwing some light on the character of an isolated portion of the great human family.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

AN admirable pamphlet, entitled 'A Plea for Ragged Schools, or Prevention better than Cure,' by the Rev. Thomas Guthrie, has lately been published. We are happy to find that the important subject of which it treats has found at last not only an advocate of acknowledged ability but also of decided heart. Were we disposed to find fault, our main objection would be with its title. The term 'Ragged Schools' appears a somewhat coarse designation for any species of education, however humble, and it has moreover so associated itself in our minds with the cant of certain would-be utilitarians of modern days, that not even the patronage it has just received from Mr Guthrie can reconcile us to its use. Yet it is scarcely fair to speak so, Mr Guthrie himself virtually renouncing, at the close of his 'Plea,' all farther connexion with the phrase in question, and suggesting that in place of 'Ragged' the seminaries in question be in future called 'Destitute Schools.' Our readers may remember two separate articles in which the subject of Destitute Schools has already been discussed in the *INSTRUCTOR*. In the first of these, entitled 'Institutions for Reclaiming Destitute Children,' we alluded to the formation of one such school in Wurtemberg, whose principles and mode of operation we endeavoured to describe; and in the second, under the title of 'Nursery Institutions,' we specified Glasgow, 'ever ready with its aid in behalf of the unfortunate and oppressed,' as having in our own country taken the lead in this matter. Since that time, we are happy to find that in many parts of the country the same spirit of investigation and inquiry has led to the most beneficial practical results. Nor is it with any ordinary amount of satisfaction that we communicate to our readers the cheering intelligence that arrangements have been made for the speedy opening of a school in Edinburgh for destitute children. Though Mr Guthrie's object is to excite in an especial manner the benevolent sympathies of the public in behalf of the Edinburgh institution, yet, in his own words, 'we have brought forward revelations of the state of the poor which we hope will be new to many. If any of these read this appeal, their ignorance cannot henceforth excuse their apathy. Such schools, in smaller or greater numbers, are needed in many towns. We hope to see Christians of all denominations, and politicians of all parties, throughout the country as well as in Edinburgh, putting forth cordial and combined efforts to establish and extend these destitute schools.'

The 'Plea' opens with a highly graphic and picturesque description of the appearance presented by the city of Edinburgh from its western approach, and among the many stately edifices which meet the eye, none succeed so effectually in attracting the notice and exciting the admiration of the stranger visitant advancing to its centre as its numerous wealthy and magnificent hospitals. Nor does our author stay at present to quarrel with these institutions. In the following extract, having special reference to Heriot's Hospital, he says, 'their management is in the hands of wise, excellent, and honourable men; and, in so far as they fail to accomplish the good intended, it is not that they are mismanaged; the management is not bad; but in some of its elements the system itself is vicious. God never made men to be reared in flocks, but in families. Man is not a gregarious animal, other than that he herds

together with his race in towns, a congeries of families. Born with domestic affections, whatever interferes with their free and full play is an evil to be shunned, and, in its moral and physical results, to be dreaded. God framed and fitted man to grow up, not under the hospital, but the domestic roof—whether that roof be the canvass of an Arab tent, the turf of a Highland shieling, or the gilded dome of a palace. And as man was no more made to be reared in an hospital than the human foot to grow in a Chinese shoe, or the human body to be bound in ribs of iron and whalebone—acting in both cases in contravention of God's law—you are as sure in the first to inflict injury on his moral, as in the second on his physical constitution. They commit a grave mistake who forget that injury as inevitably results from flying in the face of a moral or mental as of a physical law. So long as rice is rice, you cannot rear it on the bald brow of a hill-top: it loves the hollows and the valleys, with their water-floods; and so long as man is man, more or less of damage will follow the attempt to rear him in circumstances for which his Maker never adapted him.

Leaving these splendid buildings, where so much money is annually expended on the comfort and education of the children of parents who in general are able, and, but for the temptation these hospitals present, would be willing to train up their children as olive plants by the domestic table, Mr Guthrie supposes himself in company with a stranger friend performing a kind of pilgrimage through those parts of the city where the conspicuous misery of many of the inhabitants forces itself upon immediate observation. In the Grassmarket, they discover crowds of children miserably clad, and their thin faces telling how ill they are fed, dashing in and out of closes while engaged in their rude games. They get hold of one of these boys, and having satisfied him that they are not connected with the police, they proceed to propose to him the following questions:—'Where is your father?' 'He is dead, sir.'—'Where is your mother?' 'Dead too.'—'Where do you stay?' 'Sister and I, and my little brother, live with granny.'—'What is she?' 'She is a widow woman.'—'What does she do?' 'Sells sticks, sir.'—'And can she keep you all?' 'No.'—'Then how do you live?' 'Go about and get bits of meat, sell matches, and sometimes get a trifle from the carriers for running an errand.'—'Do you go to school?' 'No, never was at school; attended sometimes a Sabbath-school, but have not been there for a long time.'—'Do you go to church?' 'Never was in a church.'—'Do you know who made you?' 'Yes, God made me.'—'Do you say your prayers?' 'Yes, mother taught me a prayer before she died; and I say it to granny afore I lie down.'—'Have you a bed?' 'Some straw, sir.' His stranger friend is astonished at these disclosures, but not Mr Guthrie himself, who declares that he has ceased to be astonished at any amount of misery, suffered or suffering, in this town. 'You have,' says his friend, 'splendid hospitals, where children are educated whose parents in not a few instances could do so themselves; you have beautiful schools, too, for the gratis education of the children of respectable tradesmen and mechanics: what provision have you made for these destitute and unhappy little ones?' Mr Guthrie, as he tells us, replies with a blush, 'There is none.' Nor is this the worst of the matter, for though gratis schools were provided for such unfortunates they could not avail themselves of the privilege. They must beg and steal from morning to sunset, or they will starve.

In proof of what he asserts, Mr Guthrie then narrates the following anecdote:—'I was returning from a meeting one night, about twelve o'clock: it was a fierce blast of wind and rain. In Prince's Street, a piteous voice and a shivering boy pressed me to buy a tract. I asked the child why he was out in such a night and at such an hour. He had not got his money; he dared not go home without it; he would rather sleep in a stair all night. I thought, as we passed a lamp, that I had seen him before. I asked him if he went to church. 'Sometimes to Mr Guthrie's,' was his reply. On looking again, I now recognised him as one I had occasionally seen in the Cowgate Chapel.

Muffled up to meet the weather, he did not recognise me. I asked him what his father was? 'I have no father, sir; he is dead.' His mother? 'She is very poor.'—'But why keep you out here?' and then reluctantly the truth came out. I knew her well, and had visited her wretched dwelling. She was a tall, dark, gaunt, gipsy-looking woman, who, notwithstanding a cap of which it could be but premised that it had once been white, and a gown that it had once been black, had still some traces of one who had seen better days; but now she was a drunkard, sin had turned her into a monster; and she would have beaten that poor child within an inch of death, if he had been short of the money, by her waste of which she starved him, and fed her own accursed vices. Now, by this anecdote illustrating to my stranger friend the situation of these unhappy children, I added that, nevertheless, they might get education, and secure some measure both of common and Christian knowledge. But mark how and where. Not as in the days of our blessed Saviour, when the tender mother brought her child for his blessing. The jailer brings them now. Their only passage to school is through the police office; their passport is a conviction of crime; and in this Christian and enlightened city it is only within the dark walls of a prison that they are secure either of school or Bible. When one thinks of their own happy boys at home, bounding free on the green, and breathing the fresh air of heaven—or of the little fellow that climbs a father's knee, and asks the oft-repeated story of Moses or of Joseph—it is a sad thing to look in through the eyeclet of a cell-door on the weary solitude of a child spelling its way through the Bible. It makes one sick to hear men sing the praises of the fine education of our prisons. How much better and holier were it to tell us of an education that would save the necessity of a prison school! I like well to see the life-boat, with her brave and devoted crew; but with far more pleasure, from the window of my old country manse, I used to look out at the Bell Rock Tower, standing erect amid the stormy waters, where, in the mists of day the bell was rung, and in the darkness of the night the light was kindled; and thereby the mariners were not saved from the wreck, but saved from being wrecked at all. Instead of first punishing crime, and then, through means of a prison education, trying to prevent its repetition, we appeal to men's common sense, common interest, humanity, and Christianity, if it were not better to support a plan which would reverse this process, and seek to prevent, that there may be no occasion to punish.

From all this it is abundantly clear that even though schools where a gratis education might be offered to the children of the destitute poor were established in all parts of the city, no great amount of benefit would accrue. For though by a severe effort you might at first induce a small per centage of the youthful population to enrol themselves as scholars, the attendance of all of them would be highly irregular, and of few of them lasting. This, as we have seen, arises from the wretched circumstances in which the parents or relatives of the poor little sufferers are usually placed. 'Why has your child been away from school?' is the question put by the teacher when visiting the hovel of one of the absentees. 'I could not afford to keep him there,' is the mother's answer; 'he must do something for his meat.' Now, under these circumstances, one of two things must be done. Either the boy must be left alone, in which case he will likely take to thieving, get a brand on his brow, lose after this any tattered shreds of character that hung loose upon him before, and descending step by step the ladder of vice, finish his career by being passed away to a penal settlement—the victim of a poverty 'for which he was not to blame, and of a neglect on the part of others for which a righteous God will one day call them to judgment. Since, therefore,' continues Mr Guthrie, 'he cannot attend your school unless he starves, give him food; feed him, in order to educate him. Strolling one day with a friend among the romantic scenery of the crags and green valleys round Arthur Seat, we came at length to St Anthony's well, and sat down on the great black stone, to have a talk with the ragged boys

that were pursuing their vocation there. Their *tinnies* were ready with a draught of clear cold water, in hope of a halfpenny. We thought it would be a kindness to them, and certainly not out of place in us, to tell them of the living water that springeth up to life eternal, and of Him who sat on the stone of Jacob's well, and who stood in the temple and cried, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.' By way of introduction, we began to question them about schools. As to the boys themselves, one was fatherless—the son of a poor widow; the father of the other was alive, but a man of low habits and character. Both were poorly clothed. The one had never been at school; the other had sometimes attended a Sabbath school. These two little fellows were self-supporting; living by such shifts as they were then engaged in. Encouraged by the success of Sheriff Watson, who had the honour to lead this enterprise, the idea of a Destitute School was then floating in my brain; and so, with reference to the scheme, and by way of experiment, I said, 'Would you go to school, if, besides your learning, you were to get breakfast, dinner, and supper there?' It would have done any man's heart good to have seen the flash of joy that broke from the eyes of one of the boys—the flush of pleasure on his cheek, as, hearing of three sure meals a-day, he leaped to his feet, and exclaimed, 'Ay will I, sir, and bring the hale land (the whole tenement) too;' and then, as if afraid I might withdraw what seemed to him so large and magnificent an offer, he again exclaimed, 'I'll come for but my dinner, sir.'

Mr Guthrie then, from statistics before him, asserts that there are at least a thousand children in Edinburgh, who, until provided with the means of keeping body and soul together, cannot receive such an education as will either prove advantageous to themselves, or make them subsequently useful to society. Such schools, indeed, as the Duchess of Gordon's or Lady Effingham's may be the means of incalculable good to a low class, 'yet they hardly touch,' says our author, 'that lowest class for the sake of whose interests I have stepped forth from my own peculiar walk, and now venture, through the press, on this appeal. The fact may be doubted by some, who have never left their drawing-rooms to visit, like angels of mercy, the abodes of misery and crime; but no visitor of the Destitute Sick Society—no humble and hard-working city missionary—no enlightened Christian governor of our prisons—no superintendent of Night Asylum and House of Refuge—none who, like myself, has been called on to explore, amid fever and famine, the depths of human misery in this city, and has come in close, and painful, and heart-sickening contact with its crimes and poverty—I say, none of these will doubt it—at least, I have seen none who doubted it. I implore the public to remember, that we have not here the miserable consolation that the infected will die off. They are mixed with society—each an active centre of corruption; around them you can draw no *coridon saintaire*. The heaven is every day leavening more and more of the lump: parents are begetting and breeding up children in their own image; while ignorance, and vice, and crime, are shooting ahead even of the increase of that population.' It has been tried and proved, that without making their maintenance a bridge and stepping-stone to their education, 'you cannot get these children to school, at least you cannot get more than the smallest per centage; and though you could—though you got the poor child into your class, what heart has he whose pale face and hollow eyes tell you he has not been broken his fast that day? What man of common sense—would mock with books a boy who is starving for bread? Let Christian men answer our Lord's question; let every one who is a parent think of it—'What father, if his child ask for bread, would give him a stone?' And let me ask, what is English grammar, or the Rule of Three, or the A, B, C, to a poor hungry child—what is it but a stone? I have often met this difficulty in dealing with the grown up, who possessed what the child does not—sense to understand the importance of the

lesson. I have seen it in a way not to be forgotten. It was in the depth of a hard winter day, when, visiting in the Cowgate, I entered a room, where, save a broken table, there was nought of furniture, to my recollection, but a crazy bedstead, on which, beneath a thin ragged coverlet, lay a very old grey-headed woman. I began to speak to her about her soul, as to one near eternity; on which, raising herself up, and stretching out her bare withered arm, she cried most piteously, 'I am cauld and hungry.' 'My poor old friend,' I said, 'we will do what we can to relieve these wants; but let me in kindness remind you that there is something worse than either cold or hunger.' 'Ay, but, sir,' was the reply, 'if ye were as cauld and as hungry as I am, ye could think o' naething else.' She read me a lesson that day which I have never forgotten, and which, as the earnest advocate of these poor forlorn children, I ask a humane and Christian public to apply to their case. The public may plant schools thick as trees of the forest; but be assured, unless, besides being trees of knowledge—to borrow a figure from the Isles of the Pacific—they are also *bread-fruit trees*, few of these children will seek their shadow, far less sit under it with great delight.'

Having thus stated the difficulties, Mr Guthrie specifies what the committee intend to do in the way of remedy. 'In place of one great school, which would manifestly be attended by many disadvantages, let there be an adequate number of schools set down in the different districts of the city, so that each school shall contain no more than a manageable number of children, not more than a teacher can thoroughly control and break in. These Arabs of the city are wild as those of the desert, and must be broken in to three habits—those of discipline, learning, and industry, not to speak of cleanliness. To accomplish this, our trust is in the almost omnipotent power of Christian kindness. Hard words and harder blows are thrown away here. With these, alas! they are too familiar at home, and have learned to be as indifferent to them as the smith's dog to the shower of sparks. And without entering into many details, it may be enough to say, that in the morning they are to break their fast on a diet of the plainest fare, then march from their meal to their books; in the afternoon they are again to be provided with a dinner of the cheapest kind, then back again to school, from which, after supper, they return, not to the walls of an hospital, but to their own homes. There, carrying with them many a holy lesson, they may prove themselves Christian missionaries to these dwellings of darkness and sin.'

In order to secure the still more efficient working of the scheme he so ably advocates, Mr Guthrie, in the name of the committee, recommends benevolent individuals, in addition to subscribing to its funds, to select for themselves say a single child, and meet the expenses of its education and maintenance at school. 'This is known to the child; and thus, taught to regard him as its benefactor, the better and kinder feelings of its nature are brought into activity, and nurtured into strength. Within the arms of his gratitude man can embrace a benevolent individual, but not a benevolent community. What pauper ever left a charity workhouse with a blessing on its directors? But individual charity has been remembered in the widow's prayer; and some have walked our streets who could say with the patriarch, 'When the eye saw me, then it blessed me.' We attach of the utmost importance to the plan we propose. By means of it, the person through whose kindness the child is placed and paid for at school—who comes there occasionally to watch the progress of a plant which he had found flung out on the highway, to be trodden under foot, but which he has transplanted into this nursery of good—becomes an object of kindly regard to the child: the boy fears his displeasure, and aims at his approbation; kindness softens his heart; his love and gratitude are kindled; and so we call in the most effectual allies in our effort to save him from ruin. In this way, moreover, the child has secured a patron and protector—one to take him by the hand when the term of school is closed, and to stand by him in the battle of life. Selecting a boy in

whom we have learned to take a kindly interest, we will feel it to be our business to guide him, through our counsel and influence, into some way of well-doing. We will be led to charge ourselves with his welfare. He will not have to complain, 'No man careth for my soul.' And so, through the influence of kindly feelings on his part, and Christian care on ours, in many a now unhappy child society might gain a useful member, instead of receiving an Ishmaelite, 'whose hand is against every man, and every man's hand against him.'

Having thus announced and illustrated the nature of the scheme itself, Mr Guthrie goes on to anticipate and answer a few objections. A class of alarmists will perhaps be startled at the additional burdens on the public which this scheme appears to involve. 'Grant,' says Mr Guthrie, 'that it did; the benefit would more than compensate for the burden. 'There is he that scattereth and yet increaseth;' and, never were the words more applicable, 'there is he that withholdeth the hand, and it tendeth to poverty.' But it is not thus that we meet the objection. We meet it fairly in the face; we deny that any additional burden worth mentioning will press on the public. Do you fancy that, by refusing this appeal, and refusing to establish these schools, you, the public, will be saved the expense of maintaining these outcasts? A great and demonstrable mistake. They live just now; and how do they live? Not by their own honest industry, but at your expense. They beg and steal for themselves, or their parents beg and steal for them. You are not relieved of the expense of their sustenance by refusing this appeal.' Such institutions seem, again, to others to be a kind of bounty on indolence, improvidence, and dissipation. Here the reply is, that admitting this in some instances to be the case, still the good more than counterbalances the evil; since, by encouraging such institutions, we use the only means whereby the children can be saved from habits of dissipation and indolence. 'It was only the other day,' continues the author of the Plea, 'that we heard a little child of some eight years of age confess that he had been lately carried home intoxicated; and when he gaily and glibly told this story of early dissipation, it only called forth the merriment of the ragged urchins around. The sucking babe is drugged with opium; and spirits are administered to allay the cravings of hunger. When examined on the state of her school, a very excellent female teacher in this town acknowledged to us that she had often been obliged, from her own small salary, to supply the wants of her hungry scholars. She had not the heart to offer the letters to a poor child who had got no breakfast; and some days ago, smelling spirits from a fine little girl, she drew from her this miserable confession, that her only dinner had been the half of a biscuit and a little whisky. How early this hapless class are initiated in the use of spirits, came out the other day, to the astonishment of a friend of ours, who, on walking along the streets, observed some boys and girls clustered like bees in and around a barrel. She asked them if it was a sugar barrel; and on learning that it was a spirit one, she said, 'You surely don't like whisky?' 'For my part, mem,' says one, a little girl, thinking, perhaps, thereby to recommend herself, 'deed, mem, for my part, I prefer the strong ale.' In sober sadness we ask, is it not worth running some risk to cure such evils—such a moral gangrene—as facts such as these disclose? But grant, again, that the dissipated father, because he sees his poor children fed, educated, and disciplined at your expense, and not his own, is thereby encouraged in habits of vice. What happens? If his children are saved by this institution—and, remember, they cannot be saved without it—at his death society suffers no longer—the evil ceases with himself, and, instead of extending along the line of his posterity, and multiplying with their multiplication, is buried in the grave of the drunkard.'

Not content, however, with repelling the objection, Mr Guthrie goes on to show that the truth lies all the other way—that the desperate circumstances of the poor prove strong temptation to the waste that leads to want—they are helpless because they are hopeless, and it is often after

they get desperate that they get dissipated. He then quotes a well-known passage from the 'Antiquary,' in which Oldbuck and Maggie Mucklebackit are haggling about a fish bargain. 'I'll gie them,' says Maggie, 'and—and—and—half-a-dozen of partans to mak the sauce, for three shillings and a dram.' 'Half-a-crown and a dram, Maggie,' replies the laird. 'Aweel, your honour maun hae't your ain gait, nae doot; but a dram's worth siller now—the distilleries is no working.' 'And I hope they'll never work again in my time,' said Oldbuck. 'Ay, ay, it's easy for your honour and the like o' you gentle folks to say sae, that hae stouth and routh, and fire and fending, and meat and clait, and sit dry and canny by the fireside; but an' ye wanted fire, and meat, and dry claise, and were deeing o' cauld, and had a sair heart—whilk is warst ava'—wi' just tippecene in your pouch—wadna ye be glad to buy a dram wi't, to be eilding and claise, and a supper and heart's ease into the bargain, till the morn's morning?' 'And what,' adds Mr Guthrie, 'says Solomon? 'The destruction of the poor is their poverty.' He saw the connexion between desperate circumstances and dissipated habits, and says elsewhere, 'Let him drink to forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more.' Far be it from me to say a word in defence of a crime which is the curse of our people, the shame of our country, and the blot of our churches. But don't deceive yourselves; you will never starve men into sobriety. No; but you can starve men into drunkenness. One demon never cast out another; and some seem to know as little of human nature as did the Jews of old, when they blasphemously said of our divine Redeemer, 'He casteth out devils by Beelzebub, the prince of devils.' I have seen and admired the efforts which a poor man has put forth when a ray of hope broke through the gloom; and, instead of aggravating the dissipation of the poor, I am confident that the hope which such an institution would shed on the dark prospect of many a forlorn family, would help to charm and chase the demon away. It would make the widow's heart sing for joy—it would keep up her sinking head—to see that now her poor dear children had the prospect of being saved; it would have the effect on her that the cry of 'A sail!' has had on the mutinous crew, when, in that blessed sight and blessed sound, hope has boarded their sinking ship, they have returned once more to their right mind, and strained every nerve to keep themselves afloat.'

Even on the score of pecuniary saving, Mr Guthrie, coming down, as he says himself, from the profit and loss of souls to the profit and loss of money, claims for this scheme the public support. Laying it down as an axiom, that it is cheaper to prevent crime than punish it, he shows that these schools will themselves more than repay the outlay. In the appendix is given some important statistical information on the subject; and towards the conclusion of his appeal, a statement is furnished on the authority of Mr Smith, governor of the prison, from which it appears that upwards of £150,000, exclusive of the salaries of the law officers of the crown and other items, have been expended for criminal prosecutions, maintenance of criminals, &c., in Scotland, in the course of the year 1846. Surely this is a fact fitted to arouse at once the attention of the Christian, the philanthropist, and the man of pounds, shillings, and pence.

We earnestly solicit the attention of our readers to this eloquent, straightforward, and most thorough-going appeal. The motives by which it is enforced and sent home to the conscience and the heart impart to it a freshness, and infuse into it a vitality which make it altogether irresistible. In the condition of the poor and destitute young beings for whom he pleads, Mr Guthrie sees something more than simply worldly wretchedness. He regards every one of the suffering and shivering little objects he compels us to look at as born for immortality—as heirs of an everlasting destiny—as beings for whose physical and intellectual wants provision ought no doubt to be made, but who are much greater objects of sympathy when regarded as in danger of perishing for lack of that knowledge which saves the soul.

SUPERSTITION AND LEARNING.

AN ALLEGORY.

While superstition's fabric vast
Is smooth, sombre shadow cast
Adward the moral waste,
Throughout whose devious mazes dark
The lure of error's meteor spark
Unletter'd mortals chased,

Then, uncontrol'd, might fairy elves
All fearlessly possess themselves
Of air, and earth, and sea:
Where nature spread her fairest sweets,
Make their most favourite retreats,
And wander far and free;

Or all beneath the moonbeams seen
Trim dancing on the dewy green;
And on the sandy shore,
Foot sporting gaily in a ring;
Or stretching to the breeze their wing
The heavens to explore.

But most they loved to take a peep
Into the realms of death and sleep—
Of sublimity things;
To courts, and camps, and cities proud,
While slumber sway'd the busy crowd,
Direct their grosser merrings.

The sacred temples and abodes
Of oracles and heathen gods
Well may their feet profane;
Will fire divine, or thunder dread
From Jove, descending on their head,
Their sacrilege restrain?

And would they not corrupt the dreams
Of bards profane, and mar the themes
Which porting sages taught—
The march of reason much perplex,
Or even art and science vex,
With jealousy so fraught?

What though might human wisdom proud
Affect to soar above the cloud
Which simple truth conceal'd?
Vain—to pretend of it to tell,
When all the gloom it could dispel
No hallow'd ray reveal'd.

'Twas all alone a maiden stray'd
In a solitary glade,
To see the gentle fawn,
Gay, sportive, tripping through the wood,
And the rough, horrid satyr rude
Sy dancing on the lawn.

There flush'd Pomona's tempting sweets,
And Flora's scented, soft retreats
On either side she saw.
Eden through the shades would sigh,
While Pan, beside a fountain nigh,
Blithe tun'd his sounding straw.

Each shady grove or flowery spot,
And every little pearly grot;
Each stream or fountain pure;
Or branching oak, or uncouth place,
Were, by their naiad, nymph, or grace,
Kept hallow'd and secure.

Enchanted, as she held her way,
High altars, shrines, and temples gay,
On every side appear'd.
These unto Jove or Jemio rose,
To Vulcan, Mars, or Venus those,
Devoted had been rear'd.

And their varieties had quite
Bewilder'd and perplex'd her sight;
For she had wander'd far
Into a many labyrinth wild,
Where nothing on her pathway smiled
Except a lonely star.

But oh! it so benignly beam'd
That all her doubts and dangers seem'd,
When towards it she gazed,
To vanish and dissolve away,
Such was the soul-inviting ray
With which it forward blazed.

She follow'd patient; for she thought
A guide so sweet could lead to nought
Unhappy'd, or to ill.
Her faith increased as it she view'd:
And, taking courage, she pursued
Its mystic radiance still.

And when at length she gain'd the top
Of the steep, thorny, rugged slope
Her weary feet had climb'd,
Oh! 'twas a luscious garden wide,
Where soon her little lonely guide
'Mong glories gay was dimm'd.

And was 't divine Elysium this—
That land of peace and perfect bliss?
She ponder'd in her mind.
For sure the music of its bowers,
And mingled fragrance of its flowers,
Seem'd of no earthly kind.

Full captivated was her soul;
Nor could her reckless feet control:
Her forward still they bore.
But suddenly a dark, and deep,
And muddy stream did silent sweep
Its course her path before.

No farther could she now advance;
Her rash attempt was check'd at once,
Bewilder'd she must pause.
No ford was there, no boat was near;
Neither did any bridge appear:—
A frightful gulph it was.

And, shuddering, from the loathsome place
She turn'd away, with fainting pace,
To seek the pathway lost.
But as around she wistful gazed,
Lo, she observed a temple raised
On that benighted coast.

Its humble gateway open stood;
She near approach'd, when, o'er its rude
Porch of unchisel'd stone,
These words mysterious, eager read,
With wonder mix'd with awe and dread—
'Unto the God unknown.'

No statues in its courts were placed;
No portly, sculptured columns graced
Its solid walls around.
No arcade rose or lofty choir;
No pompous dome or glittering spire
The mystic fabric crown'd.

No train of sacrifices bled,
No incense smoked, no gifts were spread
Before its humble shrine.
Or if a pilgrim bow'd his head,
Or bent his knee, he calmly said—
'A willing heart is thine.'

Reason, Philosophy, and Art,
Come now and act a better part,
And let your worth be felt!
Seen through the earth-engender'd mist,
They giants seem'd—not to assist,
But come her hopes to melt.

And doubts perplex'd her as she saw
The shades of night around her draw,
So far bewilder'd strange;
Nor scarce had turn'd, when from his lair
Came forth the dragon black despair
Those dusky shores to range.

And must she sink o'erwhelm'd his prey?
Stretch'd senseless on the ground she lay,
Alas! full in his power.
But, oh! who had it been who gave
Assistance, and that seem'd to save
In such an evil hour?

For when she lifted up her eyes,
With fond delight and wild surprise,
She cried, 'Am I at last
Secure within the happy shore,
And safe yon muddy waters o'er—
All doubts and dangers past?

For wistful as she gazed around,
Herself she now bewilder'd found
Remote in the retreat
Of active beings, uncouth, strange,
Who seem'd the dewy paths to range
Abroad with printless feet.

It was a sweet enchanting spot,
Where all her sorrows were forgot,
And all her mortal cares.
Sure 'twas no sublimary soil—
Or was 't illusion all the while
Which spread its subtle snares?

Or had these sportive beings gay,
Fantastic round that seem'd to play,
And chased the ling'ring hours,
Recross'd the nether gulph once more,
Upon their wings to bear her o'er
Unto their happy bowers?

Deluding thought! Sure spirit blest
Ne'er left the everlasting rest
Beyond that bourn prepare'
Ah, yes, she was deluded sure;
These joys were not substantial, pure,
She with those beings shared.

This must be then the fairy race,
That envious crew, who, to that place
So wondrous and so wild,
Had thus convey'd her, when they stole
Her from the demon's dark control,
When of his prey beguiled.

And sure it was their chief resort,
Most sacred to their wondrous sport;
And where they did convene,
Their plots, and pranks, and mischiefs strange,
And ceremonies, to arrange,
Secluded and unseen.

For, oh! 'twas lonely, wild, and sweet,
Untroubled all by common feel!
Enchantment sure amid
Its rugged rocks dread reign'd, and had
It with her uncouth mantle clad,
Intrusion to forbid.

Nor from its magic circle she
Could her devoted feet set free;
'Twas as she had been chain'd
By some mysterious charm or spell
Within those rocks, and there to dwell
For evermore ordain'd.

And was there found no gallant knight
Who, to release this damsel bright
From such a bondage base
Forsook the honours and the sports
Of cities, and of camps and courts,
To seek that haunted place?

Alas, were none!—till Arthur came,
A prince of noble birth and fame.
A dauntless knight he was
As e'er the path of honour sought;
Gallant and true as ever fought
In beauty's sacred cause.

He only among all who wore
The spur of knighthood, generous swore
To do this noble deed.
For the high prowess of his arm
Erewhile had broken many a charm,
And many a captive freed.

Dread gorgons and chimeras dire,
And griffins which could vomit fire,
Were by him overborne;
He had encounter'd dragons huge,
And monstrous giants play'd the fuge
Whene'er they heard his horn.

In many labyrinths he had been,
And Cerberus himself had seen
With countenance unmoved;
He had explored the depth of caves,
And bold against the strength of waves
Full of his courage proved.

The smiling, rosy-cheeked Dawn
Had to the dew-bespangled lawn
Come forth, to wash her feet,
When, mounted on a gallant grey,
She spied a stranger on the way,
In armour clad complete.

She gazed him with the morning cup,
And ran away to hasten up
The broad refulgent sun;
But trammled, mild-eyed Evening soft
Had trian'd her favourite star aloft
Ere was his journey done.

And as the silvan song did fall,
The shades of night began to veil
His lone and dreary path.
The breeze which cool'd at noontide hour
His brow, now show'd its wayward power,
And woke the tempest's wrath.

Enthroned amid a boding cloud,
Approach'd the frowning demon proud;
While harsh his chariot-wheels
Roll'd, crashing like the sound of war,
And keen the lightning flash'd afar
From his dread coursers' heels;

And Night, in all her sable trim,
Hastened to meet the monster grim.
Oh! had you seen their smile!—
Such smile as haply ye may seek
Ravine the witch's haggard cheek
When at her cantripe vile.

And all against the warrior tired
Together foully they conspired
To interrupt his course.
But, dauntless, he his way pursued,
With scorn he all their furies view'd,
And urged his patient horse.

But now, alas! his faithful steed
Relax'd in vigour and in speed,
Until no more its strength
Could on against its labours hold,
And down beneath its rider bold,
O'ercome, it fell at length.

And there was stretch'd his matchless grey,
For eagles and for wolves a prey.
And now he deem'd it wise
To seek the shelter of some tree,
Where, till th' advance of morning, he
Might close his weary eye.

Confused and ominous that night
His dreams had proved, which all so bright
Were wont to be; but when
At morn he left his bed repose,
And look'd, lo! all before him rose
The wild enchanted scene.

He, all'd with solemn awe, did pause.
It half-way round encircled was
With frowning barrier grim,
Of huge, stupendous solid rock—
A wondrous pile which well might mock
All mortal skill to climb.

A wall of girdling columns crown'd,
Precipitous, a heaving mound
Tremendous, sweeping wide,
Defying proudly all approach:
For but the raven might encroach
With soaring wing to guide.

He turn'd; but on the other side
Engulphing yawn'd before him wide
Dusk swamps and waters deep,
Join'd to a wood of blackest shade,
Whence ceaseless issued sounds which made
His very flesh to creep.

And has his journey been in vain?
And must he turn him back again?
And shall he be forsworn?
And still he paused. What's to be done?
Must all the honours he had won
Now from his crest be torn?

Distraction seized him at the thought:
He grasp'd his shining sword, and sought,
Fierce, with regardless feet,
The dark recesses of the wood;
Nor could its horrors freeze his blood,
Such was his frenzy's heat.

And he his desperate aim pursued
Thro' tracks with snakes and adders strew'd—
Through labyrinthine of gloom,
Where phantoms of unhallow'd shape
On every side would hideous gape,
As if to seal his doom.

But 'twas too much for mortal strength;
For to the frowns of fate at length
Was nature forced to yield.
O'ercome, upon the ground he fell,
While loudly through the gloom his knell,
From throats unearthly, peal'd.

And was it thus that hero bold,
Of whom such wondrous things are told,
At last was overthrown?
Ah! doom'd to be the lawless sport
Of demons in their dark resort,
While hills and floods are known?

But sure these are no lips profane,
This is no lyre of impious strain,
No melody unblest,
Which soft again revives his soul,
And sways his bosom with control
He can no more resist.

For sure, the being he beheld,
In grace and beauty far excel'd
All other demials bright
He from his youth had ever seen,
And down before her on the green
He sunk, enchanted quite.

And see, she like a captive leads
Her victim, while he silent feeds
Upon her beauties fair;
Nor mark'd the winding, steep ascent
Up which she with him smiling went,
Such was his rapture there.

High on a circling, tow'ring height,
Whence prospects far and visions bright,
Around him and beyond,
Were seen, she seated him aloft:
But 'twas a vision far more soft
Enchain'd him there enthroned.

Oh, if his good and gracious vow
Had only been remember'd now!
But his resolves were blind.
There he reposed, enchanted whole;
Spell-bound appear'd his generous soul,
And rivetted his mind.

Ne'er were the hours perceived to wheel,
Nor were the sunbeams mark'd to steal
Away the crystal dew;
The shadows all around might change
Their shapes, uncount, fantastic, strange,
Unheeded, ever new.

And though the merle's voice might cease,
And plaintive night-bird's notes increase,
Seem'd every warning lost:
They ne'er bethought themselves, nor saw
Evening apace still nearer draw
T' array the starry host.

But ere that nymph had finish'd half
Her faithful task, the moon did laugh
Her labours all to scorn;
Resplendent rose the queen of night,
Emblazon'd in full glory bright,
And joyful all'd her horn.

Ah! sure the hours, with vengeful spite,
Urged with unwonted speed their flight,
That they unnoticed flew,
It found him there—that evil hour,
All sacred to the will and power
Of the false fairy crew.

And was his fate for ever seal'd—
To magic thralldom doom'd to yield,
Immortal to remain?
No! Though he yields to slumber quite,
A blessed vision, pure and bright,
Starts up before him then.

No baseless fabric of a vision yon,
No false illusion of enchantment's wand!
Sure ne'er the light of art or science shone
On aught in dignity more chaste and grand.
And who's this throned a thund'ring rock
upon,
On either side thus spreading wide a hand—
Enchantress-like, indeed, that looks abroad
O'er the creation of her magic rod?

Who thus but pious Learning bright appears,
Crown'd and adorn'd in her chaste array—
An elevated form that graceful rears
Such fair attractive features to display!
The glowing mantle which she smiling wears
Was Athens' pride in Greece's favour'd day:
The muses' gift, when, from their ancient
posts
Far driven, they shelter found on other
coasts.

She stands dread piled in masses huge and
tow'ring heaps,
Steep sloping far, yon ponderous ridge
ascends;
But, in contrast, the square its angle keeps,
The parallel stretches, and the broad arch
bends;
Graceful the terrace heaves; the crescent
sweeps;
Whilo many a scatter'd villa distant blends
With the unfolding prospect: thus, to sight,
Forming at once a picture bold and bright.

Like Academia's bowers, are yonder seen
Broad arcades sweeping round in circuit
wide,
Fair rows of trees, with pleasant walks be
tween,
Encircling meads that stretch in rural pride;
While varied hills, bare-brow'd or sloping
green,
With fertile plains, the distant view divide;
And silvan glens, where streams roll mur-
muring down,
And cliff-borne towers in feudal grandeur
frown.

But what, in prospect bright, expanding wide,
Yonder that, rolling, spreads its bosom deep;
Bedeck'd with numerous barks that o'er it
glide,
Where lonely isles seem a look-out to keep;
White washing with its foamy cresting tide
Smooth sandy bays and rocky headlands
steep?
And, hark! with ceaseless sounding seeming
boasts
Of its far winding town—bestudied coasts.

And here—beneath, and all around, so wild:
Silent;—'tis desert loneliness untrod.
Grey rocks and crags in rugged grandeur
piled,
Brush'd by the raven's wing, stupendous
nod
Above the pride of art; and valleys mild
With verdure clad, of flocks the sole abode;
Green moss, the heath-bell blue, and bloom-
ing brake;
Dusk marsh, and lucid spring, and reedy
lake!
J. R.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON, STUDENT OF DIVINITY.

Few, comparatively, of those whose eye may rest on the name placed above will see anything in it which recalls to remembrance one whom they have known, or even whom they have heard of for any reason whatsoever. William Robertson wrote no book, nor did he fill any station which could attract notice to himself; not even was his name whispered in private circles as one connected with anonymous literature, or with any object such as usually reflects credit on those associated with it. A boy, among other boys, he came up to Edinburgh from Dundee, a few years ago, to attend the University; passed through the literary classes with his eyes and heart open to manifold impressions, but without distinction, except that he was vaguely known as a youth of certain imaginative tendencies, simple affections, and habits of desultory application; attended the first class of divinity in the New College; then went over to Hungary

to a tutorship; and then, among strangers, without a friendly smile to alleviate the weariness of suffering, died. Such, in brief, was the outward life of the individual, for whom, as for a child of genius and elevated aims, we claim attention. A student, in truth, he was, and nothing more; and yet, in announcing this fact, we are persuaded that we are expressing a very rare and important one; a fact, perhaps, on the whole, as interesting to society as any of which it is possible to inform it. Life, indeed, is nothing but a study; what is generally called living is an attempt to make a decent compromise between the dutiful and the prudent. But life and study, in their purest sense, are synonymous terms for that condition of the mind in which the highest truth finds freest access inwards and most adequate expression outwards. In the usual meaning of the word, the history of William Robertson was one only of promise; in common phrase, he had done nothing; he had even scarcely acquired the reputation of being at all likely to do much. But, viewed more deeply, his noble nature was already accomplishing a great deal in giving promise;

for, at his time of life (at his death, 24th December last, the startling news of which only recently reached his native land, he was just twenty-one), fulfilment should in most cases be promise; preparation for life, as ordinarily understood, ought to take precedence of life itself. With these views, we cannot forbear from communicating a brief record of one who, as a genuine student, is worthy of notice by society, and who, in this capacity, may also serve as an illustrative comment on a change in student life, which is now becoming more noticeable than before in this country, although to silent observers it has been an object of attention for some time back. The hand of friendship, indeed, it should be confessed, wishes, in writing this paper, to find some compensation for having been denied, by distance, the sad solace of ministering to the last mortal necessities of one beloved by all who knew him. But, in a general instructor of this kind, no reason could have been an adequate inducement for making our readers participants in a private sorrow; and only on the importance of this occasion, for indicating the presence of certain new tendencies in society, does the present article rest its claim to a place in this journal.

It is difficult, however, so to reproduce the impression made on one's mind by the subject of this notice as to be at once true to the life of the departed and descriptive to general readers. Many characters are remarkable for some one faculty capable of analysis and separation; for memory, prominent logical or speculative power, habitual benevolence, or the like. But others are known for qualities so interfused with one another, so modified in the final effect by their mutual relations, that to separate seems to destroy them, and to restore the image by suggestion to one not acquainted with the original a task well-nigh beyond accomplishment. Of this class William Robertson was a remarkable example. Shading into one another, his mind, affections, and spiritual development made a sort of total impression; undistinguishable in their individual effect, they seldom suggested analysis and scarcely perhaps allowed of it. In its ground and most general composition the character was instinctive, displaying without design, or any intention beyond the moment, sweet affections, quiet and gentle thoughts, and a succession of beautiful fancies, having a subtle coherence in the mind itself, but little obvious relation to one another. The action of the life, in its final expression, was involuntary. Ideas, images, outflowings of love, however positive in their derivation, rose spontaneously in their utterance, never being directed or interrupted by the will, but obtaining their own way of manifestation. In the recognition of this fact, the key to the interpretation of the character is to be found. Through this peculiarity, Mr Robertson seemed to the writer to stand, in the general style of his character, somewhere about midway between the two sexes. In the predominance in him of emotion, a soft and self-abandoning affection, and a method of instinctive rather than of analytic judgment, he appeared, in the outward expression of himself, to be remarkably of the feminine type of humanity; while he was discriminated from it by qualities essentially manly; embodying, in a curious composition, a result of both, marked, however, more by the characteristics proper to the other sex than by those of his own. From the special relation in which these two parts of his nature stood to each other, the whole effect of his character on the minds of friends and acquaintances took its rise. Seen for the first time, and from a distance, especially if the disposition of the observer was cold and unimaginative, William Robertson seemed boyish and effeminate, possessing enthusiasm rather than being possessed by it; and, indeed, it must be acknowledged, that a certain wild romance, in itself essentially beautiful and true to his nature, occasionally animated him with too impassioned an expression. But a more delicate scrutiny and observation, conducted under varied circumstances, and in a genial sympathy with the fine aspirations of his mind, changed the whole aspect of one's opinion; it discovered a spirit working naturally behind all this appearance; it traced

flashes of caprice; and it discerned a heart large and sensitive, often assuming extravagance as a guise under which it might be tolerated without restraint on its requisite utterance. The more profoundly studied, the more really beautiful and consistent did the character of this remarkable youth appear; and what is interesting to note is the fact, that things only borne with at first became afterwards reasons of purer love and admiration for him; they served to discriminate him from other men, and were, in truth, the source of his strength, the origin of that fascination which he exercised over the hearts of his intimate friends.

One and the same spirit animated his social, mental, and religious life: he was instinctive rather than methodical, more passive than positive, more receptive than productive, in all the phases of his character. Connected with Mr Robertson's life in society, it may be noticed that no one within the range of the writer's knowledge subordinated himself to the reputation of others so much as he did, without losing a particle of his originality. No charlatan ever more loudly called a crowd about himself than he was accustomed to do about those who might have succeeded in awakening his interest. So strong was his love of sympathy, not in his own behalf, but in a common admiration of some third or fourth party, that he could not take rest till he had made known any new work, whether of poetry, philosophy, or art, which a vagrant habit of searching in all directions for something good and beautiful had brought within his reach. In the choice of his friends, too, the same disposition finely manifested itself in fixing on all strange, solitary, and melancholy spirits for companions; and it frequently carried him the length of inviting up to his narrow lodging some one or other of the German boys who visit Edinburgh with organs at the beginning of winter, and whom he loaded with viands from his simple board and with a few pence. Everything he did in this last mentioned way was done in so endearing a manner, that many a sorrowful wanderer had his load of misery lifted off by him, and doubtless left the presence of his benefactor with a blessing in the heart as well as on the lip. Robertson, we may observe, was a remarkable favourite with little children of both sexes; and dearly did he love to associate with them in their sports, and particularly to awaken their minds by touching and beautiful stories. This love of children, however, was in him not a sympathy with mere life and gaiety, but more especially with promise and innocence, with gentle fancies just glimmering in anticipation, and with a certain closeness to the divinity enjoyed by infancy, and which he recognised with a sensibility even to tears.

The mind of William Robertson, in its kind, and particularly in its method of expression, was strongly marked by his individuality of character. A gay, soft, and profuse fancy, rather than imagination or intellect, was remarkable in it. Looking out from himself for the elements of thought, and loving to abandon himself, as if for ever, to the ideas and images of others, he became by degrees, as it were, drenched in thought. Reacting on the impressions thus received, he poured them forth in midnight effusions, according to a manner entirely his own. Always emotive, generally very beautiful, and at times gorgeous or sublime, these rhapsodies, as they might be called, tinged with a certain wild and melancholy pathos, seemed like the echoings of familiar voices collected into one mystic song of humanity. The product was new; for his principle of assimilating from foreign sources, and more especially of expressing himself, was curiously characteristic. It was impossible to chain him to one author or to any living mind; nor could he be constrained to accept anything alien to the spirit of his genius. Like water, when pressed, he yielded for the moment; but it was only to reoccupy his former position as soon as the force was withdrawn. Even when most completely surrendering himself to foreign influence, he preserved the identity of his mind; no wave could overwhelm him; his buoyancy bore him on the surface, with his large eyes looking up to the blue skies of God and out on the troubled sea of society.

But, owing to the luxuriance of his fancy, many, even of his friends, were led to regard him as possessed of little more than fancy. No mistake could well-nigh be greater. Far from versed in exact learning, a thing entirely unsuited to his genius, he yet had what learning never has given nor ever will give—a power of instinctive judgment, by which, with no parade of method or syllogistic form, he reached an incomparably truer opinion, on the whole, than all the laborious balancings of a schoolman could have furnished him with. Of late years, also, it should be observed, the promise of a higher order of mind than he had before given indications of was becoming more and more evident to those who affectionately watched his progress. Frequently he surprised his friends by the acuteness and largeness of his views; and his mind was gradually assuming a more philosophical manner of thinking. In all matters of taste, he was a critic of exquisite discrimination; no fine thought, however disguised, seemed to escape his notice. He was passionately fond of paintings and music; indeed, his æsthetic feeling in all the arts was singularly delicate. The finest part of his mind, however, it is impossible to describe. It consisted in a certain soft flush of beauty, inherent in the thought, but more obvious in the manner of his thinking. One might have imagined that the spirit of a dream hung over him; and that from it, as from something which he loved to brood upon but could not recall, he drew his inspiration.

It is in his relation to Christianity, however, that William Robertson is an object of intensest interest. Little matters it to know what special form the highest revelation of God receives in the minds of the great masses who own submission to it; for, in general, that form is one and the same—the form through which they have been educated. But a mind like the present, on which the conventions of society sat lightly, puts Christianity on trial; and on being mysteriously swayed by it, although caring no way to affect submission, it furnishes, by a new experiment, a proof of its spiritual origin. Accustomed as we are to parade the power of Christianity, without indicating the genuine evidences of the fact, we give the scoffer and the man of the world an occasion of slighting our holy faith. How often does the infidel lip curl with the smile of contempt, which the mistimed folly of vaunting believers gives his miserable spirit only too much reason to indulge! Adrift on the sea of inquiry, without landmark or star to consult, if the troubled soul be seen holding a fair course, then are the needle and the chart authenticated. But if it only creeps along the shore, anchoring each night in some nook or bay, its progress may be sure, but it supplies no proof that it has within it means independent of sense, for guiding it in safety over clouded and shoreless waters.

In this light, then, the experience of a noble mind like William Robertson's, is, in reference to Christianity, a matter of profound importance. We may say, in the first place, that his opinions were essentially evangelical: he bowed in humiliation of spirit before the consciousness of depravity, and owned the need of a Saviour, and of an invisible spiritual agency to regenerate and to sanctify him. But his heart recoiled from the formulas of orthodoxy, as intended for general application; or, perhaps, it should rather be said, that he submitted to Christianity as it is found life-like in the Scriptures, not as it is synthetically evolved in creeds and systems. It was the fine essence of Christianity that entered into his spirit, and permeated the whole mass of his ideas and impressions, rather than any one particular mode of conceiving it. On account of this want of a dogmatic text and explicit definition of faith, he was, we regret to say, often suspected of being secretly disobedient to Christianity. No suspicion was ever more entirely unfounded. Simple as a child in his habits, with a free, guileless, happy, and unformal manner, ever open as day, he was unconscious of the effect of his joyous expression upon staid and technical minds; or if, through his friends, he became aware of it, he could only regret the incidental offence, but confessed it impossible to avoid giving it. It must be remarked, also, that

his Christianity was always associated in his mind with a feeling of beauty, as well as with a sense of solemn spiritual obligation; and the essential tendencies of his mind led him more often to refer to it under the one aspect than under the other. As the embodiment of divine love, too, it more generally occurred to his mind, than as the rule of divine authority. The emotive element, indeed, occupied so large a place in his character, that for the due and adequate influence of Christianity upon his heart, it was necessary for him to bring it into a state of adjustment to this impulse. Persons of unemotional temperament could not understand this necessity; and by such, the subject of this notice was, of consequence, suspected of trifling with Christianity.

It is not, indeed, the impression left by him on formal and unimpassioned minds that one cares, now that he is gone, to remember, but that associated with his moments of confidence, when, spirit present to spirit, he unbosomed himself to friendship. Far had he gone into the mysteries of spiritual experience; too far, indeed, to receive complete expression in language, unless when the soft, scarcely audible whisper and the intermittent sob assisted his utterance. Before God, as shadowed forth in the world and Christianity, he lay submissive and adoring; more often, however, giving course to words of love and gratitude than of apprehension, and to those of wonder than of awe; although few ever realised more profoundly than he did, the littleness of himself and of human knowledge. Life, as a thing full of mystery, he felt intensely. Sin and salvation, as represented in Christianity, often brought a flood of emotion from the fountains of his being; the image of the Saviour, especially in its gentleness, divine compassion, and spiritual harmony, lived in his heart. But little avails it to speak of these things, which can now no longer be present even to the eye of friendship. In that other world to which he has gone, and where now, face to face with the risen Jesus, he finds more adequate sympathy than earth could afford him, he is possibly remembering those seasons of communion, as the symbols of that joy which he has evermore in the presence of God, and as the memorials of a friendship which spirit originated and immortality has set her seal upon.

The reflection that one so rich in every endearing quality has passed away from among us, misunderstood by a large portion of his fellows, and imitated only by a very few, is painful, and suggests other thoughts that lie deeper than at first they seem to lie. While William Robertson had yet much to learn, and needed a large experience before the superfluities of his character could be successfully thrown off, while, perhaps, he was too inobservant of general opinion, and more than enough confident in his resources, what matters it if his idea of life was high, and if the solemnity of the invisible world was present to his habitual thoughts? Large and unconfined in his sympathies, he could not allow himself to be shut out from the admiration of any genuine work of God; and hence, he aimed to bring Christianity into a state of harmony with those impulses which have their appropriate objects out of its domain, in order that he might preserve its central and regulative position amidst tendencies that require subordination but not extinction. Too sincere to dissimulate, he sometimes laughed when he was expected to be grave, he wept at times when others might be disposed to remain unmoved; he would talk with rapture of what some were only amused at, and he saw often what others saw not. It was seldom conjectured by certain people, that, in his inner spirit, he was really different from them, but simply that he was more wayward and purposeless: the proofs of law were construed into indications of levity. By no means the highest form of Christian character, William Robertson's was yet a fine and a genuine one: and until Christianity be ordained to render men unnatural, it will be time enough to look with suspicion on one of the simplest, noblest, most beautiful, and most aspiring spirits which have obeyed its power, and which are now occupied in the song of praise to the 'Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world.'

COAL-GAS.

The inflammability of coal-gas has been known in Britain for nearly two centuries. So far back as the year 1691 the Rev. Dr Clayton, a distinguished clergyman of the English Church, as also a man of great literary and scientific research, discovered the illuminating properties of the gas which issued from coals when subjected to a certain temperature. In an account which he afterwards published in the *Transactions of the Royal Society*, he informs us that he distilled coal in a retort, and that the products were phlegm, black oil, and a spirit which he was unable to condense, but which he confined in a bladder. Indeed, the learned prelate, at this early period, extracted from the coal the same properties which manufacturers of gas still bring out of it—phlegm or water, black oil or coal-tar, and spirit or gas. From reading his account of the experiments which he then made, it would seem that he was perfectly satisfied as to its illuminating power, and that he even hit upon something like the manner in which it might be converted to some practical purpose. In that paper he tells us that after he had secured quantities of the spirit in the bladder, he made pin-holes in it, applied a lighted candle to the same, and exhibited the beautiful bright light to his friends when they paid him a visit on a winter evening. Its appearance astonished those who saw it, and had it been shown to persons less educated than the society with which this eminent man mingled, he would have been regarded as some strange supernatural being, and the gas as the invention of some fairy or evil spirit. As it was, it excited not a little attention, and filled the minds of the doctor's friends with perfect amazement, though nothing farther was done by him to bring the discovery into practical operation.

From 1691 till 1733 no other individual seems to have given any attention to the subject, or to have been at all cognisant of the inflammability of coal-gas. In the latter year Sir James Lowther communicated to the Royal Society an account of a spontaneous irruption of gas at his colliery, Whitehaven. When the workmen were employed with their usual labour, they were surprised by a rush of air in the pit, which caught fire at the approach of a candle, and burned with a flame two yards high and one yard in diameter. The men were thrown into a state of the greatest consternation at such an unusual and alarming spectacle, and with difficulty effected their escape. After a time it was extinguished, but it was so annoying that the workmen were unable to remain below and proceed with their mining operations. To remedy the evil, a tube was made to carry it off, which projected several yards above the pit, at the end of which the miners fixed bladders which were filled in a few seconds by the noxious vapour. Perceiving its illuminating qualities, some of them erected pipes and other conveniences, in order to make it serve as a substitute for candle, but though for years the supply was unlimited, it does not appear to have attracted much attention beyond a very short period. As in the former case, the use of it was confined only to a few, and, after a little, they abandoned their pipes, bladders, &c., and allowed the gas to escape. Thus the baronet's as well as the doctor's gas-lighting came to a most unsatisfactory and unprofitable termination—having 'ended in smoke.'

The next experiments in coal-gas of any moment were made by Dr Watson, bishop of Llandaff. His curiosity had been awakened by the papers of the above-named gentleman in the *Philosophical Transactions*, and about the year 1767, he brought his acute and vigorous mind to the study of the subject. He made numerous experiments, and prosecuted these with an energy and enthusiasm seldom surpassed. Nor was he altogether unsuccessful. Indeed, the reverend bishop did so much that we are astonished he did not accomplish far more; we wonder that in his day the towns and cities of the kingdom were not illuminated with gas. He did not merely put the coal into a retort, and cause the gas or vapour to fly off, but he collected the same, passed it through water in order

to purify it, and then conveyed it by pipes from one place to another. In fact, he manufactured coal-gas; and it is not improbable that the reasons why he did not bring it into general use were, the prejudice existing against the innovation, the want of mechanical skill for the erection of a sufficient gasometer, as also the expense, together with the want of those facilities which the iron trade now so liberally supplies for the speedy and comparatively cheap accomplishment of such an undertaking.

In recording the inventive genius of our southern friends in this particular department, we must not forget to give a place to a Scotch nobleman who has also some share in the merit of discovering at an early period the illuminating power of coal-gas. We refer to Lord Dundonald. Between the years 1780 and 1790 his lordship made several experiments at his coal-tar work, Culross, Perthshire. We are informed that he built in a row nine cylindrical ovens of brick along a bank of earth; these were about three feet wide and seven feet deep, each having a moveable cover at top for charging, and a well-fitted door at bottom to regulate the combustion; a seven-inch cast-iron pipe near the top, conveyed the products to the condenser on the top of the bank. The condenser was a flat box of lead, having divisions partly crossing it to detain the vapours of the tar, and resembled the coolers used by brewers, from having a rim to retain cold water, with which it was plentifully supplied. The tar was conducted by a pipe into similar cylinders of brick-work on the opposite side of the bank, each of which had an opening in the top for the escape of the incondensable part of the products. To these openings the workmen were in the habit of attaching a cast-iron pipe, by means of a lump of soft clay, and lighting the gas at the other end. His lordship also was in the habit of burning gas in the abbey as a curiosity; and for this purpose he had a vessel constructed resembling a large urn, which he filled, and lighted the hall with when he had company with him.

It is obvious that in this as in the cases above enumerated the illuminating property of coal-gas was known, though as yet it had not been applied to any practical or useful purpose. It was regarded as an object of curiosity, and was exhibited for the entertainment of friends, just as the magic-lantern or some such novelty. To substitute it for candle or oil seems never to have occurred to any of these learned and scientific men. Accordingly, for several years after Dr Watson's and Lord Dundonald's experiments, the discovery seems to have been forgotten, or, if remembered, to have been considered as altogether useless. In the year 1792, however, the subject again began to occupy attention, and a gentleman, after a series of patient and ingenious experiments, found that gas distilled from coal, and certain other substances, admitted of an important practical application. He struck upon the idea of artificial gas-lighting, and proclaimed to the world the practicability of such a scheme. The gentleman to whom the merit of this important invention belongs was Mr William Murdoch, a native of Old Cumnock, Ayrshire. At the time he made the discovery he was an engineer in the employment of Messrs Bolton & Watt, Redruth, Cornwall. So successful was he in his experiments, that he erected a gasometer, by which he lighted his own house, and conducted the gas in iron and copper pipes to the distance of seventy feet. It might have been supposed that the brilliancy of the light, together with the benefits of the invention, would have arrested public attention, and that this influential company would have taken immediate advantage of Mr Murdoch's discovery; but, whatever was the reason, no further gas-lighting took place at this time at Redruth. In 1797 Mr Murdoch removed to his native town in Ayrshire, where he resumed his experiments, and without loss of time erected a gasometer, with which he lighted his house, as he had done when in England. In the following year he was engaged by his former employers to put up a large gas-work at their manufactory at Soho, and after various experiments he was most successful in the completion of the novel undertaking. It was not, however, till 1802 that

It attracted much of public attention. In the spring of that year, on the occasion of the national rejoicing at the peace of Amiens, the front of the great Soho was brilliantly illuminated. The spectacle attracted thousands, strangers were dazzled by its brightness, the newspapers trumpeted its praises, and all Britain, in the course of a few days, was on tiptoe regarding it. Soon after, gas-light began to be introduced by some of the more extensive manufactories in Birmingham, Leeds, Halifax, Manchester, and other towns in England.

For a while it was confined chiefly to manufactories. Sufficient means had not yet been employed for its purification. Merchants and shopkeepers objected to it, because it injured their goods and spoiled their furniture and utensils. Ladies complained of its tarnishing their silver-plate, smelling their dresses, and giving them headaches. Many said, 'We prefer the old dingy light to this bright light, unless you can get quit of its dirt and unpleasantness.' To remove these obstacles to its introduction many lectures were delivered and experiments made, and in course of time the gas either became more pure, or prejudice less strong, for it began to be more generally used in private houses. A Mr Windsor, a German, is said to have done much at this time to make known the discovery and recommend its adoption. He lectured repeatedly on the subject in the metropolis, took out a patent in 1804, issued a flaming prospectus of a 'National Light and Heat Company,' offered a large remuneration to subscribers, and, by great perseverance and plausibility of address, succeeded in raising the sum of £50,000. The entire subscription was spent on experiments, &c.; not a penny came into the pockets of those who had been induced to subscribe to the scheme of the sanguine though, we think, honest German. In the year 1807 he lighted Pall Mall, which, for years, was the only street in London where gas was used. Soon after, several companies started up, and gas-lighting came into almost general use. Such progress did it make, that in the year 1823, as appears from a parliamentary investigation, there were four companies, having in all forty-seven gasometers at work, capable of containing 917,940 cubic feet of gas, supplied by 1315 retorts, which generated per annum upwards of 397,000,000 cubic feet of gas, by which 61,203 private lamps and 7268 public lamps were lighted in the metropolis. Besides these public companies, there were likewise several private ones.

Every street and alley in London, and in the principal towns in Britain, are now lighted with gas. It is being introduced to the smallest villages, especially where coal is easily procured. We could name several hamlets in Scotland, within half-a-dozen miles of each other, that have within these few years erected their gas-works, by which the inhabitants and the proprietors have been greatly benefited. The principal towns on the Continent and America have long since used gas-light, and in the remote colony of New South Wales, as well as in other distant places, it has likewise been introduced; and in proportion as facilities are opened up for the increasing and cheapening of coal and iron, so will this mode of lighting be more extensively employed.

There are four varieties of coal which have been tried in Great Britain in the manufacture of gas, namely, caking coal, cherry coal, splint coal, and cannel coal. Of these the cannel or Scotch coal yields the best gas, the caking or Newcastle coal the worst, and the cherry and splint an intermediate gas, the quality of which is nearly the same. The places in Scotland where this cannel coal is got at present are Knightswood and Skaterigg, a few miles west from Glasgow; Monkland, Lesmahago, Wemyss and Torryburn in Fifehire; Arniston, Dryden, and the Marquis of Lothian's pits in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. These coals differ considerably as to value; but it may be stated in general that a ton of the best description, when distilled at the usual temperature, yields about 10,080 cubic feet. One-fifth of the weight of coal is gas, two-fifths coke, and two-fifths tar, water, &c.

Gas-making is simply a process of distillation. The

coal is enclosed in iron chests called retorts, varying in size according to the extent of the work, which are placed over a furnace. They are carefully covered up, the temperature is raised to redness, the volatile parts are separated from the fixed parts and conducted by bent tubes into a larger pipe, technically called the 'hydraulic main,' which receives the gas produced from the several retorts. At this stage it is very impure, being mixed with water, tar, carbonated hydrogen, &c., and in order to its purification it is passed through a number of bent tubes immersed in water. It has now lost the tar and dirty water, but retains the sulphuretted hydrogen, which is not merely offensive, but which is a poison, and consequently, if used in any quantity, would be exceedingly unwholesome. To get quit of this deleterious property it is made to pass through a preparation of lime and water, which the workmen call 'cream.' The apparatus is termed a 'purifier,' of which there are generally several, through which the gas is passed till it be considered sufficiently pure. It then enters the gasholder, or gasometer, as it is commonly termed, which is a large cast-iron vessel nearly filled with water, in which is inserted another cylinder of sheet-iron a few inches less in diameter, and open at the bottom, from which it is conveyed by pipes to the streets, and warehouses, and dwellings of our most extensive and populous cities.

In the process of distillation, the ratio at which the gas evolves depends both on the description of coal that is used and the heat that is applied. The quantity is greatest at the commencement. In a work where the average kind of coal is employed, and where the retorts are worked at eight hours' charges, the following are the quantities at each hour:—

During the 1st hour are generated				Cubic Feet.	Sum.
..	2d	1495	3495
..	3d	1367	4862
..	4th	1279	6161
..	5th	1189	7350
..	6th	997	8341
..	7th	864	9225
..	8th	775	10,000

That our readers may form some idea of the expense of erecting gas-works, as also the cost at which gas is manufactured, we close this paper with the following statements, received from the treasurer of a company whose work is in the neighbourhood of one of the best Scottish coal-fields:—The outland capital is £1600; the quantity of cannel coal used during the past year is 147 tons, of furnace coal 80 carts, of lime for purifying the gas 6 tons. The quantity of gas produced from the above was 1,000,000 cubic feet; the number of jets used nightly about 1000; the annual expenses for carrying on the establishment £250, and the income £350.

PERILOUS ADVENTURE IN A SNOW STORM.

[From the Manchester Times.]

We were recently put in possession of the details of one of the most singular and perilous adventures during a snow storm, which we recollect to have heard. The parties concerned are highly respectable and well-known gentlemen in this neighbourhood—James Sidebottom, Esq. of Water-side, near Glossop, and Mr Edward Wrigley, colliery-surveyor and civil-engineer, of Cross Street, Manchester; and though these gentlemen were naturally averse to making themselves the subjects of a notoriety such as a newspaper report may be calculated to give them, yet Mr Wrigley was induced, from a representation that the notice might operate as a caution to other parties, at this inclement season of the year, not hastily to place themselves in a similar position to the very dangerous one from which they have escaped, to give us the particulars of a story, an outline of which had reached our reporter through another channel. It may be remarked, that the scene of this adventure is on the same bleak and lofty range of hills, forming the boundary between Derbyshire and Yorkshire, and only five or six miles from the spot on which a soldier of the 69th

regiment perished a few weeks ago, under circumstances not unlike those we are about to relate. Mr Wrigley, on this occasion, was on a professional journey; one of the objects of that journey being to search for the inlet of the brook known by the name of the Great Crowden Brook, into the river Etherow. He was accompanied by Mr Sidebottom, and they reached Woodhead Station, the nearest point to their destination they could attain by a travelling conveyance, by about nine o'clock on Monday morning, by the train of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway, which leaves Manchester at a quarter before eight. From thence they walked down the turnpike road towards Huddersfield, as far as the summit of Holme Moss, and turned westward on to the moors, endeavouring to follow the boundary between the counties of Derby and York; but whilst they were thus engaged, a snow storm came on, and they were completely bewildered. They took a direction which they conceived would lead them into the valley down which the Great Crowden flows; but after a cold and fatiguing walk, they came to the turnpike road from Greenfield to Holmfirth, a distance of several miles from the place at which they aimed. The snow was coming down at this time very fast; there are neither paths nor vegetation in the desolate country they had traversed, and the snow prevented them from obtaining a sight of any landmarks by which to direct their course. They had a copy of the ordnance map, however, with them, and after some consideration as to the course they should take, they again left the turnpike road to cross the moors. This was about one o'clock on Monday, and they had reason to believe that their best guide to the point of which they were in search was to walk in the teeth of the snow. To their astonishment and disappointment, however, after traversing a rough and precipitous country for nearly three hours, they came, at nearly four o'clock, upon the turnpike road to Greenfield, at little more than a mile from the point at which they had first left it. Mr Wrigley now suggested that they should desist from the further prosecution of their search till more favourable weather, and that they should pursue the road to Greenfield, and from thence get home by way of Stalybridge, which place they could have reached in time for a railway train. Mr Sidebottom, however, had confidence in his knowledge of the country, and the snow having abated for a time, thought they should still be able to reach the point at which they had aimed. They consequently returned again upon the moors, and had been engaged for nearly three hours in the object of their excursion, when they came upon a brook, which they were led to hope was the Crowden. With great difficulty they reached the bed of the brook, down a precipitous and dangerous ledge of rocks, with the intention of following the course of the stream. But darkness had overtaken them nearly two hours before this, and they at length found it impossible, under such circumstances, to surmount the obstacles presented by the immense rocks in the course of the stream. In crossing one of these rocks, Mr Wrigley met with a serious accident. A portion of it was covered with ice, but both the snow and the darkness tended to conceal it, and the consequence was, that he was precipitated with almost stunning violence into the water, which in this place must have been four or five feet deep. Indeed, it would be difficult for any one not placed in similar circumstances to conceive the danger and difficulties with which they had to contend after darkness had set in. The moors in this place are covered with peat to the depth of from five to fifteen feet, often affording a treacherous footing to the traveller; and in these great gullies (locally called 'gruffs') have been washed from time to time by the rains. Many of these gullies are eight or ten feet deep, and several yards in width, but they were now, in some places partially, and in others wholly choked up with snow, adding to the fatigue as well as danger of crossing them. Mr Sidebottom, who is a stout man, had begun to feel the fatigue of the journey much more than his companion when they arrived at the brook, and was so overcome by it and the cold together, that as they sat in a recess formed by the rocks, at the side of the brook, an almost irresistible

drowsiness stole over him, and he proposed to pass the night there. That they should both have been fatigued and worn out is no wonder, for they frequently lost their footing, and had severe falls. Mr Sidebottom slipped down a ledge of rocks ten or twelve feet in depth, and had many heavy falls, and Mr Wrigley, who fared little better, sunk at one time into the bog to his armpits, besides getting wet in the brook, as before mentioned. Mr Wrigley resisted the proposition to pass the night in the recess, which only partially sheltered them from the weather, believing that, from the state they were then in, one or both of them could assuredly never survive till the return of day; and with some difficulty he induced his companion to make an effort to find the turnpike road, or a more suitable place of shelter. They then climbed the rock, to an elevation of probably a hundred feet above the level of the stream, and it then became evident that Mr Sidebottom was too much benumbed and exhausted to move much further. In this dilemma, it is a singular circumstance that Mr Wrigley, who had seated himself on a ledge of rock, regardless of the snow, to wait for his companion (who had called upon him to stop, declaring his inability to continue the journey), feeling an opening beneath his feet, which he could not fathom even by holding on the rock with his hands, was led to hope there was some recess in which they could obtain shelter for the remainder of the night. In the darkness, however, it was impossible to see of what depth it might be; and they were afraid to trust themselves to a descent which might involve serious injury, or loss of life. At length Mr Sidebottom, taking hold of the hands of Mr Wrigley, was let down, and enabled to touch the bottom with his feet, and both of them descending, found themselves immediately in a cavern of the rocks, of irregular shape, but about three yards in length and one and a half yards in width. Here they at once resolved to pass the night.

It was difficult to say which was in the worst condition for such a resting-place. Mr Wrigley was wet to the skin, but had a top-coat and gloves on; Mr Sidebottom had left home without either of these useful coverings. They could not see the time by their watches, but they imagined it to be about eight o'clock when they discovered the cave. To keep out the snow, which blew into their retreat with bitter coldness, the only thing available to form a door was an ordnance map, which had been wet through in Mr Wrigley's pocket, when he fell into the brook; and this, on being held to the mouth of the cave, soon stiffened with the frost, and to some extent formed a screen from the wind and snow. For several hours they sat back to back, in the hope that they should be able, with the heat obtained in this way, to resist the effects of the cold, but they found it necessary at intervals to get upon their feet and move about, and stamp on the floor, to induce a circulation of the blood. Even with these aids, however, they found the cold so piercing about midnight as to induce them to try other means, and one of these was to wrap their handkerchiefs over their faces and mouths, as veils, to obtain the benefit of warmth to the face from the breath thus confined to that locality. For several hours, Mr Sidebottom lay across Mr Wrigley's knees, as that gentleman sat on the floor of the cave with his back against one of the sides, and his right arm resting on a shelf of the rock; and additional warmth was obtained by each in this way. The great difficulty was to keep off sleep, which each felt must be fatal to the party indulging in it; and to keep off this friend so refreshing to the tired frame under ordinary circumstances, but now dreaded as the worst enemy that could insinuate itself, they found it necessary continually to ask each other the question. In spite of all their efforts, however, they seem to have been so benumbed and cold as only to have retained half-consciousness, and daylight, at seven o'clock, surprised and gladdened them by its appearance, when they supposed it to be only three in the morning. With the return of light, on Tuesday morning, they ventured forth from their wretched retreat, but so nearly deprived of sensibility, that they could with difficulty walk. Nor was that difficulty lessened by the nature of the country they had to

traverse. They followed the course of the brook which they had supposed to be the Crowden, till they came to a sheep-track on the southerly side, and here they made the disappointing discovery, that they were several miles from the point they had supposed themselves to have reached. Instead of finding themselves on the Great Crowden Brook, they found it was the Greenfield Brook; and the object by which they first made this discovery was the plantation, at no great distance, at the top of which stands the house known by the name of Bill's-o'-Jack's, the scene of a notorious murder, committed some years ago upon a father and son, the perpetrators of which have never yet been discovered. They pressed forward as fast as they could, having discovered the locality, and soon arrived at a farmhouse called Ashway Gap, where they broke a fast which had been protracted to twenty-six hours' duration! If they walked with difficulty and pain, however, before reaching this shelter, they had still greater difficulty in walking after sitting before a warm fire for a time. They tried in vain to obtain a conveyance on the road, and had to walk to Stalybridge, a distance of eight or nine miles, whence they took 'the rail' to their respective homes.

Mr Wrigley had left home, stating that he might probably be away all night, and his absence created no uneasiness; but Mr Sidebottom had given no such intimation to his family, and the alarm in which his protracted absence had placed them may be conceived. Both of the gentlemen have suffered severely from the effects of cold and bruises since—Mr Sidebottom in particular—but we believe they are now fast recovering from them. It is a singular circumstance, that though they must have walked a distance of not less than nine or ten miles on the Monday night, after leaving the Greenfield turnpike road, the cave in which they sheltered is not more than half a mile from the point they started from, and at which they had a second time found themselves at four o'clock; so that they seem to have journeyed, probably from some peculiarity of the country, continually in a circle. The rocks in which the cave is situated are marked upon the ordnance map, and are called Seal Bark Rocks, about a mile and a quarter from the house above mentioned—Bill's-o'-Jack's. The people at Greenfield stated that the night had been one of the severest they had experienced for many years, and, accustomed as they had been to the keen air of the hills, it was with difficulty they could be made to believe that human beings had survived such a bitter frost and snow in a situation so exposed. Mr Wrigley states that the position of the cave is such that it is doubtful if it has ever before been visited; and that if they had perished, it is probable that years would have elapsed before their bodies would have been discovered. Their fingers on the Tuesday morning were so benumbed and contracted, that as they took them from their pockets, pulling out with them money and other articles, which fell in the snow, they had no power of picking them up from the ground.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND REVELATION.

What can philosophy and science teach us but what they gather from the observation of mind and matter? Religion presumes upon the exposition of truths beyond the reach of human observation, yet indefinitely related to our consciousness, and of infinitely greater importance for us to know than the order and results of physical, intellectual, or moral laws. Had we no revelation from on high, what answer could philosophy make to the question, What is man? It would be a miserable mockery of his desire, leaving him in a state of doubt and uncertainty alien to the enjoyment of the present life, because of the ever-haunting conception of a future state dependent upon the conduct of the present. Philosophy hath its place in the providential arrangements of our social condition, but that place is at the footstool of religion; there, an humble handmaid, it should await the fiat of its august mistress; its teachers should be humble men, bearing with them the cross of Jesus, to lean upon when doubts prevail, and

when truth resists their ardent and persevering search. It is when the natural sun shines that the traveller pines unknown lands, and the philosopher should pursue his devious and difficult path under the light of div truth.—*W. D.*

COME TO THE RESCUE

BY WILLIAM M'COMB.

'And the famine was sore in the land.—Gen. xlii. 1.

Remember the poor, and give heed to their cry;
Haste, haste to the rescue—they perish, they die!
The father lies wasted—the mother lies dead—
The little ones starving are crying for bread!
Oh! come to the rescue with heart and with hand,
For the famine is heavy and sore on the land!

Oh! ye who earth's treasures abundant possess,
Remember the poor in their time of distress;
Keep not till to-morrow the needful supply—
To-day if neglected, to-morrow they die!
Oh! come to the rescue with heart and with hand,
For the famine is heavy and sore in the land!

The dead in the ditches are coffinless thrown;
The living are dying—unshrouded, unknown;
The babe is deprived of the breast of its mother,
To yield a supply to a sister or brother!
Oh! come to the rescue with heart and with hand,
For the famine is heavy and sore in the land!

'Tis heartless to speak of provident times,
The by-gones of recklessness, folly, and crimes—
Past seasons of idleness—thus to evade
The cry of a famishing people for aid.
Then come to the rescue with heart and with hand,
For the famine is heavy and sore in the land!

The man who possesseth a plentiful store,
Whose basket is full, and whose cup runneth o'er,
Yet says to his destitute brother depart—
How dwelleth God's love in his pitiless heart?
He comes not to rescue with heart and with hand,
When the famine is heavy and sore in the land!

When the judgment of Heaven in the earth is abroad
Let the nations be humble and hearken to God;
He smites, that the smitten may see him reveal'd—
He wounds, that the wounded may look and be heal'd—
He calls to the rescue—Oh! who dare withstand,
When the famine is heavy and sore in the land?

RELIGIOUS MOTIVES THE BEST.

Heroism, self-denial, and magnanimity, in all instance where they do not spring from a principle of religion, are but splendid altars, on which we sacrifice one kind of self-love to another.

THE WORLD.

The world is a sea, and life and death are its ebbing and flowing. Wars are the storms which agitate and toss into fury and faction. The tongues of its enraged inhabitants are then as the noise of many waters. Peace is the calm which succeeds the tempest, and hushes the billow of interest and passion to rest. Prosperity is the sea whose beams produce plenty and comfort. Adversity is portentous cloud impregnated with discontent, and often bursts into a torrent of desolation and destruction.

VALUE OF TRIFLES.

One kernel is felt in a hog'shead—one drop of water helps to swell the ocean—a spark of fire helps to give light to the world. Man is a small object—passing amid the crowd he is scarcely noticed—but he has a drop, a spar within him that will be felt throughout eternity. Set the drop in motion—fan that spark, and behold the result! It may renovate the world. None are too small—too feeble—too poor to be of service. Think of this and act. *Li* is no trifle.

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BOOKS.

BY THE REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

THE present age is unquestionably the most interesting and eventful that has occurred since the Reformation; if not since the birth of Christ; and it is not merely that it is itself interesting and important, but that it is the threshold to the long and eventful periods which lie beyond; it is the porch to a period of lustre, light, and happiness, such as eye hath not hitherto seen, nor ear heard, nor has it entered into the heart of man to conceive; it is the morning to a day the brightest, the longest, the loveliest, the last that shall dawn on earth; it is the hour of a birth the most glorious that ever issued from the womb of time! Other ages have been comparatively asleep, lulled in dead security, or lapped in idle and vicious dreams; but, like a giant refreshed, hath this our age awoken, and arisen, and got upon its feet, to assert its rights and to meet its destinies. In looking at the mighty stir which at present agitates the world, we are reminded of the traveller who, from some lofty mountain in the north, sees, in the season of spring, a thousand rivers bursting their chains of icy confinement, and sweeping on with uncontrollable power and majesty toward the ocean. So in our day the mind of man is loosing its bands, and so it is irresistibly advancing. In every country and clime the first spectacle which flashes on the eye of the moral observer is an awakening from intellectual slumber—a resurrection of the soul. The Indian is awaking, and has shaken off from his shoulders the yoke of his idol's bloody car; the Negro is awaking, and spurning the chains of his bondage; the Turk is awaking, and beginning to doubt or disbelieve the grand dogma of his creed—that Mahomet is the prophet of God; the Russian is awaking, and beginning to ask the question, if he be meant by God and nature for an eternal slave; the Spaniard is awaking to doubt if superstition be faith and idolatry worship; the Italian is awaking to feel that music is not freedom, nor life a song; the Briton has long been awake to assert his own liberties and to blow a jubilee-blast across the world; the Christian is awaking, and the stir of the missionary enterprise is heard on every side, and the thunders of destruction are beginning to crash over the throne of hell!

And whence is all this? Unquestionably, under God, it is owing to the diffusion, by books and other means, of knowledge. It is this which is shaking the throne of the tyrant, and snapping the chain of the slave; it is this which is rousing the 'majestic world;' it is this which is changing the moral, more than a thousand earthquakes could the physical, aspect of the globe! Books are the special instruments which knowledge uses—she grasps

these in the right hand of her benevolent power, and they have proved sources of pleasure and profit to the world which are quite incalculable.

A book, then, is a great spiritual power—it is a rod of magic; a sceptre of command; a fork of the lightning to smite; a ray of the sun to illuminate; now a live coal from the altar, and now a spark from the pit. What, in one view, says it? Nothing. It seems quite dumb—no sound issues from its largest page—even in the wide Bodleian or vast Vatican not a whisper can be heard. The wind which makes the forest leaves to sing, and draws a deep monotony from the ocean-waves, can only educe an empty and feeble rustle from the leaves of a book. What says it in another sense? What says it not? Apply it to the ear of the spirit and it speaks with most miraculous organ; it awakes as from profound slumber; it tells the most marvellous stories; it communicates the most important tidings; it becomes now a harp of poetry, now a lute of love, now it gives out tones as of the sphere music, and now it echoes the oracles of heaven. Take up the shell sitting silent on the mantel-piece, and it begins immediately to speak, as 'pleased it remembers its august abodes, and murmurs as the ocean murmurs there;' take up the book, and it will tell you news from remoter shores than those of the Pacific—from mightier and older oceans than that of the Atlantic. What does it in one sense? Nothing. It is motionless; it is ever at rest, even when devoured with the utmost earnestness; it remains still, even when its reader is moving to its page in joy or agony, as to a martial instrument. What does it in another? All things—all power is its own. It draws tears, it kindles blushes, it awakens laughter; it stills, calms, or quickens the motions of the life's blood; it soothes or maddens, lulls to repose or kindles to restlessness; often it gives life to the soul, and sometimes it has given death to the body! How looks it in one sense? Dim perhaps with age, dusky with usage, covered with dust, or stained with the trace of tears—there seems little beauty about it. How looks it in another? If a book of genius, there is a glory about its every page—it shines as well as speaks and stirs; there is a venerableness in its stains; there is a glory in its tear traces; its duskiest binding is radiant; and time, which deforms and destroys all things else, only adds to the beauty and deepens the interest of a book. One might almost use the words of Byron, first applied to the ocean—

'Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.'

Or if wrinkles it does write, even these become transmuted into spots of glory upon the venerable forehead of an old and noble book! Need we say more of the power of a book? or if more, let it be this—that on it stand the

civil constitutions, the sciences, and the religions of the earth. On what rests the great sanctuary of English freedom, so long the wonder and the envy of the world, including in its sweep of walls and bulwarks our parliament, our press, our jury-boxes, our Westminster Abbey, our civil and our sacred freedom—on what rest all those towers of strength and pinnacles of glory? They rest on the leaf of a book—on *Magna Charta*—which is of our great social pyramid the glorious base. On what repose all our lofty sciences, which scale the heavens, and map out the stars, and descend into the dark secrets of our own planet? They rest ultimately upon a book. On a thin octavo volume called *'Euclid's Elements'* is reared all that proud pile, the top of which may be said to reach unto heaven. What keep together the vast idolatries of the East, and bind 180,000,000 of souls to the throne of Mahomet? Two books—books of error, indeed, but surely books of power—the *Shaster* and the *Koran*. And what is the sun in the sky of all Christian nations, their companion in youth, their guide through life, their monitor in error, their comfort in sorrow, their luminary in death? It is a book—the blessed, the divine, the eternal Book of God. Of the power of books we need, we can say no more.

Let us now speak of the pleasures springing from books. Modern poets have set to song almost every variety of human pleasures. They have sung of the 'Pleasures of Imagination,' of the 'Pleasures of Hope,' and of the 'Pleasures of Memory.' But there is one topic which yet remains without its bard, and that is the pleasures of reading. And yet few subjects contain in them a richer interest. The man who reads has the command of a fund of instruction and entertainment which is absolutely inexhaustible. He may be in circumstances where he can find no congenial society, where he has not a single kindred spirit with whom to exchange a thought or share an emotion, must he then sigh in secret for the want, and need he turn contemptuously away? No; let him lift his books and say, here at least are friends that can converse with me—here are hearts that beat responsive to mine—here is the sweetest society for my desolate spirit. And if he turn in pity away from the unreflecting living, let it be to enter with greater enjoyment into the august and awful company of the dead. Is he absolutely alone? Still if he have brought his books with him into his solitude—books suggesting to him elevated and holy thoughts—he may venture to take up the language of the Great Teacher himself, and say 'How can I be alone when the Father is with me?' Does he meet at rare intervals, and in brief but exquisite intercourse, with those congenial minds? What subject so sure to be started as that of favourite books, and what exercise so delicious as reading from those volumes the 'thoughts that breathe and the words that burn' to hearts that breathe and to eyes that burn in reply? Is he at any time sad—does there lie heavy upon his soul the burden and the mystery of all this unintelligible world—or is he mourning for the oppressions that are done under the sun—or has a bereavement stricken him—or does a secret sorrow devour him? Let him go to those books which have wedded grief to genius, and they, in words passing through his soul like some sad sweet melody, will, like it, first blend with the prevailing painful emotion and then bear it softly away, leaving only the 'joy of grief' behind it. Is he merry? Let him increase and refine his mirth by intercourse with those gayer writers, whose object is to strew with fairy and fantastic garlands of wit and humour what otherwise would often seem this dark sepulchre the earth. Is he idle? Let him on the vacant summer morn repair to some bank of flowers, and bear with him a volume forming perhaps a 'fairer flower,' or let him beguile the long winter evening, in his own dwelling and at his own fireside, over the pages of a book. Is he rich? Let him have no higher earthly ambition than to form a noble collection of books; and Nebuchadnezzar watching Great Babylon which he had built, and Napoleon reviewing his legions, was not so fine or so enviable an object as a man sitting amid the gorgeous volumes, and

his wealth has enabled him to collect and which his wisdom has enabled him to enjoy. Is he poor? Let him prize the few well-worn weather-beaten volumes which he possesses, which are perhaps the only ornament of his dwelling; let him be proud of his '*Cottar's Saturday Night*,' his little collection of songs and ballads, his '*Young's Night Thoughts*,' his '*Scottish Worthies*,' his '*Pilgrim's Progress*,' and, above all, of the 'big ha' Bible, since his father's pride.' Is he confined by illness to his room? While the physician prescribes what he pleases, let us prescribe, if his disease will suffer him to read at all, an amusing and interesting book as a cheap solace, though not a solid cure. And, even when the dark hour of death draws near, what can then so support and cheer the departing soul as the sight of that Book which opens a window between him and eternity, bringing life and immortality to light; and with what song upon his lips can he more appropriately depart than with that gathered from the holy book, and on the wings of which so many spirits have soared to glory?—

'Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill,
For thou art with me; and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.'

Could Shakespeare have foreseen all the enjoyment that his works were to minister to his fellow-men; had he been favoured with a vision of all the fates that his humour was to distend with laughter, to suffuse with calm and cheerful gladness, or to moisten with joyful tears; had such a sea of happy countenances flashed upon his eye, would it not have somewhat comforted his own mighty spirit, and averted or modified that dark melancholy which seems to have shrouded his latter years? Could Homer, standing on the Chian strand, have heard all the blessings which thankful students of his burning page in every after period pronounce upon his name, would not his blind eyes have flashed meaning, gladness, and fire? Could Milton have seen only a tithe of the emotions of a joy beyond the name of pleasure, which even the first two books of his '*Paradise Lost*' were to excite in kindred minds—could Milton have foreseen? He did in part foresee them, and his great injured soul was glad. Could even Dickens be privileged to hear all the shouts of laughter from young and old, rich and poor, happy and miserable, that his works have excited in any one year of their history, it were a privilege dearly purchased—his ears would be deafened for ever, he would hear no more? Are not such writers verily benefactors to their kind? Yes; authors may by many be rejected and despised, misery may often have been their sole bed-fellow, calumny their only certificate, a garret their principal elevation, a debtor's cell their principal home; but it has been given to them instead to do more for the happiness of mankind than kings or conquerors—to gain bloodless victories, to circulate pure joys, to mitigate by imaginary means real evils and miseries, to enlighten the ignorant, to reform the vicious, to shed abroad an intellectual radiance without which our earth were dark though ten suns had been appointed to rule its day and though many moons had been created to relieve its midnight darkness. What says Carlyle on this question? 'Consider now, if they asked us, Will you give up your Indian empire or your Shakespeare? You English never have had any Indian empire or never have had any Shakespeare! Really it were a grave question. Official persons would doubtless answer in official language, but we, for our part, should not be forced to answer, Indian empire, or no Indian empire, we cannot do without Shakespeare! Indian empire will go at any rate some day, but this Shakespeare does not go, he lasts for ever with us, we cannot give up our Shakespeare.'

But books have uses besides the pleasures which they yield. Perhaps these uses may be divided into three—instruction; excitement; elevation or purification, for essentially these two are the same. Books instruct. The difference between the savage and the sage is principally that between no book and many books. A certain person used to say that he possessed the most valuable book

without gathering some information—without learning something he never knew before, or feeling something more forcibly than he never so felt before. But especially the instruction to be derived even from one book of merit is so great, that if read attentively and often, it supplies sometimes the lack of habits of wider but less select reading. 'I dread always,' said a great scholar, 'the man of one book.' The man of one author is a still more dangerous character. He by frequent perusals has drunk so deeply into an author's spirit—has got so much into his habits of thought and feeling—has sensibly or insensibly imbibed so much of his learning into his own mind—travels, in short, so naturally and easily in the track of his thought, that without any conscious imitation he becomes a duplicate of his original; and let all less than him beware! In order to get instruction from a book there are certain sound and solid advices which ought ever to be borne in mind. In the first place, let us determine to get it. Let us go to a worthy work, not merely to while away an idle hour, not to get a little tickling gratification, but to derive from it all the solid knowledge which it contains. Let us look on it as on an orange, not merely to admire it for its fine skin, but to be thoroughly squeezed out—its virtues all extracted. Paley says that it was his custom upon receiving any new work, and ere beginning its perusal, to sit down and inquire what he knew already of the subject on which it treated. He thought that he thus put himself in a position for more accurately estimating the amount of good which the volume was to do his mind, as well as the real merit of the production. This practice seems very well worthy of imitation by others besides him, and particularly by young scholars. Let us read good works often over. Some skip from volume to volume, touching on all points, resting on none. We hold, on the contrary, that if a book be worth reading once, it is worth reading twice; and that if it stand a second reading, it may stand a third. This, indeed, is one great test of the excellence of books. Many books require to be read more than once in order to be seen in their proper colours, and latent glories and dimly discovered truths will by and by disclose themselves. The writings of Foster the essayist and William Hazlitt belong to this class. Their mode of thinking and writing is at first sight very peculiar and almost repulsive; but then there is such a vast fund of original and acute remark in their writings that you can recur to them again and again, and have no more fear of exhausting their riches than of emptying the ocean. Again let us read thoughtfully: this is a great secret in the right use of books. Not lazily to mumble, like the dogs in the siege of Corinth, as dead bones, the words of the author—not slavishly to assent to his every word, and cry amen to his every conclusion—not to read him as an officer his general's orders—but to read him with suspicion, with inquiry, with a free exercise of your own faculties, with the admiration of intelligence and not with the wonder of ignorance—that is the proper and the profitable way of reading the great authors of your native tongue. With regard to the proper times for reading we need not speak. No matter where or when you read; read anywhere, provided you read with intelligence, care, and profit.

Books, too, supply excitement as well as furnish instruction. They not merely heap up fuel, but they minister fire. Books are the appointed watchmen to awaken genius from its slumbers. It is recorded of the poet Cowley that the first incident which excited in him the love of poetry was meeting, by accident, on a window-sill in his mother's dwelling, with Spenser's 'Faery Queen.' We know, too, what influence the reading of Allan Ramsay and Fergusson had upon the awakening spirit of Robert Burns. In approaching great or good works, you, in fact, draw near to electrical batteries, whence, at any moment, may be derived such shocks as shall vibrate through the soul for ever. In the excitement created by books lies a higher power than in the mere instruction which they give. The one is dead and cold, the other is warm and living. Instructed by books you may shut up your knowledge in yourself as

you in flowing streams. The man instructed by books receives all and gives back nothing in exchange; the man excited by them may repay what he has received with usury. Books have a still higher utility. They have an elevating and purifying influence. They have tendencies in them to raise the moral standard, and to refine the religious emotions. In a library of excellent works we see, as it were, an 'innumerable company of angels,' all waiting to deliver each in their turn messages of transcendent importance to their reader. A library constitutes a battlement between you and an evil world. It furnishes a spot of cool retreat, where you can retire from the distracting and dissipating affairs of life. It is a place of interview between the soul and the spirits of the departed, who, like ghosts, are with you, but who do not, like ghosts, bewilder and appal. It is a spot where you have the invisible world around you, but shorn of all its terrors; you converse with the shades of Abraham, and Moses, and Paul, or with Plato, and Homer, and Milton there, and yet do not shuddering say, 'How dreadful is this place!' Nay, it is a spot where you can retire and meet with God; and never may devotion find a fitter sanctuary, or kneel amid a holier air than in the silent and hallowed circle of a library.

We come now to specify briefly the abuses of books. Books injure when they are bad; when they are trifling; when read without due discrimination; when read through the spectacles of prejudice or prepossession; when read to the exclusion of the Book of God.

Books injure when bad or trifling. We have said that there was hardly any book so worthless but one could derive some advantage from its perusal; but time is too short, and life too uncertain, to allow us to search hay-rick after hay-rick for the solitary needle that may be found in each; the time occupied in picking the bushel of chaff will more than counterbalance the grain of wheat which it may perchance contain. Indeed it holds true, as a general principle, never to read any but books of undeniable merit. Perhaps the longer we live the less we read, but the more profit do we derive from our reading. Young people are like schoolboys who devour everything—hips, haws, brambles, rowan-berries, junipers, raw turnips. As we grow up we become more choice and chary, both in our physical and mental tastes. Some writer was asked how he had attained such a command of language, such a pure and powerful diction, and replied, that it was because he made a point never, if possible, to read an inferior work.

Books, again, injure when they are read without due discrimination—when they are read without being studied—when they are gorged without being digested. Hall being once asked if he did not think Dr Kippis a very clever man, replied, that very likely he was a very clever man naturally, but that he had laid so many books upon his head that his brains could not move. There are many like Dr Kippis—many on whom indiscriminate and excessive reading acts like a great deal of fuel piled upon a fire until it goes utterly out. To read aright is to find in reading a pleasurable and powerful stimulus to the faculties—not to allow them to be overburdened and overborne; it is to convert the food into chyle, and the chyle into blood; it is to change the dead fuel into living flame. Thus has Milton interpenetrated his learning with his genius, till his memory and his imagination appear not two faculties, but one.

Books injure, too, when read with prejudice and prepossession. If we read merely to admire, we may derive much pleasure but comparatively little advantage; if we read for the sole purpose of finding fault, we will derive neither profit nor pleasure. How we pity those who can derive no delight from any work which is not written by one of their own party, or the style of which does not suit the arbitrary canons of their own taste, or which wars with any of their prejudices, or which contradicts any of their opinions, or which soars above their own capacity of production!

Bible: and in the present day such a danger is more than problematical. The mass of books, pamphlets, and periodicals pouring from the press is apt to become a gravestone cast over the Word of God. This ought not so to be; for never let it be forgotten that this book stands altogether alone. Other books are planets shining with reflected radiance; this book, like the sun, shines with ancient and unborrowed ray. Other books have, even to their loftiest altitudes, sprung from earth; this book looks down from heaven high. Other books appeal to reason or fancy; this book to conscience and to faith. Other books supplicate our attention; this book demands it—it speaks with authority, and not as the Scribes. Other books guide gracefully along the earth; this—and this alone—conducts up the awful abyss which leads to heaven. Other books, after shining for a little while, shall perish in flames fiercer than those which destroyed the Alexandrian library; this shall remain pure as gold, but unconsumable as asbestos, in the general conflagration. Other books hy and by may be forgotten in a universe where suns go down and disappear, like bubbles in the stream; this book shall be transferred to a higher clime—to the clime whence it came—and there shall shine as the brightness of that eternal firmament, and as those higher stars which are for ever and ever! With all our getting then, let us get understanding of this: with all our reading, let us not forget to read this. It constitutes us heirs of an everlasting inheritance, and will we not read the document which entitles us to a possession so glorious? It puts into our hands a blood-sealed deed of forgiveness; can we refuse to take it up, with reverence to read, and with submission to obey? It is at our peril if we refuse.

Within that awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries.
Happy the man of human race
To whom our God hath granted grace
To ask, to knock, to read, to pray—
To lift the latch and find the way;
But better had he ne'er been born
Who reads to doubt, or reads to scorn.

COMMERCE OF BRITISH INDIA.*

THE entire abrogation, thirteen years ago, of the monopoly of trade and colonisation previously held by the East India Company over the magnificent area of Hindostan and its dependencies, opened up to British industry and capital one of the finest and most expansive fields of enterprise ever possessed by any people. The influence of subsequent political events has tended to consolidate and strengthen the power of the English rule in India; and the beneficial changes which have taken place in the internal government of the country, and its condition—the establishment of a free press, and the diffusion of the European community very widely beyond its ancient and circumscribed centre, in Bengal—have opened a comparatively clear path for the easy access of the wealth and the enterprise of the people of these kingdoms. But above all these new aids to European immigration is to be placed the amazing diminution which has been accomplished in the period of transit between England and India. Superior shipbuilding and improved navigation had long since reduced the course of post (there and back) to Calcutta from twelve months down to seven or eight. But even then it was difficult to exaggerate the repulsions of an expatriation which placed so long a period as the seventieth part of an ordinary life between the dispatch and return of the most ordinary intelligence. The application of steam, the friendship of the Egyptian government, and the indomitable skill and zeal of Lieutenant Waghorn, have achieved a most glorious revolution in the means of Indian intercourse. The four months' passage of the finest and fleetest Indiamen is reduced by more than one half; for the public of Calcutta have learned to

grumble when, at the end of forty-five days, the telegraph on the Hoogly does not announce the arrival of the Suez steamer. And it is altogether premature to conclude that the greatest velocity of transmission has yet been attained. It is quite a reasonable supposition that may be found before long to reduce the passage of the Calcutta mail to London down to five weeks, perhaps even to a month. As it is, and supposing we have seen the best, our merchants will still be able to transact business in Bengal with as much dispatch as their grandfather did at New York, and certainly with as much celerity seventy years ago, a correspondence could be exchanged with an agent in the Ionian Islands or the Levant.

The extension of the ordinary trade between India and Europe, since the cessation of the charter, has been very great; but, probably, there is no single feature in the altered commercial aspect of the great Asiatic peninsula more striking than the rapid growth of banking institutions, conducted by Europeans on the basis so familiar in the mother country, and deriving almost their entire means and influence from European capital and industry. It seems quite certain that, before long, the Indian bank will assume a very prominent place among the colonial institutions of the empire, and will acquire a large and influential footing among that shrewd and extensive class at home, who are not backward to second, with their capital and suffrage, undertakings entitled to confidence and fairly possessed of a most luxuriant field for their development.

From the Himalaya Mountains to Cape Comorin, and from the frontiers of the Burman empire to the Indian Ocean, the countries mediately or altogether in the hands of the East India Company cover an area of not less than 1,300,000 square miles, and contain a population which cannot be easily estimated at less than 150,000,000. This is an extent of surface six times, and a mass of population more than four times, greater than those of France. This immense dominion is very unequally divided between the three seats of government, at Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras; Bengal, in a surface of 328,000 square miles, containing a population of 60,000,000; Madras, in 154,000 square miles, having a population of 20,000,000; and Bombay, in 70,000 square miles, 12,000,000 of population.

The trade between England and India has received very large extension since the abrogation of the charter in 1834. The following figures exhibit the total declared value of British exports to India in the years indicated:

1814	£1,674,000
1832	3,750,000
1839	4,748,000
1845	6,703,000

The staple articles of these exports consist of manufactures of cotton, linen, woollen, copper, iron, hardware, and beer; and to these are added a variety of miscellaneous objects. In return, we import from India silk, piece goods, raw silk, indigo, sugar, saltpetre, raw hides, lac dye, cotton fabrics, rice, pepper, &c. Besides the trade to Great Britain, India carries on an extensive interchange with China, the Persian Gulf, &c. The export to China in 1838 was more than two millions sterling. Previous to about 1820, as is well known, one of the chief articles of export from England to India was silver. For some years the value of this single item of export was several millions. It has now entirely ceased. Our manufactures have made their way into the country and they are more acceptable than the precious metals. The enormous consumption of silver in India for coin, ornaments, and hoarding, is now supplied by the balance of the China trade. The Sycee silver of the Chinese is given for the opium of Malihah.

Independent of the ordinary mercantile claim of England on India for an equivalent value for the exports from hence, there is an annual direct remittance to this country of not much less than £4,000,000, in liquidation of the territorial charges of the Indian government payable in

* Abridged from the March number of the 'Bankers' Magazine,' a journal regarding which it is only necessary to say, that it at all times contains the most accurate and authentic intelligence as to

in India, and which are transferred to the mother country. About £3,250,000 is the annual draft of the East India Company, and about £750,000 is the annual private transfer. The favourable balance of the China trade in India goes a great way to replace the adverse balance with England. The revenue raised yearly by the East India Company from the territories under their control, may be stated, in general terms, to be about twenty millions sterling. Vast as this sum may appear to be, it barely suffices to meet the indispensable charges of protecting and governing the country. There is a standing army of more than 200,000 men; there is an immense political establishment, and there is a most perfect system of civil service.

The whole number of the white population, when compared with the native population, is very insignificant. Probably, at this moment, the entire number of Europeans in British India is not much beyond 100,000. The British officers in the Indian army are about 5000, the civil service probably contains 1000 more; and then there is the large and increasing body of Europeans engaged in mercantile and professional pursuits on their own account.

The monetary standard metal of India is silver: there are gold coins in circulation, but they are not so numerous as to interfere with the decided predominance of the silver circulation. The integer of account is the *rupee*. Previous to September, 1835, there was a considerable variety of rupees current in India: for example, the *Sicca*, the *Sonant*, the *Furruckhabad*, &c. These classes of coin, in consequence of variations in weight and 'touch' (i. e. fineness), were of different values; and to ascertain the true worth of a mixed parcel of rupees was a most complex operation. The *current rupee* was an imaginary coin, founded upon an arbitration of the different values of the actual currencies. In 1835 a systematic effort was made by the East India Company to place the monetary legislation of the country upon a sounder footing. They issued a new silver coin, called a *Company's rupee*, which was declared to be the only standard coin throughout the British possessions. This new coin contains 180 troy grains of silver, of 91.66 fine, or equal to 165 grains of pure silver, and its intrinsic sterling value is 1s. 10½d.

The old *Sicca rupee*, which was of a higher value, is occasionally used as the measure of payments, in the same way as the superseded guinea is sometimes employed in England; but the Company's rupee is the general integer of account and measure of price.

The Indian monetary notation differs from our own in one or two material particulars. In estimating large sums we speak of millions, half millions, and so on. The people of Bengal have a quantity called a *lac*, which they employ for this purpose. A *lac of rupees* is equal to 100,000 rupees, and it is written 1.00.000; and, estimating the exchange roughly at 2s. per rupee, it follows that a *lac* is equivalent to about £10,000 sterling. A *crore of rupees* is equal to 100 *lacs*, and is written 1.00.00.000; a *crore*, therefore, corresponds to about £1,000,000 sterling. A *mas of rupees* is 100 crores.

There is a most extensive system of native banking in India, and an immense eternal bill circulation, almost as perfect as the bill currency which prevailed in Lancashire before the close of the war. With the exception of the comparatively unimportant note circulation possessed by the Bank of Bengal, the Bank of Bombay, and the Bank of Madras, amounting altogether to less than 1½ millions, *hoondees* (bills of exchange) are the only paper currency, which supersede, in general payments, the use of metallic money. In the great centres of trade and population, as at Calcutta, of course, most of the European merchants have banking accounts against which they draw cheques for current purposes. But in the provincial districts there are no country bank notes as with us. The medium of exchange is coin where *hoondees* are not available; and so extensive are metallic payments, that we have been informed by a mercantile gentleman long resident in India, that he could hardly estimate the number of ordinary disbursements made in specie at less than 80 or 90 per cent. of the total number of such transactions! We

were informed by the same person, that out of many hundreds of thousands sterling which he had known to be invested in the purchase of *hoondees*, the loss by bad debts, arising out of the dishonour of the instruments at maturity, were a most insignificant fraction per cent.

Many of these native bankers possess enormous wealth; but it is said—we know not with what truth—that the occurrence of large native fortunes is not so frequent as formerly. There is also a large class of native capitalists, who, without being strictly bankers, prosecute vigorously many branches of enterprise in which the command of large money resources is indispensable.

The rate of interest is very high in India; at the present moment the ordinary rate on good security is 10 per cent. per annum. There can be no dispute that the fundamental cause of this exorbitant rate is the difficulty of obtaining securities of a ready and certain character. There is a great risk, and therefore there is a great charge. Some influence must also be attributed to a comparative scarcity of capital. It is only in recent years that even the Indian government has been able to borrow money at the maximum English rate of 5 per cent. The rate of discount for mercantile bills is subject to the same variations as at home; it may be said to range generally, for first class paper, at from 7 to 10 per cent. By the latest advices from Calcutta, the Bank of Bengal, whose rates govern in a great measure all the other money-dealers, were charging 9 per cent. per annum on deposits of government paper; and merely private securities would, consequently, pay a higher rate. In the late pressure at Calcutta (June and July, 1846), rates of discount probably exceeding 20 per cent. were readily obtained. Between native and native, except in special cases, the rates are much more excessive than among the European community; 20 and 30 per cent are very ordinary rates; and cases are mentioned where even 5 per cent. per month, or 60 per cent. per annum, has been exacted. There is, no doubt, very gross usury in many of these transactions; but, on the other hand, the cases are not numerous where the lender, when he has once parted with his principal, sees any clear way to its easy and punctual recovery. A great change has taken place in the European banking institutions of India during the last fifteen years. The ancient private banking houses of Calcutta have been swept away, and they have been succeeded by a group of joint-stock banks, distributed over a large tract of country, and resting upon an extensive proprietary interest.

There probably never was any series of mercantile calamities more extensively ruinous and distressing than the successive failures of the great agency and banking firms of Calcutta. The first failure occurred in 1830, involving a mass of liabilities equal to £2,600,000. In the course of a few years this disaster was followed and aggravated by the bankruptcy of five other great establishments, with a total of liabilities of not less than twelve millions. At the end of this terrible visitation, and when time had been given to ascertain with tolerable precision the assets available for dividend, the liabilities of the defaulting firms at the time of their stoppage amounted to £14,330,000. We believe that not more than four millions of this sum have been or are likely to be recovered, so that the entire loss sustained by the unfortunate creditors has not been less than something like 70 per cent. of their property. A very large proportion of these creditors were men who had accumulated their modest fortunes by a long career of service in the civil or military establishments of the Company, and who depended upon the accumulation for the comfort of their elder years. There was also a large number of deposits in the keeping of these firms, which had been placed there as the provision for widows, for orphan children, and for absent or helpless relatives. With relations so ramified, it will be easily understood that the 'great failures at Calcutta' have left a furrow upon the minds of the Indian community, which it will require several generations to efface.

The business of these great houses was of a very extensive and diversified character. Their most important

function was that of bankers; but they were also merchants, agents, and planters; and, probably, the result of all the discussion which has taken place as to the causes of their embarrassments, is one of the strongest proofs ever obtained of the necessity of prosecuting the trade of banking on its own grounds, and in its own channel, totally free from the encumbrance of any other vocation.

THE PLANETS.

Too remote and apparently insignificant are the planets to awaken much interest in the general mind, unless when brought before it in some special way. A little brighter, but only a little, than the multitude of stars which light up the night sky, they do not usually mix separately with the feelings, and form for themselves a class of delicate associations. Although really nearer in kinship to our earth than the moon, being its peers, and bodies circling in the same plane and round one centre, how faint is the interest which they awaken in us, compared with our affection for the gentle orb which waxes and wanes in our immediate neighbourhood! Proximity in space and obvious service will kindle a glow in the heart, when a stricter relationship, if less immediately present, cannot touch us with a single emotion; as the shepherd loves his dog and the hunter his horse, better than a fellow-man if standing removed out of the sphere of sympathy. Still there are occasions when the object, so long and so entirely felt to be estranged from us, acquires a new power over the heart—a power proportioned to the degree of alienation which, from circumstances, had supervened between it and our affections. A revolution takes place, and we consecrate the moment of recovery by a tenderer gush of feeling towards the forgotten thing, than if its claims had been recognised from the very beginning.

Such, at two different times, was our own experience in relation to the planets. The first of these occasions happened one spring day at twilight, as the writer was slowly wending his way up a hilly plane, with a mass of wild ruin on an eminence before him. The evening was delicious, uniting the balminess of midsummer with the pellucid atmosphere of the winter which had just been left behind; and glancing above the uneven ridge of the black mouldering heap, which looked solemn seen against the clearer sky, shone a brilliant planet, sparkling in its splendour, as if only then it had started into being. Its pure rays seemed for a moment to reproach him. Had so much beauty been so long hanging in the skies without being particularly registered in thought as belonging to a planet kindred to the earth? Was it thus that its consanguinity was overlooked? Had sympathy heretofore been withheld from it? Touched, for a moment, by the reflection, he seemed to leap over distance, and in imagination to embrace the wandering orb with compunctious entreaty. The other time on which a feeling somewhat similar more especially possessed him, was, when pacing with quiet step the shore of a beautiful island on the west coast alone and in the advanced night, he observed lying out upon the motionless waters a faint but noticeable streak of soft light, long and narrow, and shading away more faintly at its borders. At once the light was traced to the planet Jupiter, far up in the silent sky, and again he felt more acutely than at other times the essential relationship of the planetary bodies to our own dear earth. Why should we defraud ourselves of so much happiness, by refraining from associating each of these with a few ideas respecting their character, magnitude, and motions? We lose just so many points of attachment to the skies, and emblems of thought and emotion, as we gaze ignorantly and inattentively on these bright arks riding on the surge of space.

On first remarking, however, that our own planet, from which we look out, is but one of many planets, some nearer to the sun, others larger in point of bulk, we can scarcely escape from a sense almost of shame, as if in the predicament of one who had taken possession of the highest seat at a feast, and was bidden to sit down lower on the entering of the host among the company. On fixing the eye upon a

planet as it floats across our horizon, we can afterwards exclude it from our view by the interposition of an object only a little larger than a pin-head! Compare the glittering point, as thus measured, with the large earth, which the imagination, setting out with its greatest velocity, cannot run round, but comes back, panting, baffled in the attempt to embrace it! Well nigh impossible is it for us to overcome the influence of sense, and suffer our own planet, which thus bulks so large in the eye, to take its rank as but one, and that not the most remarkable, of many planets. So, notwithstanding, the state of the case really is. Nor are we losers by this self-knowledge; for, if we are lightened of some ground of exultation, we gain in reasons of humility. Lords of the terrestrial creation, we may be outshone by a more favoured race inhabiting one of these glittering orbs. We cannot know with certainty; but our pride receives a check, and we are taught to postpone all boasting as unseasonable, till futurity unfolds what yet may exist to justify a more modest estimate of our rank than sense is ready commonly to hurry us into.

Nearest to the source of light, and generally immersed in its rays, revolves Mercury, one of the least known of the planets, though giving rise to some of the strangest conjectures respecting the character of its inhabitants. The sun beats on it with sevenfold the intensity with which it shines on our earth, implying conditions entirely removed from human experience, and incapable of surmise with the slightest approximation to certainty. Indeed, as the case really is, Mercury so clings to the sun, circling within a very small orbit, that it can be seen for a short time only, and then always in twilight, at no greater distance from the luminary than 29 degrees, or the distance of the moon on the second day after its change. Its rotation on its axis, or day, is a little longer than the earth's, and its revolution, or year, is about three months. Thus, with a diameter of 8200 miles, does this dazzling planet maintain its course around its centre; visible only as the point of a diamond, and not unless when day is darkening into night. It seems to us the symbol of the poet, basking in a region too fiery for common mortals to approach without danger. With a spirit finely tempered, and radiating freely what of the Divine life has penetrated him, he circles in our horizon, gay with a perpetual spring and summer, and decorating the region in which he moves by the clear, beautiful light of his genius, seen by ordinary men, as it were, only when he appears through the veil of his works, concentrated, indeed, in power, but softened in lustre. Do the inhabitants of Mercury regard us? We cannot tell. Let us suppose that they not despise, but pity us; for so does the poet. Fain would he communicate of his own sweet light and warmth; but, feeble of vision, we refuse to look at him, except when he has retreated furthest from the central spirit which kindles his love, and shows himself not as he is in his strength, but as when he obscures his face, lest the splendour should scare us.

One remove more distant from the sun hangs Venus, the most beautiful of the planets as seen from the earth. Nearer to our own earth not only in space, but, what is of much more importance, in size and condition, this planet is in many respects contemplated with a greatly higher interest than that which Mercury awakens. Floating in its own exceeding light, the latter seems as if in silent sufficiency it withdrew from our sympathy; at least so one is apt to feel when regarding mere appearances. On the contrary, the other orb is proximate enough to ourselves in its general circumstances, so as to kindle a special longing for communion, and occasion a more profound inquiry than could be set on foot by a planet less closely related to us. It has likewise been consecrated by poetry, which creates a love for whatever it throws its own protective and adorning hand over. Venus, as seen in one region of her cotise, namely, to the east of the sun, is the evening star of poetry; seen west of that luminary, she is the morning star: as the former, she remains for a while above the western horizon after sunset, and then gently sinks in the wake of her great source and guide; as the latter, she peeps over the eastern horizon a little before sunrise, announcing

that event, and, as it were, preparing the world to welcome the return of day and the parent of light. Venus is larger than Mercury, being 7700 miles in diameter, two or three hundred fewer than that of the earth; and revolving round the sun at the distance of 68,000,000 of miles in 224½ days. Her light and heat are double those of the earth; while she rotates on her axis every 28 hours and 20 minutes, with the remarkable inclination to the plane of her orbit of 75 degrees, exceeding the earth's by 51. These circumstances must cause a peculiar modification of her seasons. To protect her from the too ardent gaze of the central orb, she is furnished with a large and dense atmosphere, through which clouds float in varying quantity, as with us, implying the existence of water on the planet. As seen from the point of the earth, she seems to move from side to side in a straight line; just as, if we stood behind our earth at a sufficient distance, we should observe the moon seemingly in motion on a line rather than in a circle, travelling with a variable aspect from the earth outwards to her terminus on the one side as she approached her first quarter, retracing the same portion of the line as she advanced to full moon, beginning her course in the direction of the other side as she started for her third quarter, and leaving the terminus here for the point at the centre where she originally set out. Of course we should expect, as in the case of our satellite, that Venus would exhibit phases, being now crescent form, soon half-moon, anon gibbous, afterwards full, and running through the same phases again as she returned to the point of starting. Just so the fact is; and astronomers have availed themselves of these phenomena for many important discoveries. A planet so bright and beautiful as Venus cannot be looked at, when in her fullest, without inspiring the observer with some portion of her own gaiety and joy, and a greater sensibility to the loveliness of light and of graceful form.

Hitherto we have been considering planets which are seen, when seen at all, only by looking forward in the direction of the sun; their orbits are contained within the circle of the earth, and they enjoy a brighter sunshine. Passing over our own dear orb, as demanding a more affectionate inquiry than the present sketch allows, we come next into the view of Mars—that dusky red planet circling outward of the earth's orbit, and observed by us sometimes with our backs to the central luminary. In contemplating the circumstances of Mars, we may naturally console ourselves with our good fortune; for if we do not press the shining plains of Mercury or Venus, neither do we shiver on the cold, half-lit, dreary wastes of Mars. Distant from the sun about 144,000,000 of miles, and consequently wheeling in an orbit much larger than that of the earth, this planet has a year nearly equal to two of ours, but a diurnal rotation in much about the same time as our daily rotation. Its diameter is little more than half the earth's; and, because of its remoteness from the sun, it enjoys but a single half of our light and heat. No moon hangs her pale lamp over its seas and continents, nor can its tides be stronger than a sluggish motion derived from the far-off central body. Still, however, it lies within the appreciable influence of the sun, looking out towards his glorious face, and securely kept from driving off into the blank beyond, a solitary and hopeless wanderer of space. Nevertheless, so closely related to ourselves is this ruddy orb, being our next neighbour outwards, and claiming a special interest from its many affinities to our own favoured planet, that we can scarcely abstain from extending a sympathetic thought to its shores, and venturing to ask how the day is passed, and what compensation is granted for the want of a satellite to intermit the darkness of its nights and shed her mild radiance on valley and mountain slope. Fruitless enough, indeed, are all such attempts to transport ourselves into the condition of those who may justly claim our thoughts though they cannot benefit by them; and probably sufficiently futile would be our services, if by some special gust granted for the occasion, we could be wafted beyond the power of terrestrial gravity, and made to alight on the frosty coast of Mars. Adaptation is the law of the universe, the signet of God, by which all his

works are stamped; and what matters it whether it blows colder on the cheek there than here, if the cheek is made to bear a keener wind? Yet, feelings of sympathy towards even an orb removed beyond our influence, and ready, in all likelihood, to smile at any such as should attempt to transplant the joys of earth to its plains, may not be wholly unserviceable, if they stimulate our affections towards creatures than *can* be benefited—if they lead us to love and aid our less favoured fellow-men more effectually than heretofore, and cast the shield of our protection over the inferior animals as rightful heirs with ourselves of this green globe on which we dwell.

Beyond Mars spin the asteroids, four little spheres not long ago discovered, called Vesta, Juno, Ceres, and Pallas. The last mentioned, Pallas, is the largest, not, however, exceeding the size of our moon; Vesta, the first named, is the smallest, with a surface scarcely more extensive than one of the larger continental kingdoms. Another, *Astrea* by name, was observed, at the close of the year 1845, by Herr Hencke of Berlin. Companions to each other, they move at about the same distance from the sun and cut each other's orbits. What they are, and what has been their origin, discovery has not yet informed us. Time may tell, when we may talk more at large about them.

Eclipsing all the planets in magnitude, and all but Venus in brilliancy, Jupiter rolls his enormous bulk yet farther out in space, tossing, as he goes, his four beautiful satellites, like so many white balls, to the music of his own majestic movement. If his distance from the sun, which is five times greater than the earth's, being more than 490,000,000 of miles, allows him only a twenty-fifth part of our light and heat, yet how curious must be the effect of his cross-lights, as he receives the soft sheen of the distant luminary, mixed with the pale reflections of his circling moons! Strange, too, must be his days and nights; and stranger still his seasons—too monotonous, indeed, for an earth-born child; for, rotating on an axis perpendicular and not inclined to its orbit, his days and nights have ever the same length, and his seasons preserve a perpetual summer at the equator, with a permanent winter at the polar regions. Rotation is accomplished in 10 hours; a motion so swift that a difference of 6000 miles exists between his equatorial and polar diameters. In thinking, however, of his surface, how feeble are our conceptions, even when we take for measurement the largest piece of ground over which any of us may have travelled! We talk of our trackless forests and deserts, our boundless continents; but Jupiter could carry our earth on one of his promontories without being sensibly encumbered by it, if his spongy body did not yield to the weight. Wholly different are the emotions with which we contemplate the condition of this planet from those which are awakened by Mars or Venus. So long as it is possible to institute a comparison, we are hurried into the consideration of points of agreement and of difference. But so soon as the case is one of contrast, we drop thoughts of likeness, and resign ourselves implicitly to new impressions. In a sort of stately reserve and self-sufficing vastness, Jupiter seems to stand apart, as one of a superior class of beings, whose actions we may humbly note but cannot adjudicate upon, whom we can scarcely love, and whom it would be absurdity for us to pity. A stoic among the inferior orbs, he moves in his cold and austere course, as if every evil were only a foil to his grandeur—an occasion on which his severe virtue might have opportunity of displaying itself. Still we cannot withdraw from considering him, as if, because he suffices to himself, we could equally well do without him. The distance at which he stands places him beyond the sphere of rivalry; and we regard him without self-reference as a show, a form of sublimity. Our vanity would not receive a censure of its wound if it allowed itself to be wounded by him in withdrawing its gaze of interest; for we should certainly feel that, whether we frown or smile, he must be equally well satisfied with himself.

Passing, however, from Jupiter, lest haply his ear may catch with complacency the flattering sounds of mortals, and, through detraction, trip in his course, or let one of his

moons drop into chaos, we come to Saturn, the most remarkable in its constitution of all the planets. To the eye of the unassisted observer, it exhibits a pale, dead light; but, through the telescope, it presents the singular aspect of a sphere with two enormous rings girdling its waist, and with no fewer than seven moons perpetually sporting at various distances around it. Having just been engaged with the consideration of so large a body as Jupiter, we are not liable to be startled in learning that Saturn has a diameter of 80,000 miles. It moves at a distance from the sun of more than 900,000,000 of miles, and succeeds in completing a revolution in a little less than thirty of our years. Notwithstanding its annular appendages and numerous satellites, its light and heat are ninety times less than ours. The inner ring of this planet is 17,000 miles in breadth, the outer 10,000; the vacant space between them is 1800 miles. Saturn itself rotates on its axis in 12 hours 13½ minutes; and its rings revolve round its body in 10½ hours. These rings are solid matter, brighter than the planet, and they cast a shadow on its surface. Of all the planets, no one seems so fitted for the scene of some fairy tale, which should introduce to us figures never imagined before, with experiences never yet experienced, events, catastrophes, plots, and successions of incidents such as should fill us with wonderment in their simplest expression. The beings of the fancy which might be invented could each be made to employ a moon as a residence, where their genius and habits became developed, and from which they sallied forth with schemes ripe for execution. Perhaps even the moons might be made common to all, and also the rings; among which the fairy sprites could leap and sport, like squirrels in a woody shade. But possibly the grave face of science might be offended, if we ventured any farther in connecting such bubbles of the imagination with the mention of her stern facts. Yet surely a region so remote and waste as Saturn is, may be granted as a common, on which the gambols of any faculty whatever may be allowed with impunity. Everything, it is true, on our poor earth, with little exception, has been seized and subjugated by personal claims; but so far from appropriation on so large a scale being held forth as an example to be followed, it seems to suggest the limitation of that tendency; at least, so long as Saturn sports his rings and moons at so great a distance beyond the reach of avarice, fancy may safely people it with her airy forms, and render less intolerable the dreariness which seems to attend a planet that wheels so far removed from the centre of its revolution and the source of the few luminous rays which travel so many miles to leave it not wholly desolate.

Trembling yet nearer the outskirts of our system revolves Uranus, supposed till lately to be the outermost of the planets. This orb, 1,800,000,000 of miles from the sun, with a diameter of 35,000 miles, moving at an enormous velocity, accomplishes a revolution in its orbit in the period of eighty-four of our years. Six moons cast their tributary gleam on its path, which, together with the feeble rays that reach it from the sun, supplies Uranus with a light equal to 248 of our full moons; being 361 times less of light than is showered upon the earth. So far removed from favour, and so dimly lighted on its way, this planet, it might have been feared, if animated with human passion, would have shot off into the obscure deep, discontented with the lot of perilous and unrewarded labour which had been assigned it at the outposts of our system. But it is not human, it is wiser and better; contented with its Maker, and cheerfully fulfilling its destiny, it moves steadily on, never pausing to question the justice of the administration which ordained its place, nor quarrelling for rank with its fellows. Beyond it, indeed, hangs Le Verrier's planet, with the discovery of which the world is yet ringing. But we pass over any particular mention of this planet in the present article, as the history of its discovery and whatever is known about it were given in a late number of the INSTRUCTOR.

The knowledge that our earth is one only of many bodies like itself, if not of the smallest size yet by no means of

the largest, and that even within one system there may be forms of being which transcend our nature as much as we rise above the lower animals, is scarcely possible of possession without inspiring the mind with feelings of humility and wonder, and with a sense of the marvellous range which the Creator takes in forming the works of his hand. Satisfied of our ignorance, yet elevated by the consciousness of knowing that we are ignorant, our duty plainly is to trust God, and to be steadily obedient to his laws, with the full persuasion that naught but destruction can come of resistance, while in his presence, though occupying the lowliest sphere, is perpetual joy and blessedness.

GREGORY'S GONG.

TOLL THE FIRST.

'Every one has their own method of selfishness, and I feel minded to be that of running away to my solitary pleasures.'—*Mrs Grand Letters from the Mountains.*

THE man who hides himself in the shades of the country, thinks, no doubt, that he is quite in the proper place for enacting the hermit. He may be so, but he is certainly quite out of place for the real enjoyment of that character; he may indeed be 'hermit hoar in mossy cell,' but he will only be verifying the next line of the same verse—'wearing out life's evening grey.' The country, to be sure, is all consenting to his love of retirement—too much so—for that retirement loses its beauty—contrast; his life is mere vegetation. He that would enjoy the hermit's life in perfection, and in all its luxury, let him, like Gregory, fix his hermitage in the very heart of the enemy's camp—the centre of a metropolis such as dear 'Auld Reekie.' There, after having bustling and jostled (just so long as he finds it good) with 'the crowd the hum, the shock of men,' he plunges at once into the silent solemn shade of his beloved study and closes the door; the roar of the tide of human existence is hushed a moment; while he, taking off his hat and wiping his brow, feels *indeed* what it is to be a hermit! How contentedly do these busts of departed sages and poets regard their restored votary! they seem to welcome him again with their placid smile to their 'calm retreat,' from the warring world with which they are for ever done, and which they now retain nothing but the stamp of the genius which has dignified their earthly career, and which is now all sublimed and immortal. There, too, are ranged around his beloved books—his ever faithful, never faithless friends; there is his writing-table with all the implements of his delightful occupation. With what delight he gazes again on all the attractions of his cell—the hermit's heaven on earth; and then—

'As if to give his rapture vent,
Raises his bridle hand.'

No; he falls back into the embraces of that inviting easy chair, that expands its hoary antique arms to receive him, exclaiming, 'How sweet—how passing sweet is solitude! To the lover of retirement—to the man who knows how to use it without abusing it—with what power is it furnished under such circumstances! Would the gentle reader care to know something about the hermitage and its inmate, let him listen.

Gregory, after thirty years' service in India, had returned to his native land, with a captain's pension and the same feelings and habits with which he had left it; the ruling passion, the love of retirement, remained unaltered. He had never desired more wealth than what was necessary for independence, and if a few stray laurel leaves were seen mingled with his grey locks, they were there more as a matter of course than of ambition's twining. With his mind somewhat enlarged with what he had seen of men and manners and foreign climes, or read in books, he retained all his boyish predilection and enthusiasm for the face of nature, simple pleasures, and solitary musings. Though his coal-black hair was now, as the Hindoos say, *pucka* (ripe), that is white, and his youthful bloom was

exchanged for a goodly yellow ochre, his constitution was hale and his step as firm as ever; and right glad was Gregory to resume that 'free step on hill and lea' in exchange for the lazy recumbent position in his palanquin, where he had lain dissolved in perspiration as he jogged on upon the shoulders of the grunting bearers over the dull plains of Bengal. But, along with his love of retirement, Gregory derived much of his enjoyment of life as silent spectator of the actors of the world's drama; and, therefore, in addition to what he beheld in the city throng out of doors, he took care to be in some snug corner of the hall at all meetings for all purposes. In accordance with his taste, he had made choice of a sombre suite of apartments on the north side of the High Street of 'Auld Reekie'—the venerable domicile, no doubt, of some noble family in days of yore. A few steps from the pavement and the crowd and he was at his door, which opened into a long dark passage, at the end of which a second door admitted him into his study, lighted by a tall arched window, commanding a magnificent view of the New Town, the gallant Forth, and kingdom of Fife. The sudden transition from the noisy dingy street to the calm within and splendour beyond was next to enchantment, refreshing to the eye, the body, and the soul. On the right hand of the before-mentioned passage lay Gregory's parlour and bed-room, and on the left was a kitchen and a bed-room occupied by his only inmate, a venerable matron of the name of Tibby, who had kept him when a child, and who was still able, at the age of seventy, to keep all that was to be kept about her 'bairn,' as she still called him in speaking of him. Tibby had, no less than her master, the very sum of her heart's desire, viz., to keep the house of the bairn in whose family she had spent most of her life, and now, like himself, left friendless in the world; and I do not believe there was a happier woman in the world than Tibby, when her bairn, restored to home, installed her in the office of housekeeper in his city hermitage; and no less happy was Gregory in making his old affectionate nurse comfortable in her old age. The distinction of ranks was always observed during the day; but in the evening this was laid aside, when Gregory always went to drink tea with Tibby in her own room, where, the duties of the day done, the old nurse, neatly attired, had everything ready for the reception of her honoured guest. On each side of the fire stood an easy-chair, which, after tea, were occupied by Gregory and Tibby; the former then, lighting his pipe, listened delighted to Tibby's langsyne stories of his childhood, and, when his pipe expired, treated her, in return, with faraway country stories, all of which, with the exception of the *flying fish* (an exception made by some other old woman before her), she firmly believed; but, though unable to swallow that *finomenon*, she had too much respect for her master to express her disbelief, and only observed that there were 'strange things in the world, nae doot.' Though perfectly at home and at her ease with Gregory, she never forgot the deference due to him. The worthy couple at their fireside in the evening were a pleasing relic of more patriarchal times, and in imagination our hero felt transported to some rajah's hall in India, when in the evening all the state etiquette and ceremony ceases, and his excellency calling in the household servants, they, after their low salaam, take their places on the carpets around him, and amuse him with the day's occurrences they may individually have picked up, or some minstrel, tuning his lyre, sings the acts of Ram or Roostum; or it recalled to him his own bungalow, when he used sometimes to unbend in chit-chat with the natives. And how delightful it is when, without confounding of ranks or encouraging presuming familiarity, these seasons of communion with those with whom we live can be enjoyed! and, I fear, there must be something wrong in society when they cannot be enjoyed. Fancy, for instance, the stylish master of a modern British mansion in the evening calling up the coachman, butler, and footman, in their liveries, and the servant-women—ladies, I mean—in their elegant dresses, and asking them to sit down and tell him the news of the day, and

how their friends and lovers are, &c. &c.! Oh, no, it would never do!—the very idea appears ridiculous; but if happiness is 'our being's end and aim,' I fear we have lost more by the sacrifice of the heartfelt pleasures derivable from occasional fellowship with our domestics, than we have gained by keeping them at an impassable distance by our love of factitious refinement. While mistresses are continually inveighing against the selfishness and restlessness of servants, let them recollect that in the present state of society there can be no real attachment between the served and servant, and that they have themselves to blame for the evils they so feelingly deplore; and no wonder that the servants in their turn make up for the want of interest exhibited towards them by their employers by at least the excitement of vanity and change. But where have I wandered? Tibby had no wishes or pleasures beyond her dear master's habitation: to see him happy, and to keep all about him comfortable, formed her delightful occupation; and the honour of presiding at his tea-table in the evening, and the liberty of conversing freely with him, were to her joy unspeakable. Had Gregory returned changed in habits, a rich nabob, he might have surrounded himself with pomp and liveried servants, and assembled at his board crowds of parasites and flatterers; but he would not have tasted so pure a pleasure as that of making a faithful and deserving fellow-creature happy like Tibby, or purchasing with all his wealth such devoted attachment as she displayed. Whenever Gregory entered his study Tibby regarded it as sacred: how her master employed his time there, she never thought of inquiring, satisfied it must be to no bad purpose; for whether he was about to enter into its enjoyment, or sally forth in quest of adventures, in passing her he had ever a ready smile and 'Weel, Tibby,' to greet her with. Of one thing transpiring within her master's cell she could not be ignorant, and that was the occasional deep and solemn sound of a Chinese gong, that formed part of his library furniture, and hung suspended from the hands of two casts of Indian jogees; and as Gregory wished no mystery to be connected with his retirement, he informed her, that whenever he wished to call up the scenes of his exile he had only to have recourse to a few tolls of the gong. It was some time, however, before the neighbours could account for the sonorous peals that issued from Gregory's flat. Through Tibby, however, they at last got an insight into the nature of the instrument and the cause of its being sounded; and on these occasions they used to say, 'There's Mr Gregory awa' to the East Indies.'

Gregory had a great aversion to a clock; he thought its never-ending click a most mournful and monotonous way of marking the lapse of time, but he lost all patience with its preliminary *birr*, followed up with its shrill, pert, and self-important strike, as it announced, with an exulting crow, its triumph over another hour, dispersing, perhaps, by its discordant and unexpected bell-clamour, some bright day-dream of the tropic climes. This appendage to his passage was therefore permitted to die quietly a natural death at ten minutes past three o'clock on the first Sunday morning after its erection. Gregory always felt a glow of triumph whenever he passed the poor dumb horoscope, and, with a smile at the motionless, useless hands pointing always absurdly to ten minutes past three, addressed it in the words of the poet to the statue of Niobe—'For ever silent, and for ever sad.' This was one of the few things in which Tibby's taste did not agree with her master's. 'What a pity,' thought she, 'never to take the use o' the bonny aught-day clock; and then its click was sae heartsome, especially when no inclined to sleep at night.' Another of the things in which she disagreed with her master was in having to dine once a-week on that 'het curry, which was like to burn the tongue out o' her mouth;' but, as her room was supplied with silent time-piece, she at last got reconciled to the clock holding a sinecure; and on curry days she supplied herself with a salt herring, which was as tasty, with less pain in the devouring of it—so all was peace, contentment, and harmony

in Gregory's hermitage. Thus much for his 'Reekie' retreat; in the next toll of his gong, we shall give some account of his early days and his departure for India.

DOMESTIC SCENES.*

SUCH is the title of a very handsome volume, recently published in Glasgow, consisting of tales embodying incidents in Scottish life—sketches of noted characters—of persons who have risen in the world by their own efforts—and of others who have become eminent by the aid of adventitious circumstances. Although, in a few instances, we could have wished that the editor had used his pen more freely in the way of excision, still the volume is a very interesting and agreeable one, the pledge given in the preface being fulfilled to the letter, that 'every scene has been depicted to make vice appear hateful, and virtue lovely.' In abridging the tale entitled 'Marion Dempster, the Sempstress,' to suit our pages, we give entire the author's delineation of Robin Chucks, an admirable representation of the class from which he is drawn. Although the tales are given anonymously, we suspect 'Marion Dempster' to be from the pen of one whose contributions have on several occasions appeared in our pages.

John Dempster was one of a numerous and industrious class—a class whose peculiar circumstances are little known beyond their own circle, and who, whilst comprising a considerable portion of our population, and contributing largely to the comforts of society, yet experience, in these times, few of those comforts themselves; in short, John Dempster was a weaver. He had married in early life, during a long period of flourishing trade, and had been enabled to bring up a family, of whom all were dead save two, in tolerably comfortable circumstances. He was a man of uniformly steady and correct life. His religion was not of the Sunday-coat description, but was manifested in the daily and cheerful discharge of those relative duties to God and his fellow-creatures which his Bible enjoined. But, though he lived for fourteen years after his marriage in unchequered prosperity, earning his daily bread ungrudgingly by the sweat of his brow, a time of trying adversity at length came. The two years' stagnation of trade is still fresh in our memory. Among the many who experienced the iron rod of poverty with all its concomitant horrors, few felt it more heavily than John Dempster's family. What a heart-rending spectacle it is to see fellow-creatures offering to sell their labour—to yield themselves bondsmen for a scanty pittance—yet finding no one willing to purchase their services! Day by day one hope, one resource, fades into another; futurity grows darker and gloomier as their little stock of money, treasured for the time of sickness, melts away; their furniture is sold or bartered for life's necessities, and nothing but absolute starvation stares them terribly and grimly in the face. Such was then the everyday experience of many, and still too frequently is. Many emigrated to foreign lands in the hope of bettering their condition. A certain party, composed of about a dozen male heads of families, made up their minds to gather together what little they had remaining and proceed to America, leaving their families behind them till once a settlement could be effected in the land of promise, agreeing among themselves to keep all together, and endeavour to form a small settlement in the 'far west.' After much reluctance and painful misgiving, John Dempster agreed to accompany them, arguing wisely, that he could, at least, make his case no worse. Here for a time we must bid him adieu. His family being left to struggle for themselves for a while, seemed involved in a sort of stupor. A sense of utter helplessness gradually brought his wife into a state of sullen indifference, and she seemed about to sink under its influence. Her only daughter, Marion, a girl of eighteen, who possessed much of her father's resolution and energy of character, chastened, it might be, under the painful infliction of poverty, struggled hard to sustain her mother's drooping spirits, and at the

same time plied every effort for support of her and her little brother David, who constituted the whole of John Dempster's family. The influence of her cheerful temper at length succeeded in dispelling the gloomy forebodings which brooded over her parent's mind. With much difficulty work was procured from a warehouse—work of an ill-remunerating description indeed; yet, by assiduous application, they managed to earn a scanty livelihood; and the little family, while far from being relieved of the sting of poverty, still experienced much of that comfort which patient industry, conjoined with a clear unfettered conscience and humble reliance on God's goodness can secure. Marion, while she possessed sterling qualities of heart, had withal a comely attractive countenance, which, coupled with her light-hearted cheerfulness, gained her many friends. Ere she was eighteen years of age not a few young men of her acquaintance had sought her friendship; in other words, had she chosen she might have had a goodly train of wooers. But her heart was not at her own disposal, and she liked not to tamper with the affections of others. Those whose attentions became marked she immediately checked so firmly as to banish all hope of success.

Letters were occasionally received from her father containing most encouraging news; and, about two years after his departure, he stated in one of these that he had made some money, and intended returning home to take out his wife and children. Not long after receipt of this back letter, John Dempster arrived—and what a welcome to the bosom of his family he received!

Alas! how often human hopes and prospects are doomed to disappointment! The brimming cup may be dashed from our lips ere it has well reached them. Man's brightest joys are ever surrounded by the blackest dangers. Well for him he knows not of them. Seated at the feast he often is, and the Damoclean sword suspended by a hair above him. It is but a step from the house of joy to that of mourning. To-day we bask in the sunshine of life, to-morrow, perchance, stretched on a bed of sickness. To-day, full of life and beauty; to-morrow, 'the mourners may be heard going about the streets.' To-day, in the active bustle of existence; to-morrow, silent in death. Within a fortnight after his arrival, John Dempster was dead. He had caught a fever on the passage home, which began to exhibit itself soon after his arrival, and despite all medical effort he was carried off. Here was a new trial, and a heavy one too. It was found that the little money Dempster had made would barely pay the doctor's bill and funeral expenses; so Marion and her mother were again cast helpless on the world. No! not helpless, for the widow's Stay and orphan's Parent was theirs, and they were enabled through their affliction to look to and lean on Him for protection.

Marion's marriage with the young man to whom she was betrothed was, of course, delayed. He called a few weeks after the funeral and again made offer of his hand, promising to use every effort to promote her comfort. Marion's answer was quite characteristic: 'Willie, gin ye're in sic a hurry, look out for some ither lass. I dinna doubt your love; but, however willin' my heart may be, my conscience tells me my first duty is to my mother and wee Davie. The best way I can discharge it is by remaining single. I canna ask ye, Willie Douglas, to hae patience; I canna bid ye wait; so just get a girl wha's better able and man fitted than me to become your wife.' Willie vowed he never would look out for any other, though his hair should turn grey in waiting; and so the matter dropped.

Under her straitened circumstances, Mrs Dempster found it necessary to remove to a smaller lodging in another quarter of the town. With some difficulty a room and kitchen were procured; but after settling with her present landlord, she found her resources so drained as to be unable to pay the expense of removing her furniture to such a distance. A new difficulty thus arose, but with the difficulty a new friend.

In the same tenement with this family resided one

* Edited by J. SMITH, M.A. Glasgow: George Gallie.

of those eccentric characters who are often erroneously regarded as the excrescences of society. Robin Chucks, the carter, was a very uncouth specimen of humanity indeed, yet, under all his bluster and roughness, there lay concealed a good kindly disposition. Towards him John Dempster had, in his better days, shown some little kindness during a period of sickness consequent on a broken limb, which Robin had received in a fall. Marion herself had frequently provided such delicacies for him as his means would not permit of his procuring. Robin never forgot the Dempsters' kindness, and though he had no direct means of returning their good offices, he cherished a warm regard towards them. Little Davie never wanted toys so long as Robin had a penny to spare, and many a sound rating the honest fellow had to undergo from Tibby, his sister (an antiquated maiden who kept house for him), for his prodigality and extravagance. Robin never thought fit to combat his sister's explosions, but merely contented himself with exclaiming, 'Hoots, woman, be easy, your tongue's langer than your wit.' Hearing from Tibby, who was an invaluable medium for gossip and scandal of all sorts, that the Dempsters were going to flit, a sudden thought struck his mind. Without saying a word he strode down stairs, cap in hand, to Mrs Dempster's door. Little Davie opened it, and greeting his benefactor with a face lit with joy, he rushed immediately to his mother, informing her of the visitor. Robin, at the invitation of Mrs Dempster, came in, performing a curious gymnastic evolution, intended for a bow, comprised in pulling his forelock and shuffling his left foot.

'Weel, mem,' he began, 'I understan ye're gaun to flit, and I've just stepped down to see gif ye'll tak the loan o' the cart the morn to fetch hame your furniture.'

'I am much obliged to you, my friend,' said Mrs Dempster, 'but I am afraid you would lose a day's work by assisting me, besides I must confess I am not just in a situation to remunerate you at present,' and the tear stood in the widow's eye at the recollection of her poverty.

'Hoot, awa', ne'er fash your head about that,' rejoined Robin, 'I reckon myself already deep in your books, sae just tak the cart and oblige me. When I need the siller I'll come for't.'

With many expressions of gratitude, Marion and her mother agreed to accept of Robin's timely offer, and he departed highly pleased with being able to discharge part of what he considered as a long-standing obligation. Next day the Dempsters removed to their new home.

Not long after Marion obtained permanent work as a sempstress in one of the warehouses in town. Here her steady conduct and obliging disposition won her the good-will of all her fellow-workers, as well as the approbation of her master, who promoted her to the charge of the department in which she was engaged. Sally, the former mistress, had been suspected of several petty acts of dishonesty; and although nothing could be proved against her, the general distrust and suspicion with which she had always been looked upon rendered her anything but a favourite. She was one who inwardly might be your most deadly foe, yet outwardly all was fair and smooth, never getting into a passion, always calm, calculating, and insinuating. She had rendered herself generally feared and abhorred, yet no one could lay any direct charge against her. This woman cherished under her pretended friendship an implacable hatred to Marion, and from the moment of her promotion resolved to leave no stone unturned in order to effect her ruin.

One day Marion, in weighing a quantity of silk thread, accidentally let fall, unnoticed, a parcel. After the rest was bundled up and laid past, and she had resumed her seat, Sally sided up to her and pointed out the accident; but on Marion's rising to remedy the error, she caught her by the gown, and, pulling her backwards, whispered, 'Surely you're no gaun foolishly to put back that pickle o' silk?'

'Certainly I am,' replied Marion; 'why not?'

'Oh, bother, just slip it into your pouch; you'll find use for't; it'll never be missed. Naebodie will ken ocht

about it, and what folk dinna ken does them nae ill,' suggested the tempter.

'No, I will not,' replied Marion; 'I will not commit a dishonesty. Even did no one miss it, my conscience would check me. God would know it, and his command is, 'Thou shalt not steal.''

A flush of red rose into Sally's cheek, but instantly vanished as she perty said, 'Well, Miss Compunction, tak your ain way. Advice is thrown awa on a fule. Gin ye count sic sma' trifles as that thievery, I winner whar honesty ends.'

No more passed; but Sally resolved to try other and deeper plans to effect her purpose, while Marion made up her mind that all intercourse between them should immediately cease.

Not long after this, complaints were made in headquarters of handkerchiefs and other small articles having gone amissing. More than one of the girls were suspected; but as no direct evidence could be obtained, the master (Mr Oswald) felt unwilling to turn off any of them, lest he might fix upon the innocent instead of the guilty. In order, however, to secure detection, he determined to keep a strict look-out on every one in his employment. Two small shawls of a very superior description had been manufactured as specimens for a house in London, and were left one evening on a counter in the room of which Marion was mistress. They were not laid past or covered, as instructions had been given to dispatch them early next morning. But on the following morning one of these shawls was amissing. Marion was the last in the room at night; she had locked the door, and was the first in it next morning. The loss was not discovered, however, till an hour afterwards. Immediately intimation was sent to Mr Oswald. He had every one in the room searched; but no trace of the missing article could be found. Two of the girls, the last who left the room, solemnly averred that it was lying safe when they went out. The others had all seen it there in the course of the evening. Suspicion, of course, at once pointed to Marion. Mr Oswald went up to her, and inquired if she knew aught concerning it.

'No, sir,' she replied, 'I do not, though I perceive plainly enough I will be made out the guilty person;' and she met Mr Oswald's gaze with a clear, calm, unshrinking eye, conscious of her own bright integrity.

Mr Oswald at once disclaimed all such intention as that of fastening guilt on her causelessly; but, as so many thefts had lately been committed, he felt determined, he said, to bring the offender to justice; and as every suspicion was against her, he must unwillingly commit her to trial, unless she could prove her innocence.

That day a warrant was made out for Marion's commitment, and she was carried off in a coach to prison. When the officers conveyed her out of the room in a fainting state, a sudden gleam of fiendish triumph lit up the waxen countenance of Sally for a moment, and again all was placid. The fluttering bird was in the coils of the snake.

Oh! what a sad thing it is for an artless and innocent creature to be penned up in the dark cheerless precincts of a jail; a jail!—ominous word. How it teems with associations of all that is dark and loathsome—with vice and cruelty in every shape—with the gloomy and fearful! How many men and women have crossed its threshold to the gallows! How many have bidden farewell to the world and to hope as they heard its heavy door clang behind them, and the huge bolts springing into their sockets, croaking with their iron voices, 'Doomed, doomed!' How many have entered it children in vice, and left it men tutored and trained to every wickedness! How many more have left it repentant characters, yet returned again felons!

Our readers must now accompany us for a little to a different scene.

A little garret room, high above the rest of the world, would we now enter. Beautifully trig and clean it was. Every piece of earthen or tin ware with which the shelves and walls were adorned seemed bright and shining as if new burnished. The chairs, table, and floor were white—

invitingly so. All was the very pink and pattern of neatness and precision, from the blue-checked curtains of the bed down to the shells and metal images that rested on the mantel-piece. In the grate burned a cheerful fire; on the one hob lay the kettle, on the other a suspicious-looking little black teapot, containing, doubtless, a drop of comfort. Tibby, already referred to as the antiquated sister of Robin Chucks, was seated close by the fire, diligently repairing a pair of worsted hose. Robin sat at the little table before a huge bicker of porridge, and a minor one of milk, intended for his breakfast; for with an honest Scotch partiality, he had a thorough dislike at 'tea an' a' sic watery trash.' But Robin appeared to have no appetite that morning—not the slightest. He seized his hornspoon, dug it into the porridge, then into the milk, brought it back again to the porridge, where he allowed it to rest for a few minutes; finally, he essayed to raise it to his mouth, but in vain. This pantomime was repeated several times, as if, like a child pampered with sweets, he would wish to eat, yet could not. At last he gave it up in despair, and, gazing at the cat as she lay basking herself on the hearth, and purring away in fond enjoyment of the warmth, Robin sighed.

Tibby had not been unobservant of all this, but had hitherto refrained from speaking, waiting till she saw the result. At length she could hold out no longer, but burst forth—'Robin, are you gane dementit? Sit down, I say, an' tak your parritch. Pretty conduct this to carry on wi' ower your breakfast. I hae seen weans tak the sturdy at their meat—weans are excusable; but wha e'er saw a wean o' your size? Ne'er a haet you'll get, my boy, to your dinner the day till ye sup your breakfast. That'll punish ye, I'm thinkin'. Sit doon, I say—sit doon, an' if there's aught wrang, tell't at ance.'

'Pruchie, leddy—pruchie,' replied Robin. 'Ca' the mare canny up the brae.' So saying, he sprang up from his seat, and snapping his fingers, exclaimed, 'Ha! ha! Tibby, little wat ye what's what. There'll be braw doin's the day.'

'Robin,' said Tibby, looking seriously in his face, 'are ye mad, or in love, or bewitched? Rrailly, man, ye seem labourin' under what Dominie Drumwheezle ca's a mental illumination (hallucination Tibby meant). Fie, for shame, behave decently an' soberly as becomes your standin', an' no caper like a mountebank in a show. Ye'd gar ane ettle ye had gotten a fit or Sent Venus's dance. Wha e'ersaw ony body, barrin' at a weddin', fling about in sic a manner? Tak your breakfast, like a sensible man, and then yoke the horse an' drive doon that draucht o' coals to Widow Mason she ordered yesterday.'

'I hae ither fish to fry, fegs, than drivin' coals the day. Ha! ha! auld lass, there's routh o' luck in store for somebody,' and Robin rubbed his horny paws and laughed till the tears came over his nose. 'But the time's come. Fareweel, Meg, noo I'm awa.' So snatching up his bonnet, he started off at full speed down stairs, leaving the door wide open behind him.

Sorely puzzled at his incomprehensible conduct, Tibby remained gazing at vacancy for a few minutes, then proceeded to shut the door, muttering, 'Megsty me! this is awfu'; the lad's gane gyte—clean gyte!'

The hour at which Marion was to be brought before the Sheriff for examination approached. Pale and trembling, she was led from the place of her confinement. As she entered the court-hall, however, her trepidation in a measure ceased; the consciousness of her innocence inspired her with confidence; and though her cheek was blanched and bloodless, there was a degree of firmness about her compressed lips and in her steady unflinching eye that told of the tranquillity of her mind, and almost won you to the conviction that her hands were unsullied by crime.

Mr Oswald was there in waiting with the two girls who had previously asserted that the stolen article was in its place when they left the warehouse, and Sally was present with her cold dead face, and her gaze rivetted on the ground, she having professed to have some additional evidence to produce; besides, as usual, a throng of people

who had no business there at all save curiosity, to ascertain what was going on. Mrs Dempster was sitting close by the witness-box; her eyes were red, and her whole countenance bore traces of recent tears.

As Marion was led through the crowd, a hand hastily touched hers, and she mechanically grasped a bit of paper. On hastily opening it, she found written in large sprawling characters the following:—'Lassie,—Dinna be downheartit. The mirkiest hour's afore the dawnin'. Ane wha's willin' though no unco fit to befeen ye's at haun Gin ye're sair jammd, ca' for ROBIN CHUCKS.'

After the examination of the witnesses, his lordship turned to Marion, and inquired if she had any questions to put or anything to say in her own defence, remarking that there was a strong chain of circumstantial evidence against her.

'I stand here a friendless orphan, having no one to say aught in my favour. I must wait that punishment others merit. May God forgive them for the wrong they have done me!' answered Marion.

'Na fegs, the ne'er o' that ye'll dae,' said a voice from a corner, 'sae lang's I'm here;' and Robin Chucks was seen struggling and elbowing his way through the crowd towards the bench.

Marion had forgotten the note and its contents. 'Who are you?' inquired the Sheriff, as Robin came up, bonnet in hand, scraping and bowing like a pigeon on a house-top.

'I'm a witness, my lord, sir,' replied Robin, nothing daunted. 'I hear folk this day crawin' mair crossly than there's ony ca' for, an' so am gaun to pu' a wheen feathers oot o' the peacock's tail.'

'Whom are you witness for?' again asked his lordship in some surprise.

'Wha for, does your honour's worship want to ken? Wha for, but for this bit lassie here,' pointing to Marion.

'Will you be good enough to mount the witness-box and let me hear what you have got to say.'

Robin was sworn.

'What's your name?' inquired the Sheriff.

'What's your worship's wull?'

'Your name, my good fellow.'

'Robin Chucks, the carter.'

'And, pray, what have you got to say about this business?'

'Tak' yer honour's time, your worship. Gie's room to turn. Ye'se get a' the inklin's o't by an' by. Hech! says Robin, fetching a sigh, 'I'm wae to see sae mony corbies huntin' a puir maukin; but ne'er heed, Mirren, we'll jink them yet. They wha saw hemp maun get the cordage.'

'I really do not understand,' interrupted his lordship, 'what all this outbreak tends to. If you have got anything to the point, pray, say it at once.'

'Hurry nae man's cattle, yer honour. Ilk ane has a way o' his ain—an' gin ye dinna humour a camstray cut ye winna get mickle plesure o' him. But I'm just comin' to the point, sir—seeing the pins are out, the coals maun fa'. I hae kent that lassie there syne she was nae higher than a kail-stock, and mony's the kind turn she's dune to Robin; an' here I'm the day just in nick o' time to befeend her. But to mak' the story short, as I see yer honour's worship's gettin' gae fidgety, I'll e'en begin at the beginnin'. Weel, ye see, Tam Howe an' me had a bit settlement to mak' aboot a beast I bocht frae him short syne. The nicht afore last I stappit ower to Tam's, an' we sat maybe a trifle late—an' ye see, as Tam's no a member o' the teetotal, we had a drap or twa to souther the bargain, no that muckle to do ocht ill, but just made us a hair cheery. We crackit aboot ae thing an' anither, an' Tam tauld sae mony droll stories (I wish yer honour had heard him!) that I ne'er noticed the time slippin' by till it was nigh haun twall. At last I gathered myself up, meanin' to creep awa' hame, dreedin' a fearfu' upblawin' frae Tibby—(Tibby's a sair ane when angered, yer honour). An' ye see I was gaun doon the stair as quiet's a cat in a dairy, no likin' to disturb ony body.

After I had fand my way to the second stairhead I saw a door open—standin' agee a sma' bit jist—an' I heard a whisper-whisperin' gaun on atween a man an' a woman. Quo' I to myself, quo' I, this is some chiel sayin' a saft word or twa to his lass afore they pairt, so I'll pass on. I ne'er heedit it, and was slippin' on, when I heard him say, 'Cleverly managed, by jingo, Dempster's done for now.' When I heard this, yer honour, I pricked up my legs, an' quo' I to myself quo' I, here's a go! Bide a bit, Rab, the cream o't's comin'. So says she, 'I guess the prim slut will get six months' oakum-picking and short allowance in limbo, and richly she deserves it! How I'd like to see her upsetting airs shown off in bridewell! Bonny on her!' 'But, Sally,' quo' he, 'ye haena tauld me how ye got into the wareroom.' 'Weel,' said the jade, 'ye ken, when they were puttin' the bolts into the windows at night, I assisted them, but managed to keep aye o' them oot, so that it could open on the outside. Afore we gaed awa' I ca'd the attention o' the lassies to the shawls by some remark, takin' care they should see them lying in safety, and keepit them taigling on till the hindmost. They gaed out just afore Mirren, sure that a' was richt. Afterwards I gaed down an' in by the window, and ye ken the rest.' 'Capital! capital!' quo' the male wretch; 'but what'll ye do wi' the shawl? Best burn it.' 'Na, na,' replied the huzzy, 'I'll hide it in the clock for some days, and then I'll find a use for't, depend on't.' 'Very weel; but you'd better shut the door, lest ooy body be listening.' I crooched doon oot o' sight till the door was steekit, and then creepit awa' hame. Now, yer honour's worship, what do ye think o' that?'

Sally, during the recital of Robin's narrative, once or twice became ghastly pale, and seemed ready to sink to the earth; but recollecting that the eyes of all in the court were intently fixed upon her, as if trying to read her guilt, she summoned up, by a fearful effort, her remaining courage, and screamed or yelled, 'It's a lie—all a false lie, my lord. Just a paction between the twa villains to screen themselves, and turn the crime on my guiltless hands.'

'It winna be fashious to prove that, yer honour,' said Robin. 'Just send aye o' your beagles up and let him look the house. Then we'll see wha's in the richt.'

'Do so, my lord,' solicited Sally, trembling violently. 'Is'e gang wi' the man, an' allow him to mak' a investigation your honour may think fit.'

'You had better stay where you are,' said his lordship, with a disapproving frown, and, turning to two officers, he directed them to make the search as speedily as possible.

In fifteen minutes the men returned, bringing with them a small parcel, which they opened in court. It was found to contain the missing shawl, and was at once recognised by Mr Oswald. A deep groan of execration unanimously burst from all present, and Sally, on perceiving this indubitable evidence of her guilt, dropped like a stone on the floor.

'It seems,' said his lordship, rising, 'that this woman, Sally, has, out of jealousy and revenge, along with some other person unknown, hatched a scheme of deep villany, in order to effect the ruin of a helpless girl. I am glad Providence has, in the wise disposal of events, frustrated her plans, and caught the wicked in their craftiness. This woman shall be detained to undergo her trial in the ordinary course of law; her punishment, I hope, will be commensurate with her villany.'

Here the audience set up a tremendous shout, perfectly deafening to hear, and it was some time ere the crier could effect silence.

Mr Oswald now came forward, and, taking Marion by the hand, expressed his deep regret at the sufferings he had caused her to undergo, and apologising for the treatment she had received, said he would, by all means in his power, endeavour to atone for the past. Marion thanked him for his kindness, and they left the court. She was reinstated in her office, and a present of twenty pounds was made to her mother, by way of compensation for the

One evening, about a month afterwards, Marion was sitting at home busily plying her needle, and humming snatches of songs in a low sweet voice. While thus engaged, the sound of a light footstep struck her ear, and ere she was aware, Willie Douglas stood by her side, habited in deep mourning. 'Willie,' ejaculated Marion, in surprise, 'what brings you here? I thought a' correspondence between us was at an end.'

'Read,' said Willie, handing her a letter, which contained the intelligence that, by the will of his uncle just deceased, he had been appointed sole executor and legatee on his property in Jamaica.

Not long after, as we passed the door of Marion's residence, a coach stood in waiting, surrounded by a group of children shouting and hallooing for sheer joy and half-pence, while wives, with arms akimbo, looked over windows, and stood in small clusters at doors, descanting on the braw bride and bridegroom. Speedily out came the bride herself, 'blooming like young May,' arrayed in a neat light dress. At her heels followed Willie Douglas, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the coachman cracked his whip, the horses dashed along the street, throwing a cloud of dust into the atmosphere, and the happy pair were whirled out of sight, followed by the gaze of an admiring multitude.

By the liberality of her son-in-law, Mrs Dempster and wee Davie were placed in comfortable circumstances. And was honest Robin Chucks forgot? inquires the reader. No, no; he was established by William Douglas in a neighbouring farm, ready stocked to his hand, and possessing a tolerable knowledge of the profession, is now a thriving agriculturist. Tibby has ceased to call him 'Rab,' and now dignifies him with the title of 'Mr Robert,' but, if all tales be true, it is more than probable she will soon require to vacate her office of housekeeper to a certain damsel, towards whom Robin has been 'casting a sheep's e'e' for some time back.

A SPANISH BULL-FIGHT.

(Translated from the French, for the Instructor.)

In the month of May last, I left Paris for Madrid: a mere run. Five days after leaving the Place de la Madeleine, I was crossing the Puerta del Sol. Madrid, to a stranger, is a melancholy city. Seated prosaically enough in the midst of an expanse of corn fields, many leagues distant from the shade of trees, its silent streets present no very marked characteristics, except that vehicles more ugly than elsewhere may be seen rolling along them; the men are like those to be seen any day from the windows of a house in any great city; the women, it is true, wear no bonnets, but walk abroad in black mantillas, and look as though they were always going to a ball, or to the opera. The houses are painted a pale rose colour, sea-green, or apricot-yellow; and on every side is heard the note of the quails suspended over the doorways in cages made of osier twigs; but all that does not prevent the amateur of local colour from mentally comparing the capital of the Spanish dominions with such cities as Nancy or Toulouse. I arrived on an unlucky day, Friday; it rained in torrents, and for a long time the sky of Spain, careless of its reputation, continued to pour down in frightful torrents, on the little balcony of my inn—la Fonde de Paris. My first care on arrival had been to inquire on what days the bull-fights took place. Monday was the answer—every Monday, at five in the afternoon, if the weather permit (*si el tiempo lo permite*). I trembled lest the bad weather should deprive me of the pleasure I had promised myself in witnessing one of these far-famed spectacles; fortunately, on the appointed day, the sun rose radiant in an unclouded sky, and I went early to the office to buy my ticket. Such, however, was the demand that I had the greatest difficulty in the world to obtain one with a bill of the proceedings. The price of tickets for the first tier is fourteen reals, or about three shillings; at Seville, it is twice as much. I was assured by Alvarez, my Spanish servant, that the sight

were absent; but he, as well as many others, was mistaken: a more terrible series of fights had never been seen in Madrid, or Andalusia. The circus, or Plaza de Toros, is situated some distance beyond the city gates: but as no one who can help it thinks of walking in Spain, the corrioli, similar to those of Naples, and the immense omnibusses, drawn by 12 or 14 mules covered with woollen trappings and little bells, stationed in the Puerta del Sol, were besieged from the hour of noon by throngs of eager passengers. At four o'clock, I took my place in one of these vehicles, and was driven with incredible swiftness through an immense crowd, to the gate of Alesla. Madrid, the sombre and silent city, wakes up suddenly on Mondays, and in holiday clothes, hastens to the national spectacle. Having passed the gate, the great exterior wall of the circus is seen, the approaches to which are blocked up by a multitude of carriages, and the principal entrances is guarded by a detachment of cavalry. The people enter rapidly, but orderly, and without tumult or disturbance. The men place themselves, with true Spanish politeness, so as to leave room for the females to pass; they never push and crowd one another uselessly as in London or Paris, where large assemblages, although composed of the population of the most intelligent capitals in Europe, are, nevertheless, more stupid than in any other city in the world.

The circus interiorly is of imposing grandeur; it is circular, and resembles the Colosseum. The sun shines brightly down through the open roof upon the 12,000 spectators, seated upon the rising seats round the arena. The latter is enclosed by a strong wooden fence, six feet high, painted dark red. Behind this barrier is a broad passage way, the 'behind the scenes' of this theatre.

When I arrived the crowd had already filled the circus, and sat in gay discourse waiting the commencement of the sanguinary spectacle. Three or four water-carts, moved by lean horses, were drawn up and down, moistening the sandy floor of the otherwise empty stage. At five precisely, they disappeared at a flourish of trumpets, and a small troop of light cavalry, preceded by the commissary of police, made the tour of the enclosure. At the next flourish, a second gate opened, and the combatants entered: first came the three picadores on horseback, armed with long lances, made rather to torture the bull than to kill him. Behind them walked the matadores, or killers, followed by twenty chulos and banderillas—all dressed rather for a ball than for a terrific combat.

When the three picadores, seated in their high demipique saddles like chevaliers of the middle ages, had placed themselves, lance in rest, about twenty paces from each other along the barrier, and the troop of chulos had dispersed themselves over the arena, every tongue was silent, and every eye fixed. Then an algaussil on horseback rode up to the president of the course, and demanded the key of the toril, the place in which the bulls are confined. On receiving the key he hurried to deliver it to the keeper, and plunging spurs into his horse's flanks made his escape amid the hootings of the crowd, who do all in their power to frighten the horse, that they may have the supreme pleasure of seeing the algaussil caught by the bull. He had no time to lose; for the door of the toril being immediately unlocked, a superb bull rushed into the ring. The enormous animal, almost entirely black, walked to the middle of the circus, where stopping as though dazzled, he pawed the ground and looked at the spectators with a menacing roar. Five or six chulos now came forward, shaking their capas, or silk mantles, before him. The bull rushed after one of them with such rapidity that the nimble fugitive only leaped over the barrier, just as the animal with a furious charge dashed his head against several of the thick oaken planks, and shivered them to pieces.

A second chulo, pursued in turn, saved himself in the same manner, but this time the bull leaped over the fence after him; putting to flight the individuals collected in the passage way, he rushed again into the arena, through a door that was opened before him, and for the first time seemed to become aware of the presence of the picadores. At the sight of the first horseman, who waited the attack

without moving, the bull paused for an instant, then lowering his head, rushed to the charge. Disregarding a thrust of the lance, he drove one of his horns, like a dagger, into the breast of the unfortunate horse; and raising his head with inconceivable vigour, hurled horse and rider against barrier, where they fell one upon the other. Returning again to the charge, the bull buried both his horns in the belly of the horse, whose entrails strewn the arena. The chulos ran up and sought to divert the attention of the animal upon themselves; the bull, however, paid no regard to these agile tormentors, and attacked the second horseman, Juan Gallardo, the bravest of all the picadores of Spain. Without waiting for the animal, which sunk down upon his haunches the better to make a spring, the man lowered his lance, and with a daring movement pierced the nostrils, and afterwards thrust it in deeply behind the shoulder of the bull. Maddened with pain; the furious beast bounded forward, snapping the stout ash shaft as though it were a reed, gored and overturned the horse and his rider; and charging the third picador, sent him also sprawling, amid cries of 'Bueno toro, bueno toro!' (good bull, good bull!) from the spectators.

Gallardo, whose strength and firmness of arm were such that he was accustomed to stop the raging animals in full career, rose furious from his fall; and mounting his horse, which, notwithstanding the enormous and painful wound was yet able to walk, spurred him again towards the bull. When within a few feet of the latter the horse fell dead; with one spring the bull stood over the fallen picador, endeavouring to transfix him with his horns, when the matador approaching hastily drew off the animal's attention. Seizing the dangerous beast by the tail, he held on in spite of kicks and plunges while the horseman hobbled away. When the picador was in safety the matador loosed his hold, and the bull avenged himself by disembowelling two fresh horses that had just entered the circus. Five horses were now lying dead on the sand; I have, however, seen on another occasion thirteen of these animals killed in less than ten minutes by one bull; but the populace appeared to be satisfied with the slaughter already committed; and on every side arose the cry of 'Banderillas! banderillas!'

Upon a signal from the president the most active of the chulos armed themselves with two arrows decorated with ribbons and coloured paper; no sooner did they make their appearance in the enclosure than they were pursued by the bull with ungovernable fury. It was not without fearful surprise that I saw these banderillas, at the very moment the animal overtook them, suddenly turn, leap over his head, and escape. A still more extraordinary feat was performed by Chiclanero, the matador; in the wildest heat of the pursuit, he faced about upon the bull, which stopped short as though fascinated with the look, and taking off his hat, with great gravity saluted his four-footed antagonist, amid a salvo of applause.

The arrows and the men who throw them are alike called banderillas; and the fixing of these irritating weapons is by no means easy. Waiting the approach of the bull, just as he lowers his head to toss them, they plant their little javelins skilfully in his neck, and, leaping aside, leave the animal still more enraged than before. When three pairs of the arrows were sticking in various parts of his neck, his exasperation was complete; and the spectators raising a general cry of 'kill, kill,' showed that the moment had come for the most exciting part of the spectacle. Chiclanero again entered the circus, in an elegant costume of green satin, embroidered with silver, ruffles of Mechlin lace, pink silk stockings, and pumps of the most perfect finish. In one hand he carried a long bright sword, and in the other a small scarlet flag or veil. Halting underneath the president's lodge, the matador asked permission to kill the bull in the name of liberty—of the queen and constitution. Leave being given, he throws his cap into the air and mingles with the banderillas who still torment the animal. No sooner does the bull perceive the scarlet flag than he dashes at the matador, and the final struggle commences.

Holding the flag so as to conceal the sword firmly grasped in his right hand, Chiclanero waited the attack of his

terrible enemy. The bull rushed suddenly at the man, who saved himself by a dexterous bound to one side, where he again stood waiting a second charge. But the bull, as sometimes happens, seemed to be aware of the risk of acting on the aggressive, and in turn stood still. On such occasions the danger to the matador is greatly increased, as he is exposed to the hazard of broken limbs or laceration from the animal's horns in attempting to reach him with his sword. So impressed were the spectators by the critical position of the man, that they began to chant the death song, whose lugubrious notes heightened the fearful interest of the scene. Chiclanero, pale as a statue, made a step forwards, and with a sudden spring sought to pierce the bull below the shoulder, when what had been expected happened. His sword glanced from the tough hide, and he fell defenceless between the animal's horns. With a toss of his head the latter sent the matador spinning into the air like a tennis-ball, whence he fell heavily to the ground. 'He is dead!' shouted the 12,000 spectators rising to their feet, while the chulos ran up to divert the bull from the discomfited Chiclanero. He, however, was only stunned, and rose to his feet amid the congratulations of the assembly. His first care was to examine his injuries; finding them slight, he picked up his sword, and livid with rage, ran to the bull. At the sight of his enemy the animal with a threatening roar made a furious plunge, the matador stood the shock without shrinking, and driving his sword to the hilt, the bull sank to his knees vomiting torrents of blood.

It is impossible to convey an idea of the thunder of applause that burst out from every quarter; the voices so long suppressed joined in frantic outcries; the stamping of feet was deafening; handkerchiefs flew from hand to hand; a shower of hats and cigars fell around the successful combatant in the arena. The Chiclanero made the tour of the enclosure, gracefully saluting the spectators, and throwing back the hats which had been showered upon him, in the first burst of enthusiasm. Having collected the cigars, he climbed over the barrier, and commenced smoking with his companions as though nothing extraordinary had happened; and that he had not to go through a second and equally dangerous course. The bull, meantime, had risen to his feet, and staggered about seeking a spot where to die. Obeying a singular instinct often remarked in bulls thus circumstanced, he dragged himself towards one of the horses lying in the enclosure, walked round it, and fell dead by the side of his victim. Immediately four mules, grotesquely decorated with little bells, and trappings of red and yellow, were galloped into the ring; attached by their traces to the bleeding carcasses which they dragged rapidly away; a man followed, who scattered bran over the stains of blood; and in a few minutes a second bull rushed into the circus, and the same spectacle was repeated.

The most extraordinary incidents often happen at these bull-fights. A few years since the inhabitants of Seville read the following notice, posted up in the circus, with incredible surprise:—"After the third bull has fought the picadores and received three pairs of banderillas, a young herdsman, by whom he was trained, will enter the ring, approach the animal, pat him, dislodge the banderillas, and lie down between his horns." On the day of the fight, the third bull proved to be an animal of unusual courage; he killed four horses in quick succession, and roared furiously when the banderillas were planted in his neck. The chulos then disappeared, and the bull was left alone in the ring. Suddenly a prolonged hiss was heard: the animal stopped and listened; at a second hiss he walked to the barrier, when a young man in rustic dress leaped into the arena, and called the bull by name, 'Mosquito! Mosquito!' The animal, recognising his master, came quietly forwards, licked his hand, and seemed greatly pleased with the attention of the bold herdsman, who tickled him behind the ear, at the same time detaching the banderillas. Then commanding the bull to kneel, he placed himself on his back with his head between the horns of the animal. But at the noise of the plaudits the bull's rage broke out anew,

and starting up, before the chulos could interfere, he tossed and trampled his owner to death.

In Madrid the profits of the bull-fights are settled on the hospitals, the authorities of which cede their privilege for £2400 annually. Twenty-eight fights are given in the course of the year, each producing on an average from £600 to £700. The expenses are however very great; the actors in these terrible dramas claim to be well paid for their services. The matadors receive from £40 to £60; the picadores about £4; the banderillas £2; and each chulo £1. Foreigners can hardly imagine the intense delight with which these spectacles are regarded in the Peninsula, where they remain a vestige of ancient barbarism, and a striking monument of the non-progressive character of the people.

PROGRESS OF CIVILISATION IN POLYNESIA.

WHILE so many advantages have accrued to the civilised world from the voyages of Cook, the countries and nations which he made known have likewise reaped a rich harvest of benefit; and it is consolatory to reflect, that the fears which troubled his benevolent mind lest the islanders of the Austral Ocean might have 'just cause to lament that our ships had ever found them out,' have not been realised. The labours of the good and pious men who sailed in the ship Duff to spread the glad tidings of salvation among 'the isles of the sea,' though long unsuccessful, have at length been crowned with a prosperous issue. Throughout the principal groups of the Pacific, idolatry has been overthrown, and along with it the darker crimes and more brutal vices of the natives. Those desolating wars, in which mercy was altogether unknown, and neither sex nor age was a protection from the exterminating fury of the victors, have ceased. The barbarous sacrifices of human beings, and the still more sanguinary usage of infanticide, which prevailed to an extent almost incredible, have been abolished. Peace, order, and tranquillity are established; not a few of the customs and comforts of Europe introduced; schools and churches erected; and a knowledge of letters extensively diffused. A printing-press has been established in the Society Islands, from which a translation of the New Testament into the native language, a number of initiatory treatises, and a code of laws ratified by the nation, have already issued. Many of the inhabitants have made so great progress in learning, that they have been able to take on themselves the character of missionaries, and go forth to preach the Gospel to their benighted brethren in less favoured places. Others have acquired the arts of the smith, the mason, the weaver, the cotton-spinner, the turner, the agriculturist, or the carpenter. In the trade last mentioned they have made such proficiency as to build, after the English style, vessels of seventy tons burden, for commercial enterprises to different parts of Polynesia. The people of the Sandwich Archipelago have advanced still farther in civilisation. The Bay of Honoruru, in the island of Woahoo, almost resembles a European harbour. Fifty foreign vessels have been seen in it at one time. In the latter part of the year 1833, it was resorted to by more than 26,000 tons of shipping, employing upwards of 2000 seamen, and bearing the flags of England, Prussia, Spain, America, and Otaheite. It is defended by a fortress mounting forty guns, over which, and from the masts of the native barks, is suspended the national ensign, which has already been seen in the ports of China, the Philippines, America, Kamtschatka, the New Hebrides, and Australia. The town is regularly laid out in squares, the streets are carefully fenced, and numbers of the houses are neatly built of wood. It possesses a regular police, contains two hotels, the same number of billiard-rooms, and nearly a dozen taverns, bearing such inscriptions as 'An Ordinary at one o'clock,' 'The Britannia,' and 'The Jolly Tar.' It is the residence of a British and of an American consul, and of several respectable merchants of the United States. Education and a knowledge of religion are widely spread

throughout the islands; 900 seminaries, conducted by native teachers, are established, and 50,000 children receive instruction in reading. Within a little distance of the very spot where Cook was killed, a school has been opened, and a building erected for the worship of the True God. The fortune of some others of the countries explored by him has hitherto been less auspicious; but in most of them missions are already planted with every prospect of success, and we may confidently look forward to the day when teachers of Christianity shall be established in all. It may be said, indeed, that in almost every quarter of Polynesia the seeds of civilisation are now sown, and it is a plant (as has been remarked) which seldom withers or decays, however slowly it may advance in growth. The hopes, therefore, can hardly be considered visionary which have been expressed by a late distinguished voyager, who, in sailing along the shores of New Zealand, anticipated the period when that magnificent country shall become the Great Britain of the Southern Hemisphere, when its now solitary plains shall be covered with large and populous cities, and the bays which are at present frequented but by the frail canoe of the wandering savage, shall be thronged with the commercial navies of empires situated at the opposite ends of the earth. When that day shall arrive, and the fertile islands of the Pacific become the seat of great and flourishing states, we may confidently predict that Cook will be revered, not with the blind adoration offered to the fancied Rono, but with the rational respect and affection due by an enlightened people to him who was the harbinger of their civilisation; and that among the great and good men commemorated in their annals as national benefactors, none will be more highly extolled than the illustrious navigator who, surmounting the dangers and difficulties of unknown seas, laid open the path by which the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion were wafted to their distant shores.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

LITERARY INDUSTRY.

Stowe, the famous historian, devoted his life and exhausted his patrimony in the study of English antiquities; he travelled on foot throughout the kingdom, inspecting all the monuments of antiquity, and rescuing what he could from the dispersed libraries of the monasteries. His stupendous collections, in his own hand-writing, still exist, to provoke the feeble industry of literary loiterers. He felt through life the enthusiasm of study; and seated in his monkish library, living with the dead more than with the living, he was still a student of taste; for Spenser, the poet, visited the library of Stowe, and the first good edition of Chaucer was made so chiefly by the labours of our author. Late in life, worn out by study and the cares of poverty, neglected by that proud metropolis of which he had been the historian, yet his good humour did not desert him; for being afflicted with sharp pains in his aged feet, he observed that 'his affliction lay in that part which formerly he had made so much use of.' Many a mile had he wandered, many a pound had he yielded, for those treasures of antiquities which had exhausted his fortune, and with which he had formed works of great public utility. It was in his eightieth year that Stowe at length received a public acknowledgment of his services, which will appear to us of a very extraordinary nature. He was so reduced in his circumstances, that he petitioned James I. for a license to collect alms for himself, 'as a recompense for his labour and travel of forty-five years in setting forth the *Chronicles of England*, and eight years taken up in the *Survey of the Cities of London and Westminster*, towards his relief, now in his old age; having left his former means of living, and only employed himself for the service and good of his country.' Letters patent under the great seal were granted. After a penurious commendation of Stowe's labours, he is permitted 'to gather the benevolence of well-disposed people within this realm of England; to ask, gather, and take the alms of all our loving subjects.' These letters patent were to be published by the clergy

from their pulpits: they produced so little, that they were renewed for another twelvemonth: one entire parish in the city contributed seven shillings and sixpence! Such, then, was the patronage received by Stowe, to be a licensed beggar throughout the kingdom for one twelvemonth! such was the public remuneration of a man who had been useful to his nation, but not to himself!

LINES ON MILTON.

By Major Vetch.

(FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.)

When the Mysterious quench'd the visual ray
In Milton, that in spirit he might gaze
On uncreated light—and all his hopes
Of pure republic rearing quite destroy'd,
That, disenthral'd from earth, his soul might dwell
Entire with heavenly musings—he, submiss,
Calm to the 'muses' bower' withdrew, where long
His coming heavenly Harmony desired.
There, first to guard the tuneless haunt from harm
Of 'hostile spear,' over the porch he wreath'd
The lyric charm,* then, from its hallow'd rest
His harp seraphic took, and, all its chords
Sublime attuning, prostrate he invoked
The Holy Spirit's purifying fire,
Wisdom celestial, and 'harmonious numbers.'
Then that high subject, long his better choice
(Suppress'd by cares ignobler), he address'd,
And nightly, whilst earth slept, in spirit soar'd
Beyond the stars, and walk'd the golden streets
Of God's own Zion. Passing undismay'd
Through ranks of radiant seraphs, he to the throne
Came worshipping, and there delighted heard
The hallelujahs of cherubic choirs.

He, trusting to the muse's adventurous wing,
Sheer, from the dizzy battlements of heaven,
Shot down immeasured space, dauntless unbar'd
The adamantine gates of roaring hell,
And listen'd fearless to blaspheming powers;
Thence back through chaos wing'd his upward flight,
Settling on Paradise, and, ere it wither'd,
To hues unfading, all its charms transferr'd.
And, lasting as his lay, enshrined the grace
Of the primeval pair, creation's crown.
Then woke the wondrous song of 'war in heaven,'
Of rebel angels hurl'd to flaming hell,
Of 'man's first disobedience'—Eden lost,
And the grim tyrant throned.—From Albion's cliffs
Went forth the song sublime: onward it roll'd,
Till every echo of the tuneless world
Acclaim'd the triumph of 'immortal verse.'

* See Milton's sonnet 'when the assault was intended to the city.'

FRIENDSHIP.

The source of this noble sentiment is pure; it can spring alone from the heart. It flows spontaneously from the human bosom at all seasons, and sweetens the first as well as the last hours of our existence.

INGRATITUDE.

When stript of all disguise, ingratitude stands out an object so deformed, unnatural, and odious, as to be universally detested and execrated by mankind. Impiety, ignorance, and covetousness, are the prolific soils on which this hateful excrescence is reared.

PRIDE.

This perfidious inmate is the leprosy of the soul, the bane of friendship, the plague of earth, and the detestation of heaven. It is the root of confusion, the apex of folly, and the centre of delusion.

'OF TWO EVILS CHOOSE THE LEAST.'

This short phrase has grown to the dignity of a maxim, but be careful how you use it: in morals it should never be quoted. Of two physical evils you may choose the least; of two moral evils, choose neither.

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A VISIT TO HOLLAND.

FIRST ARTICLE.

THE MAAS—ROTTERDAM—CLEANLINESS—ROUTE TO LEYDEN.

It was on a fine morning in May that I caught my first glimpse of the Dutch coast from the deck of the *Seahorse*, one of the St George's Company's steam-packets, bound from Hull to Rotterdam. The shore stretched far and wide on all sides, low, flat, and uninteresting enough; only sand was visible, and no land was yet in sight. In the distance, steaming away to the south-east, was observed a French vessel, bound, as the captain told us, for Havre, most probably with a cargo of cattle on board. Under our bows was discerned a tiny Dutch boat lying to, pitching about in the waves, and sometimes quite hid from our sight. It contained our sea-pilot, whom we soon after had on board of us; and a fine stalwart seaman he looked, clad in a smart blue dress, very unlike what we had been led to anticipate of the physique of a Dutch sailor.

An hour's steaming brought us into the mouth of the yellow Maas, and we left the sea-green water behind us. We now came in sight of the shore, with its dykes raised above the level of the dry land behind, which was still invisible. These sandhills, which surround the coast of Holland on all sides, are the bulwarks of the country; and the utmost care of the inhabitants is required to prevent them being carried away by the sea, and their whole country submerged and destroyed; for Holland, as most readers may know, is so unlike all other lands in this respect, that its very existence from day to day depends on the constant watchfulness of its coast population. The country literally keeps its head above water, or rather keeps itself dry under the level of the water, by means of untiring industry. And were these sandbanks, now in sight, and bound together by the bent and sea-grass growing upon them, consolidated by reeds and matting woven by the hands of man, to be washed away, Holland would again become, what it originally has been, an uninhabitable continent of mud and water. The existence of Holland is a constant struggle between man and the ocean, in which the patient industry of the former has hitherto been the victor.

The first sign of a town that we saw was the top of the spire of the church of Brill, and shortly after the roofs of the houses came in sight. The body of the church itself must be under the level of the water at high tides. This is the case with the towns even in the heart of the country, more especially towards the north; and I was afterwards informed that the top of the spire of Haarlem Cathedral was only level with the sea at its highest tides. Hence the constant watchfulness of the government and the

people over the safety of their dykes, which run into the country in all directions, and are undergoing constant repairs and renovation at enormous expense.

At Brill we took on board a river-pilot, and the sea-pilot then left us. We also shipped two customhouse officers, who sealed up the cargo, and remained on board till we reached Rotterdam. These officers are called *werkers*, for what reason I cannot exactly explain, for they sat and smoked their pipes in a very sleepy, lazy style all the time they were on board. The principal was a gruff, important, puffy-cheeked fellow, with a brown wig set over a broad head and a still broader face.

We soon came in sight of the cultivated land on either bank of the river. It seemed rich and verdant beyond description, and the grass was most luxuriant when compared with the retarded vegetation of the English coast we had just left. Little comfortable-looking houses were seen on every side, together with numerous windmills, which are very substantial and at the same time picturesque objects in the landscape. Rows of trees stretched around in all directions, and in the green meadows were herds of as luxurious-looking cows as are to be seen in all England. The sun was shining in full power, and there was just wind enough abroad to fill the sails of the sleepy Dutch luggers which came creeping along, with their scoured hulls and gaily painted prows and sterns. Everything was bright, trig, and clean-looking; a picture of neatness and propriety such as one sees only in Holland. Passing Schiedam, famous for its gin, and appearing stuck all over with distillery chimneys and windmills, and also Delft-haven, or the port of Delft, we shortly after turned a bend of the river, and the goodly city of Rotterdam lay full before us—its quays crowded with shipping of all nations.

We landed at the Bompjes, the principal quay, which extends for more than a mile along the banks of the river. It consists of a fine broad street, planted with a line of majestic elm trees; the noble range of houses forming the one side of the street being principally inhabited by the chief merchants of the city. We were allowed to go on shore without any scrutiny of our trunks, for which the Dons merited our thanks. On landing, many strange and unwonted sights met our eyes; how unlike everything to be seen in the country we had just left. Numbers of gaily dressed people were abroad; the Friesland women, with gilt and gold plates fastened over each temple, and their full lace caps with broad frills hanging down over their shoulders, especially attracting our attention. Sledges were drawn along laden with goods; and old family coaches, of the pattern of the last century, dragged by black horses with long tails, were lumbering by in all directions. Into

the city we went, gazing at the endless canals covered with boats and barques, crossed everywhere by drawbridges, by means of which the intercourse from street to street is kept up; rows of majestic trees in almost every street and along the banks of the canals, where large ships were disembarking their cargoes almost at their owners' doors; the tall, clean, old-fashioned houses, scrubbed and polished-looking; men in caps smoking hard, as if this were their only business and they were paid for it; the humbler classes clattering along in their wooden shoes; these, and a thousand other novel sights, could not fail to keep the attention of the stranger perpetually awake.

It was a fine evening, though early in the season, and I took a saunter through the town, extending my walk to the outskirts. I found a large part of the population abroad, well dressed and happy looking; all the young women of the humbler classes without bonnets, but smartly dressed about the head notwithstanding. The windows of many of the houses were thrown open, and through them family parties were seen sipping their coffee or their wine. The commoners, again, were promenading in large numbers under the shade of the lime and elm trees, or sitting in small parties round queer little tables surmounted with beer and other drinkables, puffing away at the perpetual pipe. There was no appearance of that Dutch phlegm which I had looked for. Small musical parties were here and there discoursing capital harmony; and in some of the 'publiscs' the sound of busy feet might be heard in the swift gyrations of the continental waltz. One feature of the whole may be noted, that though there seemed to be a good deal of drinking (and it was the Fair time) there was no drunkenness; and a Scotch gentleman, resident for many years in the city, informed me that, in the greater number of cases, those found sinning against sobriety almost invariably belonged to the English and Scotch part of the population.

There was one circumstance which 'agreeably disappointed' me (as the phrase is), which I may here mention, and that was, the generally elegant appearance of the women. I confess I had been led to expect something very *outré*, in the way of proportions, in the Dutch *fraus*. 'Dutch-built' is a common phrase at home, and I looked for a breadth and thickness about the female population which certainly I did not find. Never did I see a finer and better-looking set of women in any town in England or Scotland. They are for the most part fair or blonde, pale-complexioned, with the exception of the Friesland women (who have certainly colour enough), and handsome—often tall and graceful in person; but it must nevertheless be admitted, that in some respects they are heavy and un-English.

The Dutch, however, have equally ridiculous notions of English dress and appearance as we entertain of them in this country. As we figure their men with immense stuffed breeches and conical hats, and their women squat and fat, with heavy quilted petticoats; they figure to themselves the Scotchman as gaunt and breechesless, and the Englishman (when full-grown) as a little man with a bald head and a biggish belly, dressed in a blue coat with gilt buttons and very long tails, his legs encased in top-boots, and his thumbs perpetually stuck in his waistcoat at his rumpits! I remember being particularly amused by a small coloured engraving hung up in a German bedroom at Mentz, representing a personage in a costume similar to the above, and underneath it inscribed 'Mr Godam.' That a severe satire—but how much truth in the inscription—on the English character!

Next day was Saturday, and I walked about the town admiring its novelties; the statue of Erasmus in the market-place; the great church of St Lawrence, famous for its age organ, and its lofty tower overlooking the canals, wharves, rivers, and pastures for twenty miles round; a dockyard, which, however, will not bear a comparison with those of Devonport or Portsmouth; and numerous objects of curiosity in the place. On returning through a narrow street from one of these sights, I suddenly found myself in the midst of a deluge of water descending on all

sides. The housewives and maids were engaged, street in what I found was a usual Saturday's employment—washing the fronts of their houses, windows, and—the pavements, and even the streets themselves.

Nothing can equal the Dutch housewives for cleanliness. Possibly they carry it even to an excess—washing, scouring having no end throughout Holland, from the loftiest window of their houses down to the meanest Cleanliness here is in fact reduced completely to a system by it households are kept in a state of perpetual cleanliness. Each day has its peculiar work of scouring or scrubbing sacredly set apart for it. For instance, as I afterwards learned, Monday is mirror-cleaning day, and, be it odd that it is no mean day's work to polish the mirrors of a Dutch house of modern dimensions, for windows, chairs, pieces, parlours, and bedrooms, are crowded with mirrors. Then Tuesday is chair and furniture cleaning day: a great deal of tear and wear of furniture by scrubbing alone makes something tremendous in the Dutch housewife's estimate: indeed, some of the rooms are only entered once a week to be scoured, being too sacred and clean for daily use. Then Wednesday is tin and copper scouring day, when pots and pans are made to shine like polished steel. Thursday and Friday are washing days, one of linen, the other of stairs, lobbies, passages, &c. And Saturday is up with a general washing of fronts, when you may feel, if you come within reach of their squirts and thirty feet long, which the women flourish in trim over a work complete, that Dutch cleanliness is no mere airy affair, and the Dutch housewife is anything but sloven. In her hands, dishcloths, scouringcloths, brushes and mops of all sorts, wage an endless war against dust and spiders. Indeed, I should not wonder if the Araneæ had in Holland become extinct; and truly, if my stay there, I do not remember having seen a spider. Perhaps they are still to be found stuffed or preserved in museums or the cabinets of the curious, as the relics of things which were. I have often seen the cleaning woman pumping her little engine vigorously (and almost every house is provided with its own) at some remote part of the third storey, where not a speck of dirt was to be seen. But her eye was perhaps quicker to detect the dark than mine was; and she was prepared to encounter the falling deluge, which I was not.

'Tis a pity that this Dutch virtue cannot be transplanted like Dutch bulbs, to some foreign soils which we know; and that the system which 'works so well' here, could not be made to find its way into the homes and the towns of other nations, where cleanliness is yet a virtue more admired than practised. How comes it that the Dutch have acquired this habit (for it has become one) more than the people of other countries? Is it because their country is not so much the product of nature, but has been created by the untiring industry and never-ceasing energy of its inhabitants—dragged up from the very ocean, as it might be said, and requiring the exercise of constant care for its preservation—this carefulness and industry extending to all the ramifications of domestic and public life? It has been alleged that the dampness of the climate—the land being principally beneath the level of the sea—renders this constant cleanliness necessary, in order to avert the contagions and diseases incidental to moist climates. However this may be, it is certainly a feature in the inhabitants of the country which is in no small degree worthy of the admiration of the foreign visitor.

In the afternoon, I took the *treckschuyt* or canal-boat for Leyden. This is the common mode of travelling in this country, and though rather tedious, it is cheap. The *treckschuyt* is divided into two compartments, a fore and an after cabin—each having its roof, on which those passengers who do not love tobacco-smoke (with which the cabins are generally filled) and wish to see something of the country they are passing through, commonly assemble. The boat is dragged by a horse, at a pace of some four or five miles an hour; the horse being generally ridden by a boy, who is paid a few cents for each stage.

emerging from the town, the intense Dutch character of the country and people begins to show itself. All along the banks of the canal are seen the snug mansions of the nobles, each with its trimly kept garden in front. Every house, too, has attached to it, and overhanging the canal, a *lust-huis* or pleasure-house, all of which are designated by peculiar names, and many of them have inscribed on them very fantastic mottoes. Numerous parties were observed in these *lust-huizen* as they sat, engaged at pipes and coffee, gossiping, and leading a life in a sober meditative mood characteristically Dutch. Some of these pleasure-houses are, however, anything but pleasant in summer weather, when the stench of stagnant water in the canals would be insupportable to the clouds of tobacco-smoke in which they drown many of these villas are situated in the midst of large narrow necks of land connecting them with the land. All of them have more or less of water about them, sometimes up to their front doors, close to which they are generally moored, showing that frequent use is made of this means of communication with the neighbour-

hood. Some places the surrounding country was hid from view by the high embankments on either side of the canal; dykes running in all directions inland, and, being built of small bricks or clinkers, with their narrow ends projecting to serve as the highroads of the country. On one occasion we saw a heavy lumbering *diligence* or stage-coach—drawn by the most undiligent-looking machines possible—creeping along. It seemed with difficulty to get out of the head of our boat, though it was dragged by no fewer than six horses, in two rows, three abreast, and harnessed together in the most primitive manner. Heavy broad axles crossed their breasts, and these, joined to the ropes leading to the vehicle, enabled them to drag it on heavily and laboriously. The horses were sleek-looking animals, with long manes and tails; which latter, in dusty weather, were fanned up in a rather comical manner.

Another singular feature of the country through which we passed was the immense host of windmills within sight in all directions. There was no end of them, and by the boards over their lower doors they seemed to be employed for every possible purpose. They grind flour, snuff, mustard; they thrash out corn, saw wood, and drive machinery; they crush rapeseed, tear rags, and grind bones; and not the least important of their labours is that of pumping the stagnant water out of the meadows, and draining the low-lying lands and rendering them fit for the cultivation and the habitation of man. Some of the windmills are of very large proportions and majestic appearance; others are small, tidy, neat, and gaily painted; and there are such gems of picturesque beauty as Stanfield Mill, painted so often and so well. Families generally inhabit the lower storeys of these edifices; for in the interior the windmills are the only buildings visible on the small islands; no adjoining houses, stables, or barnyard. The mill serves for all. The family lives below; and the huge industrious arms of the mill are perpetually working for them above. It considerably detracts from the pictorial effect of these handsome objects that they are so generally found in straight rows, along the banks of the canals. They look like regiments drawn up in rank and file, such as might have set the combative zeal of Don Quixote on fire. But almost everything else is found in rows throughout the eastern parts of Holland. The country villas of the wealthy are built in rows; trees are invariably found in the straightest of rows, clumps of them being unknown; canals are in rows, and join each other at definite angles; the windmills are all in rows; the flowers, flowerpots, shrubs, and garden walks are in rows of the most precise and formal kind. The only things about which any difficulty seems to be found as to keeping in straight rows are the soldiers or schutterij, who apparently resist all attempts so to place them with the most desperate determination.

As we penetrated still further into the country, the old peasant dress of the people attracted our notice. The

women, many of whom peeped out as the boat passed their doors and whom *het jagertje* (the horseboy) contrived occasionally to astonish by the cracking of his long whip, though rather coarse and brawny in form and features, were, as usual, clean and well dressed. Many were decorated with close lace caps, some having the peculiar gold or gilt plates fastened on the temples, with ornaments dependent therefrom. The long upper jacket, fitted close to the chest and body, was also frequently to be seen. A general politeness was apparent among these peasants. Often was the little cap of our boatman lifted from his head, with a 'goeden avond!' 'Het is mooi weer yu frau!' (Good evening! It is fine weather, ma'am!) and so on.

Half way to Leyden, we stopped for a short time at Delft, an old decayed town, though formerly a place of great importance in Holland; and once the seat of the earthenware manufacture (hence called 'Delft ware'). The military arsenal of Holland is also situated here, and some extensive warehouses of the defunct East India Company, now unused. Delft is celebrated for several assassinations, the principal of which was that of one of its kings, William I. of Holland. The place seemed half deserted, and we had no heart to linger in it; hence we departed for Leyden, in sight of whose lofty domes and church spires, standing black against the setting sun, we arrived about seven o'clock, after an exceedingly delightful passage.

THE FLOWER-BASKET.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF THE REV. CHRISTOPHER SCHMID.

CHAPTER I.

ABOUT a century ago there lived in the small market-town of Eichburg a very prudent and honest man called Jacob Rode. When he first came to Eichburg he was very young, and worked as an assistant in the gardens belonging to the count, who resided in the castle of Eichburg. Jacob's many excellent endowments, his kindness of heart, and the activity which he manifested, together with his prepossessing appearance, soon gained him the goodwill of all who knew him, as well as of the count himself. He was often employed in many little offices about the castle; and as the count, who was at that time a young man, had occasion to travel, Jacob was among his attendants. During his travels Jacob had taken care to store his mind with a vast variety of knowledge, as well as to acquire a more polished speech and demeanour; but what was of more importance still, he brought back his honest heart uncorrupted by the evils of the great world in which he had been moving. In consequence of this, the count was induced to reward the faithful services of Jacob, and provide for him a more profitable situation. Jacob might thus have become steward in the palace which the count possessed in the metropolis; but he always had a longing for the peaceful quiet of rural life, and as the lease of a small farm at Eichburg, belonging to the count, had just expired, Jacob requested that it might be let to him. The count immediately granted him the farm for his lifetime, requiring only as much wood and grain as might be necessary for the family, instead of a money rental. Jacob married at Eichburg, and maintained his family by the produce of his farm, on which he had erected a comfortable dwelling-house, situated in the midst of a large and beautiful garden, one half of which was planted with fruit-trees, while the other furnished vegetables and other necessaries.

After Jacob had lived for many years in the enjoyment of domestic blessedness, his wife, who was in every respect an amiable woman, was suddenly taken from him by death. His grief for some time was unspeakably great, and the good man, now advanced in years, underwent a visible change; his hair was now become grey. His sole joy and comfort was his little daughter, about five years of age, who alone of several children had been spared to him. She was called Maria, after her mother, whose very image she seemed to be. The child was already uncommonly beautiful, and as she grew up her beauty received a peculiar sweetness from her piety, innocence, modesty, and

unfeigned kindness toward every one. There was something so indescribably sweet and attractive in her countenance, that her glance fell on the heart like the smile of a guardian spirit. Maria had scarcely reached her fifteenth year when she had learned to manage the whole affairs of the little household in the best possible manner. In the comely parlour a particle of dust was never seen, in the kitchen all the utensils glittered as if they were new, and the whole house was a pattern of regularity and cleanliness. Besides this, she was accustomed to assist her father in the garden with unintermitting industry; and the hours she so spent with him were among the happiest of her life.

Indeed, the garden of old Jacob was the most beautiful in the whole district; for as his daughter shared his own passion for beautiful flowers, he encouraged her taste by procuring every rare plant he could hear of, and their various excellences furnished the good man with constant topics of instruction and entertainment. The greatest ornament of the garden was a small apple-tree, not larger than a rose-bush, which grew in a plot in the middle of the garden. The father had planted it on the day of Maria's birth, and every year the little tree produced beautiful gold and purple streaked apples. Once it bloomed with peculiar beauty, and was covered over with blossoms. Maria noticed it every morning. 'Oh, how beautiful!' cried she in ecstasy, 'how beautifully red and white! The whole tree appears nothing but a large nosegay of flowers.' One morning, on visiting the garden, she found the frost had nipped it; the blossoms were destroyed—all green and yellow, and crumpled together by the heat of the sun. Maria wept at the sad sight. 'Thus,' said her father to her, 'thus is the bloom of virtue destroyed by sinful pleasure. Oh, child, tremble at temptation! You see how it shall be with you, not for a year only but for your whole life, if but once those high hopes entertained of thee should be allowed to disappear. Then, like thee, should I weep tears of heartfelt grief and sorrow. Not a moment of happiness should then be left me on earth; with a broken heart and sorrowful eye I should sink into my lonely grave.' The tears stood in his eyes, and his words made a deep and lasting impression on the tender-hearted Maria. In this manner, under the care of a loving and prudent father, Maria grew up blooming as a rose, innocent as a lily, modest as a violet, and hopeful as a tree full of beautiful blossoms. With many a peaceful smile the old man admired his beautiful garden, which so well rewarded his industry and care, but with still greater gratitude and satisfaction did he observe the more beautiful fruit which his instructions and care were daily producing in his beloved child.

One morning in the beginning of May, Maria had been in the neighbouring wood to cut some willow and hazel twigs, of which her father was accustomed to make neat little baskets; there she had found some May-flowers, the first of the season, which she gathered and made into two nosegays, one for her father and the other for herself. When she was going home through the meadow, the Countess of Eichburg and her daughter Amelia met her. They commonly resided in the metropolis, and had come to Eichburg only a few days before. As soon as Maria saw two ladies, she stepped aside to make room for them on the narrow footpath, and remained respectfully standing at a little distance.

'So there are May-flowers already?' said the young countess, addressing Maria, who immediately offered a nosegay to each, which they accepted with pleasure, and the countess, drawing out her purse, wished to give something to Maria.

But Maria said, 'Oh, no, I can accept nothing! Will your excellency be so kind as to allow a poor maiden, who has received many favours at your hand, the pleasure of contributing slightly to your enjoyment without thinking of any recompense?'

The countess gave a friendly smile, and requested Maria to come every morning to the castle with a nosegay as long as there were any May-flowers to be had. Amelia took

great delight in Maria's excellent understanding, and serene and lively disposition, and the pleasure was so much increased by her modesty and artless behaviour, that Maria often spent many hours in the company of the young countess long after the flowers of May had withered. Amelia at last gave her distinctly to understand, that as she wished to have her always near her, she would take her into her service.

The girl, on her part, had become very much attached to the young countess, and when her birthday approached she bethought herself of making her some simple present. During the past winter her father had presented her with a very elegant work-basket, and Maria determined to fill it with flowers, and present it to Amelia on her natal day. Having gathered the loveliest the garden produced, she arranged them in the most tasteful manner, twining round the side of the basket a circlet of rosebuds and green moss, and surrounding Amelia's name and crest with a little wreath of forget-me-not. Then she showed her work to her father, who regarded it with a complacent smile, and set off with a light heart to the castle, to present it, with his good wishes and congratulations.

The young countess was seated at her toilet, and her maid was dressing her hair for the festival of her birthday. Amelia was uncommonly delighted, and could hardly find words to express her admiration. 'Oh, come with me to my mother!' said she, rising; and taking Maria by the hand, led her to the next room where the countess was. 'Oh, look here, mamma!' cried she, as soon as she reached the door. 'What an uncommonly beautiful present Maria has brought me. You never saw such a fine basket, and I am certain you cannot find more exquisite flowers anywhere.'

The countess was highly gratified with the present. 'Indeed,' said she, 'it is very lovely; I wish I had a painting of it! The little basket with the flowers, on which the dew is still resting, would make such a beautiful flower-piece. The present does great honour to Maria's good taste, but much more to her kind heart. Stay here a little, my child,' said she to Maria, at the same time nodding to Amelia to follow her into the next apartment. 'We cannot allow Maria to go without a present,' said she to her daughter. 'What do you think we can give her?'

Amelia thought for a moment. 'I think one of my dresses would be the best thing, dear mamma; and if you will allow me, I would give her the one with the prettiest red and white flowers on the dark green ground. It is a little worse than new, for I have only had it on a few times, and it would make a holiday dress for Maria; she can easily alter it a little to suit herself. If you have no objection, I will give it to her.'

'Surely, surely,' said the countess; 'when one makes a present they ought always to give something that will be useful. Go now, my good children,' said the countess, as she and Amelia came back to Maria, 'and look after the flowers that they do not wither before dinner-time. For as we have guests to-day, the flower-basket will be the greatest ornament on the table. I leave Amelia to thank thee, Maria.'

Amelia took Maria to her own apartment, and ordered her maid to go and fetch the dress.

Nancy (so was the maid called) remained standing. 'Your ladyship will not wear that dress to-day?' said she.

'No,' said Amelia; 'I will present it to Maria.'

'That dress!' said she, snappishly. 'Does your mamma know of it?'

'Bring the dress,' said Amelia, rather quickly, 'and let me care for the rest.'

Nancy turned hurriedly away to conceal her vexation. Her face was red with anger; she tore the dress of the young countess ill-naturedly out of the trunk. 'If I durst only tear it to tatters,' said she, 'before that garden beggar should get it! For one thing, she has stolen from me the favour of my lady, and now she comes to steal this dress from me too; for all cast dresses belong to me and not to her. Oh, I could scratch the eyes out of the little flower-dealer!' Nancy restrained her rage as well as she could

when she entered the room again, and gave the dress to Amelia.

'Dear Maria,' said Amelia, 'I have got more expensive presents to-day than yours; but none more acceptable or beautiful. The flowers in this dress are not so lovely as yours, but I believe you will not despise them for my sake. Accept this dress as a token of good will, and remember me kindly to your father.'

Nancy commenced her duties again full of rage, envy, and disappointment. Indeed, it cost her no small effort to prevent Amelia discovering how much she was moved, while she was busy dressing her hair.

'Are you angry?' said Amelia, quietly.

'It would be very stupid to be angry because you are so kind,' said Nancy.

'That is very sensibly spoken,' said Amelia, 'and I trust you also judge as reasonably.'

Maria, full of joy, hastened home with her handsome dress. But her prudent father felt no great joy on account of such a present. Shaking his grey head, he said, 'I had rather you had not taken the basket to the castle. I set a great value on the dress, as being a present from my gracious mistress; but I am afraid it may cause others to envy us and make thee vain, my child. Be, therefore, on thy guard, my dear Maria, that nothing evil come of it. Modesty and prudent behaviour are better clothing for a maiden than the most expensive and splendid dresses.'

Scarcely had Maria tried on her beautiful dress, folded it carefully up again, and locked it away in her trunk, when the young countess, pale and trembling, came into the house almost out of breath.

'For God's sake, Maria,' cried she, 'what have you done? My mother's diamond ring is lost, and no one has been in her apartment but you. Give it me back quickly, and prevent worse consequences? Come, quick, and the matter will yet be made up?'

Maria was terrified, and became pale as death. 'Oh, God!' said she, 'what is this? I have no ring; I never saw a ring in the room; I never stirred from the spot where you left me.'

'Maria,' said Amelia, again, 'I entreat you, for your own sake, to give me the ring? You know not the value of the stone in it. The ring cost near a thousand pounds. Had you known this, I am sure you would not have taken it. You thought it was only a trifle. Give it me, and all shall be passed over as a youthful mistake.'

Maria began to weep. 'Truly, I know nothing of the ring,' said she; 'I have never trusted myself to touch, much less to take, anything not my own. My father has always impressed honesty upon my mind.'

Her father now came into the room; he had been working in the garden when the young countess came through in such great haste. 'Oh, merciful Father, what is this?' said he, when he heard of what they were speaking. The good man was horror-struck, and had to take hold of the corner of the table to support himself. 'Child,' said he, 'stealing such a ring is death by law. But that is nothing. Think of God's divine command, 'Thou shalt not steal.' We are not only amenable to men for such a deed, but to a still mightier Lord, the omnipotent Judge who searches all hearts, whom nothing can deceive, and from whom no one can escape. Have you permitted your eyes to be dazzled by the glitter of gold and precious stones, and yourself to be misled into this crime? If so, deny it not; confess it, and restore the ring. This is the only way to atone, so far as atonement is possible, for your crime.'

'Oh, father!' said Maria, weeping bitterly; 'indeed, I have not seen the ring. Alas! if I had only found such a ring on the street, I could not have rested until I found out the owner of it. Indeed, indeed, I have not the ring.'

'Look,' said her father, again; 'look at that angel, the young countess Amelia, who has come out of pure love to thee, to save thee from the hands of justice, who means so kindly by thee; who has made thee, not an hour ago, such a rich present; she does not deserve that thou shouldst deceive her and hurry on to thy own destruction. If you

have the ring, say so; and my gracious lady, through her intercession, will save you from punishment. Maria, be honest and do not lie.

'Father,' said Maria, 'you know that I have never stolen the value of a pin in all my life. Not even an apple from a neighbour's tree, or a handful of grass from a meadow; how then should I take anything so valuable? Believe me, my father, for never in my life did I deceive you.'

'Maria,' said her father, once more; 'look at my grey hairs; oh, bring them not in sorrow to the grave! Spare me this grief. Say, as if in the sight of God, before whom I shall soon stand, and who suffers no thief to enter his kingdom—say, hast thou this ring? For the sake of thy own happiness hereafter, I entreat thee to speak the truth!'

Maria raised her trembling hands and weeping eyes to heaven, and said, 'God knows, I have not the ring. As certainly as I hope to be saved, I have it not.'

'Now,' said her father, 'I indeed believe thee, thou hast it not; for I know that thou wouldst not lie before the Almighty, the noble countess, and thy aged father; and since I know that thou art innocent, I am happy. Be thou also quiet, Maria, and fear nothing. There is only one real evil in the world that we should be afraid of, and that is sin. Prison and death itself are nothing to this. Whatever may now befall us—though all men forsake us—yet have we God for our friend, and he shall deliver us, and at one time or other make our innocence manifest.'

The young countess wiped away a tear, and said, 'Now that I hear you say so, I too believe you have not the ring; and yet, when all things are considered, it hardly appears possible that you should not have it. My mother knows the very spot on which she laid the ring, not a moment before Maria and I entered the room, and no one else was in it. That I was never near the table where it was lying Maria herself can prove. Maria was left alone in the apartment while I was speaking to my mother. After we came out, my mother shut the door to change her dress; when she had done so, she went to take up the ring, and behold it was gone. My mother carefully sought the room through and through, and so cautious was she, that she said nothing of it until she had looked for it three or four times; but all in vain. Now, who can have the ring?'

'I cannot understand it,' said the father; 'God has subjected us to a severe trial; and as to what may follow,' said he, raising his eyes reverently toward heaven; 'behold, Lord, here I am ready; only grant me thy grace, O God! that is sufficient for me.'

'Truly,' said the countess, 'I return home with a heavy heart. This is indeed a sorrowful birthday to me; it will be a sad story. My mother has not said a word to any one but me of her loss, for fear of making Maria unhappy; but she will not conceal it longer. She must wear it to-day. My father, whom we expect hourly, will soon miss it; for he presented it to her on the day that I was born, and she always wears it on my birthday; she expects I shall certainly bring it with me. Farewell!' continued she, 'I will say that I esteem you innocent; but others will not do so.' Saying this, she went sorrowfully out of the house, and both father and daughter were so confounded that neither could attend her to the door.

The old man sat on a bench, his head resting on his hands, and tears flowed down his pale cheeks. Maria fell on her knees before him, weeping, and looking up into his face, said, 'Oh, father, I am really innocent in all this! God knows, I am innocent!'

Her father raised her up, and gazing long and earnestly into her blue eyes said, 'Yes, Maria, thou art innocent. Guilt could never look so honest and open-hearted.'

'Oh, my father!' said Maria, 'how will this end? What will they do to us? Oh, if it were only myself that should suffer, how willingly would I bear it; but that you, you should suffer on my account, is horrible!'

'Trust in God,' said her father, 'and be not afraid; against his will they cannot touch a hair of our heads.'

Whatever happens is from God; it shall be for our good, and we can wish nothing more. Only, be not afraid, and ever hold fast by the truth. However they may threaten thee, whatever they may promise thee, only yield not a hairsbreadth from the truth, but preserve a pure conscience. A good conscience is an easy pillow even in a prison. Maria, we shall now be separated from each other; thy father will not be able to comfort thee; but cling only so much the firmer to thy Father in heaven; he, the Almighty Protector of innocence, cannot be taken from thee.'

The door was now suddenly opened, and a number of officers entered the house. Maria gave a loud shriek and rushed into her father's arms. 'Separate them,' said the chief officer; 'take the daughter to prison, and hold the father also in safe custody; take possession of the house and garden, and let no one enter until we have made a strict search.'

Poor Maria passed many hours of the weary night in prison thinking of the distress of her father, and imploring assistance from on high to sustain them both in this unlooked-for trial. Towards morning she sunk into a soft slumber, and she had scarcely awakened when an officer entered to take her before the court. She trembled violently when she entered the gloomy court-house, with its high arches and old-fashioned gothic windows. The judge was seated in a large arm-chair covered with scarlet cloth. The secretary sat before an enormous table with his pen in his hand, and, for his years, looked remarkably grave and grim. The judge put a multitude of questions to Maria, all of which she answered conformably to the strictest truth. She wept much, and protested her innocence.

'But,' said the judge, 'do not deceive yourself, and assert the possibility of what is utterly impossible; no one but yourself entered the apartment; no one but you can have the ring; therefore, confess it at once.'

Maria, with tears in her eyes, said, 'I can say nothing but what I have already said; I know nothing of the ring; I never saw it; I have it not.'

'The ring was seen on your finger,' continued the judge; 'what say you to that?'

Maria maintained that to be impossible.

Here the judge touched a bell, and Nancy was brought into the court.

Nancy, in her anger and envy, excited by Maria's receiving the dress as a present, had formed the wicked design of disgracing Maria with her lady, and on the first notice of the ring she had told the people in the castle 'That no one but the loose garden girl can have the ring, for when she was coming down stairs I noticed a ring in her hand with a stone in it; and what looked very suspicious, she concealed it the moment she saw me looking. I did not wish to be hasty, for I thought she might have got it as a present like many a thing else; but that if it were stolen, there would soon be an outcry for it, and then it would be time enough to speak of it. I am very glad that I was not in her ladyship's room, for creatures like this wicked hypocritical Maria may easily bring genteel and honest people into suspicion.'

Nancy's words were taken notice of, and she was now brought to give her evidence before the judge. When she entered the court, and the judge had warned her to speak the truth as if in the presence of her Maker, her heart beat violently and her knees trembled beneath her. But the wicked girl paid little attention either to the words of the judge or the voice of conscience. 'If I should now confess my lie,' thought she, 'I shall either lose my place or perhaps be imprisoned.' She therefore persisted in her falsehood, and, looking Maria boldly in the face, said, 'You have the ring, and no one else, for I saw you have it.'

Maria was shocked at her gross falsehood, but no word of reproach or anger escaped her lips; she merely wept; and though her tears almost choked her utterance, said, 'It is not true that you saw me have the ring; how can you utter such a terrible falsehood, and make me miserable, who never did you the least wrong?'

But Nancy, who only saw her present advantage, and felt her heart full of hatred and envy against Maria, paid

no attention to her, but having once more repeated her evidence, was told by the judge to retire.

'You are fully convicted,' said the judge to Maria; 'all the circumstances are against you. The maid has even seen it in your hand; now, therefore, say what you have done with it?'

Maria remained firm in the assertion of her innocence.

The judge then caused her to be remanded till next day, when she was brought before him a second time. As force and threats availed nothing, he sought to make her confess by mild treatment and friendly promises.

'You have forfeited your life,' said he, 'and deserve to be beheaded; but if you will confess where you have put the ring, you shall be set at liberty; the imprisonment you have received shall be all your punishment, and you shall return home with your father. Consider well, and make your choice between life and death. You see I mean kindly towards you.'

Maria stood firm by her first declaration.

The judge, who had noticed her great affection for her father, continued, 'If you remain stubborn, and will not respect thy own young life, at least think on the grey hairs of your aged father. Would you wish to see his head fall bleeding from the sword of the executioner? No one but he can have persuaded you to deny the crime so obstinately; do you wish that it should cost him his life also?'

Maria was so horrorstruck that she almost fainted away.

'Confess,' said the judge, 'that you have taken the ring. The simple word *yes* can save both your own and your father's life.'

This was a severe temptation to Maria; she remained silent for some time; only for a moment did the thought enter her mind that she might say she had taken the ring but had lost it on her way home; but again, she thought, 'tis much better to hold fast by the truth; to tell a lie were a great sin; and for no price will I commit such a crime, even though I should save my own life and my father's also. 'Were I to say I took the ring,' said she to the judge, 'I should tell a lie; and though I could escape death by it, yet will I not tell a lie. But,' continued she, 'if blood must be spilled, oh, spare the grey hairs of my aged kind father! gladly will I yield up my life to save his.'

All in the courthouse were deeply affected at these words; even the heart of the judge, a strict and severe man, began to relent; he was silent, however, and made a sign to the attendants to take Maria back to her cell.

A GOSSIP ABOUT ANGLING.

BY A BROTHER OF THE ROD.

MOST men, betwixt breeching-time and thirty, have once or oftener handled the rod, but probably not one in a thousand can lay any claim, practically or theoretically, to a knowledge of the gentle art. Many profess to despise it altogether, and sneeringly quote Dr Johnson. Many more have tried, and, after a few first fruitless efforts, abandoned it in dreary hopelessness; others struggle on at intervals, getting now and then a 'glorious nibble,' or, peradventure, crowned with rare success; while by far the smallest proportion fully understand, appreciate, and, need we say, enjoy this simple and pleasing recreation. Angling, strictly considered, can never be a popular amusement, because men generally are neither so physically or mentally constituted as to like it. The talker, who loves the sound of his own voice but is deaf to the music of nature's; the impatient, who would have every one wait for him but can tarry for nothing; and the lazy, who loves to loiter by the fireside or lounge on sofa, need never attempt it. There is something more needed than a 'foul and a worm' to make an angler. He is not the creature described by Pope as

'Taking his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand,
With looks unmoved, he hopes the scaly breed
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.'

Such is a very false picture of the real piscator. We dis-

claim all knowledge of such a person. Give us a man of patient, enduring, contented disposition, and withal a man of bone and muscle, who shrinks not at a walk of thirty miles, nor shudders at the idea of a wet skin; who can make himself at home in any circumstances; who has a soul for the sublime and beautiful, but yet will stoop to study the habits of the meanest insect, and of him would we hope to make an angler. Let those who think the pursuit beneath them follow their own choice, we blame them not; but give us the angler's portion, the green fields and purple heather to tread, the 'cloud capp'd mountains' to gaze at, the roaring cataract or 'the murmuring brook-let's babbling tale' to listen to, and ability to look upon and admire with humble thankful heart all created loveliness, and we ask no worldly honour nor thirst for vain ambition.

Having said this much by way of introduction, we will not task the reader's patience farther, but descend at once into the practical and most important part of our subject. In English rivers and lakes there is a vast variety of fish which are entire strangers to our Scottish waters, and the instructions given, *ad infinitum*, by Walton and his successors to the tyro, as to the manner of catching each distinct species are, besides being perplexing and harassing in the extreme, quite inapplicable. There are so many pastes, oils, and abominable mixtures, vile compounds of drugs and animal matter, required in the former practice, that we wonder not the art has so few votaries. Scotland, happily, knows nothing of all these. All our material may be wound round our old white hat, consisting of half-a-dozen flies, with perhaps a little bag of worms pendant from our buttonhole; with these we will catch any fish that swims in fresh water, from Galloway to John O'Groats. Generally speaking, there are only two classes of fish worth catching, or worth fishing for, the trout and salmon. Of the former of these we have more particularly at present to treat. The trout abounds in most of our rivers and lochs, where mills and chemical works have not been introduced to pollute and poison the water, though in many of our lowland burns a marked deterioration, in point of size and quality of the fish, has of late years taken place. This has been accounted for by the system of draining now pursued causing the winter rains to run off almost as soon as they fall, leaving the sandbanks and shallows, in which the ova or spawn in autumn has been deposited, comparatively dry and exposed to the destructive influence of the frosts. Whether this be the cause or not, and most likely it is, there is in many waters we could name an obvious falling off, as the beggarly condition of our creel can often testify. The food of the trout is principally worms, insects, and larvae of various descriptions, and several smaller kinds of fish, but chiefly minnows, which he preys upon with great avidity. Upon the feeding of the fish depends his size and quality. Those streams which run through rocky barren soil seldom produce large trout, nor are they often found large in lakes covering a hard, cold, stony, or grassy bottom. So much so is this observable, that we have caught at one end of a loch, where the bottom was pebbly, fine red full fish, and at the other end, where the soil changed, the trout were long, lean, cadaverous-looking thieves, whose whole growth seemed concentrated in their enormous heads. It is also frequently observable, that where the trout are very abundant they are small. We have fished remote tarns far up among the hills, in different parts of the Highlands, literally swarming with fish, but so diminutive, few of them reaching herring size, as to be hardly worth the trouble of carrying home. On the water depends in a great measure the colour of the fish. In a mossy stream they are almost invariably dark, in clear waters silvery, and in streams running through a fertile soil of a bright golden yellow on the sides and gills, deepening into a dark brown on the back. The trout may be caught of almost any size. In Loch Awe, the *salmo ferox*, a powerful fish with tiger-like fighting propensity, has been taken twenty pounds weight, and we believe Loch Ness and Loch Rannoch contain the same species equally large. In other lakes and streams they vary up

to five or six pounds, but the average is somewhat below a pound in most places.

One of the first points which the amateur should make himself acquainted with is the habits of the fish. No book or treatise can teach him this adequately; nothing but persevering practical observation will aid him much; and, indeed, this remark applies to almost all matters connected with the art. It is an art not to be acquired in a day, a month, or even a year, because the study of it involves not only ichthyology, but branches out into a variety of other sciences, such as entomology and zoology, a knowledge of which is essential; and it will be found that these subjects are so interwoven with a proper study of angling that they cannot be overlooked. There is no such thing as perfection in it. Daily your store of information increases, and with it an ardent thirst for more. But to return. The trout, though not possessed of the sense of hearing, or, if so, in a very slight measure, is above all creatures remarkably quick-sighted and timid. Bear this always in mind, and never hastily or unnecessarily place yourself in a position where you are likely to attract observation. A light or gaudy colour easily attracts its attention, hence the necessity of being dressed when angling as soberly as possible. The trout despises a fop. In the day time it lurks beneath stones, or under the shadow of an overhanging bush, whose 'tangled roots' spreading beneath the water serve it as a covert from danger. Wherever you see a deep dark pool, with some old stumps or trunks at the bottom, you may feel assured the largest fish are there. Heavy fish (we mean by the term native trout above three pounds weight) seldom rise at the fly during the day. When you entertain a suspicion that a monster is lying in ambush at the bottom of any hole, your most enticing and deadliest bait for him is the spinning minnow. If he will take at all, and the condition of weather and water permit, you may almost rely on bagging him this way. In using the minnow, avoid all imitations—they are worth nothing.

Speaking of fishing weather, we may, in passing, observe, that almost all burns are only in order when swollen with rain. When the water begins to rise, take the worm and minnow, and when it settles a little adopt the fly. Your worms should be gathered some time previous and preserved in moss, with a little sweet milk occasionally given to purify and toughen them. The best sort are dew or branding worms. A dark day, free of electricity, with a strong westerly or south wind blowing, is preferable in spring or autumn. In summer, it matters little what direction the wind comes from provided there is plenty of it. From the beginning of February till the middle of April the best part of the day for fly-fishing is noon, but at other seasons an hour at grey dawn and another at sunset are worth the whole twenty-four. A great deal has been written about the varieties of flies necessary for different weeks and months of the year, and more than four-fifths of it absolute nonsense. Six or eight kinds are enough; you will find among them something suited to the liking of trout in every water you may try, though of course you must have them proportionate to the size of the fish you mean to catch or the water you use them in. On this subject we say to the tyro, first of all learn to dress your own flies. Have every resource within yourself, or you will often be placed in disadvantageous circumstances. We cannot give all the necessary instructions, because they would be too complicated to understand easily, and occupy too much space, but we suggest you sit beside a professional dresser for a few hours and you will easily pick up the method. A few shillings thrown away learning this is not lost. The following flies will suit at any season. The dun fly, tied with partridge-tail wing, brown mohair body, wrapped with red heckle. Hare's-ear body, and lark-tail or mottled drake wing; sometimes a little orange worsted is introduced into the body with advantage. A black palmer, ribbed with tinsel, on ostrich feather ground. A red ditto on same ground. A field-mouse hair, body wrapped with black heckle or plover top ribbed with white tinsel, and light wings. Pale wing and dark heckle, whipped on

a yellow silk or worsted body; and to these you may add an imitation of the white moth for night fishing. These are sufficient for all general use, and will answer from February to September. Of course every water has particular flies, which the trout will take more readily at than others; but should you be ignorant of the proper one, with the above you cannot fail. When the water is low or clear employ a dark fly, and if coloured a grey or red; or you may, in other circumstances, use the dark during the day-time and the light at morning and evening. During summer months, a gentle, stuck on the hook, is an improvement; it is taken with greater avidity. Some employ in lieu a little bit of white leather, but we prefer the reality, and strongly suspect the fish do so too. Fishing by moonlight requires a more expert hand and quicker eye than during the day. It is not so pleasant, as you are more liable to fall into holes or stumble into the water. But we have often seen, in lochs particularly, where the fish were large, that hardly one would show his nose above water till the moon had risen. Then they came to the sides, where small streams flowed into it, to feed, and you were certain, with a short line and light fly, to capture them.

In casting your flies, which is a most important and difficult feat to accomplish, allow them to fall as lightly as possible, the bob fly first and the dropper in a straight line after it. Throw across, and allow the line to float downwards with the current, giving it an occasional tremulous motion while in progress. You need hardly cast thrice successively over the same spot, as the trout by that time will decide the matter for you; if he inclines to disown you, he will not be coaxed; if hungry, he will at once acknowledge you. When you see a trout rise do not cast immediately over him; there is a danger in this of creating alarm; but drop your flies two or three feet further up the stream, and bring them downwards as naturally as possible. A large fish hooks himself frequently; but small ones require a slight twitch with the wrist—a feat performed only by practice and unfortunately not describable. Sometimes a trout will suck the fly beneath, without appearing on the surface. It is your own fault if you do not secure him. At other times they rise with a splash, when indifferent to food or inclined to play with it. We have in the course of an afternoon raised fifty of them this way, and not succeeded in capturing one. When they spring entirely out of the water, permit the line to rest without motion, and the fish descends with open jaws upon the lure. This, though not generally known as such, is by far the deadliest method in which they approach the fly, but at the same time the utmost caution and prudence are necessary, so apt is the uninitiated to start with the sudden surprise, and thereby cause the gentleman to miss his mark. Supposing you hook him, then, if large, lead him gently down the stream, never against it; for the strength of the current acting on the line loosens the hook, and the fish retains his wind much longer, being in his natural position. Allow him a plentiful supply from the reel, if necessary. Don't give grudgingly. A liberal hand is always well repaid; but take care to keep it tight, a momentary relapse is often fatal. As soon as he begins to show his glistening sides, wind up, bringing him slowly to a pleasant unobstructed landing-place, which you can look out for previously, then you can either gaff or haul him out. We need hardly tell you what to do next.

Before closing, there is one thing occurs to us, which, however unpleasant, we cannot overlook. From many of the best streams the angler is excluded; on others an indirect tax is levied upon his pocket; but the greatest grievance is when permission is altogether withheld. And for what purpose is this often done? Just that an individual may drag a net through a pool or two some six times in the course of a season, and destroy scores of fish which he has no possible use for; or from a fear lest an occasional trout or salmon, taken from its teeming numbers, may reduce the annual profit of the water. This narrow policy of shutting up streams and refusing permission is most prejudicial to the interests of those who adopt it as a means of preserving fish, which to-day are passing their

grounds and to-morrow are twenty miles beyond, because it encourages poaching. Whenever a water is prohibited, many, who formerly would never have dreamed of taking a net in hand, and would have been contented with an occasional hour's sport with the rod, now feel no compunction in dragging it. When a river is comparatively open the angler finds it to be his own interest to prevent night depredations, and that influence among his brethren of the craft goes a great way further than the terror of half-a-dozen gamekeepers; but when the case is otherwise no one has sought to gain by trying to prevent the evil.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

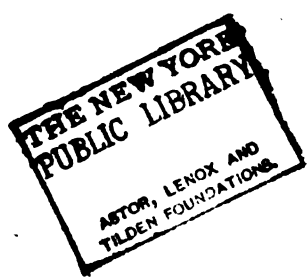
THOMAS MOORE.

ONE of the most popular of our modern poets is Thomas Moore, whose distinguishing characteristics are great brilliancy of fancy, an exquisite taste, a keen perception of the beautiful, much sprightly wit, and a vein of lively and graceful satire peculiar to himself, with considerable learning, and a versification always sparkling, musical, and harmonious. That a poet so gifted should have commenced his career, by constituting himself 'the laureate of Bacchus' and of love, instead of devoting his high powers to purer and nobler purposes, is to be lamented; the more especially as his early popularity, considering the character of the works on which it was founded, says but little for the moral feeling, on the part of the public, that could even tolerate far less encourage, as it did, the poetry, however beautiful, which embodied such insidious and seductive sentiments. His Irish melodies, and his splendid oriental romance of 'Lalla Rookh,' have placed his poetical reputation on a higher and surer position than the earlier productions on which, although so objectionable in a moral and religious light, his fame at first blazed up with an unusual brightness. If it had rested on them alone, it would soon have been lost in perpetual darkness.

Thomas Moore was born in Dublin on the 28th of May, 1780. He began to rhyme at so early an age, that, like Pope and Cowley, he may be said to have 'liaped in numbers.' He himself says, that 'so far back in childhood lies the epoch when I first showed an aptitude for the now common craft of verse-making, that I am really unable to say at what age I first began to act, sing, and rhyme.' Some of his early pieces were contributed to a Dublin magazine called the 'Anthologia.' Among these was a sonnet, written in his fourteenth year, addressed to his schoolmaster, Mr Samuel Whyte, who, in his day, enjoyed considerable reputation as a teacher of public reading and elocution. Mr Moore tells us, that nearly thirty years before he became his pupil, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, then about eight or nine years of age, had been placed by his mother under Mr Whyte's care, and, strange to say, after a year's trial, the future author of the 'School for Scandal' was pronounced both by tutor and parent to be 'an incorrigible dunce.' Sir Walter Scott, a greater than the renowned 'Sherry,' in his youth never was in any way remarkable for his proficiency as a scholar, and on leaving the High School of Edinburgh was considered little better. Among the higher and middle ranks of society in Ireland, in Mr Whyte's time, private theatricals formed a favourite amusement, and to him the superintendence of these was often intrusted. The natural consequence was, that a taste for acting was encouraged among his pupils, and in this line Mr Moore, as he himself states, was long his show scholar. At a play got up in 1790, at Lady Burroughs' private theatre in Dublin, among the items of the evening's entertainments was an epilogue entitled 'A Squeeze to St Paul's,' recited by Mr Moore, when the poet was only in his tenth year. His genius, indeed, seems to have been very precocious, for somewhat earlier even than this period, while passing the summer holidays with a number of his school companions about the same age, at a bathing-place in the neighbourhood of Dublin, the play of the 'Poor Soldier,' and a harlequin pantomime, were acted by them for their mutual amusement, the parts of Patrick and Harlequin being sustained by Moore, who, in



Thomas Moore.



addition, wrote and recited an appropriate epilogue on the occasion. Mr Moore's fondness for private theatricals outlived his boyhood, and twenty years later we find him among those who indulged in these performances at the private theatre of Kilkenny, when his chief parts were Sam in 'Raising the Wind,' Robin Roughhead, Mungo, Sadi in 'The Mountaineers,' Spado, and Peeping Tom; he being one of the chief comic performers of that select corps.

Mr Moore's parents were Roman Catholics, and having intended him for the bar, they of course hailed with much satisfaction the passing of the act of 1793, which enabled them to enter their son a student at the university of Dublin. But though still excluded by his religion from all share in the college honours, he became a candidate for a scholarship, and, as far as the examination went, was successful, but that was all. While yet in his fourteenth year he first attempted political satire, in an ode of mock reverence and loyalty, addressed to King Stephen of Dalkey, a small island near Dublin, which had been erected by a convivial club of the Irish capital into a burlesque kingdom, an eminent pawnbroker named Stephen Armitage being chosen the monarch. This ode Mr Moore has not preserved.

At one of the college quarterly examinations, he gave in a theme in English verse, which attracted the more notice as the themes of the students were usually written in Latin prose. The reverend professor who examined his theme, on reading it, asked him suspiciously whether the verses were his own; and on his replying in the affirmative, he added, 'They do you great credit, and I shall not fail to recommend them to the notice of the board.' The premium he received was a well-bound copy of the 'Travels of Anacharsis.' Soon after this, he commenced his version of the 'Songs and Odes of Anacreon,' some of which were inserted in the 'Dublin Anthologia' of 1794. His object in making these translations was, he says, to lay before the board a select number of the odes, in the hope that his efforts would receive some honour or reward. Having submitted the manuscript of his translations, so far as it had then gone, to the perusal of Dr Kearney, one of the senior fellows, afterwards bishop of Ossory, that gentleman replied that he did not see how the board of the university could lend their sanction, by any public reward, to writings so convivial and amatory as were almost all those of Anacreon. With some degree of inconsistency, however, he praised the translation, and advised the youthful poet to complete and publish it, adding, 'Young people will like it.' In the year 1797 Mr Moore became acquainted with Robert Emmet, one of his fellow-students. Many of the young men, and Moore among the rest, were ardently attached to those principles of which Emmet became the foremost champion, and to his advocacy of which he ultimately fell a victim. The poet himself relates, that in the year 1792, when only twelve years old, he was taken by his father to one of the public dinners given in honour of the French Revolution, and sat upon the knee of the chairman while the following toast was enthusiastically sent round: 'May the breezes from France fan our Irish oak into verdure.' He never, however, joined any of the illegal societies formed about that period, although some of his speeches in the Debating Society were patriotic enough, and a letter he contributed to a newspaper of the day contained two or three paragraphs, which were cited among the extracts from that journal, brought forward by the secret committee of the House of Commons, to show how formidable had been the designs of the United Irishmen. A few weeks before the breaking out of the Irish rebellion of 1798, owing to information gained by the college authorities, of the rapid spread among the students of the principles of the 'Irish Union,' a solemn visitation was held by Lord Clare, the vice-chancellor of the University, with the view of inquiring into the extent of this branch of the conspiracy, and dealing summarily with those engaged in it. On this occasion Moore, then between seventeen and eighteen, was one of the witnesses examined. He at first refused to be sworn. On being told that no

fused to take the oath, he consented, reserving to himself the power of refusing to answer any questions that might criminate himself or inculpate others. The substance of his answers was, that he never belonged to any of the 'United Irish' societies in the university, had never known of any of the proceedings that took place in them, and never heard of a proposal at any of their meetings for the purchase of arms and ammunition, or with respect to the expediency of assassination. Lord Clare then asked him, 'When such are the answers you are able to give, pray, what was the cause of your great repugnance to taking the oath?' 'I have already,' replied Moore, 'told your lordship my chief reason; in addition to which, it was the first oath I ever took, and the hesitation was, I think, natural.' 'The scene was amusing,' says a writer in the 'Dublin University Magazine' for May last. 'The book was presented to him. He shook his head, and declined to take it. It was thrust into his right hand; he hastily withdrew the hand, as if he was afraid of its being infected by the touch, and placed it out of the way behind his back. It was then presented to his left hand, which he also withdrew and held behind his back, with his right. Still the persevering book was thrust upon him, and still he refused, bowing and retreating, with his hands behind him, till he was stopped by the wall.' He was at last induced to take the oath in the modified form stated.

Early in 1799 Mr Moore left Ireland for the first time, and proceeded to London, with the twofold object of keeping his terms at the Middle Temple, and publishing, by subscription, his translation of Anacreon. The latter, accordingly, appeared in 1800, under the title of 'The Odes of Anacreon translated into English Verse, with Notes and Three Plates,' quarto, price one guinea, dedicated, by permission, to the Prince of Wales. So successful was this his first work, that before 1818 it had run through seven editions, and in that year appeared the eighth, in two volumes octavo. The felicity of diction and elegance of rhyme, which distinguish Moore's version of these famous odes, could not fail to acquire for them high praise, although they are considered more paraphrastic than faithful translations. On their appearance, they were declared by competent critics to bear no impress of the peculiar style and manner of the Teian bard, and to have retained little of the simplicity of the original. His next work was an octavo volume of licentious poems, published under the title of 'The Poetical Works of Thomas Little, Esq.,' which appeared in London in 1801. His more matured taste and judgment caused him afterwards to reject several of these, and a portion of the least objectionable pieces contained in this volume is inserted in the large collection of his works, under the title of 'Juvenile Poems.' In 1803 he published a shilling political pamphlet, entitled 'A Candid Appeal to Public Confidence; or Considerations on the Actual and Imaginary Dangers of the Present Crisis,' which seems to have made no great impression, as it is altogether unknown in our day, and nothing but the title is likely to descend to posterity. In that year (1803) he obtained an official situation at Bermuda, and accordingly visited that island. He subsequently made a tour through some parts of the United States and the Canadas. He left England on the 25th September in the *Phæton* frigate, which he quitted on its arrival at Norfolk, in Virginia, and proceeded in the *Driver*, sloop-of-war, to Bermuda. Some time after his return, in 1806, he published at London, in a quarto volume, his 'Epistles, Odes, and other Poems,' suggested by his visit to Bermuda and North America. Captain Basil Hall, who was a midshipman on board the *Leander*, on the Bermuda station, when Mr Moore was there, declared, in his 'Fragments of Voyages and Travels,' that 'the most pleasing and exact description of Bermuda' is to be found in this work of Mr Moore. But the appearance of these odes and epistles drew down upon the author a heavy storm of censure both in England and America; and the severe criticism passed upon them, and especially upon the insidious aim and dangerous tendency of his poetical

burgh Review,' led to his famous duel with Mr (now Lord) Jeffrey, the editor.

In 1808, appeared, without his name, two satirical poems of a political nature entitled 'Corruption' and 'Intolerance,' and in the following year, a similar piece, called 'The Septic,' also published anonymously. These first Juvenalian attempts of his met with little success, never having even reached a second edition. They may be said, if not to have fallen dead-born from the press, to have died early in their infancy. In 1810 appeared another political pamphlet from his pen, being a 'Letter to the Roman Catholics of Dublin.' In 1812 came out his celebrated volume of light satirical effusions, entitled 'Intercepted Letters, or the Twopenny Post-Bag, by Thomas Brown the Younger,' which became so popular that it has passed through fourteen editions; but, from the temporary nature of most of its subjects, is already beginning to lose some of its interest, and is not likely to descend far into futurity.

Mr Moore's acquaintance with Lord Byron commenced in November, 1811. It originated in a correspondence which arose out of the mention made of him in 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' wherein Moore was described as—

'The young Catullus of his day,
As sweet and as immoral in his lay.'

and especially in the statement contained in the following note:—'In 1806, Messrs Jeffrey and Moore met at Chalk Farm. The duel was prevented by the interference of the magistracy; and, on examination, the balls of the pistols, like the courage of the combatants, were found to have evaporated. This incident gave occasion to much waggy in the public prints.' Mr Moore having, at the time of the duel, addressed a letter to the editor of one of the journals, contradicting the stories in circulation, naturally thought that Lord Byron must have been aware, from it, of the real circumstances of the case, and therefore had adopted the original misreport with a view to insult him. Acting on this impression, when Lord Byron's name appeared on the second edition of 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' as the author, he wrote him a letter from Dublin, dated 1st January, 1810, requesting to know if he avowed the insult contained in the passages alluded to, and altogether conceived very much in the spirit of one who was anxious to have 'an affair of honour' with an antagonist so distinguished as his lordship. Luckily Lord Byron had left England, and was absent on the Continent and in Greece a year and a half, and Mr Moore's letter never reached him. Previous to his return, Mr Moore had married and become a father, and, in his new relation, soberer thoughts had come. Though still anxious for an explanation, he resolved, in again addressing his lordship on the subject, to express himself in more conciliatory terms. The letters that passed between them are given in full in Moore's Life of Byron, and do honour to both parties. His lordship disavowed all intention of bringing against Mr Moore any charge of falsehood, declared that he had never seen the published letter referred to, and that the objectionable passage of his work was not levelled personally at him. Mr Moore declared himself satisfied, and the result was that the two poets met for the first time at the table of Mr Samuel Rogers, the author of the 'Pleasures of Memory,' who, although till then a stranger personally to Lord Byron, had arranged the meeting at his house for the purpose of effecting the reconciliation between his brother bards. Mr Moore adds:—'It was at first intended by Mr Rogers that his company at dinner should not extend beyond Lord Byron and myself; but Mr Thomas Campbell, having called upon our host that morning, was invited to join the party, and consented. Such a meeting could not be otherwise than interesting to us all. It was the first time that Lord Byron was ever seen by any of his three companions; while he, on his side, for the first time found himself in the society of persons whose names had been associated with his first literary dreams, and to two of whom he looked up with that tributary admiration which youthful genius is ever ready to pay to its precursors.'

Mr Moore's next work was one which deservedly brought a great addition to his fame, being 'A Selection of Irish

Melodies,' with symphonies and accompaniments by Sir John Stevenson, and characteristic words by himself, which appeared in ten successive parts, the first published in 1818. Certainly the adapting words to the ancient melodies of his native country was an undertaking for which Moore's genius and disposition peculiarly qualified him. A few of the songs were written with a concealed political aim, and all are remarkable for their fervour of feeling and singular melody of versification. Such was the success of the work that it was speedily translated into the Italian, French, and Russian languages, and even into the Latin, a version, under the title of 'Cantus Hibernici,' having appeared in London in 1835. A splendid edition of the Irish Melodies, with illustrations by D. MacLise, R.A., has recently been issued by Longman & Co. The songs contained in this collection are universally sung, and among the most popular are, 'Tara's Hall,' 'The Young May Moon,' 'The Meeting of the Waters,' and many others. With all their sweetness, however, his songs want the fire of the true melodies of Ireland, which caused Hazlitt to remark, that Mr Moore had 'changed the wild harp of Erin into a musical snuffbox.'

In 1816 was published 'A Series of Sacred Songs, Duets, and Trios,' the words by Mr Moore, the music composed and selected by Sir John Stevenson and himself. 'Lalla Rookh,' his most celebrated and most successful work, was published in 1817, and for this 'oriental romance,' containing the 'Veiled Prophet of Khorassan,' 'Paradise and the Peri,' the 'Fire Worshipers,' and the 'Light of the Haram,' he received three thousand guineas, that being the sum engaged for before a line of it was written, or even the plan of it conceived. With the view of undertaking such a work, he had had, in 1814, an interview with Messrs Longman & Co., the eminent publishers, on which occasion he was accompanied by Mr Perry of the 'Morning Chronicle,' who, in the course of the conversation that took place, remarked, 'I am of opinion that Mr Moore ought to receive for his poem the largest price that has been given in our day for such a work.' 'That was,' answered the Messrs Longman, 'three thousand guineas.' 'Exactly so,' said Mr Perry; 'and no less a sum ought he to receive.' To this the Messrs Longman ultimately assented. The success of the work, on its appearance, answered all the expectations of both publishers and author. For such a work, Mr Moore, who had never been in the East, was obliged to consult all the books on oriental manners and customs that he could lay his hands upon, and especially from D'Herbelot's celebrated 'Oriental Library' he derived much useful information. He himself relates how great was his pleasure when told by the late Sir James Mackintosh that he was once asked by Colonel Wilks, the historian of British India, 'Whether it was true that Moore had never been in the East?' 'Never,' answered Mackintosh. 'Well, that shows me,' replied Wilks, 'that reading over D'Herbelot is as good as riding on the back of a camel.' 'It was,' says Moore, 'to the secluded life I led during the years 1813-16, in a lone cottage among the fields, in Derbyshire, that I owed the inspiration, whatever may have been its value, of the best and most popular portions of 'Lalla Rookh.' It was amidst the snows of two or three Derbyshire winters that I found myself enabled, by that concentration of thought which retirement alone gives, to call up around me some of the sunniest of those Eastern scenes which have since been welcomed in India itself as almost native to its clime.' The extraordinary accuracy of Mr Moore in his descriptions of costume, manners, and even of the scenes and countries introduced into his romance, has been borne testimony to by several competent authorities, particularly by Mr Carne, in his 'Letters from the East,' by Mr J. B. Frazer, author of the 'Historical and Descriptive Account of Persia,' and by Mr Buckingham, all of whom have travelled in the East. Parts of the work have been translated into the Persian, and are sung in the streets of Ispahan; and as another evidence of its extensive popularity, it may be stated that a splendid divertissement, founded on it, was acted at the Chateau Royal of Berlin, during the visit of

the Grand Duke (now the Emperor) Nicholas of Russia to that capital in 1822, several noble and royal personages taking part in the performance. On this occasion the imperial Nicholas enacted the part of Aliris, king of Bulgaria, his Grand Duchess that of Lalla Rookh, and the Duke of Cumberland (now king of Hanover) that of Abdallah, father of Aliris. The work was translated into German by the Baron de la Motte Fouqué. The original has gone through more than twenty editions.

Mr Moore followed up 'Lalla Rookh' by the publication, in 1818, of a work of a very different kind, namely, 'The Fudge Family in Paris,' which originated in the following circumstances. Having accompanied Mr Rogers, the poet, to Paris in the autumn of 1817, he was much struck with the contrast between the new and ancient order of things which that capital then presented, as well as with the crowds of English cockneys then in Paris. The ridiculous features of the scenes then passing under his eyes, particularly where English personages were concerned, he very happily described in the series of light satirical epistles of which his 'Fudge Family' is composed. The work, from its being well-timed, no less than from the lively strain in which it is written, met with extraordinary success, and has passed through several editions. Some miscellaneous poems followed, called 'Rhymes on the Road,' written or suggested during a visit which he paid to the Continent in the autumn of 1819, the journey being commenced in company with Lord John Russell, with whom he proceeded to Paris and Milan, where he left his lordship, and departed for Venice on a visit to Lord Byron. He next went to Rome, where his associates were Canova, Chantrey, Lawrence, Jackson, Turner, and Eastlake. After some time spent there, he joined Chantrey and Jackson on their journey homeward, and, with them, visited the various collections of art at Florence, Bologna, Modena, Parma, Milan, and Turin.

Hitherto all had been prosperity with Mr Moore. He had enjoyed the sunshine of life, but he was now to feel somewhat of its shadow. The duties of the small government appointment which he held at Bermuda were performed by a deputy, from whom he had neglected to require security. Owing to the misconduct of this person, claims were made upon him, for which an attachment was issued against him from the Court of Admiralty, and, until some arrangement could be made, it was deemed necessary that he should take up his abode in France. The generous offers of some of his friends, who, on this occasion, were anxious to assist him, he gratefully declined, being resolved 'to work out his own deliverance by his own efforts.' He accordingly proceeded with his family to Paris, where, and in its environs, he resided till about the end of 1822. It was not till September of that year that the negotiation with the claimants came to a close, when the amount of the demands against him was reduced to one thousand guineas, and towards the payment of this sum, the uncle of his deputy, a merchant in London, had been brought to contribute £800, and the remainder, £750, was kindly advanced by a friend, to whom, soon after his return to England, Mr Moore transmitted a cheque on his publishers for the amount. While residing in the French capital he had written the 'Loves of the Angels,' published early in 1823. On receiving his publishers' account in the June of that year, he found £1000 placed to his credit from the sale of the 'Loves of the Angels,' and £500 from that of the 'Fables of the Holy Alliance,' chiefly written at Venice, and published under the name of Thomas Brown.

In 1825 appeared his interesting 'Life of Sheridan,' in two volumes; and about the end of that year Mr Moore visited Scotland, having come to spend a few days with Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford. The author of 'Waverley,' in his journal, thus describes the author of 'Lalla Rookh': 'There is a manly frankness, with perfect ease and good-breeding, about him which is quite delightful. Not the least touch of the poet or the pedant. A little—very little man. His countenance is plain, but the expression so very animated, especially in speaking or singing, that it is far more interesting than the finest features could have

rendered it.' After leaving Abbotsford, Mr Moore went to Edinburgh, where the two poets met again, and Scott adds, 'We went to the theatre together, and the house being, luckily, a good one, received Moore with rapture. I could have hugged them, for it paid back the debt of the kind reception I met with in Ireland.' At this period Mr Moore was also the guest for some days of his former antagonist, Jeffrey, at his residence of Craig Crook, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. Jeffrey accompanied Scott and Moore to the theatre, on the occasion referred to. Mr Benson Hill, who was present among the audience that evening, thus graphically records what ensued on the entrance of the illustrious party into their box:—'In a minute the cry ran round, 'Eh! yon's Sir Walter; and wha's the wee bit bodie wi' the pawky een? Wow, but it's Tam Moore, just. Scott! Scott!—Moore! Moore!' with shouts, cheers, bravos, and applause. But Scott would not rise to appropriate these tributes. One could see that he urged Moore to do so; and he, though modestly reluctant, at last yielded, and bowed, hand on heart, with much animation. The cry for Scott was then redoubled. He gathered himself up, and, with a benevolent bend, acknowledged this deserved welcome. The orchestra played alternately Scotch and Irish melodies.' We have already quoted Scott's opinion of Moore. The following is Byron's, extracted from his diary:—'Moore has a peculiarity of talent, or rather talents—poetry, music, voice, all his own; and an expression in each which never was, nor will be possessed by another. But he is capable of still higher flights in poetry. By the by, what humour—what everything in the 'Post-Bag!' There is nothing Moore may not do, if he will but seriously set about it. In society he is gentlemanly, gentle, and altogether more pleasing than any individual with whom I am acquainted.'

In 1827 Mr Moore published a sort of poetical-prose tale, of a highly imaginative nature, styled the 'Epicurean,' the scene and incidents of which belong to the East. In our estimation, it is the most sublime rhapsody that ever was penned. In 1831 he brought out, in two volumes, his 'Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald,' an interesting piece of biography, in which he attempts to vindicate his lordship's memory, as well as that of his fellow-student, Robert Emmet, two of the leaders of the society of the United Irishmen.

Mr Moore's 'Life of Lord Byron' appeared in 1832, in six volumes. The manuscript memoirs of himself, which his lordship bequeathed to Moore, it is understood that the latter, in the exercise of a very sound discretion, consigned to the flames, and produced, instead, a life of his own of the noble poet. Some of the statements in this work led to a good deal of literary controversy at the time, and were especially displeasing to Lady Byron and her friends, one of whom, Mr Campbell, the poet, it will be remembered, entered the lists on her ladyship's behalf. The same year Mr Moore produced 'The Summer Fête,' a poem with songs, the music composed and selected by H. R. Bishop and himself; a graceful and pleasant trifle; the poetry, like the music, simple, elegant and easy. About the end of that year he published also, 'Evenings in Greece,' with music, composed and selected by Bishop and himself; a delightful work, in the preface to which he says, 'In thus connecting together a series of songs by a thread of poetical narrative, the object has been to combine recitation with music, so as to enable a greater number of persons to take a share in the performance, by enlisting as readers those who may not feel themselves competent as singers.'

Among his other works was one, in two volumes, with the startling title of 'Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion,' which, on its appearance, was said by the 'Dublin University Magazine' to be 'the most impudent production that ever had been intruded on the patience of the public,' and that in it 'Moore had filled up the measure of his iniquities as an author.' Of this work it may be sufficient to add, that it was ably answered in 'A Guide to an Irish Gentleman in his Search for a Religion,' by the Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan. The style of Mr Moore's 'History of Ireland,' in three volumes, the first

of which appeared in 1881, forming part of 'Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia,' is in general graceful and pointed; but it is to be regretted that his strong prejudices, and the want of authorities for several of his statements, deprive it in many instances of a claim to be considered an impartial and trustworthy history.

Besides the works mentioned, Mr Moore's satirical powers were frequently called into exercise by various political squibs and pasquinades on passing events, contributed to the columns of the newspapers of the day, principally written to serve the cause of the Liberal party, to which he has been all his life attached. These, though on subjects chiefly of but temporary interest, are included in the collected edition of his poetical works in ten volumes, each volume being prefaced by notices illustrative of his literary career, and also in the large guinea volume published by Longman & Co. In these satirical effusions he gave full swing to his ready fancy; and sometimes his wit, though always gracefully expressed, was caustic enough. No matter to him whether the object of his ridicule was a minister of the crown or a minister of the gospel, each, as occasion served, was made the butt of his sarcasm. With all its pungency, however, there is a playfulness in his satire which shows that there is no real malice at heart. Amongst others who came under its lash was the Prince of Wales, to whom he dedicated his 'Anacreon,' who took his sallies in good part. Mr Moore had the honour of dining twice at Carlton House, and of being one of the numerous guests at the memorable fête given by his Royal Highness in 1811, on his being made regent. A pension of £300 a-year was conferred on Mr Moore by the Whig government in 1835. He is now in his 67th year, and resides in comfortable circumstances, in a beautiful country retreat in Wiltshire, called Sloper-ton Cottage, near the town of Devizes. In November last a statement appeared in some of the French journals, that Mr Moore was 'dying' in Ireland, but it was soon contradicted.

The greater portion of Moore's poetry is of too meretricious a cast to endure. One fundamental defect is its want of moral power; another is its being destitute of human interest. It is gay, splendid, sparkling, and brilliant, seldom strained and never extravagant; but it is not inspired by the higher feelings and sympathies of our being, and even the best of it has little in unison with truth and nature. It is too glittering and brocaded for lasting use, and its popularity will soon pass away with its novelty, just as dainties pall upon the taste, and are thrown aside when the palate is satiated. Possessing a most luxuriant fancy, he is at the same time utterly deficient in imagination and passion, and has no deep earnestness, or any unity of purpose. His love poems and songs exhibit a profusion of similes and conceits, with many striking combinations and images, scarcely ever equalled; but, though ingenious and flowing, they are utterly devoid of genuine feeling, and altogether wanting in true sensibility. Their very beauty is an aggravation of, rather than any excuse for, the license of thought and fancy in which the poet has so much indulged. As has been well remarked, 'the same sentiments which, clothed in plain terms, would have been simply revolting, come like delightful music on the ear in Moore's graceful songs.' As we have already said, his 'Irish Melodies' and his 'Lalla Rookh' are the two works on which his fame as a poet will be perpetuated.

DISTANCE, MAGNITUDE, AND FIGURE OF OBJECTS.

PHILOSOPHERS, before Bishop Berkeley's time, appear to have been agreed that the opinion we form of the distance of objects considerably remote was not by the sense but by experience, since a body at a distance projects one point only in the fund of the eye, and this whether it be more or less remote. It seems also to have been a generally received opinion, that when a body was so close to the organ as to bear an appreciable proportion to the in-

terval between the eyes, the instrument of judging distance is the angle formed by the concurrence of the two optic axes with the object seen.

It was left to Bishop Berkeley to expunge this supposed natural geometry from the book of consciousness, and to prove, beyond dispute, by a series of arguments founded upon experience, that the eye has no original power of judging distance, but possesses this ability by means of the laws of association, which lead us to connect the visual perceptions with what we know originally in the use of our tactual sensibility. Our object in the following remarks is briefly to state and illustrate the principal arguments connected with this theory of vision.

By the laws of optics, the pupil of the eye contracts or dilates when an object is before it, as that object is more or less at hand. There is no doubt an angle formed by the emission or reflection of the rays of light from the body seen, and the shape of this angle is less or more acute as the object of vision is more proximate or remote. This angle, however, is not present to our consciousness, and cannot therefore be the measure which the mind applies to the distance of objects. Nevertheless, in putting itself into a position capable of discerning an object, the eye has an accompanying sensation; and in the process of time these sensations, peculiar in their kind and degree, come to be associated with the results of our tactual experience, and serve as signs or media by which we may determine the relative distance of objects to the organ of vision. For example, a man born blind has acquired such a knowledge of objects as the application of touch furnishes him with; but suppose that he receives sight, the first impressions are those merely of colour, and until he has associated the different sensations of the eye accompanying contraction and dilation with the results of his tactual experience, he has no idea of proximity or remoteness; but all objects seem alike near or distant.

But, besides peculiar sensations accompanying each motion of the iris, the eye finds that objects make impressions on the retina more or less vivid; and these it comes to find are habitually dependent on tangible distance. By this observation, no sooner has an object impressed the organ, than an idea of distance is associated with the colour; and by repeating its impressions and invariably finding a like connexion, the association becomes instinctive, and the one idea always and instantly accompanies the other.

Neither, however, is this the only other medium by which we come to acquire a knowledge of distance. Since the rays of light more or less diverge as they enter the eye, the impression on the retina is more or less confused. An object close at hand projects the rays of light by a greater divergency than one at a greater distance, and the confusion of vision alluded to is determined by the greater or less proximity which the object bears to the organ. From experience we come to learn this fact, connecting confusion in vision with nearness of the object, and distinctness with distance. And thus another medium of knowledge of distance is obtained, by an instinctive attention to which, in the earlier stages of our experience, we are led to associate the idea of distance, which is purely the result of another kind of observation, with distinctness and confusion.

In addition to these three measures of distance, there is another not yet mentioned; it is the employment of some intermediate object or objects, whose distance is known or supposed, to interpret that of some object more remote. Thus, when we know a house in a landscape to be off a mile from the site we stand on, we naturally constitute this house a medium of measurement. The same facts by which at first we come to associate the tangible or real distance with the visible, are next employed to determine the lesser distances between us and the house, or objects on the other side of it.

The denseness or tenuity of the atmosphere might, at an earlier stage, have been stated as another rule of measurement. The moon, for example, from the greater denseness of the medium, seems at a further distance when viewed

horizontally than when seen perpendicularly to us; and in a thick, hazy atmosphere, it appears, in either position, at a greater distance than in the same place in a clear air. Dr Berkeley does not agree with those who account for the former phenomenon by the trees, mountains, &c., which are seen to intervene, and thus augmenting the apparent distance: 'For,' he says, 'suppose we looked at the moon from behind a wall, there would be nothing here to nourish the mistake, and yet it would take place. We should still consider the apparent distance of the moon to be greater horizontally than when desoried above us, because its visible magnitude is still as great and the medium through which it is seen is denser.' Though we agree with this philosopher in attributing the illusion to the causes he assigns, we think that he has not perfectly removed the argument alluded to. For, though from behind a wall we perceive none of those objects which we otherwise see to intervene, the knowledge, it may be said, is not less real and not less before the mind, that there are such intermediate objects, than if we beheld them; and though this may not be the true cause of the phenomena, we are not sure that Berkeley has fairly answered it.

The only instrumental mean of suggesting distance that remains to be noticed is the situation of visible points, considered as upper or under, higher or lower. As the former, an idea of greater distance is suggested; as the latter, an idea of lesser. But the idealism of Berkeley led him to deny that there was any real ground for this, it being merely the effect of custom and experience: as, he says, 'there is really nothing intermediate in the line of distance between uppermost and lowermost, which are both equidistant, or rather at no distance from the eye, as there is also nothing in upper or lower, which by necessary connexion should suggest greater or lesser magnitude.'

We have hitherto been accounting for our notion of distance, we now proceed to that of *magnitude*. The idea of the latter was supposed by some philosophers to be derived from the angle formerly noticed, in conjunction with the notion of distance. But we have said that of the angle made by the concurrence of the optic axes with the object seen we have no consciousness; and as we have as early a notion of magnitude as of distance, the one cannot be a cause of the other. The truth is, we derive both by the same means—the feelings peculiar to the motion of the iris, the greater or less confusedness of the impression, and its greater vividness or faintness.

A distinction, before going farther, must be premised—the distinction between visible and tangible magnitude. The idealistic hypothesis of Berkeley, here as elsewhere, affected his opinion. While he held, what we perfectly agree with, that there is no such necessary connexion between visible and tangible magnitude, as that the perception of the one should naturally and inevitably suggest a notion of the other, he also maintained that the two kinds of magnitude did not belong to the same object—that the coincidence of visible and tangible magnitude was objectively accidental and arbitrary.

In dissenting from this hypothesis, we must free ourselves of the chance of being misapprehended. We do not deny that God might have made the objects of the two senses—vision and touch—essentially different, and appointed a purely arbitrary relation—he might have made a lesser visible magnitude to suggest a greater tangible magnitude, or the reverse. But, holding that matter has as real an existence as mind, we think that at present there is a necessary relation between the objects of both, though we come to know this only by experience. There is something more, we should say, than a mere accident in the coincidence of visible and tangible magnitude. As things are at present, the objects of both are identical, how different soever the knowledge is which we derive from each severally.

With this explanation, we proceed to remark that our notion of distance cannot be the cause of our notion of magnitude. For, what is magnitude but just the conception accompanying a peculiar sensation of the eye, a greater or less vividness in the object and confusedness in the per-

ception? Thus, as we find that greater tangible magnitude is connected with certain feelings in the eye, and lesser with others, the idea of magnitude when a shilling is presented, though perhaps covering the whole retina of the eye, does not suggest the idea of so great tangible magnitude, as when a tower at a distance, immeasurably larger in its tangible magnitude but smaller in its visible, is perceived. For the perception of the one is connected with one class of sensations, the perception of the other with a different class; and these being found invariably to attend our several notions of tangible magnitude, each class of feelings has its appropriate associations and suggests its appropriate ideas. In short, distance and magnitude are twin ideas, begotten at the same time and by the same parents, and accompanying each other, hand in hand, down the stream of our consciousness.

We shall say only a few words on the last head. Figure is the termination of magnitude; and so, having no notion of tangible from visible magnitude alone, we can form no conception of figure by perceiving the visible figure. Figure, as much as distance and magnitude, is the result of experience, and invariably attends the notion of magnitude.

A CANOE VOYAGE ON THE MINNAY SOTOR.*

THIS work, though particular in its name, and professing to treat of the geological character of a north-western region of the United States, is really another addition to those multitudinous 'note-books' with which travellers have flooded the British public for some years past. The United States have long been the race-course of transient politicians, speculative philosophers, and eager sight-seers, who, after rushing through that 'boundless continent' with the speed of the locomotive, and digesting their observations with their dinner, have rushed to the press to enlighten Europe upon the constitution, probable destiny, and domestic economy of the 'model republic.' The majority of American travellers have undoubtedly possessed each an object both for their journeyings and for the publication of their observations and speculations, but they have rather tended to confuse than enlighten the reading public at home by their absurdities and contradictions, and to create a feeling of distrust in the British mind on the one hand, and of jealous indignation on the other side of the Atlantic by the antagonistic expression of strong and partial predilections. Everybody can travel; the vulgar rich can gaze upon the beauties of the Rhine, or steam from Buffalo to New Orleans, as well as more profound or refined people; but it requires high moral integrity, combined with a well-informed and poetically philosophical mind, to make an impartial and truly instructive traveller. Anything like bias observed in a traveller's transcripts renders them suspicious; if he indulges in ejaculative condemnations of certain political institutions because they differ from those of his own country, we are apt to believe that even in his reports of men and manners the impartial and philosophical observer has been lost in the conventionalist and patriot. The character of our American tourists has generally either been that of out-and-out eulogists or sullen satirists—the one portion has inflated the vanity of our brethren across the deep, while the other has roused their wrath and indignation; and both classes, with a few honourable exceptions, have seemed to forget that the preservation of the kindly feelings of two mighty and kindred nations, has been rendered subsidiary to the exhibition of their wit and cleverness.

Mr Featherstonhaugh, the author of this work, which purports to be a 'Canoe Voyage on the Minnay Sotor,' or St Peter's River, a tributary of the Mississippi, rising in the Coteau du Prairie, a district sacred in Indian tradition, and lying to the north-west of Illinois, has also fallen into

* By G. W. FEATHERSTONHAUGH, F.R.S., F.G.S., Author of 'Excursion through the Slave States.' 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1847.

the prevailing error, for, while claiming credit for strict impartiality, he has indulged in trite allusions to democracy and worn-out prophecies upon transatlantic political tendencies, which swell his pages, no doubt, but disfigure his book; at the same time he has given a highly interesting geological sketch of the districts which he visited, and has confirmed the observations of former travellers, and substantiated the justness of their speculations, which assign Western America a soil pregnant with the most valuable mineral ores, and the future possession of a great and powerful people. In his observations on men and manners, Mr Featherstonhaugh evidences a wonderful lack of acumen when compared with Dickens or Washington Irving. In his rescripts of Indian life and scenery he falls immeasurably below Mr Catlin or the author of 'Astoria'; he is less trenchant in his satire than Mrs Trollope, and less philosophical and impartial than Mr Combe.

The reader will easily perceive that we do not class Mr Featherstonhaugh amongst the highest in the scale of observation and its embodiment, yet he is a very pleasing though rather prosy companion, with a faculty for making little things look very important on paper, and with a certain antique morbidness of sentiment and ignorance of the prevailing aspirations of civilised nations, which we can forgive in consideration of his general good-nature. Mr Featherstonhaugh's book begins with a few allusions to the topographical character of the region he intended to visit, and an explanation of the motives which induced him to render known this comparatively unexplored remote portion of the American continent. There were vague reports concerning its mineral richness which he wanted to authenticate—whisperings of golden treasures in Wisconsin which he sought to fathom. He accordingly embarked with three temporary companions on the Georgetown canal, near Washington, and began his journey of nearly two thousand miles on the 8th July, 1885. The Potomac ran close beside the voyagers, and the beautiful and diversified scenery on the river interested our author very much; sometimes it wound amongst beautiful trees and gneiss formations with superfcies of verdant wild grass; sometimes between natural walls of beautifully defined strata, which were examined, and are ably characterised. The companions indulged in story-telling to while away the time as they floated on the canal, and Mr Featherstonhaugh, with singular bad taste, terms the following anecdote amusing:—'One of our party was a General S., who had commanded a body of fifteen hundred American militia, when in 1813 the gallant General Ross captured the city of Washington. Amongst the amusing anecdotes he told us, was that of a party of his men, who slipped off to play at 'all-fours': some of our light troops coming upon them unawares, fired a volley and killed the corporal, with 'high, low, Jack, and the game' in his hand! It was a day of uninterrupted enjoyment and happiness to me.'

The author made alternate observations of Virginia and Maryland as he wended his way towards the north-west, and gives some interesting details regarding the geological and agricultural character of those states. He found micaceous slate formations, and a red slaty sandstone that had been disturbed from the horizontal by subordinate igneous action, silurian sandstone, anthracite coal, breccia, silurian limestone, various other calcareous formations, together with numerous fossil remains on the whole course of the Potomac, and heavy crops of wheat and other grains on the farms of the settlers. In truth, Mr Featherstonhaugh is more at home as a geologist, or as an observer of natural phenomena, than as one qualified to 'paint the living manners as they rise'; and his descriptions of Pittsburgh, the Rappite community, the coal-fields of Ohio, Cleveland, and life on the lakes, although familiar to us, bore the impress of novelty from their intrinsic interest.

After about six weeks journeying through the settlements, Mr Featherstonhaugh reached Fort Howard on Lake Michigan, which is properly the point whence he commenced his voyage of exploration. He bears unreserved testimony to the universal hospitality of the Ame-

ricans, commandants of forts, and speaks highly of their general intelligence. He purchased a canoe at a small settlement called Shantytown, and having employed five French *voyageurs*, all resolute and experienced in Indian ways, but beastly drunkards, he loaded his bark with necessities of all kinds, including presents to the Indians, and started on his expedition into the interior. He occasionally was constrained to walk while his men carried the canoe over rocky rapids into deep water, and on one of those occasions met with a deplorable specimen of Indian debasement: 'As I was proceeding across the *portage*, I met with three dirty ferocious-looking Winnebagos more than half-drunk, one of whom, called 'the Blacksmith' by the whites, on account of his muscular frame, came and offered me his hand, which when I had taken he endeavoured with a jerk to drag me to the ground, not with an intention to do me any harm, but to show his strength. Seeing, however, by his drunken eye, that he meditated some trick, I was upon my guard, and shutting my fist instead of giving him my open hand, I slipped it out and gave him a knowing sort of a nod, which was perfectly comprehended, and his companions laughed heartily at him. Nothing can be more deplorable than the state to which these poor Indians, once lords and masters of these forests, have been reduced by the drunkenness which they have been taught by the whites.'

We have also a pleasant picture of life on the rivers and in the woods, and a confirmation of Captain Dunn's (of Fort Vancouver) account of the gluttony of the *voyageurs*:

'After a good deal of experience in travelling in Indian countries, I find that, with system, you can lay the foundation for a great deal of comfort—quite as much as that mode of life admits of. My rule always is, to make a hearty breakfast after travelling ten or fifteen miles, stopping at the most eligible place for that purpose, where wood and water and shade—if it is wanted—unite in inviting you. The moment breakfast is over, all re-embark, since that is not the time of day for *commerce*. The *bourgeois* is the supreme head, the men look upon his word as their law, they obey his orders, and never question his reasons. If he wishes to go ashore, he informs the man behind him who steers; and when he requires them to wait for him at the place where he lands, they know that their business is to wait as long as their provisions last; for they have nothing to do but eat and drink, and obey him, and have not the least objection to pass a few days at any one place in idleness. About three-quarters of an hour before night, on the order being given to land and encamp, as soon as the canoe reaches the shore, two of the men, selected for that duty, take out the tent and pitch it: the steersman's business is to see that everything is taken out of the canoe, and placed under the tent. Last of all, the canoe is taken out of the water, placed on its edge on a level piece of ground, and, being supported by poles, forms a canopy for the men to sleep under. Then comes the important business of preparing the *bourgeois*' dinner (I never eat but twice in the day) and their own. As soon as his tent is pitched, the two men whose duty it is to attend it cover the ground within with tender branches of the spruce-fir tree, putting a double quantity where he is to sleep, over which is placed an oil-skin, and a bear-skin over that, with a blanket or two for covering. The rest collect firewood, and build immense fires—one before the *bourgeois*' tent, and the other before their own quarters, which they replenish during the night if it is cold.

Nothing can be more agreeable than this sort of life, if the people behave well; and when they do not, the best way is to be firm, and even arbitrary, especially with Canadians. Kindness, however, is not thrown away upon them, and very long journeys may be prosperously made with their assistance, by the aid of a little quiet management, encouraging them to sing, and joining with them in their choruses. They are, like the Indians, voracious eaters, and have so little foresight that they really seem impatient to eat up all the provisions as fast as possible. Fat salt pork is their delight: they do not get it when at home, where vegetables form their principal diet; and they

like it so much, that they absolutely appear unhappy when they can eat no more. After stuffing to the greatest extent, they cover their heads and every part of their bodies with their blankets, and lie down with their feet to the fire, snoring away, as I have often seen them, with the rain pouring down upon them, and the steam reeking from their bodies.

Mr Featherstonhaugh penetrated by the Fox river into the region of Wisconsin, reached Fort Winnebago on the lake of that name, swept over the beautiful waters of the Wisconsin, and then began to stem the clear current of the Mississippi. We said before that we thought him most profound and unexceptionable in his observations on natural phenomena, and we present the reader with a short geological digest and a few prophetic reflections in his best style:

'Every observant traveller who passes along this line of country cannot fail to perceive evidences throughout its extent of the great modification of its surface from Michilimackinac to the Mississippi. At Michilimackinac the calcareous strata are broken up into brecciated masses. Further on, in the vicinity of Green Bay, are enormous outliers of those beds of sandstone superincumbent to the lower limestone near Navarino and at Kew Kawning, and which were probably once continuous through an immense area of country. Again, near the Apachquay Lake, the same incoherent sandstone appears to have been broken down to form the present loose sandy soil of the adjacent country. There is, therefore, upon the whole, reason to believe that the denuding force which acted when the general water level was lowered, and which perhaps brought the primary boulders from the north-west, has carried away a vast extent of mineral surface; and that all the great deposits of loose sand in the country about Lake Winnebago, as well as those in the valley of the Wisconsin, the coves and dells and *coulées* between the sandhills, which now so much diversify the face of the country, are results of the same denuding force. These arenaceous deposits are of a character so totally different from those which form the surface of the district lying between the south end of Lake Huron and Lake Erie, that we must consider them as the results of the breaking up of the general ancient strata of incoherent sandstone.

But other reflections, of a prospective character, forced themselves upon me during my passage through the country, which perhaps will be thought to deserve more consideration by the British reader, since the existing political relations between Great Britain and the United States invest them with an immense importance.

The fertility and productiveness of the country I had passed through gave me the highest idea of its capacity for maintaining a great agricultural population. It seemed to me as if I had never been in a country where agriculture could be practised with less expense, or with greater success. The land was of an easily drained surface, exceedingly fertile, and without rocks and stones to impede the plough and other agricultural implements. The climate, too, tempered by such vast bodies of fresh water, is universally mild in the vicinity of the lake country, whilst the winters are severe enough to keep the insects within bounds. The population, already enumerated by millions, will soon be more dense than any other equal portion of the United States, and in less than fifty years may be estimated at twenty millions of people. Such is the future granary of America, capable of producing wheat, maize, and pork to any extent, for the occasional wants of Europe, and of absorbing its surplus manufactured articles, such as will be required for the consumption of an immense population in easy circumstances.'

The *voyageurs* reached the fort of Prairie de Chiens on the 31st of August. The loneliness of the situation and the lack of intellectual accessories are somewhat compensated by occasional visits and attempts to plant in the wilderness civilised amusements. What would the Drury Lane amateurs of the drama think of the following incident taking place in the 'far, far west'?—'Having seen my Canadians encamped in a proper place, had my effects

brought to the garrison, cautioned them against getting drunk, made my *toilette*, and supped with the officers at the mess, I paid a visit to the commanding officer, from whose quarters we adjourned to a small theatre, which had been fitted up to amuse the men and keep them from dissipation, where some of the histrionically disposed soldiers were that evening to represent the comedy of 'The Poor Gentleman.' Miss Emily was personated in a most astounding manner: such a monster in petticoats, and stick in feeling, probably never was exhibited before! The only three decent performers were an Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotsman; the rest seemed to have neither sense nor feeling. It was a crowded house, and, from the applauses that were occasionally given, and the criticisms that I heard, I perceived at once the importance of turning the attention of common soldiers to intellectual exhibitions of this kind, which, besides affording much gratification, cannot fail to divert many of them from sinking into low debauchery.'

Our author pursued a route which had previously been followed by Mr Catlin, and, leaving the extreme frontier settlements of the whites, floated over the Minnaw Sotor. Fertile prairies stretched on either hand, diversified with waving woods and green conical bluffs, as they pushed on for the Coteau du Prairie. Innumerable flocks of turkeys, ducks, and other wild fowls disported on the plains and waters, and Indian villages, chiefly of Sioux or Nahcotahs, were frequently passed. The western region, according to Mr Featherstonhaugh, and we have the concurrent testimony of other travellers, is an immense alluvial territory, teeming with an abundant fertility, and possessing limestone, sandstone, and lead, iron, and every other useful mineral, in profusion—such a region as Providence seems to have destined for a great, populous, and commercial chain of nations.

Mr F. seems to have a constitutional tendency to head-ach, and foreign causes seemed to have produced him much suffering. The fumes of a cigar, the fishy odour of a Winnebago squaw, or the drawl of a Connecticut Yankee, were his horror.

The only evidences of his spleen are directed against American dollar-hunters, whom he mildly characterises as ruffians; universal suffrage; and dirty Indians, whom he found as filthy and uninteresting in the north, as the Hon. C. A. Murray found the Pawnees in the south. He visited none, however, that had not suffered in some degree from contact with the civilised vicious—none that presented the primitive and undebauched nobility of the Mandans and other Astorian tribes.

After leaving his canoe at a Sioux settlement called Lac qui Parle, Mr F. and his party travelled overland to the Coteau du Prairie, reached its summit level on the 5th of October, 1835, and beheld the waters flowing towards Hudson's Bay in the north, and the Gulf of Mexico to the south, of the continent. 'Having reached the crest of this upland, and seeing a fine bold eminence, distant about a mile and a half, I rode thither, and had a magnificent view of the country from the top. The Coteau du Prairie, called in the Nahcotah tongue Chhira Tanka, or the 'Great Hills,' is, looking to the west, in everything like the other upland prairies, only a stage of elevation above them. Before we approached it, it had the appearance of a lofty range. Major Long's party, in 1823, who saw it at a distance of from thirty to forty miles, estimated it at 1000 feet high; but, as I have before observed, where there is nothing to compare an object with, it always appears of greater magnitude than it is. A knoll on the prairie, at the distance of two miles, will appear to have an elevation of 200 feet, and yet, when you reach it, it is scarcely fifty feet above the general level. The ascent from the prairie below to the top of the Coteau was perhaps two miles and a half long, by a slope so gentle that in no place did it appear to exceed 250 feet to the mile, which would give 625 feet elevation for the summit of the Coteau, nor did I think it exceeded that height.'

Mr F. now resumed his course in the direction of the settlements, much to the joy of his *voyageurs*, and meeting

with nothing beyond the ordinary occurrences of his upward passage, after discharging his party, steamed down the Mississippi, with the intention of wintering and summering in Washington, or some other fashionable resort, and then returning to the geological inspection of Wisconsin. After adding to his notes on the men and manners of the western cities, our traveller resumed his journeyings in 1837, and proceeded into Wisconsin again. In the course of his second journey he visited North and South Georgia with Tennessee, in all of which states he found abundant indications of gold formations, and the Indians and other gold-seekers washing the sand and gravel of the rivers for treasure; but the most interesting incident was that connected with the scandalous conduct of the legislature of Georgia in reference to the dislodgement of the noble and civilised Cherokees from their lands. A conference of the whole Cherokee nation had been convened to meet at a rendezvous called Red Clay, to hold a talk with agents from the United States government in reference to the contemplated ejectment, and the following is a rather graphic description of the Indian bivouac:—

‘The situation was exceedingly well chosen in every respect, for there was a copious limestone spring on the bank of the stream, which gave out a delicious cool water in sufficient quantities for this great multitude. What contributed to make the situation extremely picturesque, was the great number of beautiful trees growing in every direction, the underwood having been most judiciously cut away to enable the Indians to move freely through the forest, and to tie their horses to the trees. Nothing more Arcadian could be conceived than the picture which was presented; but the most impressive feature, and that which imparted life to the whole, was an unceasing current of Cherokee Indians, men, women, youths, and children, moving about in every direction, and in the greatest order; and all, except the younger ones, preserving a grave and thoughtful demeanour, imposed upon them by the singular position in which they were placed, and by the trying alternative now presented to them of delivering up their native country to their oppressors, or perishing in a vain resistance. An observer could not but sympathise deeply with them; they were not to be confounded with the wild savages of the West, being decently dressed after the manner of white people, with shirts, trousers, shoes and stockings, whilst the half-breeds and their descendants conformed in every thing to the custom of the whites, spoke as good English as them, and differed from them only in a browner complexion, and in being less vicious and more sober. The pure bloods had red and blue cotton handkerchiefs folded on their heads in the manner of turbans, and some of these, who were mountaineers from the elevated districts of North Carolina, wore also deer-skin leggings and embroidered hunting-shirts; whilst their turbans, their dark, coarse, lank hair, their listless savage gait, and their swarthy Tartar countenances, reminded me of the Arabs from Barbary. Many of these men were athletic and good-looking; but the women who had passed from the maidenly age, had, owing to the hard labour imposed upon them by Indian usages, lost as usual every feminine attraction, so that in my walk I did not see one upon whom I had any desire to look a second time. In the course of the evening, I attended at the council-house to hear some of their resolutions read by an English missionary, named Jones, who adhered to the Cherokees; a man of talent, it was said, and of great activity, but who was detested by the Georgians. These were afterwards translated, *word for word*, into Cherokee by Bushy-head, one of the principal half-breed Cherokees. A most refreshing rain fell in the evening, and about 8 P.M., somewhat fatigued with the adventures of the day, I retired to our hut, from whence, through the interstices of the logs, I saw the fires of the Cherokees, who bivouacked in the woods, gleaming in every direction; and long after I laid down, the voices of hundreds of the most pious amongst them, who had assembled at the council-house to perform their evening worship, came pealing in hymns through the now quiet forest, and insensibly and gratefully lulled me to sleep.’

Our author, after pursuing a rather erratic course as sharing the hospitality of some of the most distinguished of our American brethren, returned to Washington on the 9th October, 1837, and consequently closes his notes.

Mr Featherstonhaugh has been a long time in America and has travelled over a great extent of its surface, as it has struck us frequently while reading his book, the travellers who carry away twenty-two-year old impressions of home are not the most competent to draw parallels between the actual condition and proximate relations of the native land with an actively transition and rapidly progressive nation. Mr F. inveighs against American barbarism, because he saw no remains of forts and other evidences of veneration for war, at Detroit, and he now refers to Wellington or Wolfe, or mentions any of the battles, without some such expletive as ‘glorious’ or ‘immortal.’ We must confess we like him better when he aspirates for peaceful and kindly relations between Britain and America, and moralises upon man as man, rather than upon human governments. He indulges in prophetic reveries in his index, and favours us with a new reading of the cause of the American Revolution—both out of place for the first are stale, the second nonsensical. His geological observations, however, will be read with much interest by the lovers of that delightful and instructive science.

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

(Written for the Instructor.)

Each at the dawn appears its dewy chalice,
Breathing forth incense to the early morning—
Gems that make bright the lone sequestered valleys,
The woodland green, and silent glen adorning!
God said ‘Let there be light,’ and, lo! creation
Shone forth with smiles, emparadised and fair:
Then man had Eden for a habitation,
And ye, bright children of the spring, were there!

Ye came to bless the eye, when sin had shrouded
The fate of man in dark and fearful peril—
Ye came to cheer the heart, when evil clouded
The glorious earth, and made its bosom sterile!
And ye have power, with your most sinless beauty,
When in the heart unworthy passions sway,
To win the spirit to the path of duty,
And guide the wanderer’s steps in wisdom’s way!

Ye speak with silent eloquence: your voices
Come to the soul with accents breathing lowly,
To tell how virtue gladdens and rejoices,
And stirs the heart with feelings pure and holy!
Meekly ye tell an emblematic story
Of the Creator’s love, with pathos true,
For Solomon, with all his regal glory,
Was ne’er array’d so fair as one of you!

Ay: ye have lessons for the wise, revealing
Much solemn truth that wakes sublime emotion;
And wisdom, gazing, still grows wiser, feeling
How much ye bring of worship and devotion.
For who may look upon you smiling sweetly,
Or who with thoughtful gaze your beauties scan,
Nor see on every leaf, inscribed most meekly,
A living moral unto sinful man?

Ye neither toil nor spin, yet God hath made you
More to be loved than all that art can render:
In nature’s silken robes he hath array’d you,
And ye are clad with more than queenly splendour!
More bright ye are when, by the shining river,
Ye offer to the sky your mild perfume,
Than sought that art can boast or bring—than ever
Were richest fabrics of the Indian loom!

Ye come to mingle in the dreams of childhood
That o’er the soul to memory’s shrine are stealing—
Ye tell of joys by fountain, mead, and woodland.
The hallow’d scenes of life’s glad morn revealing!
With thankful joy we feel the precious pleasures
That flow from him who is all-wise and good:
And you, ye gentle, sinless things, are treasures
That win our love and wake our gratitude. ATROC

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WEEKLY HOGG'S INSTRUCTOR

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RAILWAY BRIDGE AT BALLOCHMYLE.

Among the many and marked innovations which are contributing to impress a distinctive character upon the present age, probably no one is more important than the general and widely spread introduction of railroads. Through the now all but universal adoption of this mode of effecting transit, revolutions the most extensive, in the relations of the human family, must inevitably arise. That these changes will necessarily be benign scarcely admits of a doubt, and if it did, experience, not less than speculative conjecture, would tend to confirm the pleasing anticipation. The immediate material value of railways in the rapid transmission of commodities from one district to another is, of course, obvious to all. But, besides, the fact is being generally admitted, that the greatest obstacle to the universal diffusion of human sympathy and general happiness arises, and has always arisen, from mutual ignorance; which, engendering suspicion of motive and misinterpretation of action, has given birth to that hostile feeling, unfortunately, alas! for the well-being of mankind, at times prevailing with such rancour among nations, partly known to each other. The same inimical spirit, on a more petty but hardly less hateful scale, is also found to prevail between communities of the same nation, children of the same soil, inheritors of the same institutions, and participators of the same fortunes. To point out instances in illustration is unnecessary, and would perhaps be invidious. To uproot and destroy those prejudices, no means aid so powerfully as a perfect knowledge of their justice and untruth; and the promotion of that knowledge can in no way be so efficiently forwarded as by a close personal intimacy with the realities of which those prejudices are invariably the foully begrimed and distorted visions. To become fully acquainted with all these realities from personal experience, however, would far exceed the limits of human existence; and to provide against the inconvenience arising from those narrow limits, mankind has wisely been imbued with the distinctive and peculiar advantage of profiting by the aggregation of individual experience; but the acquisition of even this species of knowledge is necessarily the result of tedious processes, and the fruit of much bodily as well as mental toil. Whatever can be introduced with the certainty of lessening that labour, and of economising time in furtherance of the ultimate result of such pursuits, is of vital and undeniable importance in the business of human life. So deeply implanted, and so generally spread is this conviction, that few things within the range of human accomplishment have occupied so untiring an attention, or seemed so long continued and energetic an application of the

intellectual and physical powers of man, as the means by which he can, with rapidity and certainty transport himself and the productions of his ingenuity or his labour from one locality to another. From the earliest ages, and under the rudest forms of society, we have accordingly witnessed the strenuous efforts of the wisest men, and the activity of the most inquiring minds, directed towards a discovery of the means for facilitating the intercourse of nations.

From the rude canoe of the barbarous dwellers upon the ocean's verge have sprung up in regular succession, albeit by slow degrees, first the tiny and frail bark of the adventurous fisherman, then the stately ship, which, in the expressive language of the poet,

'Walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife;'

and after this the wonder-working perfection of the all but miraculous steam-ship. To the scarcely traceable track of the wandering savage through the pathless waste have succeeded the admirably defined highway and the canal; while these again have in their turn yielded to the accelerated strides of science, and have been nearly as far outstripped by the tremendous energy yet pliant docility of the locomotive steam-engine of the present day—every succeeding step in the gradation marking forcibly the culture and improvement of that intellect which stamps the human family with the image of the Creator. It is no part of our intention here to enter into a consideration of the respective merits of the various modes of transit which the ingenuity of man, ever obedient to the calls of a still growing necessity, or in administering to the less imperious behests of mere convenience, has furnished for the general benefit. The preceding reflections have been forcibly suggested by a recent visit to the locality of that structure the name of which stands at the head of the present article, and our object is limited to describing the details of one work, which, although stupendous in itself, constitutes only the trivial fragment of an undertaking, which, in like manner, viewed in connexion with the system of which it forms a part, is of itself, in all the magnificence of its proportions, a scarcely perceptible item in the general whole. In thus taking a detailed view of what forms but a part of the great scheme of railway operations, we will be enabled to form a somewhat more comprehensible idea of the magnitude of the whole. The work to which we allude is the magnificent viaduct bridge at present in course of erection for the purpose of carrying the Glasgow, Dumfries, and Carlisle Railway across the river Ayr, through the classic woods of Ballochmyle.

The locality of this stupendous structure is one of thrilling interest, hallowed as it is by its connexion with undying names. It is situated about a mile to the south of the vil-

lage of Mauchline, and little more than twice that distance from the farmhouse of Mossgeil, celebrated as the residence of Burns, and well known as the place in which he composed some of his finest lyrics. The local position and individual appearance of Mossgeil, taken in connexion with Burns and his character, and as being intimately mixed up with many of the descriptive portions of his poetry, possess an interest sufficient to warrant, even in this narrative, a few words of brief description. Occupying a point on the summit of the watershed which separates the vale of the Irvine from the classic valley of the Ayr, the farm of Mossgeil commands a ready view of a large expanse of the surrounding country. To the south the eye is fatigued by ranging over the monotonous and extensive upland flat of 'moors, outstretching far and wide;' till the view is terminated in the distance, where the poet assures us that, on one important occasion at least,

'The risin' moon began to glow'
The distant Cumnock hills outow'r.'

On the east and on the northward a considerably more varied and not unpleasantly undulating tract of country, although scarcely so extensive as the last mentioned, reveals the scene to which, at the opening of the 'Holy Fair,' Burns points so felicitously and joyously, by saying, 'The risin' sun o'er Galston Moors, wi' glorious light was glintin'.' The extreme verge of those moors in this direction being marked out by the sombre-hued and abrupt rotundity of London Hill, near the base of which lies the battlefield of Drumclog. To the north and west, after traversing a delightfully diversified country, and skimming over the ponderous ruins of the once regal castle of 'Dundonald,' the residence of the heroic Bruce, and sweeping past the airy and wood-embosomed turrets of Auchans, the vision rests upon the silver estuary of the Clyde, shooting out from whose placid bosom the rugged, picturesque, and flickering peaks of Arran rear their lofty summits; while far to the westward the uncouth and ponderous mass of 'Ailsa Craig,' rising in sullen pride over the flat sands in the neighbourhood of Ayr, forms the last receding landmark interposing itself in this direction between the Ayrshire and the Irish coasts. The house, in its exterior aspect, remains unchanged from that which it exhibited when it sheltered THE BARD, *par excellence*, of Scottish minstrelsy. Its straw-thatched roof, and 'cribbed, cabined, and confined' dimensions of a one-storey house, still retain their primitive and almost cheerless look. Much has been said and written about Burns's bad husbandry and the defective practice of his farming; and no small quantity of pseudo-wisdom has been expended in demonstrating that the possession of that spirit of poetry which found him at the plough unfitted him for the profitable employment of so valuable an instrument. Half a century has now elapsed since the grave encircled in its cold embrace the mortal remains of that wondrous though unfortunate son of genius, during which period farming has been elevated to the rank of a science; the principles of agriculture are demonstrated in our universities, and the theory as well as the practice of profitable tillage constitutes an important part of the education of the farmer of the present day. In the general progress of agricultural improvement, few localities affect a higher position than Ayrshire; yet, judging from the luxuriant crop of ragweed and rushes by which the fields of Mossgeil are deformed and their produce diminished, the style of culture on that farm, like that of most others in its vicinity, has not been greatly improved since the day when the inspired ploughman turned down the mountain daisy—the event which awakened in his breast those feelings that found utterance in the undying verses wherein he celebrated it. That Burns was not a successful farmer we do not need to be told; the story of his life abundantly and unfortunately proves the fact; but that he was not a skillful and intelligent one, so far as the skill and intelligence of his time went, no single instance, so far as we are aware, has ever been adduced in evidence; and that want of success, in any of the occupations of life, may depend upon numerous causes widely different from a

poetical temperament, the experience of every day furnishes us with numberless instances and ceaseless evidence. The presumption is no more than a fair one, that Burns by his intellectual superiery, was as much in advance of his cotemporaries in agricultural skill as he was their superior in mental power and intellectual cultivation. We have conclusive evidence that in the manual dexterity suited to a farmer's pursuits in his day he outstripped his competitors, and to suppose otherwise in regard to his capacity of management would be to exalt the mere animal faculties above the intellectual powers.

As already stated, Ballochmyle Bridge crosses the river Ayr, which flows through a deep ravine about two miles south from the farmhouse of Mossgeil. The river banks are rugged and precipitous, 'o'erhung with wild wood's thickening green,' and rising on each side to about ninety feet above the river's bed. The summit of a shelving crag, immediately contiguous to the east of the bridge, is pointed out as the spot on which Burns composed his sublime dirge of 'Man was made to Mourn.' From the nature of the ground, however, on each side of the wide valley the bottom of which the Ayr winds its tortuous course towards the ocean, a lofty embankment at either side of the river is required to carry up the railway to its general level. Each of those embankments is about a mile in length, and they are fully ninety feet high at their point of junction with the bridge which connects them with each other. The bridge is nearly seven hundred feet in length and consists of three arches of fifty feet span each, as their accompanying landstools and abutments, on either side of the centre arch, which, with gigantic sweep, span the broad ravine from rock to rock. This stupendous arch, which both in span and altitude completely eclipses everything of the kind in Great Britain or its dependencies, constitutes a semicircle one hundred and eighty-four feet across, and, at its zenith, it is not less than one hundred and eighty-four feet above the ordinary level of the stream; the breadth of its roadway within the parapet walls is twenty-six feet. In point of magnitude, as well as in elegance, it is unrivalled, and for difficulty of execution and symmetry of design it challenges a fair competition with those gigantic fabrics of antiquity which bewilder and delight the spectator. In what follows, we propose to give a sketch of the complicated and ponderous machinery, together with the high degree of ingenuity by which this awe-inspiring structure is in course of being raised.

To ensure perfect stability in such an erection, the solid materials are necessarily of huge dimensions, none of the arch stones weighing less than ten tons nor being of smaller extent than six feet ten inches in depth, while not a few of them will exceed fourteen tons in weight; and of these cyclopean blocks many thousands are required. Another precaution which has been adopted for securing rigidity, and to prevent lateral oscillation in the fabric, is a sort of novelty in bridge-building, and consists in making the base broader than the superstructure, which gradually tapers as it ascends, but at a rate barely perceptible to the eye, till at the upper surface it is five feet narrower than at its base. This arrangement increases the stability, while it enhances the elegance of the whole. Every precaution which science could devise, or extensive practical experience suggest, has been used to provide resistance to the enormous pressure which will be thrown upon the arch stones and the abutments, when the centring or wooden structure is removed, upon which the arch has been supported during the time of its construction. To secure this all-important object, the main piers of the great arch are composed of blocks of stone of even larger cubic content than the arch stones themselves, and are solidly bedded in carefully prepared cement. These piers are of the colossal magnitude of thirty-eight feet from front to back, and are securely founded in the solid rock. To prevent as far as possible any chance of disfigurement to the bridge by splinters flying off when the scaffolding is slackened, and the arch is first made to sustain its own stupendous weight, the outside rings are formed of a peculiarly tough

and durable sandstone brought from a locality no less distant than Dundee, involving a carriage of more than a hundred and twenty miles, while the rest of the enormous pile is constructed of stone dug at its very side.

The wooden frame-work which is erected to sustain the growing fabric, and the mechanical means adopted for arranging the materials requisite for the completion of this prodigious undertaking, comprise by no means the least important portion of the history of its construction. The entire width of the span is divided into five stretches by four ranges of vertical beams rising perpendicularly from the bed of the stream to a height of rather more than ninety feet, at which level the first platform is thrown across the ravine, and a little above which is placed the centre of that circle of which the arch constitutes the upper half. The transverse section of this scaffolding exhibits seven rows of upright beams, making twenty-eight in all; and the whole of these are beautifully and simply yet strongly braced together in such a manner as to prevent the possibility of their accidental separation. A very little above the platform already mentioned are placed what are technically denominated the *slack blocks*. These, which divide the fabric of the scaffolding into two distinct and separate portions, at the spring of the arch, consist each of a pair of well-fitted wedge-shaped blocks of wood, the length of each block being about three feet, its breadth fourteen inches, and its depth nine inches at the deep end and tapering to five inches at the other, the two, when fixed upon each other, forming a cube of three feet in length and fourteen inches on each side. One pair of these blocks is placed upon the top of each upright post, and one under each end of the seven semicircular ribs, making forty-two pairs of slack blocks in all; these are so securely fastened together by iron straps and bolts of great power, that the possibility of their accidentally slipping is effectually prevented. Resting on this series of slack blocks is the whole superstructure of semicircular scaffolding, and necessarily, during the course of operations, the whole mass of masonry. The use of these blocks is this: the instant the key-row of arch stones is driven into its place the blocks are struck out from all their numerous points simultaneously; the supporting scaffolding is thus lowered, and the masonry sustains an equable consolidation by its own weight. The construction of this enormous preparatory fabric consumed no fewer than three thousand logs of the best Baltic timber, the content considerably exceeding sixty thousand cubic feet; all of which was landed at Grangemouth, and carried thence by railway to Kilmarnock, from which latter place it was carted to the site of the bridge, a distance of fully eleven miles. The centring, when completed, was calculated to support a weight of 300,000 tons. Titanic as this wooden wonder unquestionably was, and although doubtless the most striking to a mere spectator, it was not the only or even the most complicated part of the machinery required to construct the arch and the connected masonry. Attached to and supported by this scaffolding were three galleries, erected at different altitudes on each side, and stretching completely from end to end of the erection, so as to form a continuous communication between bank and bank, the uppermost one being not less than one hundred and forty-five feet above the level of the river; to a spectator it was not by any means one of the least interesting spectacles afforded at the work to see heavily loaded trucks dragged by horses from one side of the river to the other at this enormous elevation. These galleries being parallel, were each surmounted by an iron rail, the two on each level forming a very wide railway; on which were placed powerful travelling cranes, by the instrumental utility of which six men were capable of raising with perfect ease a stone weighing from fourteen to fifteen tons, two other men moving it with precision and certainty in any direction, or to any point, laying down the ponderous mass in any particular spot with no more apparent trouble than if it had not weighed a greater number of ounces. By the assistance rendered through the use of these beautifully adapted machines, two masons only were required to bed and lay the heaviest stones employed in the building.

Each of these powerful engines was forty feet in height, with a travelling beam of nearly equal length, and with its carriage and accompanying lifting apparatus weighing fully fifteen tons.

To furnish the stones required for rearing this enormous structure, two splendid quarries were opened close by the bridge, one on each side of the river; the best one being on the south side, out of which stones of almost any dimensions (some have been out fifty feet in length), and of excellent quality, are readily procurable. Out of this quarry the stones for the principal arch are excavated. These large masses are disintegrated from the original strata by the ordinary process of wedge-cutting; on the spot they are rough dressed to the requisite size, and their exposed sides are *picked* by the quarrymen; the stones are then placed upon trucks, and by the exertions of two horses, and of winding inclined planes laid with railways, they are transported with ease to the spot where masons hew and dress them to their exact degree of radiation and proper dimensions. When thoroughly prepared, they are forwarded, by means similar to those by which they were brought from the quarry, to the commencement of one or other of the galleries upon which the travelling cranes are placed, and are by them transported with celerity and precision to the spot where they are wanted, and deposited in their final resting-place. The contiguous surfaces having been previously very carefully fitted, the bed is prepared of well wrought thin lime of the best quality, regulated in thickness of layer by the application of wooden slips placed round the previously apportioned bed, and smoothed over by a process similar to that by which plumbers ensure an equal thickness in the casting of sheet lead. From the quarry on the north bank of the river are procured the huge blocks used in packing and in building the rubble facing of the piers and external walls. The stones from this quarry, many of which are quite as large and heavy as those previously mentioned, are lifted at once to the top of the precipitous cliff by a crane worked by a fixed steam-engine of sixteen horse power. On reaching the surface, they are placed on trucks working on a railway which runs between two rows of masons' sheds on the same side of the river; behind these sheds, on either side, is erected a raised railway gallery, similar to those described in connexion with the bridge, and upon which is placed a similar travelling crane; this lifts the rough stones from the trucks, carries them to the spot where they are to be properly manipulated into their respective forms, and, when that process has been completed, it again lifts them upon the obedient truck, when they are, like the arch stones, forwarded by a horse to the commencement of one or other of the before-mentioned galleries, and are by one of their travelling cranes taken up, transported to, and finally deposited in their allotted positions; the whole process of transference from their pristine bed in the quarry to their place in the edifice being effected with the most noiseless regularity and the most undeviating precision. In the two quarries, or in immediate connexion with them, there are no fewer than ten fixed cranes, each capable of lifting from ten to fourteen tons, besides that one which is worked by the steam-engine, and which is considerably more powerful. The steam-engine, in addition to raising stones from the quarry, turns a huge grindstone for whetting the workmen's tools, and blows the bellows used for the numerous forges in the smiths' shop during the day; and, pending the cessation of the ordinary operations through the night, it is made to drive a saw-mill for cutting up the vast quantities of wood of all sizes which are required in the works, thus contributing in no small degree to the admirable economy observed throughout every department of this extensive and extraordinary work; an intelligent economy, which regulates the division of labour in all the multitudinous details and arrangements, apportioning to each individual his distinct task, to each instrument its particular labour, and superintends what is seemingly even the merest trifles. One instance of this may be adduced in the mode of distributing the wages of the men employed, the details of which are not a little in-

teresting. From entries made in the books of the time-keeper and storekeeper, the amount of balance due to each individual according to his rate of wages, is ascertained once every month; a small cabinet, consisting of one deep and four shallow drawers, is in possession of the superintendent of works, who pays the workmen; the shallow drawers are each divided into exactly one hundred square compartments or boxes, each box sufficiently large to allow a crown-piece to lie flat in it, and to each compartment is affixed a number; the names of the workmen are entered in a book, and to each name is prefixed a number. The books being balanced, and the exact sum due to each man ascertained, the amount due to him is deposited in the little box which corresponds to his number in the book, until the whole of the numbers in the book are exhausted; this is done the evening before pay-day. At the hour of pay, the men are summoned forward each in the rotation of his number, he produces his note of account with the store, and his balance is handed to him, when his place at the pay-wicket is instantly supplied by his successor in numerical order; and in the event of any one not appearing, a circumstance not infrequent of occurrence, his balance is left undisturbed in his little box, and the next in order is called forward; by this means, when the absentee makes his appearance, which must be after the close of the pay, he is at once settled with, the state of the box affording incontestable security against fraud on either side, and in this regular and simple manner drawer after drawer is emptied until the whole are gone over, which is done with great rapidity, ease, and accuracy. The use of the deep drawer referred to is for keeping cash for the purpose of meeting casual demands, for paying men who may be dismissed or who wish to leave the employment at any period intervening between one pay-day and another, and which the distance from a town or banking-establishment renders indispensable.

One among many sources of peculiar gratification to be found in surveying the stupendous works just described is the important fact that, notwithstanding the vastness of the undertaking, the extraordinary complexity of the operations, and the great number of the workmen employed, no serious accident has occurred during the progress of the works—a result which speaks in unmistakable terms of the prudence, caution, and considerate judgment by which the whole has been superintended and arranged.

Such has been the energy and perseverance with which the work has been carried forward by the intelligent contractors Messrs Ross and Mitchell, entirely under the management of their able superintendent of works Mr John Fulton, subject, of course, to the supervision and control of John Miller, Esq., the distinguished engineer, that the closing in of the large arch, the smaller ones having been previously done, will be by this time completed, although the first stone of the structure was not laid until Saturday the 10th of January, 1846, and notwithstanding that the operations were long and seriously retarded by frosts of unusual severity.

STAMPED COVERS FOR NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS.

ABOUT seven years have elapsed since the memorable change was effected in the post-office arrangements of the United Kingdom, with which the honoured name of Rowland Hill is indissolubly associated. The introduction of the cheap system of postage, and the making that rate uniform, was, at the time, acknowledged to be a blessing to the country, and subsequent years have confirmed this in a very remarkable manner. Many and valuable are the boons which have been conferred on the people by the legislature (conferred, we willingly admit, all the readier in consequence of the pressure from without); but amongst these, the introduction of the uniform system of penny postage must be acknowledged to be pre-eminently the greatest in a commercial, a literary, and a moral point of view.

We agree with those who think that we have not yet

realised the full benefits which the penny-postage principle is calculated to confer. It is a principle whose excellencies could not, it is manifest, be fully developed at our first acquaintance with it. Time was required for this development; and a period of seven years having now elapsed since it was first introduced to notice, the present seems to be a fitting time for suggesting an extension of that plan. And how can it be extended?

We are decided admirers of the plan of an 'ocean penny-postage,' propounded by that wonderful man, Elihu Burritt. It is a noble conception; and we hope to see the dawn of that day when it shall receive the approbation of the people both of the Old and of the New World; and when the British legislature on the one hand, and Congress on the other, shall sanction the adoption of the measure. An epistolary campaign would prove much more profitable and beneficial to all parties than a military one. It would prove the best antidote to angry speeches and recriminating addresses; would effectually quash all national jealousies; put an end to all petty disputes about patches of land; promote the trading and commercial interests of the cities on either side of the Atlantic; further the happiness of the individual by enhancing the prosperity of all; elevate the character of the people in both countries by stimulating a generous rivalry in literature, science, the fine arts, and also in morality; knit more closely in the bonds of affection those who have made either the Old or the New World their adopted home, and who are separated from friends and relatives by the wide Atlantic; and hasten the approach of that happy time to which all look forward with joy, when the whole family of man shall be linked together by the endearing ties of a universal brotherhood.

But the plan which we have more particularly in view, by means of which the penny postage system may be extended, is one in some measure indicated by the title to the present paper. What we desire is, that the little red stamp on the corner of every newspaper be entirely dispensed with; that newspapers be allowed to issue from the press without any such restriction; but that no paper be allowed to pass through the post-office without a stamped slip or cover, obtainable in the same way as those now in use for letters, and charged at a penny. It may be contended that this is another attempt to do away with a tax which is found to work comparatively well, and one which is a prolific source of revenue to the government; that a better plan could not possibly be found; it is one regarding which there are extremely few complaints; and why disturb existing arrangements by propounding so sweeping an alteration as that of withdrawing her majesty's passport from the corner of our broadsheets? There is weight in these questions, and had we not a firm conviction of the soundness and the superiority of the plan we now advocate, and which, by the way, we do not claim as original in all of its details, we would not have adverted to it.

With few exceptions, the whole of the English, Irish, and Scotch provincial newspapers owe their prosperity to local support, and, therefore, local readers feel the severity of the impost of one penny on their papers. To lighten the burden caused both by this impost and by the duty on paper, there will almost invariably be found three, four, or six individuals clubbed together for the reading of a single paper. Few are prepared to be at the whole expense themselves, and if they cannot contrive to take their reading of the papers at the precise time when their particular hour comes round, they must just contrive to do without them altogether. This is a great annoyance, but it is one which will continue so long as both the tax on paper and the stamp-duties are exigible. To discuss the nature of the former impost, however, does not fall within our province at this time, albeit the subject is a tempting one. We would wish to see every man the proprietor of his own weekly or daily newspaper. We are desirous that even the humblest operative should be enabled to go to the newsmonger or to the newspaper publishing-office, and purchase his own paper, that he and his family may be enabled to peruse it at their leisure; and that

when done with it, they may either preserve it or dispatch it to friends at a distance. This, however, we shall never see so long as there is such a heavy impost on broad-sheets, both in regard to the tax on paper, and the distinctive die on the corner.

It seems to us a very unreasonable thing that an individual who sets up a printing establishment cannot proceed to print a newspaper without encountering manifold liabilities. At every step of his progress, 'stamps and taxes' stare him in the face. Especially in a country town are these liabilities found to have a most discouraging effect; and when an enterprising individual has fairly resolved to encounter them, they are found to hang as a millstone around his neck, and he has often to exert his ingenuity to the uttermost to enable him to keep his head above water. An example will more lucidly explain our object: In a provincial town embracing, with the suburbs, fully twelve thousand inhabitants, there was established, many years ago, a weekly newspaper. From the day of its starting till now, the circulation, or rather the extent of the impression, has never exceeded 500 copies. Every one even the least acquainted with the expenses attendant on the getting up of a newspaper, must be aware that such an impression can never be a remunerating one, and we can vouch for it that it is by no means a profitable one. The truth is, were the paper not tolerably well advertised, were it not conducted at the lowest possible cost, and had its proprietor not a good printing business to employ his workmen, the speculation would have been abandoned long ago. The paper is certainly by no means destitute of talent, and it is a remarkably useful local medium for news and advertisements, but then its cost (4½d.) prevents its circulating so widely as is desirable, and as it ought to do. The great body of the people rest satisfied with getting their 'turn' of a 'reading,' or adopt the equally economical plan of going to the local newsroom, and there getting a glimpse of it. Few copies, it is to be presumed, are purchased by private individuals for the purpose of being transmitted to their friends, and the consequence is, that the poor proprietor, having got himself fairly involved in the undertaking, and finding that his paper is the means of bringing people about him, carries it on, even though unremunerating, doubtful as to how the abandonment of it might affect his business otherwise. What we have said of this broadsheet is, we believe, equally true of hundreds of others throughout the United Kingdom.

How then, it may be asked, would we propose to remedy this state of matters? We would do it in this way: Withdraw the 'distinctive die' from all papers which do not pass through the post-office. Circulate papers by the hundreds, the thousands, or the millions, free from the government stamp on the corner, but let there be stamped penny covers for all papers which are transmitted to any part of the kingdom per post. By this means many of our provincial broadsheets would renew their strength, or rather they would get life infused into them; thousands would become subscribers for papers who could not well become so before; the number of advertisements would consequently be increased; and the national exchequer, even granting it might suffer in the first instance by the withdrawal of the distinctive die, would be, to a large extent, reimbursed by the additional revenue derivable from advertisement-duty. But, apart from this, we feel convinced that no falling off in the revenue would ultimately arise from the withdrawal of the individual stamp. It is well known that, under the present system, the same newspaper frequently passes through the post-office two, three, or even four times; indeed, within seven days from the date of its publication, there is no check to its peregrinations; while, by the proposed plan, a new cover would be required every time it was transmitted by post.

But there is another class of periodicals which suffer severely by the present arrangement. Many individuals would send off per post a periodical such as our own to friends in distant and secluded parts of the country where there are no agents; but few are disposed to give to the post-office twopenny, when the article itself cost them a

halfpenny less. It may be asked, why not get a number of copies stamped? While it is quite true that this can be done, yet it is of comparatively small avail, those only being supplied who give orders for such publications to be sent regularly, as publishers of threehalfpenny sheets cannot encounter the risk of adding a penny stamp to a quantity of these on chance sale. As regards cheap periodicals, the revenue to the government and the benefit to individuals would arise chiefly, if not altogether, from the occasional appearance of particular articles in such a publication as this, which parties might wish to send to friends at a distance who may not otherwise have an opportunity of seeing them. From our own experience on this point, we feel assured that were such a privilege granted, thousands of cheap periodicals would daily pass through the post-office, affording a very considerable revenue from a new and unknown source, without any of the usual excise laws, and at comparatively little expense to the government, the requisite machinery for working out the details being already in existence.

In fine, the universal adoption of these stamped covers appears to us to be fraught with many advantages. An impetus would be given to literary enterprise unheard of before; provincial miscellanies and newspapers would, we are persuaded, increase in importance and be vastly increased in circulation; it would prove a silent yet efficient plan of national education, for

'Thousands would read who never read before,
And those who always read would read the more.'

ANCIENT SYRACUSE.*

THE ancient Syracuse occupied the first rank of all the cities of Sicily, or Magna Græcia, in point of extent and political importance; and there are few remains of ancient cities, even in Greece herself, which are more interesting to the scholar or the antiquary. I visited the ruins and the modern city in company with some fellow-students in the summer of 1822. The classical interest of the spot, the beauty of the situation, and the splendour of the climate (noted by Cicero for its sunshine in every day of the year) were such, that not even a week's painful imprisonment in the quarantine, on a subsequent occasion, could diminish my feelings of admiration for this renowned spot. According to tradition, it was peopled in very early ages of the world, from Egypt and Phœnicia; these inhabitants were driven out by the Siculi, who, in their turn, were replaced by a colony from Corinth, led by Archias, one of the Heraclides, in the second year of the eleventh Olympiad, or about 732 years before the Christian era. The city was named by them Ortygia, or the island of quails (the same name was originally given to the island of Delos).

We have the united testimony of ancient historians and poets to the effect, that the city rapidly increased until it arrived at so great an extent, and to such a degree of splendour, that Thucydides (long before it reached its summit of prosperity under Dionysius) acknowledged it to be equal in size to Athens; and Cicero mentions it, in one of his orations, as the largest and most magnificent city in Greece. The city was under different governments until freed from the tyranny of Thrasybulus, 446 B.C.; and sixty-one years afterwards it was usurped by the Dionysii, who were expelled by Timoleon, 343 B.C. The celebrated part it took in the wars with Carthage, its memorable conflicts with the Athenians, and its sad and mighty fall, after enduring a three years' siege by the Roman conqueror, Marcellus, are matters of history. In after years, the Saracens completed the ruin the Romans commenced; and A.D. 827 Syracuse resigned to her rival, Palermo, the proud title of capital of Sicily. From that time the city has dwindled into comparative insignificance. Her population at the present time does not exceed 12,000;

* We give this highly interesting and graphic description (slightly abridged) from a paper read by S. ANGELL, Esq., at a recent meeting of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

and that commerce which once filled its glorious harbours with the ships of Rhodes, Alexandria, and Carthage, is now confined to a few speronaras engaged in a miserable coasting trade.

Syracuse is said to have derived its name originally from the neighbouring Marsh Syraco (now called Il Pantano), and situate on the right bank of the Anapos; it was afterwards called Tetrapolis, a city formed of four distinct quarters, and these were named Ortygia, Acradina, Aycha, and Neapolis. According to Strabo, the circuit of the ancient walls was 80 stadia, or 22½ miles, including the suburb of Epipolæ, which was to the westward of Neapolis, and commanded the whole city. At the extremity of Epipolæ was an almost impregnable fortress, called Euryale, mentioned by Livy, and other historians.

The great port of Syracuse—one of the finest in the Mediterranean—is about five miles in circumference. As you enter from the ocean, to the left hand is the rock Plemmyrium, distant from the opposite shore of Ortygia about half a mile. It was across this entrance to the port that the Syracusans, by the advice of Hermocrates, threw a strong chain, and thus blockaded the Athenian fleet. In modern times, the great port of Syracuse has its name connected with a glorious event; for it was here that Nelson revictualled his fleet previous to the battle of the Nile. The lesser port is on the other side of the island Ortygia; it was called Portus Marmoreus, according to some authorities, from the bottom having originally been paved with marble; but perhaps with more probability from the costly buildings which lined its shores.

I will now endeavour briefly to describe the four quarters of the city, commencing with the most ancient one. Ortygia was formerly considered the most important part in consequence of its commanding the entrance to both the ports. The tyrants established their residences in this division, and added, from time to time, to the fortifications. The Romans also, when masters of Syracuse, regarded the situation of Ortygia in the same important light, and prohibited any native citizen from residing in that portion of the city. The temple of Minerva was the most sacred and important building in Ortygia: it now forms the cathedral, or domo, to the modern city, to which purpose it was converted during the twelfth century, when the Goddess of Wisdom was obliged to resign her shrine to 'Our Lady of the Columns'; for such was the change in the dedication of this edifice.

Cicero has given us an excellent description of the gorgeous magnificence of this temple, which, spared by the piety of Marcellus, was stripped of everything but the roof and walls by the rapacious Verres. 'Its doors,' says the Roman orator, 'were the theme of universal eulogy, exhibiting the labours of Hercules, curiously wrought in ivory, the angles of each separate panel being adorned with golden bosses of exquisite workmanship, while a Medusa's head, formed of the same rich material, shone above the portal, surrounded with its bristling snakes.' We learn also from Athenæus, that upon the exterior summit of the roof was elevated an enormous shield consecrated to Minerva, and visible to a great distance by the reflection of the solar rays. A custom prevailed among the Syracusan sailors, to secure a safe return from their voyage, of carrying from an altar near the Temple of Juno some ashes in a chalice, which, with flowers, honey, frankincense, and other aromatics, they cast into the sea as soon as they were about to lose sight of this shield. The interior of the walls of this temple were covered with paintings, amongst which was an equestrian combat of King Agathocles, one of the most esteemed works of Syracusan art; this, with twenty-seven other admirable pictures, did the unscrupulous Verres carry away. According to tradition, Archimedes drew an equinoctial line in this temple, and Mirabella says that in 1582 the commissioners appointed by Pope Gregory for the correction of the calendar came to Syracuse for the purpose of examining it. This building has suffered much from earthquakes, but I strongly suspect the hand of man has been the great destroyer: the modern façade of the

Borromini school forms a strange mixture with the rigid Doric of the ancient peristyle.

Of the temple of Diana, two Doric columns with a small portion of entablature alone remain. Near this temple stood the celebrated Baths of Daphne, so named from a laurel grove sacred to Diana: the spot is now called Bagnara, and many remains have been discovered near it.

The celebrated fountain of Arethusa next claims our attention. This classic spot, sacred to the nymph to whom divine honours were offered, and upon whose shrine even Hercules sacrificed, still pours forth its abundant supply of fresh water as of old, but, alas, how different its present state! It is now the public washing place of the town; and when I saw it, a number of Hungarian soldiers were lounging about it, enjoying their *meerschams*, unconscious of the fame of the spot, or of the gibes and wit that the Syracusan laundresses were indulging in at their expense.

According to Diodorus, the celebrated building, the palace of sixty couches, which in magnitude and splendour was so superior to the temples that the gods, from jealousy, are said to have destroyed it by thunder, was situate in Ortygia. This, together with the palace and gardens of Dionysius, the citadel surrendered by Dionysius to Timoleon, the Palace of Hiero, afterwards the residence of the Roman prætor and proconsuls, and the workshops of the infamous Verres, have all disappeared, and their sites are now occupied with modern fortifications and narrow streets of miserable dwellings.

I now proceed to the adjoining quarter of the city, called Acradina, described by Cicero, 'as the second city, containing a spacious forum, a beautiful portico, and an ornamental prytæneum or public hall, from which Verres stole the inimitable statue of Sappho, the great work of Silanion.' Of these buildings there are now no existing remains. It is, however, probable that the church of San Giovanni occupies the site of an ancient temple; and Mr Hughes, in his admirable and elaborate description of the city, supposes it to have been the temple of Jupiter, in which Hiero suspended the Gallic and Illyrian spoils presented by him to the Roman senate; and from a passage in which Cicero upbraids Verres for allowing a piratical corsair to sail into the port, and penetrate up to the very forum, we may infer that the forum was placed near the isthmus. In this quarter of Acradina are several of those *latomie*, or stone quarries, which are so numerous in Syracuse. The most remarkable one is perhaps that attached to the Capuchin convent, and now converted into a garden, forming one of the most beautiful and retired spots that possibly could be selected for devotional study. There are also various subterraneous remains in this quarter, with vaults constructed of earthen pots, and the ruins of a bath excavated by Landolina, in 1804, in which was found the beautiful Torso of Venus, now forming the most valuable specimen of ancient sculpture to be found in the museum of the modern city.

The celebrated catacombs are in the quarter Acradina, and whether they are the works of the Syracusans previous to the Roman conquest by Marcellus, or subsequent to that period, is still a matter of conjecture. At all events they are prodigious works. Denon describes them as a perfect subterranean city. The principal street or avenue in the catacombs is about eighteen feet wide and ten high, with numerous recesses and chambers on either side, with separate receptacles for the bodies, in one of which I counted no less than fifteen divisions. Swinburn relates that he saw a gold coin of the time of Ictasus just taken out of the jaws of a body found in a tomb here; this must have been the *naulon* or Charon's fare.

Along the main street, at intervening distances, are transverse streets, forming at their intersections square and circular apartments, which are generally vaulted, and in some of them are conical apertures for light and air. Around these chambers are numerous recesses, symmetrically formed. In some parts the walls are covered with fine stucco, and there are the remains of painting, with

monograms and symbolical devices, the works probably of the early Christians. An old Capuchin monk acted as our cicerone in going through the catacombs, and the effect of his slow and solemn step, and the glare of the torches through this city of the dead, will not be readily effaced from my memory.

Of the walls of Acradina there are still remaining considerable vestiges, and the rock itself is in some places formed into battlements.

Not far from a gap in the rock, called *Scala Græca*, where the quarter of *Acradina* terminated, and that of *Tycha* commenced, may be traced one of the principal gates of ancient Syracuse, and which, like some of the other gateways, was admirably contrived for defence, the assailants being forced to expose their right side, which was unprotected by the shield, to a great length of wall, and the missiles of its defenders.

From *Scala Græca* a broad road traversed the city to the point *Ortygia*, lined on each side by strong walls and towers. *Fasello* states, that a little beyond it, in the quarter of *Tycha*, stood the town called *Galeagra*, where a Roman soldier, during the conferences of *Epycides* and *Marcellus*, by numbering the courses of stone and computing their height, found the wall much lower than common opinion indicated, and scalable by the ordinary ladders. By these means *Marcellus* took the city in the night, during a festival of *Diana*, when the inhabitants, more attentive to their superstitious observances than the means of defence, were in a state of great intoxication.

The quarter *Tycha* is described by *Cicero* as the third city; and he says it was so named from the temple of *Fortune* within its precincts, and that it contained a spacious gymnasium and many sacred edifices. Of this once splendid quarter of the city little now remains, excepting large sepulchres cut in the rocks, channels of aqueducts, and vestiges of the city walls. To account for so large a space being so completely cleared of the remains of the numerous buildings which formerly occupied it, one is almost led to the supposition that, from the facility of transport given by the immediate vicinity of the port, the materials must have been transported to other shores.

Neapolis is the fourth quarter of the city mentioned by *Cicero*, and, as its name implies, was the last built. It was adorned with a theatre of vast dimensions, two superb temples—one of *Ceres* and another of *Proserpine*—and a very beautiful colossal statue of *Apollo Temenites*.

The theatre is perhaps the most perfect of all the ancient buildings of Syracuse. It was the largest in Sicily, and is computed to have contained 30,000 persons. Its situation, on a rising ground, commands a magnificent view over the ports and surrounding country. The greater portion of the seats are cut out of the living rock. Above the theatre are numerous excavations in the rocks, remains of water-courses, streets, and sepulchres. One, more perfect than the rest, is called the tomb of *Archimedes*; and although the sepulchral stele, with the sphere and cylinder carved upon it, are no longer to be found to authenticate its identity, one feels unwilling to doubt that this must be the very monument discovered by *Cicero*, and pronounced by him as the sepulchre of the immortal *Archimedes*. Not far from the theatre are the remains of an amphitheatre, which was also in part excavated from the platform of living rock. The arena, seats, corridors, podium, subterranean cells, and water-ducts are still easily traceable. The construction is evidently Roman.

The extensive quarries or *latomies* are principally in this quarter of the city. They are said to have been excavated by the Athenian prisoners, and afterwards used as places of confinement. No greater contrast can be imagined than their former with their present state; for these once gloomy abodes of the victims of *Dionysius* are now flourishing with the luxuriant vegetation of the pomegranate and the orange, and are watered by the transparent streams which still flow along the ancient channels; and the spot where the infamous *Verres* incarcerated not only Syracusans, but Roman citizens, is now termed 'Il

under which is a chamber excavated from the rock, 84 feet 6 inches long, 22 feet 6 inches wide; and from the remains of a water-duct at one end it was probably used as a reservoir.

I must not pass by the curious cavern called the ear of *Dionysius*, which is about 170 feet in depth, 35 feet in width, and 60 feet in height. It is stated that *Dionysius* constructed this cavern on acoustic principles, for the purpose of overhearing the conversation of the prisoners confined within its walls. There is beyond doubt a wonderful power of conveying and increasing sound in this curious vault; but an examination of it, including the somewhat hazardous ascent with ropes and pulleys to the cavity near the top, impressed us with the notion that this power, as is the case with most echoes, is more to be ascribed to accident than to art.

Neapolis was also adorned by a colossal statue of *Apollo Temenites*, which stood proudly pre-eminent on a rising ground, and was preserved, says *Cicero*, by its magnitude, from the sacrilegious grasp of *Verres*. *Suetonius* states, that it was contemplated by the emperor *Tiberius* to place it in the library which he had built, or restored, in honour of *Augustus*; but that he was prevented by the deity in a vision.

The ruins of the temple of *Jupiter Olympius* are situated on a gentle eminence on the right bank of the *Anapus*, overlooking the great port. Portions of the shafts of two Doric columns alone remain standing; but I am rather doubtful whether these are in the original position. It is much to be regretted, that so little is left of this temple, which, in its original state, was described as the richest monument in Syracuse. In its adytum was placed the famous statue of *Jupiter*, esteemed one of the most noble representations of that deity ever produced, and from which *Dionysius* stripped off the golden mantle, replacing it with one of wool, accompanying his robbery with the impudent apology, that gold was too heavy in summer and too cold in winter for the king of the gods, but that wool was adapted for both seasons.

Epipolæ, so celebrated in the sieges of Syracuse, is to the westward of *Neapolis*, on a spot (as its name imports) commanding the whole city. It was inclosed by *Dionysius* within those remarkable fortifications and walls said to have been constructed by him in the incredible short space of twenty days, and upon which he employed 60,000 workmen and 6000 yoke of oxen. The principal entrance is admirably constructed for defence, with flank walls, from which the assailants were exposed to the attack of the defenders. Some of the walls are of solid masonry, twelve feet in thickness; others are fifteen feet thick. At two of the angles of the walls are square towers of solid masonry, and there are several remains of fosses, 25 to 30 feet deep, cut in the solid rock, and defending the accessible approaches to the castles. In one part is a subterranean passage, nine feet wide and twelve feet high, leading in an inclined plane from the castle to the fosse, probably for the use of cavalry; and in other parts of the walls are small openings, about two feet in height, and sufficient to allow a man to creep through, by which the sorties were probably made.

The suburb of *Epipolæ* was terminated by a second almost impregnable fortress, called *Euryalæ*, mentioned particularly by *Livy* in his account of the siege of Syracuse by *Marcellus*. In the seventeenth century, the village of *Belvedere* was built on this spot, but no vestige of it now remains.

The river *Anapus*, so much vaunted by the poets and historians of old, is now a small stream, and its banks covered with lofty reeds and aquatic plants, growing so luxuriantly as almost to impede our progress in a small boat. We contrived, however, to reach the beautiful fountain of *Cyane*, a natural basin of about fifty feet in diameter, and celebrated by the poets as the spot where *Pluto* made his descent with *Proserpine*. We here saw the elegant papyrus plant growing in great perfection, and it is said to be the only spot in Europe where this rare plant flourishes.

It has been remarked that there is no ancient example of any state so circumscribed in territory, extending so far and wide its influence, as Syracuse. In military fame she was equal to Lacedæmon, and contested successfully with the Athenians for naval pre-eminence! Her laws excited the admiration of Aristotle. The great Theban bard sung the victories of her conquerors in the games of Greece. From her power emanated the colonies of Acraë, Casmenæ, and Camarina. Her resources were so great, that Gelo offered to assist the Grecian states in their armament against the Persians with 28,000 troops and 200 *triremes*, and, in addition, to supply provisions for the entire army of Greece, during the continuance of the war; and the perfection she had attained in the fine arts was such as to soften the hitherto rigid habits of her Roman conquerors, to refine their taste, and to excite and ensure their clemency.

Fazello tells us that her skill in works of gold, silver, and embroidery, was proverbial. The extent and magnificence of her buildings we have already adverted to. The superb medallions of Philistides sufficiently testify the superiority she had attained in the numismatic art; and of the extent of her sculptural embellishments we may form some idea from the remark of Cicero, that the Syracusans lost more statues by the rapacity of Verres than they did men by the victories of Marcellus.

The indefatigable Capodieci (the compiler of forty folio volumes on the antiquities of his native city) presents us with a glorious list of warriors, statesmen, poets, philosophers, and men of science, whom he claims for Syracuse; and proud indeed must that city be which could produce Agathocles and Dionysius as commanders! Philistus as an historian! the poet Theocritus! and, greater by far than all these, her own Archimedes! It was in this city, too, where the friendship of Damon and Pythias was fostered, and whose inhabitants derived their greatest pleasure in listening to the verses of Euripides.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

BY J. B. SYME.

(Written for the Instructor.)

Give me thy hand, brother—give me thy hand—
But not as thy fathers did, dripping with gore;
Daah down the gauntlet and sliver the brand,
But not in the fashion they did so of yore:
Throw away war's array, and let us prove
Which has the heart that is strongest in love!

Art thou of France, where the vine-blossoms cluster,
Bathed in the dewy shower, kiss'd by the sun?
Art thou of France, where the gay maidens muster,
To dance with their swains, when their labour is done?
Then give me thy hand, for my heart can agree
To bless all that's good in thy nation with thee!

Oh! say wert thou nurtured on Uri's dark hills,
Where the proud pine-tree waves by the birthplace of Tell?
Or didst thou first smile by Geneva's clear rills,
Where the fairest of flowers are like gems on the fall?
Then give me thy hand, and the heathflower in mine
Shall a love-token bloom on that bonnet of thine!

Dost thou come from Columbia afar o'er the deep,
Where the forest is moaning its dirge to the storm,
Where the bison and elk o'er the wide prairie sweep,
And labour's proud lord tills his wilderness farm?
Oh! then come away, as a brother should come,
For our fathers were one in the same island home!

My brother, what matter though dark be thy skin,
And the land of thy love is benighted and lorn?
Thou'rt a man, with a spirit immortal within,
And the image thou bearest Messiah has borne:
Then give me thy hand, and I'll clasp it in love
Till our spirits are one in the mansions above!

Dost thou come from the South, where the zephyrs, at eve,
Sigh over the plains that are laden with balm?
Dost thou come from the East, where the pariahs grieve,
In their outcast retreats, 'neath the leaves of the palm?—

'Neath the sun of the South or in Borean night—
Say, brother, where smilith thy hearth of delight?

Oh! I care not whence come ye, nor whither ye dwell—
In the palace or cot, in the south or the north:
Be thy brow of the darkest, thy home on the fell,
I care not;—I only know manhood and worth:
Then thy hand, brother man! and, oh, let us prove
That the earth's brightest sunshine is 'brotherly love'!

GREGORY'S GONG.

TOLL THE SECOND.

GREGORY was the youngest of a family of six sons; his mother died in the same year in which he was born; his eldest brother had gone early to sea, and his other brothers died in their infancy; he lost his father in his eighth year, who had nothing to leave him but his blessing. His uncle William, a wealthy bachelor, seeing no way in which he could in decency desert the orphan boy, took him home and sent him to a day-school, and, paying for the same regularly at each quarter, concluded that he was getting educated; in other respects, he treated Gregory with the greatest indifference, and only longed for the time when he would get rid of him. The master of the school cared more for the receipt of fees than the disbursement of learning, and allowed Gregory and the rest of the scholars to learn just as much or as little as they chose. Gregory was an idle contemplative boy, who took ample advantage of the master's indulgence; he was fonder of writing verses of his own than translating those of Horace. He tried to take a share in the sports of his schoolfellows, but he felt that his heart vibrated with feelings unknown to and unfelt by them; if amid the revels his eye caught the pensiveness of an autumn evening sky, or his ear the mournful scream of the curlew, it was enough, he was instantly carried away in the spirit to a world of his own, 'mournful yet pleasing to the soul.' In the youthful assembly of dancers he was, like his companions, a lover, but what was to them the joyous excitement of the hour only, was to Gregory the source of lasting and exquisite misery; he sat at a distance and feasted his eyes, by turns in love and jealousy, on his all-unconscious fair; and on the following day, when his schoolfellows returned with light and careless hearts to their accustomed sports, Gregory sought some retired spot, and even on those days realised all the agony of absent lovers so powerfully described by Thomson. He grew more and more estranged from his companions, with whom he had little or nothing in common, while he had much, and that of an ethereal nature, of which they seemed to be perfectly ignorant; he even at this early age may be said to have been a hermit.

Gregory had reached his seventeenth year, and was dreaming on in his idle contemplative way, when he was suddenly roused, as if by a peal of thunder, by the demand of his uncle, 'Gregory, what do you intend to be?' This was a question for which Gregory was quite unprepared, but as an answer must be given, he gave a hurried and agitated glance at the church, law, and physic, but all these required Latin, if not Greek, and of these poor Gregory had no stock on hand. A mechanical occupation seemed too troublesome, and his heart sunk at the idea of shopkeeping. The army, then, seemed the only opening for a gentleman that did not require learning; here was a provision ready made—a bill payable at sight. It is true Gregory had none of young Norval's ambition 'to be a soldier and to gain a name in arms.' Gregory wished only to secure his dinner; he neither liked the idea of a messroom nor greatly desired a battle-field; but he felt a dogged determination to brave both as the only available means of a livelihood. The adventures of a military career, and visiting foreign lands, were the only parts of the picture that had charms for Gregory. As to the probability of his being shot, if he lost a leg or an arm he would be sure of a pension, and if killed outright he would not require one; so Gregory, after some delaying coughs, in reply to his uncle's question, with unwonted

energy said, 'A soldier, to be sure.' The uncle was as much taken aback by the answer as Gregory had been with the question; however he was pleased to think he would thus get him off his hands for good and all, and at once concurred in Gregory's choice.

The provision made for Gregory as a military man was one he had not anticipated, viz., a cadetship in the Hon. East India Company's service. This, however, was rather agreeable to his feelings: it opened the prospect of visiting distant lands, and, if spared some twenty years, he could retire on a pension, to indulge in his native land his own manner of life, when the memory of other scenes, wanderings, and adventures, would give a greater zest to his hermitage. Besides, a young man beginning his military career as an Indian cadet has this great advantage, especially if at all constituted like Gregory—he does not start as a raw Johnny and a novice into a messroom crowded with veteran heroes, as expert in the field of wit as of arms, and who regard the new comer as good for nothing but a target to shoot their bright ideas at, or, at the best, as a fag to ring the bell for more wine, dignifying him with the beautiful cognomen of 'boots'—he joins a squad of cadets, all as uninitiated as himself in military tactics, and keeps him in countenance in his ignorance.

It was about the beginning of the present century that Gregory proceeded alone to Portsmouth, to embark for India, the place of his adoption. A passage to India, in those days, was a very different thing to sailing at a fixed rate from Southampton in the present. We were at war with France. The company's ships sailed in fleets, and the arrangement for the dispatch of so many ships at once was a heavy task for the officials in Leadenhall Street. When government had to grant a convoy; and ships of all kinds and sizes, from the South Sea whaler down to the Canada trading tub, had to congregate to take advantage of protection as far as their course was the same, so that it was sometimes a month or six weeks after the day appointed were the numerous and medley assemblage got under weigh. During that period some fifty or sixty cadets, aspirants after gold mohurs and glory, had also congregated in the hotels and lodging-houses of Portsmouth, waiting for the sailing signal, like merry-hearted schoolboys wild with vacation, and now doubly excited by the novelty of the scene and their position, but not a little detrimental to the purses of their parents, to whom the flooding of the said fleet, with their dearly beloved sons, could have been the most welcome news. A few of these young warriors were accompanied by their relatives, anxious to enjoy their society to the last moment; but the greater part were left their own masters, though not always masters of themselves. Among this number was Jerry Jenkins, a young Irishman; his father, a grocer, gave his vote in Cork, had the happiness to secure a banishment to the East Indies for the plague of his life, and had just been able to muster the needful for his outfit and passage, and to put into his pocket as much as would keep him afloat for a fortnight at Portsmouth—the most he thought that would possibly be required. But, alas! five weeks had elapsed, and Jerry was still on *terra firma* in old England, and three weeks in arrears to honest Mrs M'Cutlets for bed and board. At last, one forenoon, in his ramble, he was told by a brother cadet that the fleet was positively to sail next day, and that the signal for sailing would be fired about noon. Jerry thanked him for the information, and seeing that no time was to be lost if he wished to save his passage to India, his grand aim was now to escape the iron gripe of his worthy landlady, who had no doubt would, whenever she heard of the time for sailing being fixed, demand an immediate settlement of accounts with her 'young gentleman,' as she continued to call him, though she had begun 'to doot in her ain heart how far this appellation was deserved by Maister Jenkins.' Jerry's heavy luggage was all on board, and he had nothing left at Mrs M'Cutlet's but a leather portmanteau, the contents of which had one by one been conveyed to the pawnbroker's shop, and the vacancies duly supplied with brickbats. Jerry had reserved one splendid

shilling for last extremities on shore, and another to pay for a seat in the boat taking him to the ship. In some degree reconciling his conscience, which was not very particular, with the reflection that his landlady would at least have part payment in the really serviceable portmanteau, and some kind of vague distant intention, when plucking the pagoda-tree or storming some nabob's palace and rifling his jewel-chest, to pay Mrs M'Cutlets in full of all demands, together with compound interest, but for the present resolved that she should see his face no more, he commenced his military tactics by taking French leave of his Scotch creditor. He therefore lost no time in taking up his quarters in one of the lowest descriptions of lodging-garrets, at the end of a dingy lane, commanding a view of the sea and fleet; there, in his obscure den, lighted by one pane of glass, whose neighbour frame was darkened by what had once, perhaps, been the head-piece of some distinguished dandy, with no other company than his shillela and his own meditations, Jerry determined to lie couched in close concealment till the signal-gun should announce his release. Had Jerry been a young man of any reflection, his thoughts in his present situation would not have been, one might suppose, of a gratifying nature; but as reflections could only have returned on himself, he resolutely denied them all admittance, and preferred solacing himself with the pictures and golden prospects of the pagoda land.

Bedtime at last came to both Mrs M'Cutlets and the young gentleman. Jerry was glad at its arrival, as it would get him through some of the tedious hours of his 'durance vile.' His non-appearance at bedtime at his lodgings seemed to Mrs M'Cutlets almost a confirmation of her fears respecting the efficiency of the purse and principles of the young Irishman; but when her clock announced the 'chap o' twal,' all hopes of his return fled for ever. In her first fit of desperation she fell foul of Jerry's portmanteau, to which she had often given a kick with her sturdy understanding *en passant*, to judge of its solidity; but as it always proved immovable to her assault, she concluded it was well supplied. Now, with mixed feelings of doubt, desperation, and impatience, she rushed furiously at the leather stability; without waiting to try the lock, she seized a carving-knife, made a slashing anatomical incision around the iron, and threw open the lid. On seeing the contents, she burst into a flood of tears and volley of abuse, 'Stanes! the scoundrel, stanes! Oh, the vile Erish blackguard, to cheat a poor lone widow! But I'll try and get haud o' the young villain yet, and gie him the stane-frigate* to sail in; I'll East India the vagabond!' So saying, she hurried on her tartan cloak, and sallied forth in quest 'o' her man o' business, with whom we shall leave her, to lay her plans for outflanking the enemy, and change the scene to the morning of the following day.

THE FLOWER-BASKET.

CHAPTER II.

THE judge now found himself in considerable perplexity. 'This is now the third day,' said he to the secretary next morning, 'and we are just as far forward as at first. If I could only see how any one else could possibly have got the ring, I would certainly believe the girl to be innocent. Such determination in one so young is most unexampled; but the circumstances are so clear against her that it cannot be otherwise—she must have taken the ring.' He waited on the countess, made particular inquiry into the most minute circumstances; he examined Nancy again, and spent nearly the whole day in reflecting on all the occurrences of the trial. At last, late in the evening, he ordered old Jacob to be brought before him. 'Jacob,' said he to the old man, 'I am given out to be a very severe man, yet no one can say that I ever acted unjustly to any one. I believe you think that I shall not condemn your daughter to death; but, from every circumstance, it ap-

* Cant name for a prison.

pears that she has committed the theft, and according to law she must die. The evidence of the lady's-maid brings the matter to a certainty. If your daughter would produce the ring, and thus repair the damage done, she might perhaps be pardoned on account of her youth. But if she continues stubbornly and obstinately to maintain her falsehood, and thus by obstinacy to make up her lack of years, she must be convicted and die. Therefore, go to her, Jacob, and speak with her; tell her to give up the ring, and I give you my hand that she shall, on this condition—but, mark me, only on this condition—be permitted to escape with a very slight punishment.'

'I will certainly speak with her,' said Jacob; 'but that she has not stolen the ring, and therefore cannot confess it, I know already to a certainty. But I will try; and accept it as a favour, since my child, who is innocent, must be executed, that I am permitted once more to see her and hold conversation with her.'

An officer led the old man to Maria's cell in silence, and having placed the glimmering lamp on the stone table beside the dish and stone jug that contained Maria's supper, which was still untouched, he left them together and closed the door. Maria was lying upon her straw-bed with her face turned to the wall, in a soft slumber; when she opened her eyes and saw the light of the lamp she turned round, and, seeing her father, she gave a loud cry, sprang from her couch so hastily that her chains rattled, and rushing to her father, she fell into his arms half-fainting. He sat down with her upon the bed, and, folding her in his arms, both remained weeping for a long time in silence. At length her father told her what he was commissioned to do. 'Oh, my father,' said she, interrupting him, 'do you too begin to doubt my innocence? Oh!' she continued, weeping bitterly, 'is there then no one left in this world who believes in my own innocence? Even my own father doubts it. Oh, father, believe me—believe that your child is not a thief!'

'Be quiet, my dear child,' said the old man. 'I believe thee; I was merely commanded to ask you.' Both were again silent. He gazed earnestly at her; he observed that her cheeks were pale and wasted with sorrow, her eyes were red and swollen with weeping, and her fine long auburn hair was all dishevelled and flowing over her neck and shoulders. 'Poor child,' said he, 'God has laid a sore affliction upon thee, but I fear—I fear that the worst, the most trying, is yet to come.' A flood of tears interrupted him. 'But, once more,' said he, after a pause, 'Nancy has given evidence against thee; she has protested upon oath that she saw the ring in your hand. Her evidence is the cause of your death, if you must die; but you forgive her freely—you will carry no hatred with you into the next world?' Maria assured him she did. 'And now,' said her father, when he heard the jailer coming, 'I commit thee to God and his grace, and to thy glorious Redeemer, who, though he was innocent, suffered as a malefactor; and should this be the last time you are to see my face—should this be the last time I am to see my child, I shall soon follow thee to heaven; for this last stroke—I feel it—is too hard for me—I cannot long survive thee.'

The jailer now entered and hurried Jacob to depart. Maria wished to detain him, and clasped him wildly to her bosom. He gently freed himself from her grasp, and she fell upon the straw in a swoon. Jacob was now brought before the judge. 'I affirm,' said he, as he entered the room, 'that she is innocent.' Raising his hand, he repeated, 'She is innocent—my child is not a thief.'

'That I may also believe,' said the judge; 'but, alas, I dare not judge according to your affirmations. I must act as the circumstances of the case and the letter of the law direct me.'

Every one in the castle and around Eichburg were anxious to learn how Maria's case would terminate. Every kind-hearted person trembled for her life, for at that period theft was a capital crime, and many a one had been executed for stealing sums of money not the twentieth part of the value of the ring. The count himself wished earnestly that Maria might be proven innocent; the

countess and her daughter pleaded earnestly that her life might be spared; her old father, in prison, supplicated God day and night that he would be pleased to make his daughter's innocence manifest.

The judge at length passed sentence on Maria. He declared, that on account of manifest theft and obstinate falsehood she should have been put to death, but from particular regard to her youth, and otherwise blameless character, she would only be sent to prison for life; that her father, having either in very deed, or by an evil education, taken part with her in her crime and stubbornness should be banished from the district, and his effects sold to pay the expenses of the trial. The count, however, by his influence procured that Maria, instead of imprisonment, should be banished with her father, and to avoid any more inquiry about the ring, they were ordered to depart early next morning.

When Maria and her father, having been dismissed from prison, were passing by the gate of the castle, Nancy came out. The affair had terminated in a very different manner from what this thoughtless and malicious girl had imagined, and now she had regained all her former boldness. That Maria should be executed troubled her exceedingly, but that she was to be banished was just what she wanted. Some days before, the young countess, who had seen Maria's flower-basket standing on her table, said to her—'Take this basket from my sight; it awakens too painful recollections, and I cannot look at it but with sorrow.' Nancy had taken it away, and now she brought it in her hand, and holding it out scornfully to Maria, she said, 'Here, there is your present back again; my lady wishes nothing from such hands as yours. Your glory is now faded, like the flowers for which you paid yourself so handsomely, and it gives me great pleasure to be able to return you your basket.' She threw the basket at Maria's feet, and, turning about, went back into the castle with a scornful laugh, shutting the door behind her with as great a noise as possible. Maria, with tears in her eyes, lifted up the basket in silence and passed on. Her father had not even a staff for his journey, and Maria had only her little basket. With weeping eyes and sorrowful heart Maria gazed wistfully on her once happy home, which she was now forced to leave for ever. Many a hundred times did she look back, until at last even the spires of the church and towers of the castle were hidden from her eyes by a high hill which they passed by. When the officer who had accompanied them over the borders of the district left them, the old man, full of sorrow and painful reflections, sat down upon a mossy stone beneath an aged oak. 'Come, my daughter,' said he, folding Maria in his arms, and pressing her hands together—'come, and let us, first of all, return thanks to God for his having in his great mercy delivered us from the black narrow prison, and once more brought us under his own blue sky, and permitted us to breathe the pure air of heaven; that he has preserved our lives, and restored thee, my dear child, to my aged arms.' Once more he raised his eyes upwards to the clear blue vault of heaven, which glanced through the rich green foliage of the noble oak, and he prayed with a loud voice. When both had finished their solemn devotions, they felt themselves considerably comforted and joyful in their hearts. The old forester of the count, who had entered service with Jacob, now came up to the place where the latter was still seated. Antony (for so was he called) had been in pursuit of a stag since daybreak. 'God be with you, Jacob,' said he; 'I thought I heard your voice, and I see I am not mistaken; and have they really banished you? 'Tis very hard for a person to be compelled to leave his beloved home in his old days.'

'Far as the blue heaven is stretched,' said Jacob, 'is God's dominion. The earth is his property, over which he rules in love and mercy, but our home is in heaven.'

'Is it possible?' said the old forester. 'They have sent you out just as you stand, with not even the clothing necessary for such a journey!'

'He who clothes the flowers of the field,' said Jacob, 'will also clothe us.'

'Jacob,' said the forester, 'take this stout thorn stick; in worse times I have made my way by its assistance over the steep and rugged mountain, and have kept it ever since through good and evil fortune—take it, for you have not even a walking-stick. And there,' he continued, drawing a leather-purse from his pocket, 'take that too; you will find in it a little money; I received it last night for some wood, in the village where I passed the night.'

'The staff,' said Jacob, 'I will gladly keep in remembrance of an honest, kind man, but the money I cannot accept; as it is for wood, it belongs to the count.'

'Honest old man,' said the hunter, 'have no fear. The money is paid to the count long ago. Several years ago I lent it to an old man whose cow had perished, and who was unable to pay his wood which he had bought; I thought no more about it, until last night, when I saw him; he returned it to me with many thanks, as he is now in better circumstances. God has destined the money for you.'

'Well, then,' said Jacob, 'I will accept it, and God will reward you in some other way. See, Maria,' said he to his daughter, 'how God, even at the beginning of our journey, begins to care and provide for us. Here, before we have crossed the borders, he has sent us an old friend, not only with a staff, but also with money for our journey. Before I have risen from this stone he has heard us; therefore, let us rejoice. God will still care for and protect us.'

The old hunter now took his leave with tears in his eyes; and Jacob, rising from his seat, took his daughter by the hand, and, following the footpath through the forest, wandered forth into the wide world.

Maria and her aged father continued to travel onward farther and farther from their once happy home. They had already wandered upwards of a hundred miles without finding a resting-place; their little money was all gone, and both began to feel very sorrowful, for they found it indescribably hard to ask for alms, which at last they must do. At many a door they met with a harsh refusal, and at others, after much grumbling, they received a morsel of dry bread, of which, with the water of the next stream, they often made a repast. Sometimes they received pieces of broken meat or bread, or perhaps a little soup; but Maria often noticed what sorcery and inquiries they were subjected to before they could even procure a morsel of bread. One day, when they had travelled for a long time through woods and over hills without coming to any place, the old man became unwell; pale and speechless he sank down beneath a fir-tree. Almost crazed with distress and apprehension, Maria looked around on all sides, and at last desecring a farm-house, she ran to it and implored assistance. This was readily granted by the farmer and his wife, who were kind people; Jacob was placed in bed and carefully nursed, and as his ailment arose chiefly from fatigue and privation, he soon rallied. The old man, who never wished to eat the bread of idleness, no sooner felt his strength returning than he commenced to prepare some baskets, and Maria gathered hazel twigs and willows for him. His first work was that of gratitude; he made a beautiful strong basket for the wife of the farmer. He hit her taste exactly. On the lid he had interwoven her initials, and the day of the month and year; on the side he worked, in different colours, a farm-house with thatched roof, and a fir tree at each end of it. All in the house were astonished at the beauty of the workmanship; the mistress was overjoyed with her basket, and the picture of her house, which was called 'Pine Farm,' pleased her exceedingly.

When Jacob was completely recovered, after expressing his deep sense of gratitude to the farmer and his wife, he said, 'It is now time we should ease you of your burden, and that I should take my staff in my hand again.'

But the farmer, taking him by the hand, said, 'What fancy is this, dear Jacob? I hope we have done nothing to make you uneasy—then why should you leave us?'

The wife dried her eyes with her apron, and exclaimed, 'You must remain with us! The year is now far advanced,

the hedges and trees are already yellow, and winter is at the door. Would you then wish your sickness back again?'

Jacob assured the worthy couple that his only reason for departing was to avoid being a burden to them any longer.

'Speak no more of being a burden,' said the farmer, 'where you at present dwell you are not in the way, and all that you require you can easily earn it yourself.'

'Yes,' said his wife, 'Maria can do that herself by her knitting and sewing; and if you, Jacob, choose to go on making baskets, you need have no fear. When I was at the baptism at the miller's house on the other side, I had taken your beautiful basket with me; his wife, with many others who were there, were very anxious to have one like it; so that you may not want employment: I can get plenty of orders for you.'

Jacob and Maria at last consented to remain, at which the farmer and his wife manifested the greatest joy and delight.

The two wanderers were now settled in a neat cottage close to the farm-house, and Maria felt the joy of other days steal over her heart, when she could once more stand before the bright fire and prepare food for her beloved father. They lived very happily together. While Jacob worked at his baskets, Maria was either sewing or knitting, and their occupation was enlivened, as usual, by useful and interesting conversation. Many a happy evening was spent in the little parlour, where the farmer and his wife, and others about their house, used to assemble, and listen with the greatest delight to Jacob's amusing stories and instructive discourses; and thus did winter, spite of all his storms, pass away very happily. Adjoining the house was a large piece of ground, laid out for a garden, though it was in a very bad condition. The farmer had no time to attend to it, and, besides, his knowledge of gardening was very limited. Jacob therefore undertook to put it into order. In the beginning of winter he had made preparations for this, and hardly had the snow disappeared when he and Maria were to be found working in it early and late. They divided the whole into distinct portions, some of which were planted with different kinds of vegetables and other useful plants, others with flowers for bees, and the walks were all laid afresh with clean gravel. But Maria could not rest until she had got her father to bring with him, from the town where he got his seeds, several rose-bushes, lilies, auriculas, wallflowers, stocks, and several other of the most beautiful kinds of flowers, of which the people of that remote district had no knowledge whatever. The garden flourished, and was soon all loveliness and beauty; in short, the comparatively lonely little spot soon put on an appearance of beauty and comfort. Several fruit trees also flourished under Jacob's skillful hand, and yielded abundance of fruit; so that there was a blessing in all he put his hand to. The old gardener was now in his element. He again began to make his observations on plants and flowers, yet he never wearied his hearers with old remarks, for he always found something new to speak of.

One beautiful Sunday morning Maria went into the garden—there had been rain for two days before—and saw the first lily of the season in full bloom; she was delighted, and ran and called the others, who had long been wishing to see it.

'How beautiful and white, how clean and spotless it is!' said the farmer's wife.

'Yes,' said Jacob, with emotion; 'would that the souls of all men were as pure and spotless; what a pleasing spectacle would it be to God and his holy angels! A pure heart only is related to heaven.'

'How beautiful and straight, how slender and erect it stands!' said the farmer.

'As a finger that points always to heaven,' said Jacob. 'I love to see them in a garden; every one who has a little garden should always have lilies in it. We people who are continually turning up the earth are very apt to forget heaven above us, and this beautiful straight flower may serve to remind us, that amidst all our toil and labour

we should look upwards for something better and more enduring than what earth can give to us. Every plant,' continued he, with warmth and emphasis, 'even the tender blades of grass strive upwards; and what is too weak to ascend of itself, as these pease or the hops yonder, twines itself round and rises by the aid of tendrils and props; and surely it were too debasing should man, with all his high thoughts, aspirations, and hopes, be contented to creep for ever in the dust.'

Jacob and Maria had, in industry and pleasant labour, together with agreeable conversations and many innocent pleasures, now spent nearly three years at Pine Farm, in such a happy manner that their former troubles were almost forgotten. But when another harvest was nearly gone; when the sun began to cast longer shadows on the neighbouring hills; when the last ornaments of the garden, the red and blue asters, had faded; when the trees of the forest lost their variegated foliage; and when nature seemed preparing for the repose of winter, Jacob felt a very considerable decrease of his usual health and strength, and he often felt himself very unwell. 'Tis true he concealed all this from Maria for fear of alarming her, but in all his remarks there was often a solemnity and a melancholy of expression which deeply pierced the heart of his anxious and loving daughter. Maria once noticed a rose which had been late in blowing, and as she was about to pluck it the leaves suddenly fell from it and were strewed on the ground. 'That is an emblem of mortality,' said her father; 'in youth, we are like a new blown rose, but we soon fade away; the time of our flourishing soon passes by. Set no value, my child, on the vain and perishable beauty of the body; seek after virtue, which is everlastingly beautiful; strive after the beauty of the imperishable soul, which can never fade.'

As the winter set in very cold and stormy, mountain and valley were soon covered with deep snow, and Jacob was taken very ill. Maria entreated him to allow the doctor to be brought from the next town, and the kind-hearted farmer went and brought him in his own sledge. After the doctor had seen him, and prescribed certain medicines, Maria accompanied him to the door and asked him whether he had any hope of her father's speedy recovery. He told her that though there was no immediate danger, yet, from the nature of his complaint and his great age, he could give her no hopes of his recovery. Maria sat down alone and wept bitterly. But she dried up her tears and tried to be composed when she went in to see her father, for fear she might grieve him.

The pious old man, who was fully conscious that, though he might recover for a little, this would be his last sickness, was most calm and contented. He spoke of his death with serenity, nay, even with cheerfulness. But Maria often exclaimed, weeping, 'Oh, speak no more of it, dear father! I dare not think of it! What should I do then? Ah, your poor Maria would have no one to care for more in this world!'

'Weep not, my beloved child,' her father would say, taking her hand; 'you have a kind Father in heaven, who will watch over and protect you when your earthly father is taken away. How you shall support yourself in the world is the least concern. The fowls of the air find food, and why should you not do the same? God feeds the sparrows on the house-tops, and why should he not feed you? Man requires but little upon earth, and even that little he does not long require. But I have another and a greater care; it is that you may always remain as kind, pious, and humble as, God in his mercy be praised, I now behold you, my child. My eyes shall soon close for ever on this world; I shall no longer watch over thee; but only reflect the more that thy heavenly Father guards thee, sees thee, and looks into thy inmost soul. Thou wouldst be afraid to do anything to displease or deceive thy earthly father; oh, then, beware of doing anything to displease thy Father in heaven! Look at me once more, my Maria; oh, if ever you should be tempted to commit a crime, remember my pallid cheeks, think on these tears! Come, my child, put thy hand into mine, which must soon moulder in the dust.

Promise me thou wilt not forget my words. In the hour of temptation, let my cold hand restrain thee from the fearful abyss. Dear child, you gaze on my pale withered countenance with tears. Thus you see how perishable is everything earthly. I once had a blooming face, fresh and red as thine; and unless God shall call thee sooner hence, thou also shalt lie on a sickbed pale and wasted as I do now. The joys of my youth are gone, like the beautiful flowers of spring, and their place knows them not. Like the dews of morning, which glance for a moment and disappear, all my earthly delights are vanished for ever. But virtue and a good conscience are like precious stones; these are the diamonds which no earthly power can tarnish or destroy. Oh, my child, seek, seek earnestly, after this enduring treasure. Be pious, my child; remember thy Creator; walk as in his presence; bear him in thine heart; trust only to him for grace to enable thee to do all this. In him alone I have found my sweetest joy, and my only sure comfort in the time of trouble. You remember your grief when I fell sick on our long journey hither. God made this sickness the mean of bringing us to this resting-place, where we have been able to spend three happy years with these kind country-people. But for this sickness, we might never have come to their door, or, if we had, they might have kindly given us a basin of milk and so let us go again. But for this sickness, we should neither have known them so well nor learned to love one another so much; out of this sickness have sprung all the pleasures we have enjoyed here—all the good which we may have been the means of doing—and all the happy and contented days we have enjoyed. Thus, Maria, even in our worst days, we may see God's mercy and kindness. As God has scattered beautiful flowers over hill and valley, by streams and rivulets, nay, even in fens and morasses, that we may see his goodness; in like manner, in every occurrence of our lives, there are traces of his love, mercy, and wisdom, so clearly manifested, that every one who is the least attentive may see them and make them a source of joy and comfort. Every man, if he will but attend, may see them clearly in the occurrences of his own life.'

With these and similar instructions did Jacob seek to prepare Maria for the situation in which she was now to be placed; for he felt that his hour was at hand. During his illness, he was frequently visited by the minister, who at the same time always endeavoured to cheer Maria and prepare her for her father's loss. On the night of his death, Maria was as usual by his bedside; he took his Testament, which had always been his companion. 'Accept this book,' said he, 'as a remembrance of thy father. Study it carefully, and follow its precepts, and it will bring thee an everlasting treasure. Thy father's last blessing is with it.' About three o'clock in the morning, he said to her, 'Maria, I am somewhat faint, open the window a little.' She immediately opened the casement. The moon was no longer visible, but the stars were sparkling bright in the sky. 'Look how beautiful the sky is!' said he; 'what are all the flowers of spring compared with these sparkling stars—I shall soon come to thee—Oh, how I rejoice—live piously, my child, that thou mayest also come!' with these words he sunk back in the bed, and fell asleep in peace and gladness.

Maria thought he had only fainted; she had never seen a corpse, nor had any one thought him so near his end. Maria grew terrified; she awoke the people in the house, who came in haste to the bedside. As soon as Maria heard he was really dead, she flew to the pale corpse, pressed it in her arms, and with tears kissed her father's pallid cheeks. 'Oh, thou good, kind father!' cried she, 'how can I ever repay thee for all thou hast done for me? Oh, I cannot, I cannot! Oh, accept my thanks for every kind word of instruction, which these pale lips can give me no longer! With gratitude I kiss thy cold stiff hands, which have conferred on me so many blessings—which have laboured so hard for me—which chastised me in my youth with a father's care. Oh, now, how I see you always meant it for my good! Forgive me, my father, all that I have done to grieve you through childish folly.

Oh, God, do thou reward him for all his love! Oh, my God, let my latter end be like his!

The bystanders all wept. At length the farmer's wife, with tears and entreaties, persuaded Maria to go with her from the room; but Maria was not to be wearied. The following night she watched by her father's corpse, and read, and wept, and prayed by turns until morning. Before the coffin was closed, she looked once more at the body. 'Ah!' said she, 'the last time I saw this venerable countenance, how beautiful it was! How sweetly he smiled, as if already surrounded with the beams of future glory. Oh, farewell, farewell, my dear father! May thy bones rest in peace, and thy spirit rejoice in that heaven for which thou hast so often longed.'

After the melancholy duties of the funeral were over, Maria endeavoured to apply herself to her old occupation; but she was for some time very sad, and often went to weep and pray by her father's grave. To her every flower seemed to have lost its beautiful hue; the trees of the forest appeared black and gloomy, as if clothed in the sable garb of mourning. It is true, time alleviated her sorrow, but new distresses were in store for her. Since her father's death things had been much changed at Pine Farm. The old farmer had given up his farm to his only son, a quiet and peaceable young man. His young wife was very beautiful and also wealthy, but, excepting vanity of her beauty and love for her riches, she possessed no other quality; and at length pride and avarice took such hold on her, that her original beauty by degrees disappeared. When she perceived that anything would be agreeable to her father or mother-in-law, she was sure not to do it; and at last paid them the stipulated sum for their support with great reluctance; they suffered a thousand hardships, and she almost counted every morsel they put in their mouths. The kind old people were removed into the back apartments, and were rarely allowed to appear in the main-house. Things were not much different with the husband. The rude woman, with vulgar taunts and reproaches, upbraided him with the great wealth she had brought him; and the only way to prevent mischief the whole day long was his patient submission. She would not so much as allow him to visit his parents, because, as she said, he might take them something privately. It was only after his day's labour that he ventured to spend a few minutes with them, and then he usually complained of his unhappy lot.

'Yes, yes,' the old farmer would say, 'your mother was too much taken up with the glitter of the gold; you, my son, were too easily deceived by a pair of beautiful cheeks, and I have yielded myself too easily up to you all. We are all three punished; we should have taken the advice of poor honest Jacob. This marriage would never have pleased that prudent man. Do you remember what he once said, wife, when you said that a thousand pounds was a great and beautiful sum of money? 'Yes,' said Jacob, 'it is a great sum of money, but it is not beautiful: the flowers in that garden are ten thousand times more beautiful. Had you said a heavy sum you would be right; for so it is, and requires strong shoulders to bear it, without which it will press one to the earth and make him a poor, crippled, worldly-minded, wretched being. Why strive after so much money? You have never wanted yet—you had always something over. Believe me, too much wealth produces naughtiness and vanity. As great and necessary a blessing as rain is, yet too much of it will destroy the finest plant that ever grew.' These were the words of pious Jacob, and I think I hear him yet. Once, my son, you had said that a beautiful woman was like a blooming rose. 'But,' said the reasonable old man, 'a flower is not merely beautiful—it unites usefulness to its beauty; it affords us the richest of gifts—the pure wax and the precious honey. A beautiful person, without virtue, is but a paper rose—a wretched dead thing, without fragrance or vitality, yielding neither wax nor honey.' Thus spake honest Jacob; but we would not listen, so we must now suffer. What once appeared to us the greatest happiness is now our greatest misery. God give us grace to bear this and all our trials with patience and submission.'

Things went very hard with poor Maria. Because the old people occupied the small house, the young wife ordered her out into a wretched place, although there were several good rooms standing empty; and, out of malice, she inflicted upon her every imaginable evil. The whole day she quarrelled her, and Maria could neither work enough, nor do anything to please her. The poor orphan now found that she was looked upon as very troublesome. The old people could give her no comfort—they had none for themselves. Often she thought to go away altogether, but where to go or what to do she knew not. She went and asked the advice of the pious clergyman at Erlenbrunn.

'Your residence at Pine Farm, my dear Maria,' said he, 'is nearly closed. Your father has given you an education fit for any city family; at Pine Farm they require you to labour as a rude country girl, and lay burdens upon you which you cannot bear. Still I cannot advise you to go directly out into a strange world. My best advice is to remain for the present, while I endeavour to find out some pious Christian family into which you can enter; but, above all, pray to God for grace to enable you to sustain this trial, and He shall eventually make all things work together for your good.'

Maria thanked him for his good advice and promised to follow it.

In the midst of Maria's sufferings the anniversary of her father's birth, the 25th July, came round. Till the present time this had always been a joyful day with her; but this time she greeted the golden beams of the sun, which were streaming in at her window, with tears. Formerly she had been accustomed to make a little present to her father which she had secretly prepared. She had always made ready some little extra dish for him, and placed a bottle of wine upon the clean little table, carefully decorated with flowers. How gladly would she have manifested her love to him on this occasion had that been possible! The people of the country were accustomed to adorn the graves of their deceased friends with flowers on each anniversary of their birth, and Maria had often gladly given them flowers for the purpose. Thus the thought entered her mind to do the same on this day to her father's grave. She cast her eyes on the little basket—the cause of her first sorrow—as it stood on her small trunk. She therefore took it, and, having filled it with fresh flowers and green leaves, went, an hour before church-time, to Erlenbrunn, and placed the basket on her father's tomb. Her tears dropped on the flowers, on which they glittered like dew-drops. 'My good kind father,' said she, 'thou hast all thy life strewed my path with flowers, and now I will strew thy tomb.' She left the basket standing on the grave, for she had no fears of its being taken away: the simple-minded pious country people admired the beautiful basket, and secretly blessed the love of the kind and pious daughter.

On the following day, while the farmer and his people were away in the forest, a piece of linen which had been put out to bleach on the green was taken away. The young wife was the first to miss it; and as she, like all avaricious people, was full of suspicion, her thoughts immediately fell on Maria as the thief. Jacob, who never made any secret of the story of the ring, had told it to the old people, and the young farmer, perhaps inconsiderately enough, had told it to his wife. When, therefore, Maria entered the house at night with the other servants, the mistress came out of the kitchen raging like a she-dragon, and demanded the linen. Maria modestly replied it was impossible she could have the web, as she had been working in the forest with the other people all the day.

'What!' said the furious woman, 'you thief, do you think I don't know about the ring you stole, and how it was from mere pity that you escaped the executioner's hands? Leave the house this moment; there is no room under my roof for such a vagabond.'

'You will not send her away to-night, and it so late?' said the young farmer; 'at least, let her have supper with us and stop all night, for she has been working hard for us all day in the forest.'

'Not a moment longer,' said the fury; 'and you hold your tongue, else I will stop it with a burning coal.'

The husband saw that his words only increased her rage, and was therefore silent. Maria did not resent the outcry, but quietly packed up what little belonged to her in a white napkin, and, placing it under her arm, thanked them for all the kindness she had received at Pine Farm, and with tears in her eyes implored, as a last favour, that she might be permitted to take leave of the kind-hearted old people.

'That you may do,' said the mistress, scornfully; 'and if you feel inclined, you may take the old greybeard with you too, for death seems to have no inclination for him.'

Both the good people had heard the alarm, and, weeping together, they comforted Maria as well as they could; what few pence they had they gave her. 'Go, dear child,' said they, 'and God be with thee. In thy pious father's blessing thou hast a precious treasure, and God will preserve and bless thee. Think on us, Maria; you will certainly prosper.'

AGRICULTURAL ECONOMICS.

THE specific cause of the deterioration of crops when grown successively on the same soil, is a subject that has frequently engaged the attention of those interested in the chemistry of agriculture. According to De Candolle, all crops subsequent to the first, were deteriorated by noxious excretions from the roots of those that preceded. Later researches, however, by M. Braconnot, have exposed the fallacy of this theory; as it is well known that successive crops of the same plant, frequently of the most exhaustive nature, are grown on tropical and alluvial soils, and in newly settled countries. Liebig's inquiries into the food of plants have also led to a similar conclusion.

With a view of testing the various facts, Dr Daubeny instituted a series of experiments, extending over a period of ten years, in the grounds of the Botanic Garden at Oxford. He hoped, if the excretions, as stated by De Candolle, really existed, to detect their chemical nature, and trace their poisonous influence. It was considered that the object sought would be attained by setting apart a number of plots of ground 100 feet square, uniform in every particular, planting one half of them with the same crop, year after year, until no more could be produced; and the other half with a succession of different crops; and then by an analysis of the soils and crops respectively to arrive at an average result. Should no deleterious agency be detected, there still remained the inquiry whether the deterioration of a crop arises from a diminution of inorganic or of nutritious organic matters in the soil, both being essential to its growth.

Although several plants, including poppies and tobacco, most likely to leave traces of their properties behind them, were selected for the experiments, yet the tests failed to show the presence of any foreign organic matter in the soil that might be due to root excretions. The only exception was in the case of spurge, *euphorbia lathyris*, which died entirely out of the ground in the course of three years. The extremely acrid nature of the juices of this plant may perhaps account for this departure from the general result. Sixteen plants and roots altogether were chosen for the trial, the principal of which, with those above mentioned, were potatoes, barley, hemp, beans, buckwheat, clover, oats, and some garden vegetables. The experiments were begun in 1836, and carried on till 1844; the average of nine years in the case of the potatoes, taking the plot at 100 square feet of surface, was, for the permanent crop, 68 lb., and 89 lb. for the shifting crop. And it is worthy of remark that the latter had been grown after poppies, hemp, buckwheat, beans, &c., respectively, yet the last or ninth crop weighed 98 lb., thus showing that the ground still retained a sufficiency of the elements required for the growth of the potato, although not a particle of manure had been applied. An examination proved 'that the shifting crop contained more starch, and more of the woody fibres and other organic matters which belong to this vegetable than either

of the permanent ones.' The proportion of water was the same in both cases. The potatoes were further tested by chemical combustion, when the greater quantity of ashes left by the permanent over the shifting crop, showed the former to have taken up a greater amount of inorganic matter.

The experiments on barley for ten years leave a decided advantage in favour of the shifting crop; the highest in either case was in the year 1838, when the permanent gave 42 lb., the shifting 75 lb. The average of the ten years was 28 lb. for the first mentioned, and 42 lb. for the other; the latter in each year after a crop of one or the other of the plants above enumerated. The turnips gave 176 lb. shifting crop, to 100 lb. permanent; both the hemp and flax exhibited a gradual deterioration of more than one half during the ten years; the permanent crop of beans also, which in the first year was 38 lb., sank to 9 lb. in the tenth. The decrease of the tobacco was still more rapid; in six years it dwindled from 172 lb. down to 17 lb. In four instances—tobacco, beet-root, endive, and mint—the average was in favour of the permanent crop, while the advantage to the shifting crops generally varied from one to seventy-five per cent.

On analysing the ashes of the plants—a method, the whole importance of which has only been fully recognised within the past few years—the shifting crop of barley was found to contain a third more of silica than the permanent; the other ingredients varied two or three grains more or less from a standard chosen in barley grown in another part of the county. As the effect of these experiments will be to furnish data as to the normal constituents of plants, we shall extract one of the analytical tables: thus, in 100 grains of barley ashes, after deducting 24 for extraneous sand, charcoal, and peroxide of iron, there remained—silica, 24.60; phosphoric acid, 7.81; sulphuric acid, 2.12; carbonic acid, 1.94; chloride of sodium, 4.73; potash, 17.33; magnesia, 4.68; lime, 13.91. As, with slight variations, these quantities were shown in all the other plants and roots, it will be evident that prolonged investigations must eventually lead to the determination of the true basis of plants. The amount of phosphoric acid is shown to be diminished by any circumstances which checks the formation of gluten; hence the advantage of manures abounding in ammoniacal salts. Variations in the constituents of plants arise as much from the greater or lesser exhibition of the decomposed products of organic bodies, as from a larger or smaller supply of inorganic principles. A deficiency of potash has sometimes been found compensated by an excess of soda, thus showing the necessity for the exercise of judgment in keeping the balance even by the application of the requisite fertilising elements. The supposition that common salt improves land by virtue of its alkali, appears to be ill founded; it is, as yet, by no means certain that plants have the power of separating the chloride of sodium which it contains.

The sum of the analyses of the soil, shows that the ten successive crops of turnips had added more of organic matters to the land than had been abstracted; and it was ascertained that the falling off in the crops was not solely attributable to lack of alkali or phosphoric acid, since, after the ten years' crops of barley, there yet remained sufficient of these ingredients in the soil for 34 other crops after the same ratio; and the conclusion has been come to, that the deficiency of other manures prevented the solubility of those two substances, or in some way disturbed the facility with which they are usually taken up by the roots of plants.

The researches of Kuhlmann and Dumas, on the Continent, fully bear out the views entertained by Dr Daubeny. The former gentleman has long been engaged in an extensive series of experiments in Belgium; he has found much mischief to arise from a frequent error with agriculturists—the application of too much manure; weak crops are rotted by it. Some valuable results have been obtained respecting the efficacy of nitrates and ammoniacal salts, without renewal in the second year. Six hundred pounds of nitrate of soda applied to grass land, in plots of 325

feet square, produced an increase of 8500 lb. in the first crop of hay, and 1000 lb. aftermath. The same quantity of sulphate of ammonia gave an excess in the first mowing of 4000 lb. and 500 lb. aftermath. The produce in the second year, although not extraordinary, still showed that the active influence of the salts had not entirely ceased. A striking effect was, however, obtained by the application of between 2000 and 3000 gallons of a liquid manure, containing 24 per cent of gelatine, which produced, in 1843, an increase of 6000 lb. of hay, and in 1844, without renewal, a further increase of 1200 lb. Although grass generally proves extremely exhaustive to the soil, it is shown that the effects of urine, nitrate of soda, and ammoniacal salts, extend beneficially and profitably beyond the first year. The action of non-asotised substances is found to be inappreciable in the amount of produce; they only do good by liberating carbonic acid during their decomposition. M. Kuhlmann observes that the use of these salts is not to be considered solely with reference to its influence on vegetation, but as an important industrial question. It is clear that the benefit derived from these mineral manures renders them of high value in a commercial point of view. The projects now under discussion for economising the sewage refuse of towns will doubtless lead to the manufacture of sulphate of ammonia on a large scale. Nitrate of soda may be extracted in great quantities from sea-water—a new branch of industry which might be profitably introduced round the English and Irish coasts, should the supplies fail now obtained from South America.

M. Dumas exposes another view of the question; he demonstrates the great value of herbivora, as intermediary between carnivora and vegetables; their food consisting of plants which have the property of fixing the azote of the air, creates an abundance of ammoniacal salts in the excretions, and thus contributes to the production of cerealia by a round of operations in which the human race give back to the earth all they take from it. M. Dumas thinks that the ammonia wasted in Europe by exhalation alone, being wafted to other parts of the world and descending in rain, may come back to us in the shape of rice or tea. He instances Belgium as a satisfactory proof of what may be done by a proper economy of manures, and after explaining the reciprocal action of plants and animals in the great economy of nature, shows the possibility of a deficiency of ammonia in some places, which is only to be avoided by the importation of cattle, corn, or azotised manures, or the laying down of a greater quantity of land under pasture. The first three, he argues, are mere temporary expedients when compared with the latter, to which he refers much of the prosperity of this country, where, owing to the number of canals and water-courses, a large extent of meadowland maintains a first-rate breed of cattle, contributing to the fertility of the corn-lands, which are generally doubly as productive as those of France. This, he contends, is the point on which the legislative authorities should fix their attention, since the increase of cattle and pasturage, with the more abundant supplies of manure, would lead to the growth of richer crops with less expenditure of labour than at present: it does not necessarily follow that a diminution of corn-growing surface should be attended by a diminution of produce.

The more active the vegetation the more readily are inorganic matters brought into a condition for assisting the growth of the plant; hence the advantage of alternating crops of the leguminosæ with the cerealia. The organic matters do not enter into the constitution of the plant; in the process of decomposition they create an abundant supply of carbonic acid and ammonia, which, by accelerating the growth of the vegetable, enable it to extract a greater and due proportion of inorganic matters. Land is not unfrequently manured with bones, guano, &c., at a time when these elements already exist in a dormant state in the soil, requiring only the presence of other elements, or a more complete pulverisation of the earth, to excite them to activity. It was the boast of Tull, the well-known promoter of spade husbandry, that he could secure good crops

year after year without manure, by simply stirring and pulverising the soil sufficiently. Dr Daubeny recommends agriculturists generally to give careful consideration to all these circumstances when about to adopt any of the usual methods of restoring land; and assures them that the mineral ingredients, for which they often send half round the globe, lie, in inexhaustible supplies, beneath their feet. 'There seems,' he observes, 'no reason to doubt, that the whole mass of rock, which constitutes the subsoil in the secondary and tertiary districts of this country, is as rich in phosphates and in alkalies, as the vegetable mould derived from its decomposition.' Chalk, and the secondary oolite limestones, also contain phosphate of lime; if an economical means for the extraction of these substances were adopted, a new source of commercial and agricultural wealth would be created. Of the present unjustifiable waste of manures, Dr Daubeny remarks:—"To waste them, is to undo what has been expressly prepared for our use by a beautiful system of contrivances, and to place ourselves under the necessity of performing by an expenditure of our own labour and capital, those very processes which nature had already accomplished for us without cost, by the aid of those animate or inanimate agents which she has at her disposal."

It is to be hoped that the experiments instituted by the Royal Agricultural Society will have the effect of clearing up some of the difficulties in which the subject is at present involved. The results already obtained show how much yet remains to be done before we can arrive at a certain knowledge of the constitution of plants, and the adaptation of soils to them. Agriculture is evidently a far more important occupation than has been usually supposed; no small degree of science and variety of knowledge are now required to prosecute it with success.

In a future number we shall present our readers with a popular view of chemical affinities, illustrative of that intimate cycle of connexion which exists between the earth and animal and vegetable life.

TACT VERSUS TALENT.

TALENT is something, but not every thing. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable. Talent is all that and more too; it is not a seventh sense, but it is the life of all the five; it is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places and at all times; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world. Talent is power; tact is skill. Talent is weight; tact is momentum. Talent knows what to do; tact knows how to do it. Talent makes a man respectable; tact will make him respected. Talent is wealth; tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life, tact carries it against talent ten to one. Take them to the *theatre*, and put them against each other on the stage, and talent shall produce you a tragedy that will scarcely live long enough to be condemned, while tact keeps the house in a roar, night after night, with its successful farces. There is no want of dramatic talent, there is no want of dramatic tact, but they are seldom together; hence we have successful pieces which are not respectable, and respectable pieces which are not successful. Take them to the *bar*, and let them shake their learned curls at each other, in legal rivalry. Talent sees its way clearly, but tact is first at its journey's end. Talent receives many a compliment from the bench, but tact receives fees from attorneys and clients. Talent speaks learnedly and logically; tact triumphantly. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on so fast;—and the secret is that it has no weight to carry, it makes no false step, it hits the right nail on the head, it loses no time, it takes all hints, and, by keeping its eye on the weathercock, is ready

to take advantage of every wind that blows. Take them into the church. Talent is always something worth hearing; tact is sure of abundance of hearers. Talent may obtain a living; tact will make one. Talent gets a good name; tact a great one. Talent conquers; tact convinces. Talent is an honour to the profession; tact gains honour from the profession. Take them to court. Talent feels its weight; tact finds its way. Talent commands; tact is obeyed. Talent is honoured with approbation; and tact is blessed by preferment. Place them in the senate. Talent has the ear of the house; but tact wins its heart, and has its votes. Talent is fit for employment; but tact is fitted for it. It has a knack of slipping into place with a secret silence and glibness of movement, as a billiard ball insinuates itself into the pocket. It seems to know everything, without learning anything; it needs no drilling; it never ranks in the awkward squad; it has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. It puts on no looks of wondrous wisdom; it has no air of profundity, but plays with the detail of place as dexterously as a well-taught hand flourishes over the keys of the pianoforte. It has all the air of commonplace, and all the force and power of genius. It can change sides with an almost imperceptible movement, and be at all points of the compass, while talent is ponderously and learnedly sifting a single point. Talent calculates slowly, reasons logically, makes out a case as clear as daylight, and utters its oracles with all the weight of justice and reason; tact refutes without contradiction, puzzles the profound without profundity, and without art outwits the wise. Set them together on a race for popularity, and tact will distance talent by half the course. Talent brings to market that which is wanted; tact produces that which is wished for. Talent instructs; tact enlightens. Talent leads where no one follows; tact follows where the humour leads. Talent is pleased that it ought to have succeeded; tact is delighted that it has succeeded. Talent toils for a posterity which will never repay it; tact throws away no pains, but catches the passions of the passing hour. Talent builds for eternity; tact on a short lease, and gets good interest. In short, talent is certainly a very fine thing to talk about, a very good thing to be proud of, a very glorious eminence to look down from; but tact is useful, portable, applicable—always alert, marketable: it is the talent of talent, the availability of resources, the application of power, the eye of discrimination, and the right hand of intellect.—*Imperial Magazine.*

FAROESE MODE OF CATCHING SEA-FOWL.

The most common mode of catching sea-fowl in Faroe is by letting a man down from the top of the cliffs by a rope. This is about three inches thick, from 600 to 1200 feet long, and is fastened to the waist and thighs by a broad woollen band, on which he sits. The fowler is let down by this over the perpendicular rocks, the rope being prevented from chafing by a piece of smooth wood on which it slides. The daring adventurer soon loses sight of his companions, and can only communicate with them by a small line attached to his body. It requires great skill to prevent the turning round of the cord, the inexperienced being wheeled about in a circle, and thus exposed to great danger. When he reaches the terraces, often not more than a foot broad, he frees himself from the rope, fastens it to a stone, and commences his pursuit of the feathery natives. Where the nests are in a hollow of the rock, the birdcatcher gives himself a swinging motion by means of his pole till the vibration carries him so close that he can get footing on the cliff. He can communicate a motion to himself of thirty or forty feet, but when the shelf lies deeper, another rope is let down to his associates in the boat, who can thus give him a swing of 100 or 120 feet. When the labour is over, the man is drawn up by his companions. Where the rocks are less elevated, one person can fasten a line to the top and let himself down alone. This occupation is attended with many dangers: the greatest care cannot prevent the rope from sometimes breaking; a stone detached from the cliffs falls on the unfortunate fowler, or

in swinging himself, he misses his footing and is dashed against the rock. When landed on the terrace new danger await him; he may lose his balance and fall into the sea or the projection on which he rests may itself give way. The number of fowls, however, caught in this manner, sufficient to induce the hardy natives to risk their lives. *Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

THE SNOW-DROP.

BY JAMES GOW.

(Written for the Instructor.)

When spring was in childhood an' nature seem'd auld,
An' the wind o'er my shellin' blew eerie an' cauld,
Then a' thing aboon me look'd sullen an' sour,
An' naething aroun' me seem'd glad but a flower
That sprang by the door o' my low, dingy ha',
Up through the breast o' a wee wreath o' anaw.
Though lanely an' friendless, it breathed auld gloom—
As healthy as floweret in June was its bloom.

I thought that wee flower, the first gift o' the year,
Was sent by kind Heaven my dull heart to cheer;
For aye when I gazed on its cauld, snawy bed,
It smiled in my face, an' my bosom grew glad,
An' tauld me the daisy and bonnie foxglove
'Wad sune busk the moorlands, and bring wi' them love,
While the health-giving brooces aroun' me wad blaw,
An' gar me forget the wee flower by my ha'.

But, ah! ere the spring-dews anointed the earth
That gem found a grave near the spot o' its birth,
On a day when the sun seem'd to hide 'neath a cloud,
An' the world' ance mair to be drown'd by a flood,
Which e'en made the thoughtless to tremble fu' sair.
An' my heart turn'd could wi' the snaw o' despair,
As I thought, like the snaw-drop man's joys fleet away—
They oft blossom early, an' early decay.

MORAL IMPORTANCE OF A HOME.

Mr Ashton forty years ago discovered the importance of a home, both in a moral and economic point of view: he erected round his factory small cottages with gardens attached; and he not only let these to his workmen on moderate terms, but encouraged them to save money for the purchase of the freehold. Very many have taken advantage of the offer, and can now call their homes their own. One simple fact will now prove the efficacy of this system of enlightened benevolence: Mr Ashton has been forty years at the head of one of the most extensive factories in the county of Lancaster, and during that period there has been only one turn-out of one week among the workmen. This systematic benevolence has produced nearly half a century of continuous good, because it was originally used on knowledge and the results of experience. The labourer and the operative must not be supposed capable of appreciating, in all cases, the general advantages of frugality; it is necessary to set before them some incentive, some desirable means of immediate investment, and there is nothing that so strongly excites the ambition of an Englishman as the desire of possessing a home. It is of some importance to add, that this benevolence will be found not less profitable to the rich than the poor. Mr Shuttleworth, whose authority both as a statistician and philanthropist is deservedly great, states that many operatives have become actual owners of their tenements on the Duke of Norfolk's property, and that this has not only raised the character of the operatives but greatly improved the duke's estates.—*Dr Cooke.*

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STRAY RECOLLECTIONS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT AND SOME OF HIS COTEMPORARIES.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

It is universally allowed that the 'Great Unknown' stands out as one of the most prominent characters in the annals of English literature, and will continue to do so in all succeeding ages; and, as the appetite for anecdotes of distinguished and illustrious individuals is by no means on the decline, I see no good reason why I should not be permitted to cater a little for the public taste as well as others, who perhaps are less qualified for the office than myself; for I was honoured by Sir Walter's friendship for many years, and he has been, times innumerable, a welcome guest at my own table. With 'these Ballantynes,' too (as Mr Lockhart contemptuously designated them), I was on terms of very great intimacy. John (Scott's younger partner), for genuine broad humour and drollery, stood unrivalled; his exquisite and inimitable manner of giving 'The Old Scotch Lady' can never be forgotten, for it was produced on the London stage by Mr Mathews, who acknowledged that he had made thousands by the exhibition. John was not only the partner of Sir Walter in commercial concerns, but his confidential friend and favourite companion on all occasions. Contrasting, as I frequently do, at my lonely hearth, the utter solitude of my old age with those halcyon days—those 'thousand and one nights' of my youth—when continually in the society of the most talented men of my time, and breathing an atmosphere of wit, song, tale, and anecdote, methinks I seem like the grasshopper in the fable, which danced and sang all summer, and was left to die of want in winter. If I should be so unfortunate as to touch a tender chord in the bosom of any surviving relative of those who may figure in my gossiping history, I beg to assure all such that it is unintentional, and that to give pain to others would be to inflict it tenfold on myself. Mine is no 'school for scandal'; I have none to record, and even if I were furnished with a stock in hand of that saleable article, I should blush to sully my pages with it; but in painting a portrait, no artist would be tolerated who gave only the beauties and left out all the defects and blemishes of the original. Queen Elizabeth commanded that no *shades* should be admitted into her portraits, by which her majesty looks like the ghost of Mrs Veal, when she paid a visit to her friend Mrs Bargrave, in her 'scoured gown.' I, too, must summon my *dramatis personæ* from the silent tomb—'Come like shadows, so depart.'

Many of Sir Walter's delightful anecdotes, tales, and stories, have altogether escaped my memory, while of

do not pretend to give them verbatim; but in his envied society, and that of many others now no more, it was one continual fire of wit, pun, tale, and story, followed up by peals of irresistible laughter. Scott the myriaminded, Joseph Gillon one of the most brilliant wits of his time, Creech the humourist, and John Ballantyne of merry memory, were each and individually master-spirits not easily paralleled; and not the least of the earthly enjoyments left to cheer my lonely hearth, is the remembrance of those 'feasts of reason'—of that 'flow of soul.'

'When time, which steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay,
And all our joys renew.'

Scott's unpremeditated, pleasing, and graceful manner of telling stories of broad Scotch humour can never be equalled. Perfectly the gentleman on all occasions, he was more eager to listen to others, apparently, than to shine himself. He used to relish Creech's stories prodigiously. I have seen him in convulsions of laughter at a ludicrous anecdote told by the bookseller, of a country woman who, one market day, came into his shop (then in the Luckenbooths) with a basket of butter on her arm, which having deposited on the counter, to the imminent peril of some of his most splendid 'wire-wove, hot-pressed' volumes, she asked him for 'tippence worth o' 'oo creash.' Utterly at a loss for the woman's meaning, he replied that he sold nothing but books and stationery—articles totally out of her way; and very naturally concluding that she was wrong in the *upper storey*, civilly requested her to quit the shop, which was much more easy in theory than practice; for she insisted on being served, while he insisted that he sold no such article. 'What for div ye tell lees then?' demanded she, stretching her neck out at the shop-door, and pointing with one finger to the large golden letters on the sign-board—'What for div ye pit *double 'oo creash* over your door to cheat folk then?' It is scarcely necessary to add, that the honest woman, whose education had unquestionably not been first-rate, had mistaken the name on the sign-board—'W. Creech'—for the article she demanded, which was wool-grease for the purpose of spinning.

When the mirth and laughter at this drollery had somewhat subsided, the conversation for a few minutes turned on the impositions of horse-dealers, Scott (who had a ready rebound for every story) said—'Well, that reminds me of an anecdote quite characteristic of the fraternity, I once heard from a friend, who happened to meet with two horse-coupers at a public-house. My friend

bad purposely placed himself where he could hear without being seen, and listen to a bargain about a mare which one of these worthies wanted to sell to his companion, whom he filled *mortal fou*, while he contrived to keep himself comparatively sober. At last, after sitting till a late hour, the bargain was concluded, the money paid, the bill and their horses called for, each having to ride in a different direction to their respective places of abode; but before mounting, the one who had sold the 'meare' turned round suddenly, and told his companion that, though she was a guid beast, she had twa fauts—'In the first place, man,' said he, 'she's unco ill to catch.' 'Ou, man, that's naething to speak o', stammered his friend; 'but what's the tither faut?' 'Wait a wee,' was the reply, 'till I ha'e my fit in the stirrup—(making sundry hopeless efforts to seat himself in the saddle). Whisht, noo, dinna hurry me—hurry nae man's cattle, clapping his hand on the pocket of his 'smalls,' to make sure that the siller was safe. 'Toot, toot, man,' impatiently exclaimed he who had bought the beast, 'ye're unco lang coming out wi' the tither faut—oot wi' it: ye tell me she was ill to catch.' 'I did so,' was the reply, 'and noo I tell ye she's no worth one single boddle when ye've gotten her!' clapping spurs to his steed, he was off like a shot.

I am sorry to be obliged to record of Gillon's jests, that they sometimes approached too near the brink of the profane; but they were so prompt, so brilliant, so full of wit and sparkle, that he was a welcome guest. He was of dissipated and indolent habits, always too late for every party to which he was invited, but being—as he unquestionably was—the life of the company, all was forgiven, and Joseph was as ready to forget and err again as ever. His want of prudence and economy reduced him in his latter days to absolute penury, and he was glad to accept a situation as porter or door-keeper in the House of Lords.

Sir Walter never volunteered an anecdote or a story, as other people do, who wish to shine in conversation; on the contrary, they were unpremeditated, and always appeared to be the immediate result of what he had been listening to the moment before. He was neither a wit nor a punster. A few snatches of conversation, when he was not surrounded by ceremonious company, would be invaluable; but I remember but few of these, and only one pun, and that by no means remarkable for its brilliancy. All Scott's private or family accounts passed through the hands of the youngest partner, John Ballantyne, who discharged them without giving Sir Walter any trouble. Lady Scott, though a most excellent wife in all other respects, was in some points rather extravagant; on one occasion an account from a Mrs Author, a fashionable London *marchande des modes*, or milliner, the amount of which was no less a sum than £500, startled my friend Ballantyne, who very properly showed the bill to Sir Walter before he paid it. 'Well, well,' said he, drawing down his upper lip to an unusual length, and whistling slightly, as he always did when not well pleased—'Well, well, John, pay her, and let us be quit of her; but she's the dearest *Author* ever you and I had to deal with,' rising and striding backwards and forwards on his magic staff in double quick time. I do not know how long the account might have been due—perhaps some years—but certainly the amount was startling, yet Sir Walter laughed it off in the most perfect good-humour. A more indulgent husband and father never lived. Mr Robert Miller was his first publisher. 'A man he was to all the *ladies* dear'—at least he ought to have been so, for his whole study was to make himself useful and agreeable to them; but he sometimes overshot the mark. He had a fine profile and a peculiarly graceful manner of presenting his tall but too corpulent figure; everything was fine about him—he wrote a fine flourishing hand, like copperplate, and always signed his name 'Rot. Miller,' which induced his private friends (and he had many) to call him familiarly, 'Ro.' He sang rather pleasingly than well, for, having no knowledge of music, he literally took 'no note of time;' he would volunteer a song—which is always injudicious—and elevating himself on his seat, with a slight

sotto voce 'hem,' and, twirling his thumbs, he would sing some old Jacobite canticle as long as 'Chevy Chase.' A French gentleman being present on one occasion, was observed to show symptoms of impatience at the length of Mr Miller's song, turning away his head, even taking out his watch, and at last forgetting all the rules of either French or English good manners, he fairly cried out, 'Bah!' when at last, 'to the general joy of the whole table,' and in particular to that 'of our good friend' the Frenchman, the song came to an end. A lady seated next to monsieur, who had observed his impatience at the length of the song, was not a little surprised to observe that he applauded loudly and clapped his hands when it was done, asked him if he would like to have it *encored*, as he seemed so much delighted. 'Non, madame,' exclaimed monsieur, in agonies. 'How is it, then,' demanded the lady, 'that you who cannot understand a syllable of the words of the song, and who showed such marks of impatience while Mr Miller was singing, should applaud so loudly?' 'Madame,' replied he, 'I applaud because *I am so glad it is done!* Are you not so glad too?' Without being an epicure, for 'all was fish that came to net,' my friend 'Ro' played a pretty good knife and fork on all occasions; but for sweets, particularly jam and jelly, he had a childish appetite, and often greatly exceeded in those articles, which was a constant subject of merriment among the ladies, and as 'Ro' was too polite to refuse anything from their fair hands, his plate was like a moving pyramid of apple-pie, trifle, jam, and jelly, overflowed by a cascade of sugared-cream—all of which disappeared in a few seconds, and his plate came back for

'Mair meat, mair meat ye King Henrie—
Mair meat ye gie to me!'

I remember on one occasion, at one of poor John Ballantyne's hospitable dinners at which Scott was present, that being within hearing of what passed at the head of the table, I overheard him say to the lady of the house—'Ro reminds me of a cow which a neighbour of mine had, which eatit a' her ain meat, a' Bauldie's meat, and then *rowt!* for mair.' John, who by some 'atmospheric telegraph' had received notice at the bottom of the table of all that had passed at the top, cried out to his wife—'Hermione, write Ro's epitaph instantly—there is no time to be lost.' The lady (who had previously got a hint from her husband to have the epitaph ready when he called for it) produced it immediately, and handed the following impromptu to Sir Walter Scott. Unluckily, at this moment one of the servants whispered in Mr Miller's ear that somebody 'wanted a word of him,' and, accordingly, he left the company for a few minutes, during which interval Sir Walter read

RO'S EPITAPH.

'Stranger, here's one who, by a trifle killed,
Now moulders in the dust.
Truly nae trifle 'twas to get him filled,
We ken that to our cost!
The scarcity of jam is now no more,
And jelly we get gratis;
For Ro (who never got enough before)
At last has got—*jam-satis!*

Sir Walter literally *cried over this morsel*, and (as well as he could speak) called out—'Bring in the defunct—let him come in and read his own epitaph!' John Ballantyne, looking Scott in the face with a glance of ineffable drollery, answered—'Gin ye please, my lord, the *dayfunk*'s dead,' which threw Scott into absolute hysterics. (It was some joke between themselves, unknown to me.) The epitaph had by this time gone round the table, and a straw would have tied the whole company, when, to give us the *coup de grace*, in marched the 'defunct,' or *dayfunk* (as the common people in Scotland pronounce it), and gliding, like our good friend Banquo's ghost, to his vacant seat, his own epitaph was laid before him. I never witnessed such merriment—the waiters, unable to stand it, bolted, and left us to wait on ourselves as best we might. How few of all those who then sat at that table and enjoyed these mental feasts are now living!

John Ballantyne was the life and soul of every company, and you might travel from Dan to Beersheba and never meet with such a reader as his brother James. It is true, they were a complete contrast to each other in almost all respects, John being all life and fun, and James all pomp and ceremony; yet they amalgamated well, and the contrast was most amusing; for the elder brother, who seemed to be ashamed of nothing so much as being seen to laugh, used to arm himself against his brother's jokes, while John, fully aware of this, would often throw him into absolute hysterics in spite of all his high resolves; and there was nothing for poor James but to throw himself back in his chair of state, cover his face with his hands, and fairly laugh it out like other folks. Scott assuredly stood alone, the nonpareil of the fraternity of story-tellers. One enthusiastic friend wrote to me lately—'What are the 'Thousand and One Nights' of Arabian story compared with our precious nights with Sir Walter? How it warms my poor old heart to look back upon those hours of rich enjoyment, for which kings might have envied us!'

Those who never knew John Ballantyne may be disposed to think that too much has been said about him and others, who should have been kept in the background; while those who did know him are well aware that it was scarcely possible to say too much. The Ballantynes were inferior to Sir Walter Scott in birth, genius, and fortune; in education and good solid sense, they were second to no one. Sir Walter says of himself—'I was only half-educated.'

Creech was the most exquisite of story-tellers in his own peculiar way, which sometimes was to suit the action to the word, and turn himself into the hero of his own tale. He was a bachelor of the old school—(despising fashion) he wore 'tight smalls,' grey silk stockings, and silver buckles. His figure slender and rather below the middle size, his face sharp and intelligent, with his own hair powdered, and stiff side-curls high over his ears, his hair behind in a pigtail, drawn so tight that the very flesh appeared to be tied up with it. He was known to be wealthy; had his town-house in George's Street, and his country-villa Trinity Grove (afterwards purchased by my friend John Ballantyne). He was vain of his wealth, and of his dinners, which, like angels' visits, were 'few and far between'; for, though no miser, he was a strict economist. He loved flattery, and was fond of being pressed to tell a story, always pretending that he had forgotten 'all about it'; and the by-play was not the worst part of the entertainment. Mr Robert Miller was his shadow; constantly attended him, and screwed him up to concert pitch; which was not accomplished till after many testy 'phaws!' and shaking of the elbow, with—'No, Robert, I don't remember—don't plague me—nonsense!' But when he had got sufficient oil, and was properly wound up, he would begin and rattle away, to the delight of the whole company, for half an hour at a time 'by Shrewsbury clock.' He made an extemporary variation of the story, as he saw it *took*; and in this peculiarity his mode of tactics was unique. He told the same story again and again, yet it was never tiresome, as he always contrived to introduce some new feature, which made it appear in a totally different light. His 'Laird of Bonny Moon' was better worth a stage representation than any story extant. Before the 'Laird' John Gilpin might hide his diminished head! I allude to the *versified* copy, for the one printed in prose is vapid. 'Well, sir,' Mr Miller would begin, turning towards Creech, and leaning half over his chair, with a slight suppressed 'Hush-sh-sh!' as much as to say, 'when he speaks let me dog bark,' 'what accident was it that happened at one of your delightful dinners in George's Street to a tureen of turtle-soup?' 'Oh!' replied Creech carelessly, 'you mean when I invited *Luckey Boots* to dine! I happened to have got a letter of introduction to the man from a friend in London on the same day that I had invited a party of friends to dine with me; so, out of compliment to my English correspondent, I asked *Luckey Boots* (as

we call him) to partake of what I had. You know my snug dinners, Robert, eh!—no parade—no finery—a leg of roast mutton a little undone, with the rich claret following the knife; a boiled fowl, bacon, tarts, jam, jelly, and trifle—eh! Robert, you remember my snug dinners? But I must mention that I had ordered a tureen of real turtle-soup from a hotel in the neighbourhood, which cost me a good round sum. Well, four o'clock came (my old-fashioned hour), and I began to wonder what had become of my cockney guest and two friends who had not yet arrived; but they afterwards explained the reason of their delay. On their way to my house, they heard an English voice accosting a chairman. 'Pray,' said the stranger, 'can you tell me where Luckey Boots is?' 'Luckey *wha?*' demanded the chairman. 'Oy, Luckey Boots—I've lost my way!' 'Ye've lost your senses, I think,' was the answer; 'there's naebody o' that name hereaw', I'll answer for't; but gin ye mean the Lucken Booths, ye'll get a guid lang walk, for it's on the tither side o' the toon. What na name is't ye're seekin'?' 'Creech,' replied the dandy. 'The guid guide me! for ye're standin' at the vera door;' and with a thundering knock, as if the house had been on fire, in marched my gentleman. I saw at one glance that he was a low-bred, forward puppy. However, I received him hospitably, and we sat down to dinner, he choosing his seat before the tureen of turtle-soup—reaking, rich, and warm, green fat, and all—eh, Robert!—you remember my snug, comfortable dinners?' 'Indeed,' muttered Robert, aside, 'it is so long since I was at one of them, that I forget all about it—ahem!' 'Well,' continued the narrator, who luckily did not hear, or peradventure turned a deaf ear to the 'aside,' if ever soup deserved a 'grace as long's my arm, it was this same; and so thought Luckey Boots, for he helped himself to a large plateful without any *grace* at all, and began to feed voraciously. 'Sir,' said I, 'the soup is I hope to your taste?' 'Oh, beautiful—exquisite—delicious!' replied he—'only wants a little spice;' and standing up, to the astonishment of the whole party, he seized the castor which contained the cayenne, and emptied every grain of its contents into the tureen of soup, bawling out at the top of his voice—'This is the way we do in Lonnon—don't know how you do yaw' (here)! We were, as you may suppose, struck dumb with amazement at the fellow's selfishness and want of breeding. My first impulse was to throw him over the window, and let him see how we did 'yaw.' I swallowed my ire, of course, but a friend who sat next to me was not disposed to let the puppy go unpunished, who still sat very composedly eating his soup and replenishing his plate, apparently without being aware that anything extraordinary had occurred. However, my friend, in spite of my remonstrances, could contain himself no longer, and whispering to me that he was resolved to *pepper* the fellow, and give him another spice of our Edinburgh cookery, he rose from the table, and slipping unperceived behind the fellow's chair, emptied the whole contents of his snuff-box into his plate, exclaiming, 'This is the way we do in Lonnon, don't know how you do yaw!' This gave the fellow the grave stroke at once. With all his assurance he could stand the storm no longer. Peppered he was, for some of the snuff-shower in its descent had got into his eyes, nose, and mouth; and to the delight of the company, and mine in particular, he bolted—we heard the bang of the street-door after him—enjoyed a most hearty laugh at his expense and that of my turtle-soup, and spent the evening most cheerfully, not the least solicitous to be informed how they do in 'Lonnon,' but quite content with the way we do 'yaw.'

Creech, as I have remarked, had many versions of the same story—that which I have now given of this is the only one that has not escaped my memory. There are still living in Edinburgh some few old friends who will read these reminiscences with pleasure, and recall to memory those festive scenes—those nights and days of rich enjoyment, when hearts were light and limbs were strong.

THE GAOL CHAPLAIN,

OR A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME.

WE expected, from the title of this work,* to find a systematic and minute series of details concerning the social economy of prisons and the influences brought to bear upon prisoners, with their results. The work does not falsify its pretensions—it may be the experiences of a gaol chaplain, but he is a chaplain who has studied human nature and *belles lettres* more than theology, and whom we suspect to have written more articles upon social or political economy than sermons. The 'Experiences' are a series of highly graphic and ornate tales, interspersed with episodes and reflections calculated certainly to convey the impression of their being the genuine productions of a *bona fide* chaplain; yet there is evidenced in these volumes a knowledge of the world and its ways, and a mastery over the machinery of high fiction, that never were acquired by a man who has grown grey within the gloomy walls of a prison. Mr Cleaver, which is the assumed name of the chaplain, has a purpose in his tales. We cannot say that we recognise any political bias in them, but that they are meant to illustrate peculiar views upon the motives and incentives to crime and the government of criminals, the following words from the preface will show:—'From the regular sequence of crime in society, it is obvious that society must itself both produce the germs of guilt and offer the facilities necessary for their development. Every social condition and state contain within themselves a certain number and a certain order of offences, which result as necessary consequences from their organisation; it would be almost just to say, that society prepares the crime, and that the ostensible criminal is only the instrument by which it is executed. These observations may at the first glance appear discouraging to philanthropy and degrading to humanity; but, when more closely examined, they will be found full of consolation for the one, and of hope for the other. They show that the cause is not in nature, but in artificial institutions, and, consequently, that there is a possibility of ameliorating life by making some changes in the condition of social existence.'

The modification of the criminal code has occupied the attention of philanthropists from the most distant ages. The extreme and disproportioned harshness of Draco's laws rendered them inoperative. It was a desire to legislate in accordance with justice that caused their revision by Lycurgus; and the benevolent wisdom of Solon produced somewhat more satisfactory results than cynical mercilessness. Plato dreamed of a republic without the anomaly of a criminal produced by the social arrangements of the state; and Sir Thomas More, in his *Utopia*, viewed the ignorantly vicious as fitter objects of instruction and pity than punishment. Wilberforce, Romilly, and Mackintosh bent their energies to this department of our social economy, and the chaplain's views on the subject are thus expressed:—'It is to be lamented, that the belief that a certain amount of crime must be stoned for by a certain amount of physical suffering, prevails so universally, that it may almost be said to have passed into an article of faith. Never was there a greater or more mischievous delusion. It includes the absurdity, that pain should be produced merely for its own sake; and it has led to the waste of a vast amount of power and machinery in punishing crime, which might have been beneficially applied to its prevention. It has induced people to devise horrible severities and barbarous tortures, which, after inflicting incalculable suffering, increased crime rather than checked it. We have traced the evils of this error in the three principal systems of punishment, death, exile, and painful imprisonment, and we have found that morals are not, like bacon, to be cured by hanging; nor, like wine, to

be improved by sea voyages; nor, like honey, to be preserved in cells.'

The work opens with a graphic description of the election of the prison chaplain. Dickens might not be ashamed to own the literary execution of that and many other chapters in the book. The following reflections are on the nature of a prison chaplain's calling, and on his ultimate prospects; and, it must be confessed, possess a force that is rarely born save of earnestness: 'It has often occurred to me as I quitted, with jaded spirits and wearied step, the last cell I had to visit during the morning, how painful is the position, and how exhausting the labours, of a gaol chaplain. It is true, that the office of every parish priest, when faithfully and efficiently discharged, must bring him into close communion with the poor, both during their short day of comparative comfort and happiness, and during their long and gloomy night of positive suffering and sorrow. The afflicted, the vicious, the aged, the indigent, all these must come under his notice, and cause him many an anxious hour. But if he has his trials, he has also his triumphs. The young of the fold, tended by his fostering care, and brought under his spiritual superintendence, first to the holy rite of confirmation, and next to the blessed sacrament of the Lord's Supper; the aged calmed, supported, and strengthened by his affectionate counsel; the increasing attachment and growing confidence of his people; signs of reformation in some, and fruits of matured religious belief in others; here an instance of unequalled resignation on the bed of sickness, there a bright example of cheerful submission to unexpected misfortune; holy children; happy deaths—these are cheering spectacles, which hearten him on his course, and solace him for many a disappointed hope and blighted expectation. It is not so with the gaol chaplain. The importance of his office all will admit: its irksomeness few can understand. His duties are arduous, exhausting, saddening. He has perpetually presented to him the dark side of human nature; nor is the gloom of the present lightened up by the brightness of the future. His stipend is, for the most part, scanty, and coincident only with the full exercise of all his powers. For his old age there remains retirement, not preferment. Rare is the instance where a gaol chaplain has been advanced in his profession. And yet he has claims—claims which the dispensers of church patronage might fairly acknowledge, and which the aged gaol chaplain might, without shame, prefer. He has to move daily in an atmosphere of crime; and yet he would be false to his trust, and ill discharge the duties expected of him, were he to become callous to the sufferings which crime engenders. He has to move not unfrequently in an atmosphere of disease, which he incurs the risk of contracting, while administering to those who are its victims the consolations of religion. He has to encounter the disaffected, the designing, and the desperate. The difficulties of his position multiply; and the exigencies of the times impose on him fresh and unlooked-for exertion. The deluded victims of political agitation come under his eye; and then it is his duty, as well as his delight, to use the most strenuous exertion to stay the plague now propagating amongst us, by arraying the poor against the rich, as opposite and antagonist classes; as if they had a diversity instead of a community of interests, and as if the happiness and security of both did not depend upon the good understanding and affectionate connexion subsisting between them. To cheer him—what remains? His haunt is not the vine-clad cottage, or the lonely farm, or the thatched hut on the breezy moor, but the dark and dreary cell of the burglar, the highwayman, and the midnight assassin. The vilest portion of the community are in his hours of toil presented to him; to sad details of misery and guilt is he daily obliged to listen; humbling views of our common nature are constantly submitted to him. Oppressed and sorrow-stricken, weary and sick at heart, does he often leave the sphere of duty assigned to him, praying the innocent may be strengthened from above, and the guilty led to seek mercy where alone it can be found!'

* Experiences of a Gaol Chaplain, comprising Recollections of Ministerial Intercourse with Criminals of Various Classes, with

word spoken in anger, and of the effects of a feverish and jealous attachment to exclusive privileges upon the morals of the English peasantry; we have crime traced from its germination to its dark and incorrigible fruition; we have an analysis of the criminal's heart and its progress towards proscribed corruption; and we have the capacities of prison functionaries, magistrates, juries, judges, *et hoc genus omne*, described with a vivid individuality. It is an invidious task to notice especial portions of a work where all its constitutives are excellent. The 'Junior Counsel' is an illustration of the danger of a counsel acting upon his own convictions of a client's guilt, and demonstrates that there are times when an advocate, in defending an individual whom he supposes guilty, may be acting in accordance with truth in opposition to his conscientious opinion. The 'Revenge of an Unrelenting Woman' is a most forcible tale of deceit, criminality, and passion-deepened revenge; but we love to cull from a brighter and more hopeful source. The following presents us with one of those oft-recurring crimes that spring from poverty and the affections—one of those circumstantial occurrences, which are not the result of native propensity but of impulse; and it also exhibits the extraordinary Duchess of St Albans in a pleasant light:

'Lydia Barnett, a young girl of eighteen, was convicted at the Epiphany Sessions for shop-lifting. Three distinct cases of adroit mal-appropriation of clothing, eatables, and drinkables, were proved against her; and the chairman was thought to have passed a very lenient sentence when he doomed her to four months' imprisonment. If ever human being was truly penitent for past transgressions, I believe Lydia to have been that woman. She wept unceasingly. Her resolutions of future amendment were earnest and fervid, and free—their chief attraction to my mind—from all appearance of artifice and cant. Her conduct, rather than her declarations, proved her to be humbled, submissive, contrite. There was, too, in the judgment of some who heard her trial, an extenuating circumstance in her case, if motives were to be at all weighed in apportioning the punishment of crime. *She had a dying mother*; and it was proved clearly that the tea, and the meat, and the blanket which she had pilfered, in no way ministered to her own comforts, but were handed over to her famished and perishing parent. That parent was said to have been formerly an actress of considerable provincial celebrity; and her death was undoubtedly accelerated by want. What was to become of this repentant and humbled woman? Her period of imprisonment was on the eve of expiration, and shelter and asylum she had none! 'I shall be driven again to the commission of crime,' was her oft-repeated and distressing exclamation. 'Who will receive me, give me employment, or even believe me? I ask but for leave to labour—to labour for my daily bread. Try me—prove me to be sincere; subject me to any probation, however strict. Any toil, however severe, will be welcome; and the humblest, coarsest fare will suffice me. But give me an opportunity of redeeming the past. Let the future cancel the shame of the present. I am old in sorrow, though I am young in years; do not, I beseech, I implore you, compel me to grow old in crime.'

'There is an urgent want, and our legislators should look to it, of an ASYLUM FOR PENITENT OFFENDERS. They demand it at our hands. Nor can we withhold it, unless we are prepared to adopt the hateful jargon, that the vicious are irreclaimable. Can any situation be more piteous than that of a prisoner just liberated from the thralldom of confinement, full of remorse for the past, of anxiety for the future, and without shelter, food, or friend, for the present? We gaze too far a-head: philanthropy, now-a-days, looks only through a telescope; distant objects alone command attention. The heathenism of the blacks in Africa, the idolatry of the worshippers of Juggernaut in India, the enormities of the opium trade in China—these are daily deplored, and deeply considered; but gin-palaces at home are viewed with indifference, the heathenism of our factory districts dismissed with a sigh, and the desolation of the penitent prisoner pertinaciously overlooked. For him

there rises no city of refuge. Alas! when will the religious, and the benevolent, and the zealous amongst us admit, that our first sphere of duty lies amongst the wretched at our own doors? But to my tale. The period of Lydia's imprisonment expired, and the penitent girl was liberated. A little pecuniary assistance was given her for her immediate wants, and a few well-meant directions for the future; but no permanent effort was made to keep her in the path of duty. She took leave of me with a burst of tears; and even now I seem to hear her anguished exclamation as she passed through the prison-gates, 'God pardons the penitent, man spurns them.'

'A week had elapsed since Lydia Barnett's liberation; and, such is the rapidity with which a chaplain's duties succeed each other, such the incessant calls on his attention, and so varied the objects presented to him, that the peculiar features of her case were fast fading from my recollection, when a note reached me from one who, during her successful career, occupied no slight share of public attention—Harriet, Duchess of St Albans. She was then sojourning at the hotel of a neighbouring watering-place, in attendance on her first husband, Mr Coutts. The note was abruptly worded. I cannot say that its tenor was uncourteous, and yet it rather demanded than requested my presence at 'The Clarence,' between eleven and one, on the following day. What could be the object of the proposed interview puzzled me; but the note was written with apparent sincerity; and, having ascertained that the Couttesses were unquestionably staying at —, I took for granted that the summons was genuine, and obeyed it. On sending up my card, I was shown into a small sitting-room, odorous with flowers, and lavishly bedizened with fashionable nic-nacs. This I was told was Mrs Coutts' morning-room: she had just quitted it. On a stand near a large easy-chair were three volumes, which she had apparently been consulting. Their juxtaposition amused me: 'Ghost Stories from the German,' Hoffer's 'Astrological Almanac,' and 'Hannah More on Prayer.' I had waited her pleasure for nearly an hour, when at length 'the Favourite of Fortune' bustled into the apartment. Her address was brusque and characteristic enough. 'I have drawn largely on your patience. Pray forgive me; it has been unavoidable. Be seated. I have a favour to beg of you; and yet I have no right to ask one. *In the main, I dislike parsons!* They are shamefully unjust to the profession to which I once belonged; and, in truth, the war waged against theatricals by the Cheltenham clergy is so monstrously un—. But of that you are guiltless, and I waste time by recurring to it. My meaning is, I owe the clergy nothing on the score of past kindness, and have no right to expect any favour at their hands.'

'I surveyed the rich woman fixedly, as with flippant fluency she thus vended her opinions. I thought she 'owed' much, at least to *one* of the body—the gentleman who married her to Mr Coutts, and who was pretty severely rebuked by his bishop for his hardihood in so doing. I longed to tell her so; but, on second thoughts, bowed, and gravely inquired her pleasure.

'You are the chaplain of — gaol?' I assented. 'I have received a letter, extraordinary both in style and substance, from a person named Lydia Barnett, who was lately a prisoner there. Give me your opinion of her.'

'On what points?'

'First, as to character. Do you consider her penitent, truthful, and desirous to live honestly for the time to come?'

'I do.'

'And this letter,' handing one to me, 'does it state fairly and faithfully the particulars of her crime?'

'It does?'

'Harrison,' she resumed, 'generally replies to applications of this nature; but Barnett's was so singular, that I resolved to deal with it myself. Mr Cleaver,' said she, after a pause, 'I shall do all, and more, than this young person asks. I shall test her sincerity; I shall subject her to a year's probationary trial; and, if she sustains the ordeal, shall provide for her for life.'

'She put me in possession of the plan she had laid down for her protégée's future course. It was impossible not to be struck by the sound judgment with which its details were carried out, and by the care with which she had striven to fence poor Barnett in from future temptation. One point appeared to me open to objection—the scale of expense on which the calculations had been formed. I ventured to say so. 'No!' said she, earnestly; 'not one word about economy here. Her mother and I played in the same company; and, when I was a poor girl, friendless, and ill-fed, with a wretched home, and a salary so meagre as hardly to find me clothes, the most comfortable meals I ever had were those given me at Mrs Barnett's table. Her kindness was great, and I can never forget it. I cannot return it to the mother: I now do so to her child.' The burst of feeling with which this was spoken was truly noble. 'Had she counsel at her trial?' resumed the lady. 'Were the circumstances which betrayed her into dishonesty distinctly explained to the jury?'

'They were.'

'And to no purpose! Ah! none but those who have quailed under the pangs of poverty—who have felt the pressure of absolute want—who have known what it was to exist for eight-and-forty hours without food or fuel—who, faint with hunger and benumbed with cold, have resisted, hour after hour, the growing conviction that one single dishonest act would rescue them temporarily from the gnawings of both—they, and they alone, can tell what the tremendous force of temptation really is. Thousands have sunk under it. But, as for Lydia, I will secure her from its influence as if she were my own child.'

'May she never give you reason to repent your kindness!'

'And if she does, was my companion's unexpected rejoinder, 'what then? My interference barely cancels the debt I owe her mother's memory—that mother, my early, kind, and firm protectress. Alas! alas! that she herself should be for ever beyond the reach of my gratitude!'

We have furnished the reader with examples of the author's style, intellectual grasp, sympathies, and keen appreciation of character, and we believe that we have done enough to create a doubt of his being a chaplain at all. Harriet Martineau's 'Forest and Game Law' tales constantly recurred to us as we read this anonymous and very clever book; and we know that it does not require the talent of this author to adopt and successfully work the machinery of truth. Dickens, in his 'American Notes,' gives some fearful illustrations of the effects of *solitary confinement*. It is a feature in our prison discipline which we borrowed from our transatlantic brethren—a feature with regard to which philanthropists are now beginning to think we should borrow another Pennsylvania principle, namely, *repudiation*; and the gaol chaplain is as vehement in his denunciation of the system as an eloquent gentleman can be who feels what he says. The sketches in the beginning of the third volume, having reference to short imprisonments and the education of youthful criminals, are forcibly and eloquently pointed, and will have more effect upon some minds than a series of didactic essays. The author has certainly studied the whole question of gaol discipline with a philosophic and analytic mind; and he has not forgotten to present us with examples of that morbid sympathy, which, by its indiscriminate operation, becomes criminal, as it offers encouragement to imposture, more especially in the case of juvenile delinquents. Local reminiscences, and a sort of literary veneration for one of that youthful trio who ventured to start the 'Edinburgh Review,' and to 'cultivate letters on oatmeal,' impels us to extract the following beautiful trait of the late Rev. Sydney Smith. We confess it to be interjectional, but it is not the less pleasing on that account:—'While penning in my humble retreat these fleeting reminiscences of the past, tidings of the flight of a generous and disinterested spirit have made my heart heavy within me. The wit, the mirth, the kindly sympathy, and buoyant gaiety of Sydney Smith are extinguished amongst us. The unsparring foe of cant, and humbug, and hollow pretension in high

places, has been struck down. Those who quailed beneath the truth and vigour of his bold remonstrance may rejoice. The fearless and the plain-spoken is laid low! Death has marvellously befriended that incomprehensible body, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Fearless of his comments, they can now expend £8000 on the purchase of Danbury Park for the Lord Bishop of Rochester. Holding only the see of Rochester, the deanery of Worcester, the valuable vicarage of Bromsgrove, and the desirable rectory of Bishopsbourne, some curates there were who were silly enough to fancy that his lordship had more homes than one—a palpable error! Poor man! he had none; and so the Ecclesiastical Commissioners kindly provided one. Simple-minded and ignorant men imagined that the commission was formed for the better distribution of church revenues, and for the encouragement and aid of the working clergy. How such fantasies of the brain can be entertained by sane people is 'wholly wonderful!' None but those who knew the *man*—I am not now speaking of the brilliant essayist or the vigorous reasoner—can form an adequate idea of his hatred of injustice, or his ready sympathy with the suffering, of the promptitude with which he succoured the struggling and the deserving, and of the practical manner in which he carried out his principles. Take the point of patronage. As a writer, he always held that patronage was a trust of the most stringent nature, and to be exercised by churchmen in a manner the most disinterested. Now it by no means followed that because he, as a writer, contended for these opinions, that, as a church dignitary, he should carry them out into practice. Had he forgotten his creed when invested with professional rank and authority, there were those, and not a few, to keep him in countenance. The Whigs came into power; their clever and consistent champion was not forgotten; and, as Canon Residentiary of St Paul's, the living of Edmonton—a valuable and desirable benefice—became at his disposal. It had previously been held by Mr Tate, better known as 'Tate of Richmond;' and the senior curate on the benefice was the Rev. Thomas Tate, the learned incumbent's son. Some short time after Canon Tate's demise, Mr Smith called on the bereaved family. The meeting was painful, and the more because the visitor adverted, in feeling and appropriate terms, to the worth, both as a father and a friend, of him whose loss they one and all deplored. 'And the information I have now to communicate,' added Mr Sydney Smith, 'will, I fear, startle you—painfully perhaps. The living is given away!' 'No,' was the reply; 'we feel no surprise at the circumstance. It is a living of too much consequence long to remain vacant.' 'I am glad,' was the rejoinder, 'to hear you speak so calmly of a result that was inevitable.' 'For ourselves,' was the answer, 'we had no hope. The income of the benefice, the interest that would be made for it, the many expectants which such a vacancy would create, the personal claims upon individual members of the Chapter, which such a prize was sure to bring forward—all those forbade our cherishing the slightest hope on the subject.' 'Well,' cried Sydney Smith, 'the appointment has been made, and I believe it to be a good one.' 'No doubt of it,' was the acquiescent remark; 'the character of the patrons guarantees it.' 'It is given,' continued the canon quietly, 'to a gentleman whose surname is the same as that of the last incumbent—Tate; and he is said to be at this moment staying somewhere in the neighbourhood of London.' 'An immaterial point to us,' was the reply. 'He can be no relative of ours—we know nothing about him—nothing save this, that he is a fortunate man.' 'And curious enough,' continued the dignitary, with unruffled gravity, 'his Christian name is Thomas.' 'We have no knowledge of him,' was the reply—'none whatever, nor he of course of us.' 'Strange, indeed, considering you are the party!' cried Sydney Smith, with a humorous but most benevolent smile. 'You,' glancing at the son of his old friend, 'you are the man—you, and no other—the vicar of Edmonton!' Which was the happiest of the assembled group?—the party who so unexpectedly received so valuable a benefice, or the generous man who so delicately bestowed it?

The author takes leave of the public and the gaol at the same time, and much in the style that the 'deaf gentleman' winds up the verbal action of 'Mr Humphrey's Clock.' He may acerbate the tempers of many by jarring with their prejudices; he may carry conviction to the minds of others by his argumentative earnestness and his masterly delineations of human nature and jurisprudence, and he will claim the sympathies of not a few by the warmth of his own; but, no matter how he may affect the sentiments, there can be but one opinion with regard to the excellence of this instructive work. We shall return to it, and present the reader with a shadowy picture in the chaplain's best style.

THE COMETS.

NATURE is meant to serve higher purposes than show and convenience, or than even the ends of science, unless we enlarge the term so as to include something fuller than common in its signification. Not until we use nature as a symbol of life and character have we entered rightly into its spirit. It subtly suggests to us certain things which itself is not: thought, passion, energy, in all the forms through which these manifest themselves. It is a mirror in which humanity can behold its own transformations, a tongue by which it can speak of its feelings, a bridge for bringing men together. It also hints analogies, by the application of which to human affairs we can enlarge, correct, and modify our various estimates of human life. In this last character it often discharges the functions of a monitor, freeing our sympathies when narrow and confined, and teaching us tolerance, charity, humility, and large expectations of good from quarters which at first seem to promise nothing but evil and disaster.

Viewing nature in this light, it would be no great matter if many of her anomalies, or what seem such, should remain anomalies, inscrutable by investigation, and indicating the limits of discovery. At least, so long as poor humanity is jostled aside or trampled on so soon as it is found nonconformant to its past history, in the person of some strange and uninterpretable man, the explanation of all difficulties in the general system of nature would be a mean compensation for the loss of the perpetual admonitions which these are administering to us for the end of enforcing a more tender intercourse among mankind. Ignorant in many respects of nature we all are—let us admit that; and why then should we presume to censure every form of character which presents points of striking dissimilarity to our own, without thinking of pausing for a moment to inquire, whether this or the other development, touching our sympathies at only a few points, may not be as real and as beautiful of its kind as ours! So far from seeking to repress variety, or to cut off from our affections some melancholy mind which has stumbled into life without bringing the mark of the past along with it, we should encourage the manifestation of individuality, and welcome with joy every spirit which, from its very loneliness in this world, seems charged with a message of favour to mankind from that Providence which is bearing us on from epoch to epoch of advancement. In this way we should be more just to others, and also should gather a thousandfold blessing into our own hearts by the consciousness of a larger sympathy, and the knowledge of administering to the mitigation of those sufferings which are, in greater or less degree, the lot of all who are destined to disclose more of the mystery of life than has before been realised.

Owing to reflections of this sort, on turning over in our thoughts the little that is known concerning the nature and functions of comets, we were led to regard the defect of information if not with positive gladness, yet without any sensible mixture of regret in our feeling. Fast enough are discoveries of external being accumulating; nor need we grudge the absence of scientific knowledge in one curious department of nature, if it be atoned for by suggestions of which, otherwise, we should, perhaps, have been devoid. Let us only firmly believe that nature never is at fault, and apply the seeming anomalies of comets to the

deciphering of human character. Scientifically, we must believe that comets have uses in the creation, inscrutable, except by hypothesis, though these hitherto have been. Works of God they are, probably having a use apart altogether from reference to us, and in all likelihood having relations to our earth and the other planets; for a 'manifold wisdom' pervades the universe, which exhibits not one end gained by a combination of means, but many ends by a single method. For a reason equally good, we should feel constrained to recognise every form of humanity, however remote from our own, if only it be true to itself; waiting for its explanation till it comes within our orbit, and we can take better cognisance of its nature and purposes.

Comets are, indeed, the most wonderful phenomena in our skies, if not also the most beautiful; and in all ages, until modern times, they have been inwoven with the superstitions of different nations, as the special ministers of the Almighty's decrees. Their sudden appearance and as sudden departure, having the sun as a goal, is startling, without giving time for familiarity of view to weaken the effect. They come and go like spectres inhabiting space, visiting system after system, till they are finally either warped into some one system, or dissipated in the void through which their course is taken. The singular tenuity of their substance, being a light, filmy matter, together with the enormous distribution of themselves over the heavens, in the form of tail or shadowy robe, affects the imagination in the liveliest manner. Stars, let them be clustered as they may, or planets however bright and glittering, or moon be it soft as light, cannot touch us in the same way. Far off in fixed stations the first keep watch from night to night, ever rising and ever setting with precise regularity; but they are too beautiful to agitate us. The second vary, indeed, in their appearances; still, only within calculable and a very noticeable limits. The last mentioned, the moon, excelleth all in gentle interest; but her motions are staid and expected. Otherwise is it with comets, which dart in upon our horizon, a new arrival; snorting as they enter, and forthwith, enveloping themselves in the sun's rays, start off with their huge trail of film in an opposite direction. The conception of vastness is thereby dilated to some proportion with its object. Comets seem to mediate between our own system and the systems which circle at distances scarcely imaginable. We can almost suppose ourselves borne away by them through the interval. Infinity becomes capable of measurement, and we use the gauge thus put into our hands for supplying us with an idea which otherwise could not, even in fancy, be thought within possession.

The number of the comets cannot be stated with the slightest approximation to probability. Several hundreds have been recorded; but these are only the more conspicuous ones, while no account of comets was kept in early times, and thousands must have come within the limits of our system unobserved, because traversing only that part of the heavens which is above our horizon during the obliterating reign of sunshine. Nothing concerning these bodies, if bodies they can be called, is more wonderful than the thinness of their substance; being, in fact, even where it is the densest, so very transparent from its filminess, that a star of the sixteenth magnitude has been seen through the head or nucleus. Splendid appendages called tails (though improperly, since they sometimes precede instead of following their points of attachment) spread out to incredible lengths, varying in shape, being at one time oval, at another time three-pronged, on other occasions flowing in streams; sometimes of a fan form, and sometimes curved in the direction which the comet has pursued. These glorious meteors, blazing thus as they go, suggest the inquiry how so slight a substance as they are composed of should at all remain together in a progressive course of great velocity; and whence is spun that monstrous web which has covered a fourth part of the heavens?—more astonishing to hoary eyes than even the spider's net to the amazed schoolboy.

Scarcely less perplexing is the seeming lawlessness of

these bodies. Not occupying any one portion of the heavens in particular, they take possession of every part of it, being directed as if by a will which owned submission to no acknowledged law. They appear to regard space as a sort of common, on which they may sport at their own pleasure. Some of them move in a direct line, others in a retrograde course, and others tortuously; all in a way of their own, not calculable, except in a few instances, by the skill of the astronomer. Their motions, too, are not less capricious than their courses. Some move quickly, others more slowly; some combine the extremes of speed during their passage in our neighbourhood. While yet at a distance from the sun, they approach slowly, and with little or no appendage; pressing onwards, however, they spread out their wings and quicken their flight; anon they plunge into the beams of the luminary; soon afterwards they reappear on the other side, moving off with great velocity, and glowing with light, but gradually slackening their pace and absorbing their wings, till they grow dimmer and dimmer, and finally vanish from the view.

Lost, we are apt to say, and never to return. Our fears in many cases may be just, but certainly not in all. Of those comets which have been considered to be denizens of our system, although ever taking a dim and perilous way through vacuity, and returning within sight only after protracted intervals, the most noticeable is the comet of Halley, so named from the famous Edmund Halley, whose calculations identified it, on its appearance in 1682, as the same with the great comets of 1581 and 1607. On its return in 1682, it shone with remarkable brilliancy, having a tail of thirty degrees in length. The history of the discovery is full of peculiar interest. On calculating the elements of the comet's passage in 1682, and comparing the results with calculations previously made of the comets of 1581 and 1607, Halley inferred their identity; and the intervals of the earlier successive appearances being 75 and 76 years, he was led to predict a reappearance about the year 1759. Astronomers, without exception, regarded the prediction with exceeding curiosity; and, as the time of its fulfilment approached, the question arose respecting the possible influence of the planetary attractions on the comet's orbital motion. The computation necessary was accomplished by Clairaut, who announced that Saturn would retard its return by 100 days, and Jupiter by 518, in all 618 days; fixing the time of return within a month of the middle of April, 1759. The 12th of March was signalled by the event.

Besides this more remarkable comet, two others have been observed to return periodically at intervals of no great length. The first of these is the comet of Encke, deriving its name from Professor Encke of Berlin, who was successful in giving the earliest notice of its periodical return. Its orbit is an ellipse of great eccentricity, and is passed over in the period of 1207 days, or about 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ years. The most interesting circumstance relating to this comet, is the fact, that its velocity is found to be diminishing, owing probably to some resisting medium lying in the way through which it takes its course; the effect of which will be, either that it will sooner or later drop into the sun, owing to the increasing attraction which that body must be exercising over it by reason of its diminishing centrifugal force, or may before then be dissipated, an alternative supposed not improbable, as its appearance on each return is less and less remarkable.

The other comet is named Biela, after M. Biela of Josephstadt, whose observations first determined its period of orbital motion. Its ellipse about the sun is less eccentric than that of Encke's comet, and is described in 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ years. Comparatively small, it is without a tail, and has seemingly no solid nucleus. Its orbit, however, very nearly cuts that of the earth; and, on the last return of the comet, had the earth been a month in advance of its position at the time, it must have passed through it. What in this case might have been the consequence, it is difficult to say.

Bodies so erratic in their course as these, neither joining with the planets in their regular motions nor observ-

ing the return of the planets to a particular point, so as to keep at a proper distance, are sometimes violently drawn out of their orbits, and forced to describe other than their original orbits; just as in a dance, when one not taking part in the exercise shoots athwart the dancing ground, he is liable, unless he be peculiarly dexterous, to fall foul of the performers, and sometimes is driven to the side, or backwards as he came, or is precipitated on to his destination in a posture more prone than his original one. Jupiter, of all the celestial bodies, seems most to resent the irregular movements of the comets. In one case, he disappointed the expectations of astronomers, and falsified the prediction of Lexell respecting the comet of 1770, by throwing that body out of a small into a much larger ellipse, as if by way of reprisal for having ventured too near him and getting entangled in his tributary satellites. Curiously enough, the motions of the satellites were no wise deranged by this encounter, affording proof of the smallness of the comet's mass.

The conjectures respecting the uses of these wayward bodies, while they possess scarcely any approximation to a true theory of the subject, indicate, nevertheless, the ineradicable conviction that they have a use, however obscure and as yet wholly unknown that may be. So manifold are the instances of purpose in the universe, that from the character of a part we are constrained to infer respecting the nature of the whole. If science has hitherto been the handmaid of religion, unfolding proofs of power, wisdom, and goodness, and never yet detecting what could rightly be considered the want of a purpose in creation, we feel helplessly forced to conclude that a purpose reigns universal, however buried in its manifestation it may still be in many cases. The realisation of this great truth, as a living belief, exerting its appropriate effect upon the habits of our minds and feelings, is a perennial source of joy and hope to the heart of man. It clothes all the facts of science, however as yet inexplicable, with a beautiful meaning in hieroglyphic. The assurance that a significance is everywhere, animates inquiry; and even before success has verified the prediction uttered by reason and the moral sentiment, we have yielded a faith in our Maker, and therefore received by anticipation a rich blessing into the spirit. Nature's sports, as we are accustomed to call her uninterpreted works, when they curiously differ from the general rule, are indeed sports, but, if we may so say, they are sports in earnest; they have a purpose, a wise, manifold, and beneficent one, deep in proportion to its seeming absence, and quietly laughing, as it were, at our misconceptions on the subject. It is not improbable that the law of human progress exists for other reasons than those which are uppermost and obvious at first view. We might imagine, perhaps, that creatures, by virtue of being such and not self-existent, are necessitated to advance step by step in the comprehension of the universe rather than all at once, and that this reason is the explanation of the whole matter. Why look for other reasons, we may think, when one of itself is adequate. But, indeed, apart from the consideration that so full a source of happiness as surprise would be dried up, and that the immediate display of truth might deprive us of many aids to spiritual strength and development dependent on the gradual acquirement of knowledge, it is obvious that we should lose many experiences which we now have, resting on the discovery of mistake and error, on partialness of view, and on the variety of aspects which the same thing presents at different stages of our advancement. Consider, for a moment, how rich in figure and allusion we are, owing to the condition of our faculties and position here in this life! Sweep away our history so far as it relates to departure from truth, leaving us only the results of investigation bare as certainly can make them, and we should find a thousand fancies and much beautiful dressing of the mind gone along with the memory of error. As the case is at present, however, we have not only the final position but all the intermediate points in our power. Wearied, perhaps, with the reiteration of facts long ago known to us, how delightful is it to fall back upon our early experiences, when con-

jecture occupied the place of certainty, fancy of fact, partialness of totality of view, and hope of possession! In this way, there is found over and above our lives a wisdom which transmutes all evil things into good for us, and evolves ultimately 'light out of darkness, order out of confusion.' Fools enough we are, stumbling ever and again in our course through this world; but if gifted with a spiritual insight into the mystery of Providence, we shall discover a more varied meaning than we dreamed of, a purpose just really as much in harmony with itself as it seemed to be self-contradictory, and a reason of confidence in Him who administers life to us all and assigns the orbs of the skies their several places and functions in creation.

And yet—and yet how difficult it is to believe that a body of subtle matter, careering heedlessly through space, dispersing itself as it goes, should serve any purpose that can appear to a rational being a wise one! According to the analogy of our own globe, neither plants nor animals can have a dwelling on a mass such as composes any comet which observation has revealed to us. Historically, comets have acted as scarecrows to our race, disturbing its members with afflictive terror, and awakening dire apprehensions of a catastrophe fatal to existing arrangements. Why are they suffered to visit our peaceful planetary region, flaming in our skies, and affecting the motions of bodies to which they seem only worse than useless? A mystery lies wrapped up in this, which, puny in power and hasty in reference, we should do well to avoid. Who told us that they are lawless, pestilent, and needing to be cast forth from companionship and neighbourhood? Possibly they come to us charged with blessings incalculable. Their loss may be our salvation. So thought the able Newton, who conjectured that they furnish us with the primary conditions of animal life. Perhaps they may yet illustrate laws of the universe, which should for ever be concealed but for the hints and means of experiment which they supply; and if so, how ungrateful as well as precipitate the doubt which should cast suspicion over the designs of our Heavenly Father!

Only a little farther insight, and a series of phenomena unrivalled in interest may yet be developed in connexion with the cometary bodies. In proportion to the apparent lawlessness of their movements may seem the beauty of the laws which rule them, so soon as science has discovered what these laws really are. By those generally to whom meteorology has unfolded no facts, clouds are supposed to be fitful and capricious, depending on chance rather than on any uniform laws for their distribution, and being entirely beyond the power of the man of science to ascertain and arrange according to a trustworthy classification. What brought hither that black thunder-cloud frowning just over us? Why did it come this length, and not stop short or advance farther onwards? It pauses and breaks. Why so? Many might think these questions frivolous because they imply the presence of law, which, in the case of phenomena so variable as the upper vapours, is supposed to have no veritable existence. But experiment and observation have already done much and promise to do a great deal more towards the elucidation of this matter; nor is it very improbable that advanced inquiries may yet bring to light the presence of law among the comets, after a more subtle and complicated yet simple manner than any one anticipates. Anomalies in nature are usually owing to an unexpected combination of forces, so secretly at work, adjusted in proportions so nice, so often appearing and disappearing, and assuming forms so varying, that the result is perplexing because of the intense activity of law, not because of its absence.

The universe is the work of an Almighty Artist, and must not be profanely scanned as if it were the product of an ordinary mechanic. Reverently we must interpret it, not from a slavish fear of finding it incomplete, but lest we defraud ourselves of the key to its explanation. Humility is the fitting attitude of spirit in which it must be contemplated; not, however, a servility which prompts to idol-worship, but an unfeigned expectation that there is much to learn in the study of it. Confidence in God is

the noblest homage we can pay to him, as it implies the presence of an incipient power to recognise the prevalence of order in his works. Nature ever operates through variety, which, in its manifestations, is of course the most obvious thing that is displayed. Beneath the seeming disorder, there exists a unity seen only by the spiritual eye, and the recognition of which, in our estimate of the creation, cannot be wanting, without unfitness to understand the character of the Creator.

RECOLLECTIONS OF YOUTHFUL DAYS.

BY THOMAS R. J. POLSON

(Written for the Instructor.)

Oh! would I were once more a child,
In boyhood's happy paths to roam,
When, light of heart, from school, so wild,
We all broke loose, and made for home!
That was a happy moment, when
The master changed his rigid looks,
And, seeming pleased, told 'twas again
The hour for satchelling the books!
How little knew our hearts of care,
And of the world's deceit and guile,
Whilst everything around, as 'twere,
Appear'd upon our path to smile!
How readily we, too, received
The voice of everything for truth,
And in our innocence believed
That all was candid as our youth!
Oh! would I were once more a child,
In pleasure's flowery scenes to roam—
To hear a mother's voice so mild
At evening's hour direct me home!
How thrill'd the heart with deep delight,
How flush'd the cheek with joyous pride,
Whilst homeward, at th' approach of night,
We wended at a mother's side!
Or, peradventure, father seem'd
To smile upon his little boy,
Did we not feel as though there beam'd
Upon our soul a sun of joy—
Did not affection, love, esteem,
At once within our bosom glow?
Ah, yes! his smile seem'd to redeem
The heart from all it felt of woe!
Oh! would I were once more a child,
And frisking at a parent's knee,
When every joy the hours beguiled,
And shed a world of bliss round me!
How look'd the soul to future years,
Hope beaming in a cloudless sky:
A word—a glance could soothe our fears,
And brighten up the tearful eye!
'Twas then the heart was unoppress'd—
'Twas then the soul was buoyant, gay;
Or if a care disturb'd the breast,
We speedily wept it quite away.
But now, how changed the feelings there!
Oh! what emotions through me steal!
I would not that my foe should share
The weight of sorrow that I feel!
Oh! would I were once more a child,
And just as much from trouble free,
As, when a 'little fellow' styled.
I anxious was a man to be!
For then the time fled quickly past,
And mirth and gaiety were ours:
Whilst now our sky is overcast,
And slowly creep along the hours—
At least we think so; for the hearts
Which then did love us now are cold:
And as an odd one still departs,
The memory tells we're growing old.
And yet it is a solace too—
For, wanting those who on us smiled,
To come again the same scenes through,
I scarce could wish to be a child!

VISIT TO THE SOCIETY OF ARTS' EXHIBITION, LONDON.

Among the cheering tendencies of the present period are those by which the great bulk of the population, hitherto so little recognised, may be awakened to a sense of the beautiful in art—to love and appreciate it in all its manifestations. Without any wish to disguise the vast amount of ignorance, paralysing as it were one third of our social strength, we cannot but feel that an upward progress is the great characteristic of our era. As in the individual, so in the social mind. A man sometimes learns more in one day, by some fortuitous combination of circumstances, than in ten times as many years of ordinary unobservant existence. So, during the past twenty years, the developments of physical and moral power, of real effort for good, of earnestness of purpose, and clearness of aim, have been greater than at any former period. Human lives, and hands, and hearts, begin to count for something in the great social reckoning; and the principle is acknowledged that it is better to lift up than to pull down. The work already accomplished is but an earnest of better things to come, for which let all who recognise any real purpose in life labour as certain of their reward.

One important element of progress is to be found in association; whatever is to be done now-a-days is not left to chance or isolated effort: no matter what the object—a railway, bank, manufactory, learning, or literature—a hundred active individuals are found willing to combine for its accomplishment. In this respect the present generation is much better off than the preceding; instead of rude sports, well enough in their way and not to be altogether neglected, and bottle exploits, the spare energy of the existing race expends itself in a thousand useful enterprises. Not the least important among these associations is the Society of Arts, which has of late years done much to promote domestic and mechanical improvements. The metropolis boasts many learned and scientific societies, but none which has laboured so effectually to improve the arts of every-day life as the society in question. In their recently published annual circular for the present year—the ninety-third session—they offer a prize of thirty guineas 'for the best design and working drawings of a labourer or workman's cottage, to combine cheapness with convenience, comfort, wholesomeness, and neatness;' and a medal and ten guineas 'for an improved method of preventing the emission of noxious vapours from the gratings of sewers, which shall permit of a free passage for the sewerage, and provide against bursting the drains.' A reward similar to the latter is also offered 'for the effective ventilation of private rooms or buildings designed for large assemblies.' The object proposed by these three prizes is in the highest degree praiseworthy, taken in connexion with the sanitary question now agitated in various parts of the kingdom; and the society's aim to accomplish ends so useful commends itself to the common-sense sympathies of every one. Minor household matters have not been overlooked: various prizes are offered for improved designs, without increase of expense, in porcelain, earthenware, and glass; and for others adapted to window-blinds, carpets, and paper-hangings. Colouring and the fine arts generally are included in the list as proper subjects for reward, but we only notice two other prizes: the first of twenty-five guineas and the medal, 'for a pound of thread spun from Irish or British flax, as fine and even as the best specimens of foreign thread used in lace-making—the object being to enable the lace-makers of this country to compete successfully with the foreign manufacturers.' The other consists of a gold medal, 'for the importation of any new plants from Central America, our colonies, or elsewhere, likely to be useful as substitutes for the potato.' We have terrible proof in the present scarcity, of the great blessing that more ample resources in the article of food would confer upon millions; but we fear it will be long before a substitute is found for the potato. Still the attempt is perfectly legitimate on the part of the society, their general object being, to use their own words, 'the encouragement

of ingenuity and talent by publicity and distinction, the direction of invention to the most useful purposes, and the wider diffusion of taste and knowledge in art and improved manufactures.'

In furtherance of this object, the society have just opened the first of a series of annual exhibitions, comprising 'select specimens of British manufactures and decorative art;' and an opportunity having been afforded us of an early visit to the collection, we propose to give a brief notice of such objects as may be interesting to our readers. The catalogue commences with pottery, long considered too humble a manufacture to meet with serious attention, but which Wedgewood showed might be made the means of introducing beautiful and elegant forms into every house in the country. The specimens now exhibited include several of the time of Queen Elizabeth, and others showing the progress of art in mixing and moulding clays from that period to the present. Among these is 'the 'tyg' or drinking-cup with many handles, intended for the use of several persons, that each might sip from a part which had not touched the lips of his companions. On the next table stand the jugs for which the society's prizes were awarded in 1846, and they furnish a striking proof of what may be done to give chasteness and beauty to domestic utensils. Ornamental in pattern and outline, their shape is such that they may as easily be kept clean as an ordinary red pitcher. The colour is dead white; and the idea of producing the handle by the junction of two vine branches which embrace the jug, has enabled the maker to combine elegance with utility. Some of the finer specimens of china and porcelain exhibit many brilliant instances of printing and painting. The French are large purchasers of this article; and it is worthy of remark that the china which they buy from us is frequently reimported into England as a proof of the superiority of France in porcelain manufactures. What is called 'statuary porcelain' is shown in several graceful statues after originals by Wyatt, Danecker, and Thorwaldsen.

The next division comprehends, perhaps, the most interesting part of the exhibition—carvings in wood. The specimens are numerous, and remarkable for their beauty; and when it is considered that they are all produced by machinery, we regard them with as much astonishment as pleasure. It is indeed quite bewildering to be told that the beautiful sculpture before us, rivaling that of the artists of the middle ages, is a mere mechanical production. One of the specimens is 'a portion of the gates of Ghiberti at the Baptistery of St John at Florence;' of which gates Michael Angelo observed 'they were worthy to be the gates of heaven.' A brace of partridges and a bunch of hops are so true to nature that it is scarcely possible to believe they have not been the hand-labour of some ingenious carver. The latter especially, as they hang from the wall, seem as though they might be blown aside with a breath, instead of being an unyielding mass of wood. Various specimens are given showing the different stages of the work rough from the machine up to the final polishing; there are Gothic screens, pannels with figures of the saints in bold relief, elaborate mouldings, terminated by a magnificent Elizabethan sideboard, on the back of which a Bacchanalian group is disporting in *alto relievo*.

The specimens of decorative bookbinding remind the visitor of the early days of the art, when the good old binders devoted many months to the ornamenting of a single volume. Steam and machinery now enable us to produce the same things in equal or greater beauty, and at one hundredth part of the price. There are some persons who consider cheapness in connexion with art as an evil rather than a good; but to every right thinking mind it will be clear that the wider the diffusion of objects of real taste and ornament, the truer will be the desire to make the life correspond with its auxiliaries. The screens, vases, and tables made of *papier-mâché*, in the exhibition, are decorated with paintings, which some years ago would have been considered as thrown away on such material—now the most classic subjects may be purchased at comparatively small cost.

Among metallic ornaments there is one in frosted silver, constructed on a new plan. It is intended for the table, and represents a group of palm-trees, beneath the shelter of whose broad overhanging leaves, a traveller on a camel sits to drink from a cup offered by a figure below. The whole, however, is made of sheet silver; the stems of the trees are strips of the metal formed into hollow tubes and chased. There is nothing whatever in the appearance that would lead the observer to suspect it to be otherwise than solid, while there has been a saving of two-thirds in the material. Sheffield cutlery forms a prominent portion of the metallic articles exhibited, and here we see improvements effected in tailor's shears—instruments which for years have been considered as unsusceptible of modification. Giving an angular direction to the handles, so as to adapt them to the position of the thumb and fingers of the workman, a great increase of power is obtained in their use. There is also the pair of scissors presented to her Majesty by Mr Wilkinson of Sheffield, the highly ornamented handles of which display much taste and ingenuity. The royal arms are represented surrounded by wreaths and scrolls, underneath is the name 'Victoria,' and round the loops the rose, shamrock, and thistle. Six weeks of time and six dozen of files were expended in the production of this specimen of Sheffield craft, which is the more remarkable as being the work of a journeyman above twenty years of age. There are some specimens of German skill in the shape of silver spoons and forks, made by a new process of rolling from sheet metal. The embossing is as bold and distinct as though produced by the ordinary method of casting and chasing. The inventor, Mr Krupp of Vienna, is said to be about to introduce the manufacture into England.

It has long been known that the heavy duties imposed on the glass trade in this country prevented all improvements in the manufacture. But since the abolition of the impost two years since by the government, great advances have been made in the fabrication both of plain and coloured glass, and our principal manufacturers are now actively engaged in attempts to compete with the glass-workers of Bohemia. Several specimens in the exhibition afford ample evidence of the advantages resulting when free scope is left to human industry.

We necessarily leave many things unnoticed which are well worth attention: they include textile manufactures, paper-hangings, and machinery. Although the exhibition is not what it will become in future years, it deserves due praise as a first attempt; and we quote from the society's address the concluding observations, which sight-seers generally would do well to remember:—'If it should be objected to some of the articles here, that they are not so good as some that might have been obtained, we would answer, that is possibly true. If our visitors find fault correctly with anything they see, we shall be as much gratified as if they praise. The one thing we wish them to do is, to praise and appreciate that which is good, and to blame where faults really exist. Let the visitor praise in the right place, let him blame in the right place, and the object of our exhibition has been attained.' The exhibition derives additional interest from being held in the room whose walls are covered with Barry's celebrated pictures, designed to illustrate the truth 'that the attainment of happiness, individual as well as public, depends on the development, proper cultivation, and perfection of the human faculties, physical and moral.' The pictures are nearly twelve feet in height, and two of them more than forty feet long. They alone are well worth the time spent in the visit. The subjects are thus described:—'The first exhibits mankind in a savage state, exposed to all the inconvenience and misery of neglected culture; the second represents a harvest-home, or thanksgiving to Ceres and Bacchus; the third, the victors at Olympia; the fourth, navigation, or the triumph of the Thames; the fifth, the distribution of the rewards of the Society; and the sixth, Elysium, or the state of final retribution.' The ceiling of the apartment has recently been decorated by Mr Hay.

It is not generally known that ladies as well as gentlemen may become members of the Society of Arts. Many of the objects that come within its sphere of operations commend themselves especially to the female sex; opening sources of recreation and instruction which it is too much the custom to close against them. We trust that our sketch of the proceedings will have the effect of stimulating some, in remote parts of the country, ignorant of what is going on in the great world, to compete for the prizes offered by the Society.

THE FLOWER-BASKET.

CHAPTER III.

WITH her little bundle in her hand, Maria ascended the hill. She wished once more to see her father's grave. The evening bell had long since rung, and when she reached the churchyard, night was fast advancing; but there was nothing terrible in a churchyard to Maria. She went straight to her father's grave and poured out a flood of tears. The rays of the full moon glimmered through the branches of the dark fir-trees, and cast a pale silvery light on the grave and the roses, which were still remaining untouched in the little basket. The night wind moved the branches of the trees gently to and fro, but all else was still and silent in the mansions of the dead. 'Oh, my kind father, would you were yet alive,' said Maria, 'that I might tell my grief to you! Yet, no, 'tis better you cannot feel this new sorrow—no grief can touch you now. Oh, that I were with you! Alas, I never was so miserable in my life!' She wept afresh. 'What shall I do now?' said she, after a pause; 'or whether shall I go? I dare not go to any house to ask for lodging—it is too late; and should I say why they have sent me off no one would admit me.' She looked around her, and saw an old gravestone against the wall immediately beside her father's tomb. As the inscription was long since effaced it had been put there out of the way, and occasionally used as a seat. 'I will sit on this stone,' said she, 'and spend the night by my father's grave. It may be the last time that I may see this beloved spot. To-morrow, at daybreak, I will go where the hand of the Lord shall lead me.' Maria sat down upon the gravestone beneath the dark shade of the branching pines, and covered her face with her kerchief, which was now soaked with tears. She was soon lost in deep devotion. 'Oh, God!' she half exclaimed, 'hast thou no guardian angel to show me the path in which I shall tread?' She had scarcely uttered this half aloud, when she heard her own name repeated by a sweet soft voice. 'Maria, Maria!' said the voice. She started up in great affright, and saw a beautiful slender form standing before her, gazing at her with eyes in which were the mingled expression of tenderest compassion and sweetest affection. The unknown was clothed in a long white robe, the head and shoulders were covered with a profusion of beautiful locks on which the moon was shining brightly, and revealed the whole form of the stranger. Maria was terrified, and, sinking on her knees, exclaimed—'Oh, God, what do I see? Is this an angel from heaven!'

'No, dear Maria,' said the stranger, gently, 'I am no angel; I am mortal like thyself; but I have come to help thee. God has heard thy pious prayer. Look at me; do you not know me?'

'Oh, it is!—it is!' exclaimed Maria—it is the young Countess Amelia!'

Amelia raised her in her arms, and, embracing her fondly, kissed her pale cheeks, and said, 'Dear, good Maria, canst thou forgive me? Can you forgive my parents? Oh, how gladly shall we now strive to repay thee for all your sufferings! Dearest Maria, only forgive us!'

'Do not speak thus,' said Maria; 'all things considered, you have treated us very kindly. It never entered into my mind to blame you in the least. All that I have wished for in this life was that my innocence might be discovered. God has granted my request—to Him be the praise.'

The young countess pressed Maria long and fondly to her bosom; her tears flowed plentifully down her beauti-

ful cheeks. At length her eyes fell on the humble grave at her feet, and, folding her hands, she exclaimed, in a sorrowful tone—'Oh, thou kind old man, whose bones rest beneath this turf—thou whom I loved from my earliest infancy, who made the little cradle in which I used to sleep when a child, and whose last gift was this little basket which now adorns thy lonely grave—oh, that you were still alive, that I might see your venerable face, and entreat pardon for the gross injury we have done you! But what we cannot do for thee shall be done fourfold for thy daughter. Oh, that you could only say, 'I forgive you!''

'My gracious lady,' said Maria, 'he never entertained one unkind thought of you or your parents. Every morning and evening he prayed for you the same as he did at Eichburg; and when he was dying he blessed you all.'

The kind-hearted Amelia wept more than ever. At length she said, 'Come, Maria, sit down beside me on this stone, till I detail to you in how wonderful a manner God has led me hither to help you. From the time I discovered your innocence,' proceeded the lady, 'I had no more peace; you and your father lived constantly in my mind, and, believe me, dear Maria, I have shed many bitter tears on your account. My parents caused inquiry to be made for you in every quarter, but nowhere could we hear anything about you. Three days ago we came to the castle that stands a short distance from the village. They have not visited it for nearly twenty years, and it is kept only by a forester. My father, who had some dispute to settle about the boundaries, spent to-day with two other noblemen, and my mother was taken up with attending to their ladies. I was glad that I was entirely at liberty; the evening was so beautiful and agreeable after the heat of to-day; the sun was setting in such a lovely manner behind the high hills covered with dark trees, that I obtained permission to take a stroll into the country, accompanied by the old forester's daughter. We passed through the village; the gate of the churchyard stood open, and the gravestones were shining in the beams of the setting sun like gold. I always had a great delight in reading inscriptions and rhymes upon tombstones; we therefore entered the churchyard, and, after I had gone through all the inscriptions, the girl said to me—'Now, I will show you something more beautiful than all these: yon grave of a poor old man, which, though it has no monument or inscription, is adorned in a most beautiful manner by the tender love and affection of his only daughter. Do you see, beneath the dark shade of that fir-tree, a rose-bush in full blossom, and, beside it, the pretty little basket full of flowers?' I came to the grave, and stood fixed like a monument. I knew your basket in a moment; I examined it more closely, and, could there have been any doubt, my own initials and crest would have convinced me. I inquired after your and your father's history. The young woman told me of your residence at Pine Farm, of your father's last illness, and your grief at his death. I hastened to the clergyman, who I soon found was a pious kind man. He confirmed all, and told me much good of you. I wished to set out immediately to find you, but the time had passed so rapidly that it was now night. 'What must I do?' said I; 'to-morrow it may be too late to go.' The minister told his schoolmaster to go to Pine Farm and bring you to the parsonage. 'If it is Maria, the poor stranger,' said the master, 'I need not go so far to find her, for she is at this moment weeping by her poor father's grave. I saw her from a window of the old tower.' The clergyman wished to accompany me to the grave, but I desired him to let me go alone. I requested him, in the mean time, to go and tell my parents where I was, and to prepare them for your arrival. So, my dear Maria, this accounts for my sudden appearance; and thus you see this little flower-basket, under God's guidance, has been the means of bringing us once more together by thy father's grave.'

'Yes,' said Maria, folding her hands and looking devoutly toward heaven, 'God has indeed directed and guarded your footsteps to this place, where, like an angel from heaven, you have comforted and cheered me.'

Amelia interrupted her by saying, 'There is one thing, my dear friend, which I must tell you—Nancy, your greatest earthly enemy, thought of nothing but how to ruin you in my estimation, and to secure herself firmly in it. For this purpose she invented a malicious lie, and her base design seemed to have fully succeeded; but in the end, as you will hear, this very lie was the cause why she for ever lost my confidence and her own situation, and fixed you more securely in all our affections. But tell me, she suddenly exclaimed, 'why you came so late to the grave, and why even now you are weeping so bitterly.'

Maria related to her how rudely she had been sent away from Pine Farm. The young countess was astonished. 'Yes, indeed,' she said, 'God has so ordered it that I should find you in the moment of your greatest sorrow, and come to assist and comfort you when you, most helpless, were with bitter tears imploring his divine aid. But it is time we should be going—my parents will expect us. Come, my dear Maria, I will never let you from my side more; you must depart with us to-morrow.'

The way to the castle led through a long avenue of extremely lofty old lime-trees. After Amelia and Maria had walked a short distance in silence, the former again said to Maria, 'I must now tell you how the long-lost ring was recovered. We left town and came to Eichburg earlier this year than usual, the weather being very fine, and my father having some business to transact. Scarcely had we arrived in the country when the weather changed and became very stormy. You remember the great pear-tree which stood in the castle-garden—it was very old, and produced little fruit. The wind had so shaken it one night that it was like to fall. To prevent mischief being done to the other trees, my father ordered it to be cut down; and while the workmen were busy with it, my father, mother, and all of us, went to see it. When the tree fell to the ground, which it did with a great crash, my two little brothers ran to the jackdaw's nest, which had long been a great object of anxiety to them, and which they now examined with great curiosity. 'What is that, brother,' suddenly exclaimed Augustus, 'that is shining so bright between the twigs?' 'It looks like gold,' said Albert. Nancy, who was also there, looked to see what it was, and, turning pale, exclaimed, 'Mercy, it is the ring!' The boys immediately pulled it out, and carried it in triumph to my mother, who, as soon as she saw it, exclaimed, 'Yes, it is—it is my ring! Oh, good, honest Jacob! oh, kind, innocent Maria! what injustice have we done you! It is gratifying to find my ring again, but much more delightful it would be could we again find Jacob and Maria.' 'But how in all the world has the ring come into the nest at the very top of the tree?' said L. 'That I will try to tell you,' said old Antony, the hunter, who shed tears of joy at seeing your innocence established: 'that neither old Jacob the gardener, nor his daughter Maria, can have concealed the ring there is clear,' said he; 'the tree is far too high for them to ascend, besides, they had not time to do it, for Maria had scarcely returned home when she and her father were taken to prison; but that black bird, the jackdaw, which often built its nest in the tree, is very fond of anything that glitters, and, if it can catch hold of it, it immediately bears it to its nest. The bird must have stolen the ring and put it there.' 'You are perfectly right, Antony,' said my mother; 'this makes the whole story quite plain; for the bird often came and sat outside my window, and I remember distinctly of the window in my apartment being open on the day I lost the ring. The bird must, therefore, have spied it on the table, and carried it off while I was in the other room.' My father was exceedingly troubled when he thus saw what he had long looked for—your innocence come so clearly to light. Turning toward Nancy, who alone stood pale and trembling among the many faces that were smiling around us, 'You false deceitful serpent,' said he, 'how did you dare to tell such a falsehood, and lead your master to perpetrate so gross an injustice? Seize her,' said he to the two officers who had been superintending the cutting of the tree, and speaking very gravely; 'let her wear the same

claim as Maria wore, and be put in the same cell; she shall be deprived of what property she has in money or clothes, and shall be banished like Maria.' The news of the ring being found soon spread through Eichburg, and crowds of people hurried to the spot. The Judge came into the garden, having been told of the circumstance by the secretary. You cannot imagine, my dear Maria, how the discovery affected the judge; for, although he might seem hard to you, yet through his whole life he has been known as an upright and benevolent man. 'The half,' said he, with a voice that pierced the hearts of all present—'nay, the whole of what I am worth would I gladly give had it not fallen to my lot to condemn innocence on false evidence. Oh, 'tis horrible!' He glanced around the assembled crowd, and, with a loud voice, continued—'God is the only Judge who never errs, and whom no one can deceive; he, the Omniscient, alone knows both how the ring was stolen, and where it has till now been concealed. Human judges often err from short-sightedness, and, on earth, the innocent often suffer while the guilty bear away the prize. But this time God, that great Judge who shall one day reward the good and punish the guilty, has been pleased to bring innocence to light, and reveal secret malice; and, mark, Nancy herself, the false accuser, was the first to proclaim Maria's innocence, to her own confusion.' Such, my dear Maria, is the manner in which the ring was found and your innocence clearly proven.'

By this time Amelia and Maria had reached the gates of the old castle. The count, countess, and their noble visitors were all assembled in the great hall of the castle, which, after the manner of the age and country, was very highly adorned. The worthy pastor had arrived at the castle long before Amelia and her friend, and the whole company had listened to his story of Jacob and Maria with the deepest interest. He related the whole history of the worthy old man during his residence at Pine Farm; he spoke in such glowing terms of his noble and pious disposition, his upright conduct, his constant attachment to his old master—he narrated Maria's devoted love to her father—her unwearied attention to him—and he gave so many instances of unceasing industry, piety, patience, and modesty, that the tears stood in the eyes of all who heard him, and the kind-hearted countess at last wept outright.

At this moment Amelia entered the hall, with Maria in one hand and the little basket in the other. Every one hastened to meet them, and all loaded Maria with kindness. The count took her by the hand, and said to her, 'Poor child, how pale and fatigued thou art! Our unwise conduct has blanched thy cheeks and planted early furrows on thy youthful forehead. Forgive us! We will do everything in our power to cause the roses on thy cheeks to bloom afresh. I present thee with the house and garden at Eichburg; thy father had only a lease of it, but tonight my secretary shall write me out the deed, and Amelia shall present it to thee.' The countess kissed Maria, and, embracing her most affectionately, drew the sparkling ring from her finger, which she had taken from her jewel-box just before Maria entered, and, presenting it to Maria, she said—'See, my dear child, thy innocence and thy virtue are a thousand times more precious than the great diamond which adorns this ring; but, although thou possessest a more precious treasure, despise not this jewel. Accept it as a slight compensation for the injury done thee, and as a pledge of my devoted maternal affection toward thee.' With these words she placed the ring on Maria's finger.

The modest, unassuming Maria stood holding the ring in her trembling hand; she looked at the minister, as if to ask him what she should do.

'Yes, Maria, you must keep the ring,' said the minister. 'The count and countess are too generous to take it back again.'

Maria, with tears of gratitude, placed the ring on her finger, but her heart was too full to speak her thanks in words.

On the following morning, the count resolved to visit Pine

Farm, to see the old people who had been so kind to Maria and her father. On the way thither, he inquired carefully into all their circumstances, and Maria concealed nothing from him. The arrival of a carriage at Pine Farm excited no little stir; for, perhaps, it was the first that had been seen at it since it was built. The farmer's wife, as soon as she saw the carriage, ran out in great haste to assist, as she said, the nobleman's lady and two daughters to alight. As she humbly desired the hand of one of the ladies, she exclaimed, 'Maria! What in the world does this mean?' at the same time quitting Maria's hand, as if she had grasped a serpent, and starting several paces backwards.

The old farmer was working in the garden, and thither the count, countess, and Amelia immediately hastened, and, pressing him warmly by the hand, thanked him for his kindness to Maria and her father.

'Ah!' said the honest old man, 'I have more need to thank that good man than he had to thank me. He brought a blessing under my roof; and had I only followed his advice more than I did, I would have been happier to-day than I am. Since he died, I have had no pleasure except when working in the garden here; and even for this I have to thank him, both for putting this piece of ground in order and for teaching me to cultivate it.'

During this the mistress was standing at a distance, muttering to herself in astonishment, 'What one must live to see! The wretched little beggar to become a gentlewoman! Who would have thought it! Now, one dare not come near her! But one can still remember that it was only last night she went up the hill with her bundle in her hand, to beg round the country.'

The count did not hear these ill-natured remarks, but he plainly saw her scornful countenance. 'Hear me, kind old man,' said he, 'I have a proposal to make to you. The house and garden which Maria's father formerly possessed at Eichburg I have presented to Maria; but as she will not require it herself, how would you like to go there? I think it will please you, and I know Maria will seek no rent for it. There you can attend, to your heart's desire, to your plants and flowers, and find a comfortable and peaceful dwelling for your old days.'

To this the countess, Amelia, and Maria earnestly entreated the old people to agree; but it did not require much persuasion, for they were really glad when a prospect of deliverance from their present torment was offered them.

The count promised that, as soon as the necessary preparations were made, the old people should be sent for, and, so saying, he and his company stepped into the carriage and drove off.

Maria now became like one of the count's own family, and when they removed to the metropolis she accompanied them thither. One morning, during her residence there, an old clergyman waited on her, and said he had a commission for her. A person who was very ill desired most earnestly to see her before her death, which she felt fast approaching. He would give no information as to who she was, but said Maria would discover that for herself. Maria was much surprised at this circumstance, and asked advice of the countess. The latter knew the clergyman to be a very pious and intelligent man, and desired her to go with him. At his request old Antony accompanied them. They accordingly set out, and after a long walk came to a house in a narrow lane, in the most distant part of the suburbs. Here they had to ascend five flights of stairs, part of which was so dark that Maria was almost terrified. At the top of the house the minister opened an old door, made of a few rough deals nailed together, and they entered a miserable garret. The small window was patched over with paper; a wretched bedstead, and, it possible, a still more wretched bed, and an old chair, with a water-jug without spout or handle standing on it, composed the whole of the furniture. The person who lay on the bed was a spectacle of wretchedness and misery; when she spoke, with a tremulous voice, and stretched out her withered hand, Maria thought she saw a skeleton. Maria trembled in every limb, but at length, with a great effort,

she approached the bed, and, to her horror and surprise, saw Nancy stretched on the wretched straw before her—Nancy, who once had been the gayest maiden in the castle of Eichburg, and bloomed like a rose. The unhappy woman had learned from the minister that Maria was in town with the family, and had entreated him to bring her, that she might inform her of the story of the ring and beg her forgiveness. She would not send her name, for she was afraid that Maria would not come. The kind-hearted girl exhausted herself in assuring Nancy that she had long ago forgiven her, and that she felt nothing now but the deepest compassion, at the same time kindly inquiring as to the nature of her complaint.

'Ah! my dear child,' said the minister to Maria, in a melancholy tone; 'this sickness is the consequence of a shameful life—in this horrible manner can it waste and destroy the fairest form. You are still young, my daughter; they will tell you you are beautiful; they will often speak in a thoughtless manner, and jest at vice; and they may speak excusingly of its examples; temptations may waylay you, like a poisonous serpent; then think on this sight that is now before you—you now see what misery sin can create.'

When Nancy was in the service of the count, she had formed acquaintanceship with many dissolute characters in the metropolis. When, therefore, she was banished from Eichburg, she had come hither, led a short life of sinful pleasure, and, by her indulgences, brought herself to her present state. All her clothes she had been compelled by degrees to sell for not half their value, and when this resource failed her, she was forsaken by all her former associates, and left to languish in the deepest poverty and wretchedness. All this she told to Maria with tears. 'Alas! I am a great sinner,' said she; 'I deserve my fate. When I ceased to think on God, to listen to anything good, to disregard the voice of conscience; when I began to live only for dress, flattery, and pleasure; then did my misery begin, and it has brought me to this. Oh, that no greater misery awaited me in the world to come! You, whom I so basely injured, have forgiven—oh, that God also may forgive me!'

Maria returned home so much troubled that she could not attend for dinner. The ghastly form she had seen haunted her, and the hoarse voice still seemed to sound in her ear. 'This hideous form was once Nancy, the beautiful Nancy!' she repeated to herself many times during the day, and thought of the beautiful little apple-tree whose blossoms had been blighted by the frost. The words of her father on his deathbed also came to her recollection, and she prayed in her heart to God, that she might always live innocent, and be preserved from all crime. She entreated the countess for Nancy, who, at her request, sent a physician, and food and clothing, with all that was necessary; but, after much suffering and pain, Nancy died, in the twenty-third year of her age.

Early next spring the count, and his wife and daughter, accompanied by Maria, left the metropolis for Eichburg. It was evening as the happy party drew near to their destination, and Maria once more saw the beams of the declining sun shining on the castle, the spire of the village church, and on the beloved home of her childhood. She gazed long and earnestly, and could not restrain her tears. 'Ah!' said she, with deep emotion; 'the last time I left Eichburg! I little thought I should ever return to it with peace and joy. How wonderful are the ways of the Lord! how merciful he is! truly his judgments are past finding out!'

When the carriage arrived at the castle-gate, all the friends, officers, and domestics of the count stood ready to receive and welcome them. Maria was saluted and welcomed in the most friendly and affectionate manner. They manifested their joy in every possible manner at seeing her once more. The old judge, in particular, expressed his joy; he took her by the hand with a fatherly affection and kindness, and entreated her forgiveness for the sufferings he had been the innocent cause of her undergoing. Before all present, he thanked the count and countess for the

generous compensation they had endeavoured to make her, and assured them that, as great blame attached to him, he should strive with all his might to make up the loss Maria had sustained at his hand.

Next morning Maria rose very early. The joy at finding herself once more in the country, and the beams of the morning sun shining through her window, had awoken her. She hastened to visit the home of her infancy, and her beloved garden. By the way she met many friendly happy faces; many of the young people she had been accustomed to present with flowers passed by her, and she could not but wonder how much they had grown. The old farmer and his wife, who had given her such a friendly reception at Pine Farm, met her at the garden-door; and, having greeted her in the most friendly manner, related how contentedly and happily they lived there.

'Once,' said the old farmer, 'we received you under our roof when you were without home and shelter, and now, when we are driven from our own home, you have provided this comfortable dwelling-place for our old age.'

'Yes, yes,' said his wife; 'it is always right to be kind and serviceable to our fellow-creatures; we know not what they may one day do for us.'

Maria entered the house. The little parlour where her father used to sit awakened many melancholy as well as many tender recollections. She walked round the garden. Every tree and shrub which her father had planted seemed to greet her as an old friend. She stood for some time looking at the little apple-tree, which was now in full blossom. 'Ah, how short,' said she, 'is mortal existence upon earth! Man passes away, and trees and plants outlive him;' and then, with peace and comfort of heart, she reflected that he was now an inhabitant of a better country, where he was reaping the reward of what he had sown upon earth.

One morning, when Maria and Amelia were sitting at the work-table, very busily employed on a new dress, they were unexpectedly visited by the judge, who, as it was a court day, entered the room in his robes of office. They looked at each other as if to ask what this meant. The judge, however, after paying his respects to both, said that he had business of some importance to transact with Maria.

His son Frederick, he said to Maria, when they were alone, who was now appointed his associate and successor in office, had opened his heart to him yesterday, and declared that he had long entertained a deep affection for Maria, on account of her kindness of heart and her many excellent and noble qualities; and that he would esteem himself the happiest of mortals, if she would give her consent to be united to him. As a good son, he had said nothing of his inclination or design until he was assured of his father's consent and permission—which he had immediately given with great pleasure, and had undertaken to act suitor for him, and solicit the favour of Maria's hand. This proposed union, he added, with a kind smile, was the more acceptable to him, that it opened up a way to him to repair in some degree the injury which he had formerly inflicted on Maria, and which had cost him many bitter hours.

Maria was sadly embarrassed by this unexpected proposal; she knew not what to say, and blushed very much. At length she stammered out, that such an honourable proposal had taken her by surprise; that she begged a little time for reflection; that she must first speak with the count and countess, who had kindly supplied to her the place of parents.

This was enough for the prudent judge, who withdrew greatly overjoyed. He doubted not but the union would be most agreeable to the count and countess, so he immediately waited upon them, and found them much delighted.

'I wish you joy, with all my heart,' said the countess. 'In Maria you will get an excellent daughter, and your son one of the best of wives. She has been trained up in the best of all schools, that of affliction. All asperities, which will appear even in the best dispositions, are sure to be smoothed down by wholesome suffering

Maria is naturally meek and humble; she has never been spoiled by flattery or vanity. Indeed, she is the most modest and unassuming being I know of; she is both gentle and benevolent, and, what is above all, she is truly pious. Moreover, she has been accustomed to labour from her infancy, and to perform the duties both of the house and garden, so that she will fully understand how to manage all domestic matters. That which the world calls accomplishments and polished manners, she has also acquired in the metropolis, and that, too, without injury to her virtuous disposition. She is in every respect a pattern of a perfect lady, and your son will be most happy with her.

The countess, as soon as Maria's full consent had been obtained, set about the preparations for the marriage in good earnest. 'I shall manage everything,' said she, 'myself, and will take care that it be a marriage feast worthy of her. The feast shall be here in the castle, and the marriage-dress shall be my own care. Who,' continued she, laughing, 'would have thought that Maria shall wear the ring on her marriage-day?'

The marriage-day was one of great rejoicing and gladness at Eichburg. At the appointed hour, the family and domestics of the count were at the church; the whole country round about was in a stir; the church, inside and out, was thronged, and none remained at home who could come out. In the view of the people, it was something most extraordinary that a poor girl, who, only a few years before, had marched to prison in chains, should now meet with such high honours.

Amelia accompanied her young friend to church; she was neither afraid of injuring her rank or losing respect by so doing; and, in fact, she only fixed herself more securely in the affections of the people, and raised herself higher in their estimation by her kindness and unfeigned condescension.

The old hunter, Antony, stood not far from the altar. When he gazed on the lovely bride, he thought of the awful scene of Nancy's death-bed. 'Oh,' thought he, 'if all who are here present could have seen Nancy's death-bed, then they might compare her with Maria; then would they be able to see to what different ends the two paths lead which these maidens have travelled.'

The monument which Amelia had promised Maria to the memory of her father was speedily prepared. It was made of white marble, and looked beautiful from its simplicity, and was adorned with an inscription in gold letters. Besides the name, station, and age of the pious old gardener, it contained the following words of the Saviour: 'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.'—John, xi. 25.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

[From the 'Emigrant,' by Sir F. B. Head, Bart.]

It was in the depth of winter, near midnight, and pitch dark, when, following the footsteps of a trusty guide, I traversed the dry, crisp, deep snow, until I came to a few rugged steps which I could only very slowly descend. '*A little this way!*' muttered my guide, as for some seconds I was lingering on a spot from which my other foot, after fumbling in vain, could feel no landing place at all. At last, after blundering for a short distance among trees and over snow-covered obstacles of various shapes, I arrived on a flat surface, which I immediately felt to be glare ice, and along which, my conductor leading me by his hard hand very slowly, we cautiously proceeded until in a low voice he announced to me that I had reached the point to which I had directed him to conduct me—the table-rock of Niagara. I could see nothing, and for that very reason I had come; for in the various visits which at different seasons of the year I had made to this spot, I had felt so confused with what I saw and heard—my attention had been so distracted sometimes by one organ, and sometimes by another—sometimes by '*Oh look!*' and sometimes by '*Oh listen!*' that I had resolved I would try and meet my

more than my senses could endure. But although I could see nothing, yet I felt and heard a great deal. My first sensation was, that the 'dreadful sound of waters in mine ears' was a substantial danger; and that I was an actor in, and actually in the midst of what, as a passing stranger, I had come merely to contemplate. The cold thick vapour that arose from the caldron immediately beneath me, partaking of eddies in the atmosphere, created also by what was passing below, ascending and descending, rushed sometimes downwards upon me from behind as if it had determined to drive me into the abyss; then it quietly enveloped me, as if its object were to freeze me to death; then suddenly it would puff full in my face, and then whirl round me as if to invite me to join in its eccentric dance. But while my eyebrows, eyelashes, and hair were heavily laden with this condensed vapour, which had rested upon them like flour on the head of a miller, from the same cause my attention was constantly arrested by loud crashes of falling ice from the boughs of the trees behind me, which thus occasionally rid themselves of the enormous masses which, from the congelation of this vapour, were constantly settling upon them. Yet, although the sensations and noises I have described were quite sufficient to engross my attention, it was of course mainly attracted by the confused roar and boiling of the great cataract, whose overlasting outline, though veiled by darkness, was immediately before me. For a considerable time I listened to it all with the feelings of confusion I had so often before experienced; but as I became gradually accustomed to the cold whirling vapour that surrounded me, as well as to the sudden crashing noises behind me, I felt myself by degrees enabled—at first imperfectly, and then distinctly—to analyse and separate from each other the various notes of the two different instruments of which the roar of Niagara is composed—namely, the deep thundering tone of the fall of more than a hundred millions of tons of water per hour over a precipice of 150 feet; and the raging, hissing, lashing, and boiling of all this broken water in the confined caldron beneath. The more I studied this language, the more clearly I understood it; until, in the ever-changing but unceasing thunder of its eloquence, I could always trace, in different proportions, and often apparently in different places, the presence of these two voices in concert. Sometimes the stunning, deafening noise proceeding from three thousand six hundred millions of cubic feet per hour of an element of the same specific gravity as oak, suddenly arrested in its fall from 150 feet, would apparently so completely overpower every other, that I felt I could point in the dark precisely to the bottom of the falls; at other times, nothing beneath was heard but the raging of broken water, while the thunder that created it was resounding high over head, and sometimes far away, as if a heavy battering train of artillery were trotting through the forest over a paved road.

It was in the depth of the same winter that I again descended the same rugged steps, traversed the same ice, and once again stood, as nearly as possible, on the very spot of the same table rock. It was bright daylight. Behind me every tree, every rock, as well as the solitary cottage that enlivens them, were covered with a glittering coating of congealed ice, which was also reposing in heavy masses upon the depressed branches of the adjoining forest. The unusual brilliancy of this white scenery was deserving of great attention, but I neither dared, nor had I inclination to look at it, because close to and immediately before me, there stood, partially enveloped in the halo of its own glory, that great cataract, termed by the Indians—'The thunder of water.' As soon as, by the utterance of a deep sigh, I had recovered from a vain attempt to repress the various emotions that overwhelmed me, on suddenly finding myself within a few feet of so many millions of tons of falling water—which had not unjustly been compared to an ocean thrown over a precipice—the first detail that attracted my eyes was the astonishing slowness with which the enormous mass was apparently descending into the mill-
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was raging far beneath. About four-fifths of the water which formed the cataract before was of a lovely, clear, deep green hue; and as I earnestly gazed at it, it was beautiful to observe in this semi-transparent fluid the opaque masses of ice which, first appearing on the crest, were easily traced descending leisurely in the fluid, in which, like the white patches in green marble, they were embedded. The remaining fifth part of the magnificent curtain before me was composed of muddy water from Chippewa Creek, which, running into the Niagara River about a mile above, flows, without being permitted to mix with the pure stream, until, falling with it over the precipice, it forms a broad red border to the variegated mass I have described. About a mile above the cataract, the advancing volume of deep water which, imprisoned within the bordages of the Niagara River, is cheerfully emigrating from its native fresh inland seas to the distant salt ocean, receives its first check from some hidden rocks over which it falls about seventy feet in a series of splendid white breakers. The confusion is of course appalling; but as delirium often leaves the human patient, just before his death, so does this water previous to its fall completely recover its tranquil character, and thus for the last hundred yards it approaches its fate with that dignity, serenity, and resignation which attend it to the very edge of the cataract, and which, as I have already stated, faithfully accompany it in its descent. The sight, even for a moment, of this enormous mass of moving water is truly magnificent; but when one reflects that the millions of tons of water per minute which are calmly passing down the glassy cataract, for thousands of years have been falling, and, for aught we know, for thousands of years may continue to flow, by day and by night, over its crest; the mind is illuminated rather than dazzled by the bright glimmering before it of that Almighty Power which, by evaporation, wind, and condensation, is eternally collecting from remote regions of the globe this everlasting supply of water, to be transported to, and deposited in, those immense inland reservoirs, Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, and Erie.

THE AUTHOR OF THE RAILWAY SYSTEM.

Fortunately the merchants and manufacturers of Liverpool and Manchester placed the execution of their project under the direction of George Stephenson, a man whose mechanical genius is of that order that it may, without exaggeration, be asserted, that, if Watt had not previously invented the steam-engine, he was capable of achieving it. Born in the humblest rank of life, self-educated, endowed with an industry, energy, and indomitable perseverance, which rendered his manifold and eminently practical abilities fully available to his employers, he early obtained an independent position, and a high reputation in his profession; but he might have lived and died unknown beyond the district of his earlier labours had it not been his well-deserved good fortune to commence and complete a work which, in extent, grandeur, and utility, casts into the shade the proudest monuments of Greece and Rome. Others before him prepared the way; others since have contributed valuable improvements in detail; but to George Stephenson unquestionably belongs the proud title of the Author of the Railway System. Before the Liverpool and Manchester line was completed, George Stephenson, who had discovered that carriages driven by steam were capable of surmounting gradients of considerable altitude by the force of their weight alone, proposed to employ locomotive instead of horse power for the merchandise and passenger traffic. The gauge or width between the rails adopted on this line was four feet eight and a half inches, or what has since been generally designated the narrow gauge, and was the dimension which had been found most suited to the general requirements of the mineral traffic, as well as equal in width to the broadest road vehicle in use in this country. The proposition for the use of steam-power excited the alarm of a great number of the shareholders. At the request of the dissentients, two eminent engineers, the one engaged on public works and the other in the manufacture

of steam-engines, investigated the subject, and, in 'a very able document,' proved most clearly that Mr Stephenson's project was practically and commercially inexpedient. This report was triumphantly answered by George Stephenson's two pupils, his son Robert and Joseph Locke. Genius and enterprise prevailed. The horse plan was abandoned. The most ingenious mechanics of the day applied themselves to the construction of locomotives, in order to contend for a prize of £500 offered by the directors of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, and in the memorable year of 1830, engines from the workshops of the Stephensons, Braithwaite, and a third, Rothwell, in the sight of assembled thousands, resolved the railway problem.—*The Railway System Illustrated.*

THE BACHELOR'S DAY.

— (Written for the Instructor.)

The bachelor's morning is weary and sad:
His bread is ill toasted, his butter is bad;
His coffee is cold, and his shoes are not brush'd—
Breakfast thus leaveth him angry and flush'd.

He comforts himself for his sorrows by thinking,
At dinner, at least, he'll have eating and drinking:
'Grod ale and beefsteak no misfortune can hinder.'—
But the steak, when brought up, is found burn'd to a cinder.

He tugs at the bell-pull, by fury inspired,
To lecture the landlady till he is tired;
But she takes precious care to be out of the way
When she thinks that her lodger has something to say!

He then finds that the temper to which she has driven him
Is not like to be sweeten'd by the beer she has given him,
So he rises in wrath. 'But my tea cannot miss,'
He half-doubtfully says, 'to be better than this.'

The whole afternoon he has nothing to do—
He reads his old newspaper twenty times through;
If the weather were good he might saunter about,
But the rain is so heavy he cannot go out.

Between yawning and nodding, time passes away,
And tea comes at last, after weary delay:
Now surely the fates will relent at his lot,
And allow him 'the cup that inebriates not.'

Alas, no!—to his sorrow no tea will pour out,
For a host of tea-leaves have got fix'd in the spout,
And before he can clear out the obdurate stopper,
The tea is as cold as the bread and the butter.

The butter, in spite of his scolding and warning,
Is, if possible, worse than he had in the morning:
She has paid no regard to one word he commanded,—
What mortal's good temper is able to stand it!

Not much, to be sure, at the best he could boast,
His dinner mischance had extinguish'd the meat,
While the little not slain in the previous fustier
Is now drown'd in the tea, and interr'd in the butter.

No longer the course of misfortune we trace:
But we thought we could draw from his pitiful case
A moral as plain as if Esop had shown it—
Get a snug little house and a wife of your own in't.

LONGEST DAYS.

At Berlin and London the longest day has sixteen hours and a half. At Stockholm and Upsal the longest has eighteen and a half hours, and the shortest five and a half. At Hamburg, Dantzic, and Stettin, the longest day has seventeen, and the shortest seven. At St Petersburg and Tobolsk the longest has nineteen, and the shortest five hours. At Torneo, in Finland, the longest day has twenty-one hours and a half, and the shortest two and a half. At Wardorbus, in Norway, the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 22d of July without interruption; and in Spitzbergen the longest day lasts three months and a half.

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WEEKLY HOGG'S INSTRUCTOR!

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EPITAPHS.

'*Bas.* My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living;
I am a tomb-maker.'—WEBSTER.

THOUGH we do not belong to that class of individuals who are constitutionally of a pensive and melancholy temperament, constantly contemplating the dark sides of all objects, and loving to linger amongst scenes of a sad and solemn character, we yet confess that we take much pleasure in occasionally wandering in churchyards, and meditating amongst the tombs. It is pleasant to escape for a season from the bustle and business of life—to leave behind its contests and its controversies, its cares and calculations—and wander amongst the silent habitations of the dead. It is in such a place, surrounded by all the emblems of mortality, that a man can with peculiar advantage 'commune with his own heart and be still.' We have made it a rule, wherever we were, to pay a visit to the churchyards, for the double purpose of seeing the state in which they are kept (which may be taken as a sort of text or criterion of the civilisation and refinement of the inhabitants) and of reading the epitaphs on the tombstones. There is a melancholy pleasure in visiting such scenes, which we think improves and elevates our moral and spiritual being. In a country churchyard, the pleasure greatly predominates over the melancholy. In the spring or summer, a quiet meditation amongst the tombs, in such a place, leaves us wiser and better than when we entered. The sunny air is loaded with the perfume of flowers, and the songs of the birds amongst the branches of the green trees that are waving over the tombs are falling on our ears. In such a place, conscious of life and its manifold blessings, we feel how blessed a thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun. Even in a city churchyard, there is much to be seen that may afford subject both for pleasant and profitable meditation, though there is frequently a greater display of the pride and pomp of life—a too great anxiety and eagerness evinced to keep up those distinctions of rank, and wealth, and place, which, however proper and necessary in life, might be to a certain extent moderated and modified in that place which, of all others, is fitted and formed to remind us that

'Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal laid
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.'

Though in a city cemetery the monuments, whether erected by sorrowing affection to the memory of private worth, or by a grateful public to testify its appreciation of the talents or wisdom of those who have honourably and use-

the high places in society, are more costly in material, and more chaste both in their design and in their inscriptions, there is much that mars the solemn impression which they are calculated to produce. The dwellings of the living border too closely on the abodes of the dead. These abodes are often tenanted by the ignorant and profligate of the land, and frequently are heard proceeding from them the angry words of strife and contention, the loud and vacant laugh, or the strains of drunken revelry, which fall harshly upon the ear in such a place. The constant upturning of the remains of mortality sickens the heart of the beholder. We think of the grave as a place of repose, 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest;' as a place where, after the storms and tossings of life, the wearied and worn-out child of humanity may lie quietly and undisturbed, wrapped in the sleep of death. How unseemly then, and repulsive to our better feelings, to see the sanctity of the grave violated by rude and ruthless men, and the remains of the dead dragged from their resting-place into the glare of day! These dry bones seem to shrink from the sunshine. Let them lie at rest in the grave till dust has finally mingled with dust. In this matter we might learn a lesson from the Turks. In the picturesque beauty and elegance of their cemeteries, as well as their respect and reverence for the repositories of the dead, they are an example to many nations that boast of a higher civilisation. But if we think it beneath us to learn from the Turks, we surely will not refuse to listen and take a lesson from one of England's most gifted sons, who, 'though dead, yet speaketh' from his tombstone words which, we fondly hope, will find a ready response in many a heart—

'Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here:
Blest bee the man that spares these stones,
And curst bee he that moves my bones.'

Though there are in the Old Testament portion of the Scriptures numerous incidental notices of monuments to the dead, there is not, so far as we can recollect, any express passage that bears resemblance to an epitaph. There is in the Talmud, we believe, a statement to the effect that the great stone, called the stone of Abel, 1 Sam. vi. 18, bore the following inscription or epitaph—'Here was shed the blood of righteous Abel.' It is highly probable that there would be some inscription on this ancient monumental stone, but, as we have said, there is no direct testimony in Scripture to that effect.

In the works of the Greek and Roman poets and historians are to be found many examples of epitaphs both in prose and verse. Amongst those nations, it was very

monuments of the dead. These consisted either of such tools or instruments as represented the trade or profession of the deceased, or some bird or animal which resembled them in disposition. The custom of inscribing the name of the deceased upon the tomb is of great antiquity. Lycurgus, however, in the laws which he gave the Spartans, prohibited relations from inscribing the names of their deceased friends on their tombs unless the men fell in battle or the women died in some sacred office. The following is an epitaph which the fellow-citizens of Euchidas placed upon his tomb in the temple of Diana. It merely commemorates a great pedestrian feat. 'Here lies Euchidas, who went to Delphi and returned the same day.' Alexander the Great is said to have been much affected by the following epitaph inscribed on the tomb of Cyrus:—'Oh man! whosoever thou art, and whosoever thou comest (for come I know thou wilt), I am Cyrus, the founder of the Persian empire; envy me not the little earth that covers my body.' The following epitaph on Sylla, believed to be written by himself, is characteristic. It breathes the strong spirit of heathenism—'No friend ever did me so much good, or enemy so much harm, but I repaid him with interest.'

Leaving the epitaphs inscribed on the tombs of the ancient Greeks and Romans, we shall come down to our own times and our own country. The language and sentiments that are used in epitaphs have in all ages been the same; mourning over the departed, affectionately enumerating and extolling their many virtues, moralising over the shortness and uncertainty of human existence, and exhorting the reader to be 'also ready' to cross that 'bourne whence no traveller returns.' Though the epitaphs on the tombstones in our churchyards, and on those higher specimens of monumental art to be found adorning the walls of our ancient cathedrals, are in general far from affording a favourable specimen of the taste or intellect of our country, they are, though often quaintly and sometimes rudely expressed, remarkable for the poetry and propriety of the feelings and sentiments which they breathe. They are, indeed, 'sermons in stones,' and often do they make a deeper impression on the heart than what could have been produced by the most impassioned pulpit oratory. No doubt epitaphs are always eulogistic, perhaps too much so, and on this account they are often spoken of in a derisive spirit by those who sit in the 'chair of the scorner,' and who love to throw an air of ridicule over everything that fills the wise and the good with reverence and awe. These persons, it seems, are exceedingly hurt and offended at the strain of panegyric which pervades many epitaphs; they deem that there is too little fact and too much fiction; and they are filled with much indignation at those who seem to regard it as an office of friendship to inscribe false praise upon tombstones, and to ascribe virtues to individuals, when dead, which they never gave them credit for when living. To a certain extent, it is no doubt perfectly true, that indiscriminate praise prevails far too much.

'For random praise, the work would ne'er be done.

Each mother asks it for her booby son:

Each widow asks it for the best of men;

For him she weeps, for him she weds again.'

Still, however, who would act as strict inquisitors over the dead? Who among us would love to sit down and chronicle on a tombstone all the faults and frailties of the poor 'inhabitant below?' They may be forgiven above, they need not be recorded below. The encomiastic strain which pervades many epitaphs is dictated by the amiable and better feelings of our nature, and ought perhaps rather to be encouraged than repressed. The epitaph is the last token and tribute of sorrowing affection. It is often written in the hour of loneliness and bereavement, when the intense heart-crushing burst of agonising grief is past, and the human affections, yearning over the loved and lost, seek some tangible object on which to record their sorrow for the departed. Death beautifies and canonises the dead. It throws a veil over all their imperfections, and leads us to mourn over and magnify their real or

imaginary virtues. We forget or forgive all their offences; their hasty words and unkind looks are forgot. Thus it is that in all ages epitaphs have overflowed with praises of the dead. The good and the gifted, the meek and the merciful, the peacemakers and the pure in heart, have not passed from the earth into forgetfulness. Their tombstones and their epitaphs are before us, telling of their virtues and good deeds. While we stand amidst those silent memorials of the dead, and read their epitaphs, containing the record of their worth, we think better of human nature. Making all reasonable allowances, there must be a considerable amount of truth told in these monumental inscriptions. They are written by relatives and friends, who had every opportunity of knowing the temper, and tastes, and dispositions of the departed ones. Husbands have erected tombstones and inscribed epitaphs on them commemorating the worth of their departed wives; and widows have done the same to their departed husbands. Here is an epitaph inscribed by a father over the remains of his son; there is a similar mark of affection by a son to the remains of his father. On one hand may be seen a stone and epitaph sacred to the memory of a deceased brother; standing near may be one erected by a brother over the early grave of a beloved sister. These epitaphs in general speak the sincere sentiments of the living; they knew well the individuals whose virtues they have recorded; they saw them in the close and endearing intercourse of domestic life, when all the lights and shades of their character were displayed plainly and palpably before them. Amidst the crushing and crowding of society a man may contrive to deceive the world. The mask may be worn with such tact that it cannot be detected; but it drops off whenever he enters the charmed circle of home. It is there that human nature appears in its true colours. It is there that each of us either blesses or blights all who come within the circle of our influence. Home is the true test of character and conduct; and if those who are the witnesses of a man's actions there—if his relations and friends—those who have seen him under the influence of sorrow and sickness, of mirth and melancholy, and all those innumerable and mysterious agencies which are ever operating on man's mental and moral nature; if, when he has passed away into the silence of the grave, they erect over him a monument, and inscribe on it an epitaph commemorative of his piety and virtue, doubt not that the departed deserves truly all the praises which his sorrowing friends have bestowed upon him.

Notwithstanding the great number of epitaphs on tombstones, and the abundant collections of them that are to be found in books, there are, comparatively speaking, few that can be pronounced really good. In one sense, they may be good. They may contain a proper estimate of the character, and a perfectly just eulogium on the virtues of the deceased, but something more than this is required to constitute a good epitaph. The sentiments expressed may be extremely proper, and perfectly applicable to the deceased, but the language in which they are clothed may be inelegant and even ungrammatical. In this case the epitaph cannot be good. In truth, it is no easy matter to write a really good epitaph. It is a species of composition which does not so much require talents as tact and taste. The writer must not only know what should with propriety be stated of the departed, but be able to condense his meaning in few words, and have these words neatly arranged. Excellence must be sought rather in the simplicity and chasteness of the sentiments, and in the elegance and ease of the language, than in either the brilliancy or originality of the thoughts embodied in the epitaph. Brilliancy would be altogether out of place upon a tombstone, and there is but little scope for originality. The subject-matter of epitaphs, though of deep and solemn import to all, is so trite and commonplace; and the topics that can be naturally introduced into them are so limited, that it is almost impossible to display any originality in such compositions. The most that can be done is to place an old or obvious thought in a new light.

or array a moral reflection or pious sentiment in graceful and elegant language. The nature and object of an epitaph necessarily render it short. Brevity is a positive beauty. Indeed it is almost impossible that a long epitaph can be good. It is therefore a fault when an epitaph is made to comprise a sort of abridged biography of the deceased, whether in prose or verse. It should not consist merely of a long catalogue of good qualities strung at random together. Neither should it consist of a long and lugubrious homily. An epitaph is simply a monumental inscription commemorative of the dead, and its language should be equally free from pompous verbosity and redundancy of ornament. The sentiments which it conveys should be solemn and impressive, speaking of man's mysterious origin, his frailty and fragility here, and his immortal destiny hereafter: 'I was not—I was—I am not—and will be.' And the language in which these high and elevating thoughts are conveyed should be concise, simple, and clear.

Many of our most celebrated writers have written very beautiful and affecting epitaphs on their departed relatives and friends. Perhaps one of the finest in the English language is that written by Ben Jonson on a young lady:

'Underneath this stone doth lie,
As much virtue as could die;
Which, when alive, did vigour give
To as much beauty as could live.'

Having mentioned Ben Jonson, we are naturally reminded of the epitaph written on him by his friend and brother poet Herrick. It breathes a sweet friendly spirit, and is worthy of the author of the *Hesperides*:

'Here lies Jonson with the rest
Of the poets—but the best.
Reader, would'st thou more have known,
Ask his story, not the stone;
That will speak, what this can't tell,
Of his glory—so farewell.

Wotton's epitaph upon the death of Sir Albert Morton's wife is remarkably beautiful. A late writer, speaking of it, says that it is a 'volume in seventeen words.' It has all the quaint sweetness of the old English authors, and is a brief and beautiful tribute to conjugal affection:

'He first deceased; she, for a little, tried
To live without him, liked it not, and died.'

In the cathedral at Vienne, in France, which is described by travellers as a venerable Gothic structure of great antiquity, is a joint tomb erected to the memory of two friends. The epitaph on the stone contains a beautiful sentiment, expressed with Spartan brevity. It may be said to comprise a volume in four words. It is the spirit of friendship speaking from the tomb, 'pleasant in their lives, in their death they were not divided.'

'Mens una. Cinis unus.'
'One mind. One dust.'

We know of no author who has written so many epitaphs as Pope, yet, notwithstanding his genius and highly cultivated poetic taste, none of his epitaphs are above mediocrity, and not a few of them considerably below it. An air of cold correctness pervades the whole of them. The language is beautiful, but there is a great want of power and pathos. The dead are praised with all the stiff set phrases of posthumous adulation. The praise, however, seems to proceed rather from the head than the heart. There is no gush of natural deep-felt grief. You seem to be listening to a hired mourner rather than to one who is indeed sorrowing for the dead. The cause of this, we think, can be easily explained. Most of these epitaphs were, we believe, written by him at the urgent request of the friends of the dead; they were tasks imposed upon him which his good-nature, rather than his inclination, prompted him to execute. There is about them abundant marks to show that they were not the voluntary effusions of the author. No one can compare them with the rest of Pope's productions without at once perceiving their inferiority. They did not flow free from the warm fountain of his feelings. Even the epitaph on the young Duke of

Buckingham, who died in early youth, which is regarded as his masterpiece in this species of composition, is unworthy of the bard of Twickenham. But we must do Pope justice. He composed one good, we had almost said beautiful, epitaph without knowing it. In his 'Epistle to Mr Jervas,' there are six lines which much more deserve the title of epitaph than any of the compositions which appear in his works under that name. We shall quote the lines. They are, in truth, 'beautiful exceedingly,' and worthy of all commendation:

'Call round her tomb each object of desire,
Each purer frame, informed with purer fire;
Bid her be all that cheers and softens life—
The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife;
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore,
Then view this marble, and be vain no more.'

Several celebrated persons have written epitaphs on themselves. None of them that we have seen are entitled to much approbation. The following by Mrs Wright, one of the daughters of Wesley, the founder of the Methodists, has been sometimes praised. Perhaps some of our readers may admire it:

'Destined, while living, to sustain
An equal share of grief and pain;
All various ills of human race
Within this breast had once a place.
Without complaint, she learn'd to bear
A living death, a long despair;
Till hard oppress'd by adverse fate,
O'ercharged she sunk beneath the weight,
And to this peaceful tomb retired,
So much esteem'd, so long desired;
The painful mortal conflict's o'er;
A broken heart can bleed no more.'

REVIVAL AND PROGRESS OF NATIONAL LITERATURE IN SCOTLAND.

It is impossible to estimate completely the influence of Burns's genius either upon the national character or upon our strictly national literature. It is certain, however, that no poet ever so powerfully and instantaneously awoke the throbbing heartstrings of a people or revived the decaying cadence of his native tongue. There is a principle of progress ingrafted on universal nature; a busy, restless propelling motive which operates in marked gradations upon physical things, and as certainly though latently transmutes, embellishes, and elevates the powers and requirements of the mind. The heart of Scotland was throbbing with the undeveloped feelings and experiences of ages when Burns seized her wild impassioned lyre. The recollections of five hundred years were still demanding embodiment; for although Barbour, James I., Sir David Lindsay, and Dunbar, had seized upon the bold relieves of our national history and manners for illustration, and although Allan Ramsay had striven to revive the character and strength of the ancient poetic genius of our native land, and Fergusson had succeeded in partially resuscitating the dulcet music of our Doric tongue, it was reserved for Burns to give a prominence, impulse, and consistency to all, which could only be derived from the most exalted genius, and only could satisfy the wants of the most cultivated posterity. The lyric poetry of Scotland before the advent of Burns did not possess the attributes of passion and beauty which it now possesses. The deep and powerful pulsations of love, and hope, and devotion which national circumstances had awakened in the nation's bosom had never been interpreted in words. The poetry of the unseen spirit had not a commensurate medium of poetic expression—the tongue was mute save in a few instances, and consequently the sister spirit of music breathed out alone its sweet but unindividualised expressions of joy and sorrow. The lyric music of Scotland had reached its present perfection long antecedent to its lyric poetry having even stripped itself of grossness and inanity. Even Ramsay's lyrics have been greatly overrated, and Fergusson's have no pretensions to Scotticism, but Burns's are Scotch to the core—they are born in storm and sunshine—they are redolent of mountain flowers, and gemmed with pure ethereal dew—they are bright and burnine

poems, conceived in the soft languor of autumn, beneath the influence of mellow golden skies, or struck from an electric spirit, warmed with and conscious of the gift of prophecy.

Burns, with an enthusiasm as well directed as commendable, devoted himself to the union of our immortal music with immortal verse, and truly elevated our lyrical character into its present proud position; he interpreted every feeling with the power of a master; love, hope, joy, friendship, and patriotism, found adequate embodiment when grasped by his powerful genius, and his artless pathos and guileless simplicity of diction rendered his songs peculiarly adapted for union with gentle and harmonious music. Every great and original genius produces an era in a nation's character or history; and Burns certainly produced a marked era in the literary history of Scotland. The soft and expressive Doric, which was fast dying out before the influence of the English tongue, was recalled for a season from its purely verbal position, and was again written with a restored sense of its power and pathos. Even the students of Leyden began to study Scotch, that they might read Burns in the original; and a host of poets, neither destitute of educational acquirements nor the elegant attributes of cultivated taste and imagination, succeeded the bard of Coila, and paid homage to his genius by the adoption of the vernacular, which he had dignified, as a vehicle of expression, and the study of that nature from which he had drawn his inspiration.

The broad lines of national demarcation are never so palpably distinguishable in any species of literature as in poetry; and it is natural that such should be the case. Exponents of the physical sciences may possess certain abnormal peculiarities of diction, but they must of necessity be identical in the constitution of their observations wherever they dwell, for the sources of their knowledge are universally the same. Metaphysicians, again, whose sphere of thought is less tangible than speculative—whose relations are less with the outward than with the unseen world—are modified, not according to a national, but scholastic influence. They are not bred amongst the streams, and flowers, and rocks, and sunny braes of a circumscribed district, whose crumbling ruins are the only memorials of its history; they are not warmed by the smiles of maidens whose hearts are as pure as 'the op'ning gowan wat wi' dew,' and whose cheeks are like the heather bell; they are not nurtured under the influences which inevitably connect all we love in life with all we cherish in memory—they live chiefly in a world of abstractions, which springs from speculation. The poet is bound by the senses to all that is beautiful and harmonious within the region of his love, and this connexion is warmed and vivified by his glowing native imagination.

Burns infused, or rather developed by his genius a marked patriotism. He was a Scotchman from head to heel; proud of his country's history, scenery, and character, and not ashamed to say so in glowing heartfelt lays. The fire of his nationality infused its electric vitality into the hearts of the young and aspiring; and when the sun of the west veiled its meridian splendour in death, a host of lesser stars, who had lighted their torches at his altar, arose to follow up, according to their powers, the purpose of his mission.

Thomson was a Scotchman, but one of his biographers says that 'he soon found that London was the only sphere for a poet.' He might as well have said that a barn-floor was the only sphere for a wild partridge. The truth is, that like his patron Mallet, he was affected with the poetical epidemic of the Queen Ann era, and sunk the nation in the school. He wanted that virtuous partiality, that particular attachment to country, which is the best evidence of diffusive benevolence, and consequently he might, in all but the circumstance of birth, be styled an English poet. Burns was too intense to endure the shackles of a school; he was too enthusiastically Scottish to keep his patriotism in abeyance, and out he spoke. His genius possessed all the attributes of sympathy, and from his advent we may date a revival of, and devotion to, truly Scottish poetry.

Alexander Wilson, Hector McNeil, Tannahill, and a host of others, warmed by the nationality and poetic spirit of Burns, arose to interpret the peculiar phases of Scottish life which they realised, and to give forth the feelings which germinated in their own bosoms.

Wilson was only seven years the junior of Burns, and although the two poets are not to be compared, the former was yet possessed of considerable genius. His 'Watty and Meg' is said to have been attributed to the Ayrshire bard. This was complimentary, no doubt, if the person who discovered the affinity between it and Burns's corrutions of fancy and descriptive vigour was deep read in poetic mysteries and analysis; but we suspect that the same individual could behold as forcible analogy between the roar of Corra Lynn and the deep booming thunders of Niagara. Wilson was early constrained to leave his fatherland and seek an asylum in America. There he became as distinguished as an ornithologist as he had been obscure in his native land as a poet; but still, in the poetical transcripts he gave of his wanderings through the land of his adoption, there is the preservation of true Scotch *naïveté*. The simplicity of old home is clearly observable amongst the following images of the New World:

'When winter's cold tempests and snows are no more,
Green meadows and brown furrow'd lands reappearing
The fishermen hauling their shad to the shore,
And cloud-cleaving geese to the lakes are a-steering;
When first the lone butterfly flits on the wing,
When red glow the maples, so fresh and so pleasing,
Oh, then comes the blue bird—the herald of spring—
And hallo with his warblings the charms of the season f'

If circumstances had enabled Wilson to cling to the purpose of his youth, and to bend the undiverted energies of his powerful and enthusiastic spirit to the cultivation of literature, he might have been a burning and a shining light; but new associations and new pursuits claimed his sympathies; his spirit betook itself to nature—that refuge of the soul which pants for consistency and beauty; and in the pursuit which was ultimately chosen by him he piously illustrated the power and wisdom of the Creator.

Hector McNeil, author of 'Will and Jean,' and a number of other miscellaneous works, was the next purely national poet worthy of notice. He was born in the year 1746, at Rosebank, near Roslin, in the county of Edinburgh—a classic resort to which he beautifully alludes in the following soft and gentle numbers:—

'Soft the southland breeze was blowing,
Sweetly sighed the green aik wood,
Loud the din o' streams fast fa'ing,
Struck the ear wi' thundering thud.

Ewes and lambs on braes ran bleating,
Linties chirp'd on ilka tree,
Frae the west the sun, near setting,
Flamed on Roslin's towers sae hie.

Roslin's towers and braes sae bonny,
Craig and water, woods and glen—
Roslin's banks unpeep'd by ony
Save the muse's Hawthornden.'

The father of McNeil was an officer in the army, where the patronage of the Duke of Argyle, and his position, maintained him in, and gained him admission to, the most fashionable society. His mind became schooled in this sphere to a caste and tone not at all compatible with the position and character of a dependant, for he sold out without intimating his intention to his grace, who was graciously pleased thenceforth to leave him to his own resources. The elder McNeil had probably been bred to agriculture, and had been drawn away from this peaceful pursuit to the more equivocal calling of a warrior. He took a farm in Rosebank, however; but the habits he had contracted in the garrison town and mess-room totally unfitted him for his laboriously honourable vocation, and their consequences completely ruined him, and threw a large family upon other than their father's resources.

Hector McNeil's only prospective dependence was upon his cousin, who was active manager of a mercantile house in Bristol; and his father, dreading the effect upon his son of an education more extensive than practically useful, confined the youth to a strictly commercial course of in-

struction, with a view to fit him for a circumscribed station. Hector was very apt, and evinced a capacity for other pursuits than those to which parental forethought had destined him. His teacher, struck with the vigour of his powers and the attachment he evinced for learning, applied to his father for leave to instruct him in the classics, and even secretly nursed the boy's love of knowledge, and fed him with poetic images when the privilege to do so openly was denied. At the age of fourteen, Hector removed to Glasgow, where he perfected himself in his education, preparatory to setting out for Bristol, and arrived in England a few months afterwards.

His cousin, who had been a West India captain, and had amassed a considerable fortune by trade, was well pleased with the manners and appearance of his young relative, and determined that he should pursue his own hazardous vocation. His first destination was the coast of Guinea, on board a slave-ship, but the representations of individuals whose sentiments or moral perceptions were of a higher order than the mercantile captain's, induced him to alter his intention with regard to young McNeil, and, consequently, he was dispatched in the *Ruby* a voyage to St Christopher's, to test his *gout* for the sea; failing in becoming attached to which, he was provided with letters of introduction to a merchant, whose employment was open to him as an alternative. Disgusted with the toilsome incessant drudgery of a sailor's life, he, without hesitation, left the deck and forecable for terra firma and the prospects of acquiring West India opulence; but impulsive imprudence dimmed his prospects and shattered the probabilities of his advancement. His employer had married a young beauty, whose age was more coincident with Hector's than with her husband's, and the youth was admitted to the intimate society of both. While sitting with the lady one day reading a book in the garden, beneath the glowing ardour of a tropical sky, and surrounded by the gorgeous flowers of the torrid zone, our young poet had the temerity to express admiration of the lady's beauty, and, it is said, to kiss her. Instant contrition and apology were insufficient to mollify the wounded feelings of the lady, and, having acquainted her husband with the circumstance, the consequence was the dismissal of McNeil, and the wreck of his worldly hopes. He continued in the West Indies for several years, employed, it is believed, in the brutal and degrading vocation of slave-driver; and his otherwise amiable nature became so perverted as to render him a strenuous advocate of West India slavery.

Broken in health, dispirited, poor, and past the meridian of life, McNeil returned to his native land. He had many wealthy connexions, and was still admissible into cultivated society, both as a gentleman and poet, but his condition was nevertheless wretched in the extreme. He retired to a small farm-house near Stirling, and for a year or two gave himself up entirely to the pursuit of literature, especially of poetry, for which he had evinced an early predilection. In 1789, appeared his '*Harp, a Legendary Tale*,' which was favourably received in literary circles, but did not produce him anything substantive. One of his biographers says, that perceiving poetry to be anything but a lucrative employment, he set out for Jamaica, on a voyage of adventure; but misfortune still hunted him, and drove him home once more, when he retired to a solitary cottage near St Ninian's, Stirlingshire, where he produced his principal poem, '*Scotland's Skaith*,' and next year followed it with a sequel denominated the '*Waes o' War*.' This poem is full of beautiful description, fine pathos, and teems with a boldly developed moral. There is an identity in its quaint Doric construction with Wilson's '*Watty and Meg*,' and though some of the circumstances may not stand the test of legitimate inference, its aim and execution both highly conduce to render it worthy of that celebrity which it at once obtained and still preserves. It is purely national in language and sentiment, and may be considered a happy effort of a Scottish bard, and an equally happy specimen of the Scottish muse. McNeil about this period produced the '*Links of Forth*,' or '*Parting Peep at the Castle of Stirling*,' with several fine songs: but he was still

unable to produce bread, and again returned to the West Indies. He was only one year and a half resident there, however, when Mr Graham, an intimate friend, died, leaving him an annuity of £100, with which sum he immediately settled in Edinburgh, certain of competence and leisure to prosecute his favourite pursuit. Here his agreeable conversation and literary celebrity gained him admission to the houses of many of the most respectable inhabitants.

In 1800 he published the first part of a novel, called the '*Memoirs of Charles McPherson*,' in which it is supposed he gives a pretty accurate account of his own eventful life. He collected his poetical works in 1801 into two volumes, and such was their success, that they ran through several editions. In 1809 appeared the '*Pastoral or Lyric Muse of Scotland*,' a work which passed away without producing any sensation. About this period, McNeil published, without his name, '*Town Fashions*,' and '*Bye-Gone Times and Late-Come Changes*.' These latter works were intended to reprehend what the author deemed the intrusion into our national manners and social polity of habits and aspirations which were corrupting and degenerative; but neither his style nor arguments produced any influence on the public mind, save a species of disgust. These puerilities and inanities of his old age were clung to with partial tenacity by the author, and like many others who have produced bantlings in their decay, he was singular in his belief of their excellence. In 1812 he produced a new novel, styled '*The Scottish Adventures, or the Way to Rise*,' which may be said to have closed his literary labours. He had held, at one period, the office of editor of the '*Scots Magazine*,' and continued to contribute some beautiful lyrics and minor poems to its pages for some time.

On the 15th of March, 1816, Mr McNeil died of jaundice, in such poverty, it is said, that he did not even leave enough for his funeral expenses. If this be true, he left one thing for certain, and that is a sorry commentary upon his prudence and practical economy. One of his intimate literary friends in Edinburgh was Mrs Hamilton, authoress of the '*Cottagers of Glenburnie*,' whose economical sagacity and utilitarian precision could not fail to be interested in the author of '*Will and Jean*.'

Mr McNeil's life furnishes a practical warning to those who would make poetry the means of storing their larder; and when experience and age had whitened his locks, he never lost an opportunity of impressing the young and aspiring with the danger and futility of a dependence upon so intangible a foundation. His strains are not destined soon to die. '*Saw ye my wee thing*,' and '*Come under my plaidie*' are yet as popular amongst the lovers of Scottish song as they ever were; and pity it is that songs so essentially beautiful as the strains of Burns, Tannahill, and McNeil, should give place to the rapid inanities which a meretricious sentimentality has rendered fashionable. Pity it is that the carol of the dusky heaven-bird, the thrilling, joyous lark, should be lost amidst the disguised scream of the fashion-spangled peacock. We cannot disguise the truth that the present age is not an age of poetical fruition. We hear sometimes the deep tones of the national lyre, as if to remind us that there are yet hidden streams of poetry in the national bosom, but it dries away, like the notes of the swan, in soft echoes, for there is not an answering quickening sympathy in the national mind. Perhaps this age is waiting for a competent interpreter—perhaps no one since Scott has been able to exceed a more than common standard of expression; and consequently the public mind, educated to a certain height of conception and enunciation, looks tamely on what does not surpass that which it has already realised. We are multiplying themes, however, and evolving experiences which yet may be grasped by the poet for the purposes of embodiment; but until some herculean genius does so, we may not anticipate a reaction in favour of, and need hardly look for a revival of, that true appreciation of poetry which decidedly characterised the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries.

In our next notice we shall take a rapid glance of the

period most fruitful of literary genius in Scotland, and shall endeavour to give a succinct estimate of the influence of Scott's writings in relation to his native country.

BURIED ALIVE.

In our last number we gave a general outline of the 'Experiences of a Gael Chaplain,' and having promised to furnish a specimen of the talented author's style, we believe that the reader will be more gratified with the perusal of the following thrilling extract than with the most elaborate criticism:—

'Mr Cleaver,' cried the surgeon, as I passed the portal, 'a word with you, if you please. I have just returned from the sick-ward, and have seen that old woman, Waldron; but really she requires your assistance more than mine.'

I found the old woman much altered; she was gradually sinking; her voice had lost its volume, and her features had assumed that sharpness and rigidity of outline which I knew full well indicated approaching death. She received me with a smile.

'Well, sir, shall I be believed at last? I told you that I should hold up my head before no EARTHLY judge. What say you to me, now?'

'That you lose no time in preparing for the award of an eternal one.'

After listening to the pious monitions of the chaplain with patience for some time, the invalid then prefers a request that he will promise to convince himself of her actual decease before her burial. So strange a requirement needs explanation, and Dame Waldron forthwith enters into an elucidation of the reason for her fears.

'Years ago—yes! I find I must speak—call it Nurse Waldron's confession, testimony, explanation, what you will—years ago, a young officer, of the name of Helsham, came to E—th. He was hurried there, labouring under confirmed consumption, feeble, emaciated, and worn down by hectic fever. But the extension of his life was important to his family; and, as a last expedient, a trial of the mild air of Devon was recommended to him by those who must have well known that, in his case, no air, however balmy, would avail. He came into Devon—as hundreds before him with ulcerated lungs have done—but to die! His family accompanied him. By his sick couch watched most attentively his father, mother, and three sisters, not one of whom would admit the extent of his danger, or believe that recovery was hopeless. Fear, they say, is blind; so is love. Strong affection, sir, acts variously on different parties. Some it renders sensitive and keen-sighted in the extreme, others it wholly blinds; the latter was the case here. The Helshams, one and all, were persuaded that 'Harry had no radical disease,' and that 'the soft breezes on the Devon coast would soon bring him round.' They saw 'daily amendment,' while to others on his viage was death. But, independent of natural affection, his family had ample cause for dreading any evil to 'Harry.' He was their prop—their stay; to him they owed every luxury they enjoyed; and his death, were that to occur *speedily*, would leave them beggars. They might well reject with frenzy the most cautious hint of its approach. Who would not, so situated? Their case was this. A self-willed grandfather had bequeathed to Harry Helsham the whole of his large property, without the slightest provision for either his mother or sisters. While a minor, the property was under the control of trustees, for the young heir's benefit, to whom a very liberal allowance was made. If he lived over one-and-twenty, he could dispose of the property as he pleased; but if he died *under* that age, the whole passed to his cousin, 'who was his guardian and managing trustee. It was a cruel will, and vast was the amount of misery which it caused. The young man grew weaker; his sleepless nights, incessant cough, profuse perspirations, and hectic fever, rapidly reduced him. A nurse became necessary; I was sent for. His debility was alarming, and I urged the attendance of a physician. Dr D—n—l of Exeter was called in. In kind, gentle, and

cautious terms, the doctor apprised the family of his patient's danger. The father, Major Helsham, became outrageous. Poor old gentleman! he had had a stroke of paralysis, and was, as most paralytic people are, peevish, testy, and obstinate in the extreme. He called Dr D—n—l to his face an 'ignoramus' and 'an alarmist;' told him 'to return to Exeter and study his profession,' and vowed he 'would never trouble him for an opinion again.' Another practitioner was sent for, and he, after exhausting the invalid with a succession of questions, declared that 'symptoms distressing,' and the 'case attended with difficulty,' but 'by no means with DANGER!' Nobody told him 'to return and study his profession;' but there was one who was very sure such a recommendation was necessary. Days rolled on, and, however blind to his danger his family might be, the sufferer himself gradually awoke to it. One morning, after a very restless night, during which I had been greatly harassed by cough, hectic fever, and burning feeling in the palms of his hands—a common accompaniment of consumption—he called me to his aid and said,

'Nurse, I am about to ask you a question, and I expect from you a resolute and explicit answer. Your experience in cases like mine must have been great; tell me, do you think I shall recover?'

I hesitated.

'Be candid; you will neither shock nor distress me by your reply; only let it convey your real opinion. Say, shall I recover?'

I told him I thought it doubtful. He mused for a few moments, and then, pointing to his portfolio, said,

'Write from my dictation, post the letter yourself, and observe the most rigid silence respecting it to my family.'

I obeyed his instructions. The letter was brief, and addressed to his lawyer in London. It alluded slightly to his increased indisposition, and requested his friend to lose no time in repairing to E—th, where he wished to consult him respecting his will.

A journey from the metropolis into Devon was not then as now, an affair of twenty-four hours, and ten days elapsed before Mr Helsham's man-of-business reached us. His unexpected arrival threw the family into the most painful agitation; but by the invalid himself the attorney was cordially and eagerly welcomed. Their conference was long; but, as the distressed young man that evening voluntarily confided to me, *very unsatisfactory*. Mr Underwood candidly told his anxious client that he could make no valid will for the next three weeks—till, in fact, he was of age.

'I will take your instructions,' he added, observing the young man's distress, 'will carry out your wishes in every particular, will take care to have the will drawn up, and ready in every respect for execution, the moment you are twenty-one—till then you are powerless.'

The invalid expressed audibly his distress and disappointment.

'Three weeks will soon pass,' suggested his companion.

'But if I should die in the interim?'

'Then,' returned the lawyer, 'you will be unable to make any provision for your family. They must be left to the kindness and consideration of the next heir.'

'In other words,' said young Helsham, 'to absolute beggary.'

And as the sick man repeated to me, during a sleepless night, this painful conclusion, his lips quivered with agony. I endeavoured to console him: I reminded him that he had youth on his side, that ease and quiet would do much to stay the progress of disease, that no expedient was omitted to counteract it, and that, in truth, the interval, one-and-twenty days, was very short.

'Not in *my* case, nurse,' was his gloomy reply.

Twelve of the twenty-one days had expired when the will came down. For the first time the family seemed to take alarm—all but Major Helsham. He persisted in saying 'it was only a cold—a severe, and rather obstinate cold. The will! tut! I think nothing of that. I've known men live five-and-forty years after making their will! A

lad with Harry's prospects die? A likely thing indeed! If he's not better next month, I'll take him to Madeira. A sea voyage, and a short sojourn at Madeira, will set up any man. Doctors run tame about my house, as if it were a county hospital! A lad's appetite fails him, cough comes on, he looks rather pinched in the face, and in an instant those blood-suckers, the fee-hunting doctors, surround the mother, and groan her into the belief that her son is on his death-bed! I beg I may hear no more of such nonsense!

He was obeyed: he did hear 'no more nonsense' on the subject. The next tidings brought him were too clear to admit of cavil. The day on which the will arrived was one of considerable excitement. Its contents were made known by the failing youth to his mother. He told her, in feeble accents, that if she wished any alteration to be made *that* was the time to suggest it. Tears were her reply; and in an agony of grief I half led her, half carried her, to her apartment. It was in vain that I urged the necessity of quiet, and besought the sisters to restrain their feelings while in their brother's presence. I might as well have shouted to 'The Parson and Clerk' at Dawlish. (Two well-known rocks at that favourite bathing-place.) The Miss Helshams were quite as impenetrable to counsel, and in taking up their position quite as immovable. The whole family, the major always excepted, seemed, I thought, to vie with each other in the noisiness and extravagance of their grief. If they knew how obstreperous lamentation distracts the dying person—how it unnerves and unsettles him—how it aggravates his sufferings and hastens his end, affectionate relatives would avoid it. The issue was exactly what I expected. Towards evening, the ill-fated young man burned with hectic fever; thirst, which nothing could assuage, parched him; violent and rapidly-succeeding fits of coughing distressed him, and rendered sleep impossible. Such was the aspect of affairs till about three in the morning, when the fever began to subside, the cough to be less frequent, and I ventured to hope the worst of that weary night was over. Suddenly he spoke in, I fancied, an unusual and peculiar tone; a strange, gurgling sound in the throat followed. I ran towards him—blood was gushing from his mouth and nostrils—he had ruptured a blood-vessel!

To raise him instantly, to ring for assistance, to apply cold water freely, to hold him upright in my arms till further help could be procured, seemed to be the act of a single instant; and it was successful. He revived, smiled, and whispered, 'Summon my surgeon.' He came; approved of what had been done; and told me, what in truth I knew before, that this new symptom was alarming; and that 'the case had now become critical in the extreme.' A second physician, Dr Luke, was called in. His directions were peremptory, and he insisted on their observance. The family were excluded from the sick-room. Positive orders were given to maintain in it perfect quiet. Windows and doors—it was November—were thrown open, that the lowest possible temperature might be obtained. A single sheet and counterpane formed the whole covering allowed the invalid. Speech was forbidden. In future he was to communicate his wishes on a slate. It was singular how completely, throughout these trying circumstances, one idea possessed him. His first question was, 'whether he should live till that day se'nnight—his birthday?' His next, 'whether, in that case, he should be in full possession of his faculties?' The reply of the physicians was ready and cautious. With respect to his first question, they told him they hoped he would live much beyond the period he had named; but that everything depended on his keeping himself perfectly quiet, and shunning whatever would excite emotion. As to his second inquiry, 'it was well known that with persons labouring under his complaint the faculties generally remained unclouded to the last moment.' They again counselled silence, and withdrew. To the weeping mother below they were more communicative. They told her 'no opinion as to the result could then be hazarded. If the next eight-and-forty hours went by without any recurrence of the bleeding, all im-

mediate danger, they hoped, might be then said to have passed away. The new symptom was alarming; but its return might, possibly, be obviated by good nursing, care, quiet, and vigilance.' They then rose, looked grave, bowed over their respective fees, and departed.

The specified period did not elapse without bringing with it a renewal of the dreaded symptom. Again the vessel opened, and again life was with difficulty preserved. His thoughts then turned to a fresh object. He directed his cousin, the heir-at-law, to be sent for—*express*. It was imagined, for no explanation could be sought or given, that his object in summoning Mr Lemuel Helsham was to interest him in behalf of his mother and sisters; to represent to him their destitute condition should he die a minor; to commend them to his kind offices; and, if possible, to extract from him some promise in their favour. Such, at least, was the impression throughout the household. Not that even then, wasted and debilitated as he was, the sufferer wholly despaired of carrying out his cherished plan. The will was kept in a small blotting-case, on a stand by his side: and when he was too weak to speak, he would, on waking from sleep, point to it, and inquire, *with the eye*, if it were there. It was invariably, on these occasions, exhibited. He smiled, and was satisfied. Poor fellow! it was the one idea which held him to the last.

The cousin came. He was a harsh-looking, harsh-visaged man of forty. He scanned curiously, and without emotion, the pallid, sad, and gentle face that was earnestly raised to him; expressed in civil terms his 'regret' at the spectacle; professed his 'willingness to do what *propriety would justify*,' hoped there 'would be no need for his meddling with matters at all:' said 'the Exeter doctors were thought clever, Dr Luke especially;' 'knew that there was no cure for decline;' but 'had heard that while there was life there was hope!'

The invalid listened; gazed up sadly and piteously into that hard, dark, passionless countenance; caught its *merciless meaning*, and turned with bitter and burning tears away. It was the first and only time I saw him so moved.

Eighteen out of the twenty-one days had now elapsed. Three only remained to torture the dying man's family. These over, the sufferer was of age, and his will valid. It was a feverish interval for Mr Lemuel; and there stole every now and then an involuntary and convulsive movement over his hard features, which showed the struggle which was going on within. He shifted his quarters to the nearest hotel; and, from a motive I then guessed not, was unremitting in his attentions to his kinsman. The major loathed the very sight of him; and vehemently insisted on his being forbidden the house. But Mrs Helsham prudently pleaded, 'Be civil to this man. The result who can foresee? We may be wholly in his power. Oh! make not an enemy of one whose means of injuring us may be so many and so various.'

Ah! could she have read the future, she would have barred that man from her dwelling, even if life had parted in the struggle!

Meanwhile, the subject of so many fears and surmises, and, I may truly add, villanies, lay feeble and passive on his comfortless couch. He was perfectly sensible; and clearly comprehended what was passing around him; but his strength was so reduced, and his situation so critical, that the boldest of his medical men dealt only in conjecture.

'The vessel may,' said Dr Luke, 'open again; and, if so, his death will be instantaneous; or, no return of hæmorrhage may take place, and he may sink from total exhaustion.'

But 'when?—when?' was the point so momentous and so uncontrollable.

Time crept sluggishly on; forty hours alone were wanting to complete his majority; but whether the sufferer would survive the interval appeared every moment more doubtful. Weak as he was, my charge seemed aware of the lapse of time; for twice during the day he wrote, 'Has my lawyer, Mr Underwood, arrived?'

It was clear his thoughts were busy on the intended execution of his will, at which Mr Underwood had promised to be present. Evening drew in. My orders were, to give him every four hours his medicine—a gentle opiate. ‘The object,’ said the surgeon, ‘is to soothe and quiet him. Extreme discretion is requisite. Watch him as you would an infant. Symptoms of approaching restlessness are evident. Meet them. Compose and lull him on the one hand, but do not drug and stupify him on the other. Be wary, and be punctual.’ I *thought* I was both; but I was over-matched!

About a quarter before ten on this eventful evening, Mr Lemuel Helsham stole into the sick-room. ‘He called,’ he said, ‘to take his last look of Harry for the night,’ and had brought with him ‘some hot-house grapes.’ Their ‘flavour might be grateful’ to the invalid: at all events they would be ‘useful in moistening his lips.’ His opportunity present was accepted. He then—oh, that I had detected his drift—engaged me in a low, whispered conversation about the weight of these grapes, their price, their size. For the moment off my guard, I left him, most inconsiderately, for some minutes, alone and unwatched, while I trimmed and lighted, in the adjoining dressing-room, the invalid’s night-lamp. When I returned, the house-clock warned me that the hour for giving Mr Harry his composing-draught had arrived, and I stepped to the bedside and presented it. While doing so, it struck me that this new bottle of medicine was considerably darker in point of colour than the last. But finding, on further examination, that it closely resembled, both in taste and smell, what I had been in the habit of giving him, all hesitation vanished. He took it readily, smiled, as was his wont, when I adjusted his pillows, and waved his hand gaily to his cousin, in token of farewell for the night. I glanced hastily round, to see if this cordial salutation was returned; and, in doing so, was paralysed by the look of the being who fronted me. His gaze was fixed upon his helpless kinsman, and he trembled in every limb; but still there was a smile of exultation in his countenance, and a gleam of triumph in his eye, at once frightful and incomprehensible. In a moment he recovered himself; hoped ‘Harry’s sleep would refresh him;’ fancied he ‘looked better this evening;’ wished me good night, and departed.

Midnight came; my charge slept soundly. One o’clock; his breathing was calm and regular, and his whole appearance that of a person abandoned to the most refreshing repose. Two o’clock, the hour for repeating his composing-draught; but his slumber was so profound that I felt averse to disturb him, and determined to wait till three. Before its chime sounded, there was an expression about the mouth, a falling of the jaw, that alarmed me; and I hastily approached the bed, to view him more nearly. The breathing had ceased; no pulse was perceptible. He was gone!

Words cannot depict the agony of his family. It was frightful to witness. But no sorrow moved me so much as that of the poor old father. For days after the sad occurrence he walked about as if stunned by the weight of his bereavement; his whole disposition seemed changed. His impatience, irritability, and occasional vehemence, were fled; he wandered helplessly from room to room, sighing deeply, but addressed no one, replied to no one. From food he turned with loathing. A dozen times a-day would his tottering steps be heard overhead, in the chamber where his dead son lay. He would then approach the insensible form, kiss the pale brow, and exclaim, as if the extent of his loss was then first understood by him, ‘Too true! too true!’ It was a piteous spectacle; but it lasted not long.

The professional coolness displayed by the medical men was edifying! Not the slightest surprise at the sudden close of young Helsham’s life was expressed by any one of them. They each and all professed themselves ‘quite prepared for the event!’ It was ‘exactly what might have been anticipated!’ The ‘system was exhausted; and the patient had passed away in sleep.’

But, had he ‘passed away’ fairly? Was the result solely the effect of disease, or had *other* agency been at work? I had my misgivings; and the more I reflected on the last six hours of his life, the darker was the conclusion I arrived at.

But, if I was gloomy, another was glad; and the alacrity of Mr Lemuel in urging on the performance of the last sad office which the living can render to the dead, was unremitting. He ‘begged to take on himself the charge of the entire proceeding.’ Who, alas! could forbid him? The Helshams were beggars. Funded property, trust-monies, land, timber—all were his!

At a short distance, it might be three miles from E—th, stood a ruined church. It was fair in its proportions; no niggard workmanship had been bestowed upon it by its former founders. The Gothic arch, and the noble porch, and the well-carved font were there. It stood a monument of the piety of a previous generation, a reproach to the present. It was wholly unroofed; and each succeeding winter’s gale threatened to prostrate its tottering tower. In its aisles had long ceased to echo either prayer or praise. The hiss of the snake might be heard there, and the harsh cry of the raven, and the melancholy whoop of the owl. The faithful worshipper was gone! But the burial-ground around it was still used as a cemetery. A dreary and desolate spot it was! The grass was long and coarse. The wild hemlock grew in rank luxuriance; the thistle there waved its tall head in triumph. The nettle and the foxglove, and the deadly nightshade, thrived undisturbed. Fallen obelisk, broken headstone, and massy tomb, open to the prying gaze of each passing traveller, told the same painful tale. They spoke, each and all, of desolation, loneliness, and desertion. They whispered, ‘They who sleep *HERE* are soon forgotten!’ Aptly was the fane called ‘St John in the Wilderness,’ and rightly was its cemetery an asylum for the betrayed! Thither they bore him.

But previously a discovery was made—a sad and woful discovery—the remembrance of which has embittered every moment of my life.

I told you, said the wretched woman, my suspicions of Mr Lemuel Helsham. They never slept; and there was something in the appearance of poor Harry, as he lay in his coffin, which I could never reconcile with death. There was no symptom of decay. In fact, I had my doubts whether the vital spark had *really* fled. I said as much to Mr Lemuel the evening before the funeral.

‘A supposition too fanciful and absurd to deserve attention,’ was his reply.

‘Perhaps so; but to this moment the body is not cold!’ ‘Pshaw!’

‘I tell you, sir, that now—yes! now, there is warmth over the heart. Examine. You will find I have spoken truly.’

‘I shall do no such thing. It is, in my opinion’—he here called up a devout and solemn air—‘highly improper, nay impious, to disturb the dead. They should rest—they should rest.’

‘I cannot! What I have witnessed is unusual. It makes me uneasy; and I shall report it to the family.’

I turned to go away: he grasped my wrist, and said, in a voice low, but rendered somewhat unsteady by fear,

‘BE SILENT! If you would thrive, *be silent!* Here,’ giving me money, ‘double this sum shall be paid you annually for silence—rigid, perfect silence!’

Mr Cleaver, I was poor; I had a drunken, dissolute husband; my children were starving and in rags. The world was busy with my character. My landlord was stern and rapacious. Often had he threatened me; and I was now months in arrears—I *listened*.

‘Mr Harry Helsham,’ continued the tempter, altering his tone, and assuming an air of disgusting frankness, ‘is DEAD. Alas! that it should be so! Now, keep this—this—this appearance from his family. It would only distress their feelings! I wish to spare them!’

I yielded. His words haunt me still—‘Be silent, if you would thrive.’ Thrive! a curse fell on me then, and has

The arrangements were at length completed. Would that I could describe to you my feelings when I saw the procession move forward, or those with which, two hours afterwards, I listened to his poor mother as she took leave of me, received the handsome gratuity she held out, and heard her faintly murmur, amid the grief which choked her utterance, 'A thousand thanks, Winifred, for your ceaseless attention to my dear, dear boy.'

Nine weeks afterwards they carried to his long home the broken-hearted father. On re-opening for the major the ancient, roomy vault, which had received his son, poor Harry's coffin was found so strangely. . . My comfort in the struggle must have been short. A few seconds must have closed it. But, buried alive I and others firmly believe him to have been! And now, sir, you understand the fears which possess me? I dread that what I saw meted out to another may be measured to me again.

'I will see that it is not.'

I remained in conversation with her about an hour longer, during which she frequently repeated her request, with which I as often promised to comply. She died at midnight.

THE BAIRNIE'S GRAVE.

BY J. LEMON.

(Written for the Instructor.)

The kirkyard is drear, but mair dreary an' lane
When the green sward is turn'd for the wee sackless wcan—
When the gowan is raised that its semblance may
Sink wither'd in death 'neath the cauld clammy clay.
Its grave's but a speck, yet a darkness hangs there,
As if a' the world's sad grief an' despair
In se cloud was gather'd, an' naething to save
The hopes that are lost in the wee bairnie's grave.

We see wrinkled eild, at the gloamin' o' life,
Sink weary an' worn 'neath the world's sad strife,
An' feel like himsel', as frae sair trouble freed,
When he bows to his fate then his auld hoery head.
But we feel as if part o' our ain life was gane
To see the green bud in its op'ning bloom ta'en:
It's a warning the favourite o' health mayna brava—
The fond pledge o' love in the wee bairnie's grave.

The fairest things savour o' light an' o' gloom,
An' nature's dark tint is the wee bairnie's tomb.
There are few in this world o' sorrow an' sin
That leave na a spot on their mem'ry behin';
But, for aye wi' its God an' the world at peace,
The infant sleeps sound in its calm resting-place,
While its small stillly voice seems in pity to crave
Its last boon—a sigh o'er the wee bairnie's grave.

If as pang than anither has aught mair severe,
It's when the grave yawns for the wee bairnie's bier—
When the mourners ha'e laid down their charge in the earth
That ne'er in its life gave an evil thought birth.
When the pale parent stem o' its blossom is shorn,
And, withering, bends o'er its ashes forlorn,
Then, alas! time may flow, but his unceasing wave
Frae the mind ne'er can wear out the wee bairnie's grave.

Though the spirit o' death seems pervading the air,
Bath stranger an' frien' think it good to be there;
For but for ever pass the wee grassy heap
But feel as their very heart's blood they could weep.
Oh! if there's a spot on this wide world's waste
Where, unsullied, an angel its plumage might rest,
It's where the lone mither comes often to lave
In tears the first flowers on the wee bairnie's grave.

But why should the mourners thus languish for aye
In heart-breaking sighs o'er their ain kindred clay?
As a dew-drop exhaled to its springtide on high,
The spirit has soar'd to its bunt in the sky.
It's a bright cloud o' glory will marshal us on
Like that which led Israel to holy Canaan,
An' the mither's sad bosom wi' joy yet may leave,
To meet her wee bairnie in bliss yond the grave.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

ELIHU BURRITT.

Among the most striking and hopeful aspects of the age in which we live, is its inclination to place the grosser and physical attributes of humanity beneath the dominion and direction of the moral and spiritual. One of the most powerful and delectable of its transition tendencies is that towards a right appreciation of the good and true—a growing love of the consistency and harmony which are illustrated in all the ordinate arrangements of the physical world, and in the spiritual loveliness of that religion which Christ taught, and in himself so perfectly exemplified. In this we think we see the dawn of an era in which the world will be better. There is a revolution taking place in its vicious idealism—the idols of its common veneration are falling from their crumbling pedestals, and benighted and belated men are being irradiated with the sunlight of progress. Peace, folded in the arms of hopeful, sustaining Christianity, comes smiling over the world's hills and valleys, and thousands of the human family are reciprocating its smiles with love-lighted eyes. The idea that caused men to hang the rent and bloody banners of war upon God's altar is fast giving place to that prime attribute of Christianity—love; and the medium of glory through which we were accustomed to contemplate deeds of violence, is fading away before the transparent air of truth. Men are ceasing to appreciate the heroism of the gun and sabre, and are now learning to discern and venerate the more exalted heroism of self-sacrifice and of Christian duty.

In introducing Elihu Burritt to our readers, our mind is insensibly carried back by a principle of contrast to Peter the Hermit. We behold the anchorite zealot bearing the cross in his hand, and, with eyes that beamed with passionate insanity, striding from the East to rouse Christendom to battle. After the lapse of eight centuries, we see Elihu coming from the West in simplicity and meekness, with his foot upon the rock of Christian consistency, and his heart enshrined in universal love, and he gently breathes the words of 'peace on earth.' The former demands Christendom to engage in a crusade of sword and spear—of strife and murder—in Christ's name. The latter throws the oil of Christian forgiveness and love upon the troubled waters of human passion and hate; and his is a crusade which his genius enables him to carry through the world wide.

Elihu Burritt was born in New Britain, Connecticut, on the 8th December, 1811. His father bore the same name, and was an honest, industrious, benevolent shoemaker, who reared a family of five sons and five daughters by labour. Of his sons Elihu is the youngest. The parents of this illustrious man were both dead when he was a little over sixteen; and having been constrained by love and duty to toil for them, and forego the privileges of education, he had at that period received only one quarter's schooling at the district school. This short term had been sufficient, however, to enable him to acquire the power of reading, and he devoured all the books that came in his way with that avidity which an inordinate appetite could alone stimulate.

When he was twenty-one, his brother Elijah, with whom he lived, and who was a teacher, prevailed upon him to study mathematics, and Latin and French. He complied, having no higher object in his studies than that of qualifying himself for a land-surveyor, and being able to read a few works in their original tongue; but his winter's studies were the prelude to one of the most gigantic courses of mental labour and acquirement that the mind of man ever triumphed over. Alternately labouring with his hand and head, he earned his daily bread by the sweat of his intellectual brow, and gradually became probably the first linguist in the world.

Elihu Burritt possesses all the pre-requisites of a cosmopolitan apostle of peace; he is master of fifty languages, and his sympathies for the good and true are as extensive

as the world wide. He is proprietor and editor of an American paper, called the 'Christian Citizen,' devoted to the dissemination of the principles of universal brotherhood; he has sent 'olive leaves' of peace abroad over the wide extent of his native land, and they have found their way into the windows of the high and lowly of Europe; and, lastly, he has come himself, full of a chastened but indomitable enthusiasm, to speed the advent of universal peace.

The first thing that impressed us when we saw Elihu Burritt was a strong sense of his intellectuality, the next was an intuitive sense of his benignity. It seemed to us that every lineament of his speaking countenance had been moulded by the operations of an active and symmetrical intellect, and chastened and lighted up by a guileless benevolence. His personal appearance is impressive, not in a positive, but in what may be termed a negative, sense; for his want of assumption and his retiring modesty—the idea that he is incongruous of his own superlative merit—the intuition that individuality is a small constitutive of Elihu Burritt's thoughts—is the primary reflection obtained from looking upon his face.

A phrenologist would be pleased with the marked preponderance of the intellectual and moral regions of his cranium over the animal; and the most casual observer would easily perceive from his face, while in repose, that he is no common man. Elihu is not an orator; he possesses too little faith in his own powers to enable him to carry away an auditory by the force of his simple eloquence; but if a full sense of the truth and importance of his subject—if a high respect for the intellects and opinions of those whom he addresses, can assist a truthlike and consistent argument to find its way to the hearts and convictions of men, then is Elihu Burritt's calm, deep-toned, earnest voice calculated to win its way and live like his principles, when vehemence and force would only transiently dazzle. His intellect is a combination of the poetical and philosophical; the lofty and warm aspirations of the one constitutive is combined with the analytical and synthetical acumen of the other, and the whole powers and tendencies of his spirit are blended in a symmetrical harmony by the constructive genius of Christian faith and love. In discussing the great theme to which he has consecrated his life, he places his foot upon the rock of Christianity, and intrenches himself in principles that admit of no exceptions. The prime attributes of our faith, he contends, are love and forgiveness of enemies, and if you can perforce these principles with the smallest puncture, then you can make an orifice large enough for the admission of the bottomless pit and all its legions of fiends. If you cannot exercise the requirements of Christianity at all times, in all relations, and under all circumstances, then you inoculate an immaculate principle with inconsistency, and destroy its efficacy. The soldier cannot forgive his enemy on the field of battle, he cannot love him and tend him when he lies dying at his feet, or his commander, in accordance with the principles of war, would hang him for a traitor; consequently, war can claim no relation to the kingdom of Christ, which is love.

It is something to see Elihu Burritt in the pulpit, with his face irradiated with the light of a benign purpose, and his mild deep-set eyes beaming beneath his lofty and thought-furrowed brow; but it is more to sit beside him in the retirement of private life, when he is surrounded by a few friends, and feels himself divested of the diffidence and sense of responsibility which invariably affect him when he addresses a congregation of his brother-men. There is not a remarkable change in his deportment: the truly great are never affected—the same childlike simplicity characterises him in all circumstances; but he has latitude by the hearth, and he feels that he has it. His face plays with the varied emotions of his heart as he gravely recounts the actual horrors or economical burdens entailed on nations by antagonism, or is lighted up with pleasure as he tells of the triumphs of Christian love.

he told of the American children sending a Christmas present of money sufficient to feed, clothe, and educate for a year the little nailer-boy of nine years old that he found at the anvil when he was on his pedestrian tour through England; we almost envied him of his feelings when he bore the gift to the little careworn toiling boy's home; we felt that if Elihu Burritt had done no more than sweeten this child's existence for a year, and give his intellect an impulse, he had done enough to richly compensate him for his journey across the great deep. In conversation he is calm and unruffled; his utterance is slow and gentle; and his method of expressing himself inductive. He begins at the foundation of his subject, and he builds his ideas one above the other with mathematical precision and solidity. He is a perfect argumentative anatomist, and his whole conversation is pervaded by a sense of consistency; if one articulation is defective, you know that he is sensible that the whole superstructure of his principles must crumble to the base.

Elihu Burritt is illustrious in his own nation, and its highest literary vehicles would be, and have been, proud to number him amongst the accomplished scholars and writers to their pages; but this gifted son of toil has devoted his vast accomplishments to a purpose which is sublimely apostolic, and hopefully moves along on his mission of international fraternisation. When we grasped this remarkable man by the hand that had gained him bread and the power to independently pursue his herculean studies, and looked upon his face which was lighted up with the vast intelligence that slumbers in fifty tongues, we thought that we had never been so powerfully struck with a sense of man's duality, of the dignity of labour, and of the modesty of superlative mind; we rejoiced in contemplating Elihu Burritt as a protest in favour of his class. He was an illustration of the capacity of the people—a grand illustration, we confess—and of the compatibility of willing, joyous toil with high and vast attainments. Elihu Burritt is a working-man in his very essence—he could not be an idler or he would die. He must work either with the head or hand—he must labour or become a non-entity. He looks upon labour as a principle derivable immediately from the Creator, and analogous to Him; it is from Him and of Him when, like the artisan's and Christian philanthropist's, it is constructive, and consequently he considers his estate, as a toiling, producing man, the most dignified on earth.

None who have seen Elihu Burritt can soon forget him; none who have known him, however they may differ from him in the application of his general views upon love and kindness, can, we think, fail to extend them in their full fruition to himself. He leaves Britain in a short time for the Continent, to create the elements of a vast international organisation of love. The prohibition of large assemblies, by their governments, will not deter him from preaching goodwill in the very heart of despotism; indeed, he confesses that his mind inclines him to appeal to individuals; he prefers to enlist the sympathies of men who can influence family circles which again can ramify and extend. We believe him. This idea is deducible from the constitution of his mind, and from the nature of his mental training. His acquirements have all been inductive and accumulative; a language is only mastered word by word, and to each word there is attached a sense, requiring a revolution of thought before it can become comprehended and mnemonic. Elihu's mind has been trained to this gradative principle by the process of erudition. He seeks to gain individuals as he acquired words, and, depending upon the sympathy which he creates finding companionship, as each language he acquired seemed to crave an extended association, he goes to his distant labours with a hopeful heart. He has conquered inordinate difficulties and grasped in his one mind inordinate acquirements, and consequently he is justified in anticipating vast results. He is seeking to create a desire for an ocean penny-postage, and the idea is as worthy of him as its fruition would be of advantage to the best interests of humanity, and the extension and stability of successful commercial relations all over

the globe. There are but comparatively few wonderful men illuminating the world's history, and we are sorry to say that the greatest proportion of them have been ruled by the genius of destructiveness; but, when it reconstructs its catalogue of heroes and leaders, we believe that beside the names of Howard, Mrs Fry, Wilberforce, Clarkson, and others, will be seen the modest tablet of Elihu Burritt.

THE CAPE COLONY.

In my last letter I gave you a description of the climate, soil, and general appearance of this colony, and in this proceed to give a brief account of its productions. It must not be supposed that I mean to write a natural history of this quarter of the globe, my intention being chiefly to indicate some of the most interesting of the quadrupeds that are more immediately serviceable to man. The horses of this country are in general well-shaped, pretty, and active creatures, but very light, and of diminutive size. From the cheapness of pasture and corn they are supported without much expense. Eight or ten are, for the most part, yoked to one waggon. Waggons loaded with goods are mostly, however, drawn by oxen, yoked in couples—by seldom fewer than ten, and occasionally by twenty or twenty-two. The oxen here are larger than yours, and have large stately horns; but the flesh is not to be compared in point of flavour and nutrition to English beef. This inferiority arises chiefly from the nature of the pasture. In most parts of the colony the cattle graze entirely on the tops of shrubs or flowers; and in summer these are so withered that I am rather surprised that the butcher-meat is so good as it is. There are grass pastures occasionally here and there, but of very inferior quality. Beef is sold at from 24d. to 8d. per pound, which seems to you cheap; but, considering the vast herds which the farmers keep, amounting in general to not less than 2000 or 3000 head of oxen, and the insignificant price which pasture costs them, it might be sold with a very ample remuneration at 1d. per pound. It has been gradually rising in price for a good many years past. Some sixty years ago, it was to be had for less than a halfpenny per pound, at which time an ox could be had for twelve or thirteen shillings. The cows give a miserably small supply of very poor milk. The sheep are somewhat larger than those of England, but their flesh is also much inferior, and they have one remarkable peculiarity, viz., a large broad tail, which does not add to their beauty, and weighs from three to six pounds. Candles are made principally from the fat of the tails. Most farmers have numerous herds of goats, besides sheep, the flesh of which is preferable to mutton or beef. The dogs are in general large, ferocious, and ugly: the farmers keep them in great numbers, to defend their flocks and herds from the wolves and panthers, which abound to a great extent.

To enumerate the wild quadrupeds of this country, would be to run over the names of a large proportion of the animals which are to be found in Buffon's or Goldsmith's Natural History. I shall therefore describe only some of the principal. Boks, or bucks, of all sizes and variety, are perhaps the most numerous tribe; they come at certain seasons of the year, in vast numbers, and devour the labours of the husbandman. They are fleet, elegantly-shaped creatures, and excellent venison. Hares and rabbits are also pretty numerous, and good eating. The hippopotamus was once to be found, but has now, I believe, almost completely disappeared from the colony. Its flesh was delicate eating; its teeth superior in whiteness and durability to ivory; its hide made the best of whips; and its fat, without being disagreeable, was supposed to be of much efficacy in curing complaints of the breast. Panthers are not quite so numerous as formerly, and lions still less so, but both abound in the interior. Baboons and various species of the monkey tribe, as also the jackal and the wild cat, are in the immediate vicinity of Worcester; while the antelope, the hyena, the gnaw, the buffalo, the zebra, the camel, the camelopard, and many other quadrupeds, are found some 600 or 800 miles south of this town.

Almost every species of birds exist in this colony. Hens, turkeys, guinea-fowls, swans, geese, and ducks, are abundant and cheap; but their flesh, like the butcher-meat, is much inferior to yours. Game is plentiful and good, especially partridges, pheasants, and wild-ducks and geese. The peacock, the pelican, the ostrich, the eagle, the vulture, the raven, the hawk, the cockatoo, the owl, and almost every species of the larger birds, are also indigenous here. The eagle and vulture are large, majestic birds. The crow is larger than in England, and a species of them have white necks. It is beautiful to behold the ostrich, with outspread wings, speeding his flight over the solitary waste. There is a great variety of smaller birds, generally of beautiful plumage, but destitute of the powers of melody, uttering only one or two sweet, plaintive notes. The sparrow, the hawk, the mountain-swallow, the lark, the medicator or honey-devourer, and a species of the canary, are among a very few of the little birds that nestle in flocks among the brakes and bushes. The truth is, they have only Dutch names yet. The sparrow is quite different from the bird of the same name in England, being smaller, and of variegated colours; the lark, again, is larger, and has no melody, but forms good eating; the mountain-swallow is a very beautiful creature; the honey-devourer is so called from its subsisting on that substance.

Among numerous races of insects, a few only deserve notice. We have the fly, but not in great numbers. The bite of some spiders is poisonous, and with regard to one or two kinds even deadly: there is one species as large as a small sea-crab, covered with hair, harbouring in the fields and bushes, and deadly in its bite. The mosquito is more numerous farther north in the colony than here. Bees are found in abundance in the mountains, and honey sells cheap. But the most interesting insect is the ant, of which there are two distinct species: the one is black, and forms its house and granaries under ground; the other is of a light red colour, erecting mansions of a round conical shape, called anthills, which vary in size from two to four feet in height, and from one to three feet in diameter; when broken up, the inside is perforated everywhere with small holes. The bite of the red ant is very painful. Both species possess those habits of industry for which the ant is so celebrated. I have never seen a wasp here; but the variety of insects without an English name that swarm in the fields and among the bushes is endless.

Of the reptile tribes, the snake is by far the most numerous. Every species of this odious reptile exist here—the most dangerous as well as the more innocent—from the smallest up to the cobra capello. Some species erect themselves in the air; these have a beautiful shining skin. Others fly at the traveller. Tortoises are also found here, but lizards, scorpions, or crocodiles are not seen nearer than Orange River.

The fish of this colony are not so good as in England; but the Cape herring and salmon, snook, and some other kinds, form a tolerable substitute for home fish.

GREGORY'S GONG.

TOLL THE THIRD.

AMONG the families whose circumstances permitted them to enjoy the society of their departing sons to the last moment, and who had therefore accompanied them to Portsmouth on the present occasion, was one of the name of Medwin, who occupied rooms at a hotel, the balconies of which commanded a view of the wide sea and the fleet at anchor. It was but a heartrending situation. There lay the ship that was to bear away to distant lands the son and brother, whose beloved voice and looks were still a part of themselves; there lay the wide expanded main, beyond whose horizon that ship and the loved one would soon disappear. None but those placed in such a situation can judge of its wretchedness; but when the family party assembles for the last time round the breakfast-table, the heart alone can know its own bitterness. Something like

conversation is attempted to cheer the departing and sustain the about-to-be bereaved, but always in vain; the full heart refuses to be comforted, and struggles against nature's own relief of tears. The fatal hour approaches, and ever as the eye meets the ships and sea it is averted in sorrow. In the recess of one of the windows sat alone a lovely blue-eyed girl, the companion of Edward Medwin's sister, who had accompanied the family on this painful occasion; between Edward and her there had gradually grown up something more than a friendly intimacy, but no avowal had taken place between them of their attachment. Out of delicacy for the feelings of the disconsolate family, she had withdrawn from the sorrowing group, and sat in the window recess, bearing alone her own share in the sorrows of the hour. As she leant on her hand, with her look fixed on the fleet, her eye suddenly quivered as a cloud of white smoke burst from the side of one of the vessels; there was a fearful pause between that burst of white smoke and the one stern sound of a single gun that shook the shore and the dwelling. How thrilling that solitary cannon's sound—more dreadful than the battle peal! It was the tearing asunder of hearts long united in the deepest and purest affection and love; it told of the youthful exile roaming unfriended on a foreign shore, and the vacant place at the disconsolate home-hearth. Edward rushed to the last fond wild embraces of his parents and sisters, then hastening to the window where Emily still sat, with her head now sunk upon her arm, with a voice stifled with grief he fondly exclaimed, 'Emily!' but there was no reply. 'Oh, my Emily!' he exclaimed with impassioned alarm, and the first time he had ever connected *my* with her name, but there was no response. The family hurried to the window, and bore the insensible form of the lovely girl to the couch. The peal of the signal-gun, which had agonised the hearts of the others, was more than a heart that loved could bear. Amid the kind endeavours of her friends to restore her to consciousness, she at last opened her soft blue eyes, and seeing the anxious group bending over her, a recollection of her situation rushed upon her mind, and the blush of innocent shame suffused her face.

'How unkind I have been,' she said, sorrowfully, 'to allow my being startled by the cannon-peal to add to the distress of my friends.'

'Emily!' exclaimed the impassioned Edward, 'the circumstances of the present painful but precious moment must be my apology for the declaration I have now to make; nor will that declaration be less sacred or delightful because it is made in the presence of those who are dear to us both. Here, then, I offer you a heart that has long been devoted to you, and if Emily will bless me by accepting of it, I will return at the earliest period I can get permission to claim her hand.'

Emily was silent; but Edward's sister took her reluctant hand and placed it in her brother's, while the father pronounced his blessing upon their union. Edward felt she was his; again he embraced his parents and sisters, kissed the tears from Emily's cheeks, and with more of the exultation of a happy conqueror than the dejection of a banished man, trod joyfully to the beach and took his place in the stern of a boat; and waving a manly farewell to cheer the mournful group on the balcony, he was conveyed to the ship that was to bear him to a distant land. Next to religion, there is no charm so powerful to soothe the sorrows of exile, and to keep inviolate virtuous principles, as carrying within the heart the talisman of a pure and reciprocal love.

To those cadets who had passed through all the parting sorrows at their distant homes, and who were heartily sick of the monotony of the sea-port town, and to whom a change of any kind was now welcome, the sound of the signal gun was received with a joyous 'Huzza!' and they hurried on, unregretting and unregretted, to begin a career of cheerless and thoughtless exile in a miserable land, uncongenial both to the health of body and soul, to return no more to the land of their youth, with the exception of one out of every ten, and these, weather-beaten and dis-

ease-stricken and sombre-looking relics—oh, how unlike to the blooming and exulting youths now bounding in their glee to the shore!

But let us return to the obscure garret-room in which we left our friend Jerry ensconced, waiting impatiently the signal for his relief from durance vile; he had taken the liberty of removing the dishonoured hat that supplied the place of a pane of glass, and in its stead had placed one side of his own big black curly head; and there, upon an old box for a chair, he sat with open ear, cleared of all intervening hair, eager to drink in the welcome peal. 'That's it, my honeys!' cried Jerry, as he started up at the sound, buttoned up his surtout, placed his beaver on one side of his head, poised his shillela quarter-staff, and, like an honest man, tossed sixpence to the old woman of the attic, and descended the trap stair singing

'To seek for promotion,
I cross'd the wide ocean.'

Having gained the lane, he hurried on to the shore; but what was his horror and surprise, when reaching the beach, he beheld a sight more dreadful than apparition, for there stood in *propria persona* the worthy Mrs McCutlets, attended by an ill-favoured resolute-looking man, who, from a short baton in his hand, Jerry could not for a moment doubt had unfriendly intentions towards himself. Mrs McCutlets was eagerly watching every youthful adventurer as he took his place in the boats, in hopes of finding among them her young gentleman blackguard. This was a damper even to Jerry Jenkins; he saw the coast fairly shut against him. No time was to be lost; he paused for a moment, and seeing that it would be impossible to carry the day by force of arms, he resolved to have recourse to the stratagems of war; so, hurrying back into the lane, he plunged into an old-clothes shop, kept by a countryman of the name of Murphy, with whom he had had some dealings, and exclaimed, 'Here, Mr Murphy, look at this purty dress I have on; it is yours for the oldest, ugliest suit of ragamuffin regimentals in your dirty shop, and be quick, for time and tide wait for no man.' While Jerry was divesting himself of his own, Mr Murphy, seeing no objections to the terms of exchange, was selecting what had once been a private's suit in the 'Buffs,' which might well have been supposed to have seen the last of its fields, but was now to be employed again in one which would tarnish for ever all its former glory. Jerry having assumed the soldier's garb, called in the barber from the neighbouring door, who in a moment cropped him to the bone, and, according to Jerry's instructions, glued two of his finest severed locks as appendages to his upper lips, intersecting the face at the same time with patches of black plaster placed at various angles to each other. 'And now, Mr Murphy,' said Jerry, 'there is the finest beaver hat in all the city of Cork to you as a present, and toss me that quid Scotch bonnet in its place.' The exchange being made, Jerry continued, 'And now, Mr Murphy, I leave in pawn with you this handsome shillela and take as acknowledgment of the same this broomstick; and if ever you visit the East Indies, ask for Major-General Jeremy Jenkins, and I shall redeem my pledge by giving you one of the soundest drubbings you ever got in your life, for having taken in a gentleman-cadet of the Honourable East India Company.' So saying, he tossed a penny to the shaver, and sallied from the door, while Murphy and his wife, with one child in her arms and six at her feet, with the barber, all issued into the street, following with their looks and shouts of laughter their comical customer. Jerry turned round for a moment at the sound, shook his broomstick at the group, and, turning a corner, was out of sight; and the scene of embarkation was again before him, where stood at her post his fearful landlady and still more dreadful man-at-arms. 'Neek or nothing,' said Jerry to himself; 'a faint heart never won a fair woman;' nor cheated an old one, he might have added. Though Jerry mistook all his impudence, it was not without a tremulous misgiving, as he rubbed elbows with his worst enemy, but there was no cause of alarm, for so completely was the

young gentleman metamorphosed that his own mother would not have recognised him, far less old Mrs M'Cutlets; he passed her all unsuspected, and took his seat at the stern of the boat, with his face towards the enemy; and when the barge had fairly pushed off, and Jerry felt safe on the high seas, he could not resist the temptation of giving a demonstration of his triumph. So rubbing off the moustaches and plasters from his face with one hand, and taking off his bonnet with the other, with a stentorian voice he thus saluted his landlady, 'I say, Mrs M'Cutlets, was you ever in the army?' The sound of Jerry's voice opened both Mrs M'Cutlets' eyes and ears at the same moment, and in the agony of grief, disappointment, and despair she exclaimed, 'The scoundrel's aft' er a', and sunk senseless, exhausted with vexation and fatigue, in the arms of the bailiff, who conveyed her to her home, and before any measures could be adopted for discovering Jerry's ship, or apprehending him at sea, he was on his way to the East with a fair breeze.

Gregory, from his isolated and unfriended position in life, was at least spared all knowledge of the parting sorrows attendant on relationship. His uncle shook him by the hand, and hoped he would come home a general, and as rich as a nabob; but both these wishes fell disregarded on his ear. The only human being that testified any regret at his departure was the kind-hearted Tibby, who has already been introduced to the reader's acquaintance. She had been nursery-maid in Gregory's father's family, and had kept Gregory from his birth up to the time of his removal to his uncle's house, the most miserable day in her existence, for then the last link that bound her to the family she loved so dearly and served so faithfully was broken. She now came to see her dear bairn on his leaving home. She was the only being that bound Gregory to his fellow-creatures; it is therefore not to be wondered at that he clung with more than usual fondness to that affectionate servant, for the whole of his human sympathies, and these were not cold, though confined, were centred in this humble but faithful friend. His departure seemed to her the last of her earthly trials. We shall not attempt to describe the anguish of this poor woman's heart when she came to take farewell of her poor friendless boy about to sail for far distant lands; while Gregory was no less affected in bidding adieu to the only being for whom he felt any affection in the wide world. His young heart, which only wanted the touch of sympathy to give forth its hidden springs, overflowed with a flood of tenderness, but struggling against it, that he might console this only friend, he kindly said, 'Do not distress yourself, Tibby; if spared to return and have a house of my own, you shall come and keep it.' This was almost more than poor Tibby could stand; and, throwing her arms around him, and imploring a blessing upon him, amid sobs and tears she tore herself away from the last of the family who had been dearer to her than her own existence, while Gregory set out lighted on his way by this single ray of attachment; and if the star that thus shone upon his path was not of the first magnitude, it beamed with a light as pure and steady as ever gilded the Moral System.

ELECTRO-CHEMISTRY.

THE progress of science has never been marked by so many new and important discoveries as in the present day; nor has any period witnessed so great a number of young philosophers earnestly devoting themselves to a career in which they hope to win a name that may emulate the reputation of their predecessors. So many new results have been recently brought to light in France, Italy, Germany, Russia, and America, as well as in our own country, as to teach us that science is yet but in its infancy; that we are only just learning the methods of observation which will eventually lead us to the connexion of all natural phenomena, by certain and general laws. When we look back upon the last three centuries, the most brilliant in the history of the world, we are astonished at the progressive advances of scientific research.

while our knowledge appears small and contracted, when we reflect upon the innumerable mysteries everywhere surrounding us. In proportion to the march of science do we overlook a wider horizon, within which lie new regions to be explored; and we are now better able to judge, than at any other period, of the solid and powerful assistance which science may contribute to civilisation. Theories are developed, and modes of application multiplied, in which industrial enterprise finds resources hitherto unknown. Natural philosophy, after taking a position in general instruction, to habituate the understanding to the logic of facts, at once fertile and luminous, enters into the workshop, carrying there the love of exactitude, and giving an impulse to the genius of invention. By a happy concurrence of circumstances, discovery succeeds discovery with unexampled rapidity, and new phenomena are almost daily opening new paths to research. Magnetism, electricity, and heat, are the branches of science in which the greatest progress has been made, from which has originated the subject of the present paper, electro-chemistry, many of the phenomena of which are referable to the general and incontestable principles of the laws of science, while for others, and the greater number, we are compelled to have recourse to explanations whose accuracy yet requires deeper investigation. Among the phenomena peculiar to this interesting science, are the chemical decompositions produced by electric currents; the slow actions resulting from the same cause; the effects of voltaic batteries of different systems, the chemical actions they undergo, and the various applications of voltaic electricity.

The remarkable effects of decomposition were discovered in the year 1800, by Carlisle and Nicholson, who, in repeating the experiments of Volta, had hastily prepared a pile with pieces of money, plates of zinc, and discs of pasteboard. After some trials, the peculiar odour of hydrogen being perceptible, the happy idea suggested itself to Nicholson, of passing the electric current through a tube filled with water by means of two fine metallic wires slightly separated from each other, when the hydrogen soon appeared in minute bubbles round the negative wire, while the positive wire became visibly oxidised. The two constituent elements of water were thus at length separated; for although Cavendish had succeeded in producing water by the union of oxygen and hydrogen, all the attempts made for its decomposition had hitherto been ineffectual. Since that time the apparatus for the decomposition of water has been brought to great perfection. It consists of a large vase, made nearly in the same form and of the same materials as a wine glass, through the bottom of which two wires of platinum are passed, and rise, each one, into a tube, closed at the upper end, which descends into the water contained in the vase. As soon as the communication is established with the poles of the pile, bubbles of gas are disengaged in abundance; the pure oxygen invariably rises into the tube covering the positive wire, and the hydrogen into that covering the negative. It is therefore evident that the two tubes communicate with each other by the medium of the intervening liquid, for the current cannot pass through the glass. Water, distilled and perfectly pure, decomposes slowly; but as soon as a drop of acid, or a few grains of salt, or atoms of any substance which augments its conductivity, are added to it, bubbles of gas are rapidly disengaged, and in the space of two or three minutes oxygen and hydrogen will have risen into the respective tubes in the proportion of two of the latter to one of the former.

This phenomenon, which involves the actual transport of the substances, has for a long time exercised the sagacity of philosophers. In ordinary decompositions the elements are disunited but not removed, while in this there are both separation and transport at one and the same time. Even if two vases be taken and a metallic wire placed in each, and the electric communication be established by a conducting body, remarkable phenomena are observed. If the conductor be a metal, the water will be decomposed in the ordinary way, but in each vase separately; if the conductor be some moist substance, the decomposition

will sometimes be the same as with the metal, but more frequently it takes place under unknown circumstances, oxygen alone appearing in one of the vases, the positive, and hydrogen only in the other; this effect is also produced when a finger is plunged into each glass to establish a communication. Mr Faraday proposes to give the name of *electrodes* to these wires, and to similar conducting bodies generally, which are in one part in communication with the battery, and in the other with a medium upon which the current exerts a chemical action. It is thus that, in all similar actions of the battery, the two electrodes have to be considered. Their nature, in general, exerts a double influence—the one upon the intensity of the current, the other upon the nature of the chemical compositions which may be formed. Another term, that of *electrolyte*, has been added by Mr Faraday to the nomenclature of this branch of natural philosophy; electrolyte signifies a body decomposable by the electric current, as electrolysis signifies decomposition, and electrolytic phenomena, those which belong to decomposition.

Without going too far into scientific detail we may cite a few examples of chemical action. In water acidulated with sulphuric acid, with the exception of gold and platinum, and those doubtless which belong to the same section, all metals are oxidised at the positive electrode; some with and others without the liberation of oxygen. This liberation for the greater part diminishes with the intensity of the pile, or rather with the rapidity of the decomposition; and it is presumable that, in studying with care the sulphates which are formed, new insoluble sub-sulphates would be discovered. Similar phenomena are produced in water acidulated with azotic or other oxygenated acids; but the chlorhydric, and its analogous acids, show entirely different phenomena, for the acids themselves are decomposed simultaneously with the water. The results are again different in water alkalis by the addition of soda or potash; in this case several oxides are formed, some of which combine with the alkali while the others are precipitated. Ammonia as an alkali, on the contrary, is itself decomposed even by very feeble currents. In the present state of the science, it is, however, difficult to lay down the laws by which the actions are produced; further researches which promise great interest are still needed; but Mr Faraday has established one law that, when the same current traverses successively several different electrolytes, the weights of the elements separated are, in themselves, as the chemical equivalents of these elements.

It has been for some time observed that under certain conditions iron becomes *passive*; or in other words that, when in contact with oxygenated acids, and particularly with azotic, even when concentrated, it retains its brightness as perfectly as platinum, without undergoing the slightest action from the presence of the acid. M. Schoenbein of Basle has paid particular attention to this fact, and arrived at some curious results, which would occupy a considerable space in the narration; and in a new subject, when it becomes a question of actions of which the causes are so obscure, and the effects so unforeseen, a great risk is incurred of misunderstanding the value of the facts, or of neglecting the most essential, and bringing forward the least important. The experiment, however, was tried with a simple pile, of which each wire terminated in a cup full of mercury; the cups were brought into communication with the electrolyte by means of a wire or strip of metal: one of the wires thus became the positive, the other the negative electrode. M. Schoenbein uses eleven volumes of water to one of sulphuric acid for the electrolyte, in a glass vessel which he names the decomposing trough. The negative electrode is a platinum wire; the positive, one of common iron; if it be the latter which completes the circuit, by touching the water and not the mercury, the iron is passive—is not oxidised; and further, there is no appearance of oxygen at the negative electrode. The activity of the iron may be restored for some seconds by touching it for a moment, when in the liquid, with the negative electrode; by interrupting and

rapidly restoring the current at some of its points; by bringing a piece of oxidisable metal—zinc, tin, copper, silver—into contact with the iron; or by quickly agitating the portion of the iron below the surface of the liquid.

An instance of the slow chemical action of electricity has often been seen in an old experiment familiar to many persons, and known by the name of the electrical tree, or tree of Saturn, which is produced in the following manner: A large flask is filled with a limpid solution of acetate of lead, into which are introduced, through a cork which should exactly fit the neck, four or five strong brass wires, arranged so as to spread out in the form of a divergent cone after passing the neck of the flask, and reaching nearly to the bottom. At the upper end of these wires, near the cork, but below the surface of the liquid, a small piece of zinc is fastened with a flexible wire, which thus communicates with every branch of the cone. When this has all been placed as described, the mouth of the flask should be carefully sealed to prevent the introduction of air or the evaporation of the liquid. At the end of some days, brilliant spangles of crystallised lead begin to show themselves adhering to the brass wires, at first towards the upper part, then by the continued action they increase in quantity, and spread in a thousand forms in every direction.

This simple experiment furnishes an example of a true voltaic pair; the zinc becomes oxidised and communicates to the brass wires the negative electricity produced by the oxidation; the hydrogen thus passes to give off on this pole the positive electricity which it contains at the moment of separation from the oxygen, and in the new form deoxidises the lead, which, as has been explained, is slowly deposited as crystals; the acetic acid is then free to form an equivalent of acetate of zinc, in compensation for the acetate of lead which has been decomposed.

A remarkable instance of the application of electrochemistry to a practical purpose, was afforded by Davy's experiment for the preservation of the copper on the bottoms of ships, which had been found to corrode and decay with incredible rapidity. Premising that the rapid chemical decomposition which copper undergoes in sea-water originated in a particular electrical action, he was led to seek contrary actions to neutralise the effects of the first. He exposed pieces of sheet copper in jars filled with sea-water, communicating with each other, either by wires or syphons; he then placed within them various oxidisable metals—zinc, wrought and cast iron—with the view of ascertaining the effect upon the copper, and how far the protection would extend. The experiment succeeded, as had been foreseen: the oxidisable metal was destroyed, but the copper was protected, even to a great distance from the point of contact of the two metals. The practical experience, however, made on several vessels of the royal navy, without deranging the theory, was not so successful as had been anticipated. Generally speaking the copper was too well preserved—that is, it became a pole too positive in the circuit formed in connexion with the zinc or the iron; from which circumstance, the oxides of lime and magnesia, held in solution in sea-water, were rapidly deposited on its surface in layers sufficiently thick to cause the adherence of weeds and shell-fish; so that although the vessel was well protected, it was at the expense of her sailing qualities.

M. Becquerel has patiently investigated the slow chemical actions of electricity, and has applied them with great success, either to the isolation of simple bodies, which had not before been obtained electrically, or in the formation of crystallised oxides, or other more complex bodies analogous to those which present themselves in nature. He has thus obtained aluminum, zirconium, and magnesium; and it is to be presumed that this method may also be applied to other alkaline metals which do not exert an active influence upon water at the ordinary temperature. In reading these details, one prominent principle forces itself upon our notice, that chemical actions are produced by the electric currents, while electricity is disengaged by the chemical actions.

The various batteries now employed in this branch of science, and by means of which many of the phenomena connected with it are yet to be explained, may be divided into two classes, according as their construction admits of the presence of one or of two liquids. Of the former class is the battery invented by Mr Smee, composed of one plate of platinised platinum, and two of amalgamated zinc, the first being the positive, and the latter the negative pole, plunged into a liquid composed of seven parts of water and one of sulphuric acid. When this battery is in operation there are three chemical actions going on at the same time—decomposition of water, oxidation of the zinc, and combination of the oxide of zinc with sulphuric acid. A great advantage is obtained by the use of amalgamated zinc, which, being combined with a certain quantity of mercury, is rendered insusceptible of the presence of acid, except when brought into communication with the platinum. The other batteries invented by Wollaston, Young, Sturgeon, and Wheatstone, have the same character in common with that just described. They are all with one liquid; the electricity is always produced by the decomposition of water, resulting from the affinity of the zinc for the oxygen, while the two metals of which they are composed are found to partake of the negative state by the greater or less conducting power existing between them out of the liquid; the hydrogen which is positive does not appear on the non-oxidised metal, for the reason that this metal is charged with the negative electricity which it has received from the zinc; the water may thus be decomposed in an inverse sense, that is, by abstracting the hydrogen; and the circle of successive decompositions be completed between all the liquid molecules which separate the two metals.

The first of the batteries with two liquids is that of Professor Daniell, which consists of a solution of sulphate of copper, with another of sulphate of zinc, or of sodium, contained in separate vessels, but placed one within the other. The inner vessel is porous; and there have been innumerable modifications of its construction for the purposes of investigation, both in this country and in Germany. The invention of this battery gave rise to the galvanoplastic art, by which copper is deposited with the most astonishing exactitude and beauty upon any object chosen by the operator, preserving at the same time its essential properties of hardness and malleability. The term galvanoplastic has been applied to that branch of the art including statues, bas-reliefs, and medals; and electrotype to vignettes, engravings, and to those objects designed to transfer an impression to any other body by pressure, gilding, or silvering; it is, in short, the deposit of oxides, or protecting deposits, covering the surfaces of various substances as a varnish, not only to give them brilliance and elegance, but to render them unalterable. The production of this deposit may perhaps be understood from the following explanation: for instance, if it be wished to give the appearance of a statuette in copper to a small plaster bust, we must first, as the plaster is a bad conducting surface, cover it with as thin a coating as possible of black lead, or some other analogous substance; it is then placed in the solution of sulphate of copper, where it becomes the negative electrode of the battery. As soon as the communication is established, the copper is deposited upon this electrode in a layer, at first inconceivably thin, but which increases progressively until it has acquired the desired thickness; when the operation ceases, on taking the bust from the liquid and wiping its surface. If the process has been well conducted there will be everywhere an equal coating of a thousandth, or tenth of an inch in thickness, in proportion to the intensity and duration of the current. Care is required in the regulation of the degree of acidity of the solution and its temperature, or the copper will not be deposited regularly, being sometimes too soft, or too hard, or perfectly granular; the solution also becomes weaker as the copper is deposited, which involves the necessity of attending to the due saturation of the liquid. To obviate the latter risk, an ingenious application has been employed, known as the *soluble elec-*

trode, composed of plates of copper which oxidise rapidly and pass into the state of sulphate, restoring to the solution, as the positive electrode, the metal abstracted by the negative, if not in exact compensation, yet sufficiently near to preserve the character of the deposit.

We have here traced the general principles on which objects may be covered with metallic surfaces in astonishing perfection; not merely casts, but all kinds of fruit, branches, leaves and flowers: animals, even fishes, crustacea, and birds. In some instances coloured deposits have been laid down, and bas-reliefs of very large dimensions have been obtained with equal facility, of which an example is furnished in the splendid bas-reliefs prepared by M. Soyer, for the plinth of the statue of Gutenberg at Mentz.

A most remarkable effect of voltaic electricity is seen when charcoal or coke is used for the poles or extremities of the conductors: phenomena of light are presented, whether observed in the atmosphere or in a vacuum of extraordinary splendour. The coal being arranged in the shape of cones, and brought into the circuit with the metallic conductors, a light is instantly produced, not less dazzling than that of the sun; the summits of the cones, once heated, may be gradually removed to short distances apart without interrupting the current, while the intensity of the light increases, and another remarkable phenomenon is at the same time developed—several arcs or rather a globe of flame appears between the poles where it remains agitated in the whole circumference, and of incomparable brilliance. Davy was the first to produce this interesting phenomenon, with the battery of 2000 pairs of the Royal Institution. It is nothing more than an electric current of a new kind, although the cause of its always assuming the spheroidal form is not known; it is, however, like other magnetic currents, susceptible of magnetic action, for on presenting one or the other pole of a magnet, the flame becomes still more agitated than before, leaves the incandescent points of the cones, and is suddenly extinguished as with a blast of wind.

Electric telegraphs, among the most important discoveries of modern times, are nearly related to this branch of science, under whose agency the invisible and silent messenger speeds with the velocity of thought to places however remote, and writes down the message in legible characters. There is one now in operation on the line of railway from London to Portsmouth, for the use of which government pays the proprietors £1500 yearly. For all conversational purposes the sea-port may now be said to be brought within the offices at Whitehall or the Admiralty; while it is evident that the same facility of communication may be applied to all the great ports of the kingdom. The mind is lost in anticipating the vast results yet to be achieved by this mysterious power, when its more general application shall enable us to send a warm wish, or make a friendly inquiry, from one end of the island, or even to more distant lands, in the twinkling of an eye.

SWALLOWS.

IN no part of natural history has there been a more absurd or generally received opinion than that of swallows wintering in the mud. It was that great owl of a Norway Bishop, Pontoppidan, who first set this stupid notion afloat in the world, and he only reported it from the fishermen, who assured him that they frequently drew up great bunches of swallows from the bottom of the lakes there. The swallow leaves the green meadows of England in autumn, for the myrtle and orange groves of Italy, and for the palms of Africa. Swallows have been seen crossing the Mediterranean in autumn towards the African shores. The celerity with which they fly renders any exploit by them on the wing credible enough. The flight of birds generally may be estimated at from fifty to one hundred and twenty miles an hour. It is remarkable that all migratory birds, when detained in captivity, manifest

great agitation when the period of their migration arrives, inasmuch that some of them, the quail in particular, occasionally kill themselves in their efforts to escape. This agitation is always greatest at night, proving, together with observation, that birds generally commence their flight at that time. The swallow lives no longer under water than any other bird, that is a few minutes; and yet there are plenty of people, and some even of great names as naturalists, who, in spite of that fact, will still perversely believe that swallows winter in the mud at the bottom of ponds and rivers, and all because we don't happen to know the precise points of latitude in Africa where they go to. They might, with as much probability, say the same of any other migratory bird; but then they have the authority of celebrated men for ages, from Pontoppidan down to Derham, Linnæus, and, above all, the great Cuvier. Not one of those authors had ever seen a swallow drawn from the mud; and in Germany, once, a reward of an equal weight in silver was publicly offered to any one who should produce swallows from under water; but, as Frisch informs us, nobody ever claimed the money. Notwithstanding that, Mudie says that persons of great probity made asseverations and affidavits of the fact, and the friends of the laborious and accurate Reaumur promised that they would send him the identical birds that had wintered under the ice, but somehow or other not one of them ever kept their word with him; and when they were pressed, it turned out that, like the beholder of ghosts, they had not actually seen them themselves, but had been assured of the fact by other eye-witnesses, who were every way as worthy of credit. Our own able anatomist, John Hunter, says he esteems it a very wild opinion, that terrestrial animals can remain long under water without drowning, and that their anatomy is wholly different from that of the frog and other amphibious animals.

PRINTING.

The art of printing had been practised nearly thirty years in Germany, before it was introduced either into England or France—with so tardy a pace did knowledge travel to and fro over the earth in those days, or so unfavourable was the state of these countries for the reception of even the greatest improvements in the arts. At length a citizen of London secured a conspicuous place to his name for ever in the annals of our national literature, by being, as far as is known, the first of his countrymen that learned the new art, and certainly the first who either practised it in England, or in printing an English book. William Caxton was born, as he tells us himself, in the Weald of Kent, it is supposed about the year 1412. Thirty years after this date, his name is found among the members of the Mercers' Company in London. Later in life, he appears to have repeatedly visited the Low Countries at first, probably, on business of his own, but afterwards in a sort of public capacity—having in 1464 been commissioned, with another person, apparently also a merchant, by Edward the Fourth, to negotiate a commercial treaty with the Duke of Burgundy. He was afterwards taken into the household of Margaret, duchess of Burgundy. It was while resident in the Low Countries that he commenced practising the art of printing. The year 1474 is assumed as the date of the introduction of the art into this country. It is certainly known that Caxton had come to England in 1477, and had set up his press in the Almonry, near Westminster Abbey, where he printed that year in folio, 'The Dictes and Notable Wyse Sayenges of the Philosophers,' translated from the French, by Anthony Woodville, Earl Rivers. From this time Caxton continued both to print and translate, with indefatigable industry, till near the close of the fifteenth century, the last publication with a date having been produced in 1490, and his death having probably taken place in 1491 or 1492. Before he died, he saw the admirable art which he had introduced into his native country, already firmly established there, and the practice of it extensively diffused.

Wynkyn de Worde, foreigners, and Thomas Hunt, an Englishman, all printed in London, both before and after Caxton's death. It is probable that the foreigners had been his assistants, and were brought into the country by him.—*Pictorial History.*

LIFE'S SHADOWS.

BY NEWTON GOODRICH.

(Written for the Instructor.)

Life's a day's journey, earth a place
Where, in the cheerful morn, we find
The light of joy upon each face,
The shades of sorrow left behind.

And e'en when, midway, we entomb
Hopes immature and memories sweet,
Some, strong in thought, may smile at gloom,
Then gather'd closer round their feet.

But when the heat of noon is o'er,
And cares from languor scarcely save,
Deep shadows, lying far before,
Darken our passage to the grave.

USEFUL HINTS ON BEDROOMS.

Their small size and their lowness render them very insalubrious; and the case is worse by close windows and thick curtains and hangings, with which the beds are often so carefully surrounded as to prevent the possibility of the air being renewed. The consequence is, that we are breathing vitiated air during the greater part of the night; that is, during more than a third part of our lives; and thus the period of repose, which is necessary for the renovation of our mental and bodily vigour, becomes a source of disease. Sleep, under such circumstances, is very often disturbed, and always much less refreshing than when enjoyed in a well ventilated apartment; it often happens, indeed, that such repose, instead of being followed by renovated strength and activity, is succeeded by a degree of heaviness and languor which is not overcome till the person has been some time in a purer air. Nor is this the only evil arising from sleeping in ill ventilated apartments. When it is known that the blood undergoes most important changes in its circulation through the lungs by means of the air which we breathe, and that these vital changes can only be effected by the respiration of pure air, it will be easily understood how the healthy functions of the lungs must be impeded by inhaling for many successive hours the vitiated air of our bedrooms, and how the health must be as effectually destroyed by respiring impure air, as by living on unwholesome or innutritious food. In the case of children and young persons predisposed to consumption, it is of still more urgent consequence that they should breathe pure air by night as well as by day, by securing a continuous renewal of the air in their bedrooms, nurseries, schools, &c. Let a mother who has been made anxious by the sickly looks of her children, go from pure air into their bedroom in the morning before a door or window has opened, and remark the state of the atmosphere, the close, oppressive, and often fetid odour of the room, and she may cease to wonder at the pale, sickly aspect of her children. Let her pay a similar visit some time after means have been taken, by the chimney ventilator or otherwise, to secure a full supply and continual renewal of the air in the bedrooms during the night, and she will be able to account for the more healthy appearance of her children, which is sure to be the consequence of supplying them with pure air to breathe.—*Sir James Clark.*

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WEEKLY HOGG'S INSTRUCTOR

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PORTRAIT GALLERY.

DR JOHN BROWN.

THE dissenting bodies of Scotland have long, in point of practical utility, moral influence, and a working ministry, stood high among the Christian churches throughout the world. This a grateful Scotland universally admits. But it were vain to deny, that in respect of scholarship, literature, general accomplishments, and, above all, in the possession of names of wide-spread celebrity, they are inferior to their sister churches in this country, in England, and in America. We find, amid all their roll-call, few such names as Chalmers, Arnold, Whateley, Robinson, Stewart, Foster, Fuller, Hall, Croley, &c. And yet to this rule there are some distinguished exceptions. The name of Dr Mc'Crie inspired respect wherever it was pronounced throughout the Christian world. Less widely known, but not less revered where he was known, was good old Dr Jamieson, that moving pile of theological and antiquarian lore. Dr Wardlaw, too, is universally admired. And need we say that the amiable and venerable divine whom we propose now to sketch, has obtained more than a European reputation, nay, that his fame has travelled wherever that of his great Master has led the way? Abbott, Payson, Tholuck, D'Aubigne, are not sounds more familiar with us than is Dr John Brown with the Christians in foreign lands.

The case is singular in this respect. We have no evidence that his works have made their way extensively, or fixed their roots deeply, in other countries, as those of Abbott and D'Aubigne have done in ours. But the savour of his general character, as one of the most amiable and accomplished of divines as well as of Christian men, has, like 'ointment poured forth,' in all directions diffused itself.

In speaking of Dr Brown, we will begin with that aspect in which we are apt somehow first to think of him—as possessing a remarkably fine personal appearance. He is certainly one of the most beautiful of the sons of men. Not being phrenologists, we are no judges of the development of his organs; but the general cast of his countenance—the calm, bald, expansive forehead—the grey locks adding to it their inestimable ornament—the mild piercing brilliant eye—and the sweet settled smile upon his lips—constitute a very rare combination of the elements of manly beauty. Perhaps some hypercritics may quarrel with the word manly, and insist that there is rather too much of the lady in his appearance to justify the term. We think, on the contrary, that his aspect pauses at precisely the proper line between the feminine and the fierce, be-

of a glorious wild animal in inexpressibles, like Christopher North. And, when excited, there shines a fire about his countenance such as no female or feminine face ever expressed; and there comes from his chest a torrent of sound which no cream-faced ladies-man could ever give forth on the peril of his lungs and life. Mild, prying, happy intelligence is the pervading expression of Dr Brown's countenance. There is not a trace of struggle in any of its lines, nor a relic observable of past endurance. Sufferings manifold he has borne, but his happy constitution of mind has digested them all into the materials of serene and habitual health. Not less interesting is the air of transparent openness and simplicity which is suffused over the face.

We saw it last at the great Philosophical Soiree in this city. Though there was much in that meeting to disappoint, there was much also to interest, and a great deal to admire. There were some intellectual-looking and enthusiast youths, some reverend greyheads, and some noble female brows, to which a coronet could have added little lustre or beauty; and on the platform there was metal yet more attractive: there was the bald forehead of Whateley; Macaulay's sturdy form and great glimmering eyes; the head of our 'Apollo' fulgent in its fiery tresses like a summer's sun; Moir's mild unpretending aspect; and Nichol's restless eye. But certainly the sweetest, most apostolic head and face were those of Dr Brown, dimly discerned as they were at the back of the platform, and through those verdant and thickening laurels by which the managers of the entertainment rather prematurely anticipated the immortality of their guests.

Dr Brown's intellectual character may, we think, be summed up in the words—enlightened and learned love. His native power is not so much genius or original insight as it is wide, warm, and profound sympathy with all 'things that are excellent, lovely, and of good report.' To this generous sympathy—the main element of his nature—he adds an intellect clear and powerful, an imagination vivid rather than copious, a taste sensitive rather than exquisite, and a force of passion and language, which, together with the power of his voice, the elevation of his aspect, and the weight of his character, render his eloquence often overpowering. And all those faculties he has cultivated to the utmost possible pitch, fed them at various sources of learning, adorned them with the brilliant hues of the belles lettres, trained them in the paths of severe and perpetual Scripture criticism, and formed from them thus the beautiful and finished whole which they now present.

To be the admirable Scripture critic which he con-

arities; not merely by his wide knowledge, extensive reading, and long practice in the art, but by the warmth of his temperament and the liberality of his views. We have no right to dogmatise on a subject like this, but we will say that many Scripture critics (Calvin and Stewart not excepted, indeed Horsley expressly charges it against the former) make melancholy work of the poetical parts of Scripture through their deficiency in imagination. Rymer and Dennis are not more wretched critics on the great English poets than they on those awful bards of Israel. They measure flights of fancy and inspired thought, the most daring and sublime, by mathematical formulae. They thus do violence to a 'thing so majestic' as the mother-tongue of heaven. They do not 'allow for the wind'—the mighty rushing wind—of divine inspiration! It is different with Dr Brown. He has many of the high sympathies of the poet, and uniformly desires to bring out not only the bare meaning, but the inner beauty and spirit of his authors. His criticism, consequently, is not cold analysis but warm yet enlightened appreciation; it is on fire down to its minutest fibres, and they are often tremblingly and almost invisibly minute.

The same spirit distinguishes him as a professor and presbyterial critic. He is in these capacities a generous yet righteous judge, ever willing to pat rising merit upon the shoulder, though not indisposed to rebuke shallow and impudent conceit; to gross dullness merciful, but just; he is to the errors of talent indulgent; he loves the young fermenting brain, while he is faithful in seeking to allay or properly to direct the ferment, and his *perge puer* is always ready when there appears any prospect or hope of progress. He is incapable of 'damning with faint praise,' or of the still baser and more malignant meanness of being jealous of his own student-children. He feels himself their father, and that consequently their progress is his praise, and their laurels must eventually be his own.

As a preacher his merit is of a very high order. A preacher, indeed, he can hardly be called, he so frequently practises, and so greatly excels in, the cognate practice of exposition. As an expositor, his principal power is the luminous clearness which he sheds upon his author, even on his dimmest parts. His lectures often remind us of a lantern turned nearly and strongly upon the dark ground, and causing every pebble, and straw, and pin-point to shine out, as if set on fire. In this respect he reminds us much of Professor Nichol, who always sends home all his audience from his astronomical discourses with a most distinct, explicit, and almost tangible idea of the evening's subject, however sublime and overwhelming; so you cannot escape from one of Dr Brown's expositions, however hard and rare the theme of its criticism, without carrying away a well-defined map of the course he has pursued imprinted on your memory. Whether you have coincided with him or not; whether you have been convinced of the validity or the originality of his speculations or not, you know perfectly what he *wished* you to believe and know. As a preacher he exerts, we have said, a very commanding power over his audience. His appearance, in itself imposing, is admirably *managed*, though with that art which generally contrives to conceal itself. His voice is somewhat monotonous, and not very musical, but strong, deep, clear, and capable of rising into crashes of power, like 'harsh thunder.' His tone has a twang of the antique about it, which adds much to its effect, and harmonises with his reverend aspect. His manner is grave, firm, calm at first, but often, ere he be done, becomes impetuous and violent to the brink of the terrific; he sometimes stamps, strikes the Bible, aggravates his voice to its highest pitch, and sends out from his eye a stern and fierce lightning. He reads the psalm with much force and effect. Once in particular, we have heard, he electrified an audience by reading, during a violent thunderstorm which had come on, the twenty-ninth psalm in tones which seemed fit to echo that oratory of the clouds! His style is not polished or classical, and has seldom any *curiosa felicitas*; nor is his imagery of the first quality; but his language is clear and strong, his sentiments forcible, and when not

engaged in exposition, he is a practical and searching preacher.

Upon the platform he is not so uniformly successful. He seems to want the readiness, the lithe dexterity, the tact, and the power of rising on the breath of the audience as on a spring-tide, which constitute the genuine platform orator. His practice of reading, too, though it does not affect his pulpit, does somewhat his platform popularity. On some occasions, however, he is eminently successful even on this field. We recollect one instance where, in a few extempore sentences, uttered at the close of an *anti-slavery* meeting in his own chapel, he rose almost to prophetic dignity, in predicting and denouncing (while the dim summer twilight partially revealed and partially shrouded his form) the judgments of God against that accursed abomination. We think we still see his grey hairs shaking, and hear his deep voice quivering with the earnestness of the deep anathema.

As an author, it is probably premature to form or express any judgment upon Dr Brown, for it is quite evident that his real works are still in manuscript. His admirable lectures to his students on Romans and Hebrews must one day see the light, and will then, we doubt not, constitute a base more than adequate to sustain the pedestal of his reputation; and when published, we hesitate not to assert, that in all likelihood they will occupy a similar place as critical lectures which Dr Dick's have long assumed as theological. We trust they will be given to the world before his valuable life terminates. As it is, he has not hitherto published anything entirely worthy of his reputation; but surely it is better that works should stand below reputation, than that reputation should stand beneath works. Dr Brown's productions have been chiefly occasional sermons, such as those on the deaths of Drs Hall, Mitchell, Balmer, and Heugh, a memoir of his wife (in which we find rather an unnecessary display of learning for the occasion), and his controversy with Robert Haldane. What principally distinguishes his writing is its tone of perfect decision and conviction. He speaks with authority. His style seems to have shaped itself from the modulations of his voice, and as you read you seem to hear it sounding forth the sentences in your ear—a charm which, of course, strangers cannot appreciate. His sentiment is energetic and eminently clear; and nature did not more, in the days of the schoolmen, abhor a vacuum, than does his mind abhor every shape and shade of mysticism. Perhaps sometimes his clearness serves to disguise his depth, just as there are pools whose pellucidity makes them appear shallow, and whose every small shining pebble is a bright liar as to the real profundity of the waters.

Dr Brown, in private society, is all that is affable and condescending, without the slightest compromise of dignity or gravity, and he never opens his mouth without saying something. His sentences are all well weighed; and whether you agree with his opinions or not, you cannot but admire their terse and oracular language. We like, especially, the continued freshness of his literary enthusiasm. It is fine to see the venerable man walking to and fro in his large library, like the tutelary genius of the place, showing his guests its curiosities—the first edition, perhaps, of the 'Paradise Lost'—an old, dark, humble duodecimo, but rich as a summer sunset to the enthusiast's eye with glory; or taking down, it may be, a forgotten work of Henry More, the Platonist, and reading some splendid passage from it in his deep, mellow tones, which flavour it, like the crust upon old wine; or showing an ancient print of Luther and his Catherine Bora. Altogether, though there may be one or two in the church to which he belongs who equal or surpass Dr Brown in native ability, and perhaps two or three nearly as erudite, there is none who, on the whole, in point of talent, knowledge, accomplishment, influence, popularity, piety, and heart, can be named in the same sentence. May he long continue to sit in the shadow of the laurels which he has so worthily won and so meekly worn!

Dr Brown's personal history must be familiar to many

of our readers. He was born in Whitburn, where his father long laboured in the kirk of Langrig, called from its elevated and far-seen position, the 'visible kirk.' His first charge was Biggar, where he laid in, it is believed, the principal portion of his ample literary and theological stores. From thence he was translated to Rose Street, Edinburgh. His popularity there, which was unbounded, led ultimately to his farther translation to Broughton Place, where, four years ago, the Rev. Andrew Thomson was appointed as his assistant and successor. For twelve years he has acted as Professor of Exegetical Theology, in connexion with the United Secession Synod.

The name 'Brown' is surely a charmed name. It is curious to look back and find how many distinguished or notorious persons have borne this appellation, while the still more numerous clans of Jackson, Smith, Thomson, &c., have not been nearly so distinguished. There were, to mention only a few, Sir Thomas, the quaint and learned knight of the 'urn burial;' and Simon, the strange divine, who thought that God had annihilated his thinking substance; and George, the Irish count and distinguished warrior in the Russian service; and Field-Marshal Maximilian; and William of the 'Shepherd's Pipe;' and Sir William, the eminent physician; and Isaac Hawkins, the elegant Latin and English poet; and old Robert, father of the Independents; and Dr Thomas, the great moral philosopher; and John, of the Brunonian theory, which mad-dened Mackintosh and all Edinburgh for a season; and John, of the 'Dictionary'; and his son, of the 'Life of Hervey;' and his son, of the present sketch; and Samuel, of the 'Itinerating Libraries;' and Ebenezer of Inverkeithing, the most natural orator in Scotland; and in America, Charles Brockden, who alone has successfully followed Godwin in his sad, solitary, and daring path; and Dr Samuel, of the 'Atomic Theory' and the 'Lay Sermons;' and could we lay our hands upon an Encyclopedia, we believe many more. Shall any one, after this, dare to ask the shallow, albeit Shaksperian, question, 'What's in a name?'

A VISIT TO HOLLAND.

SECOND ARTICLE.

SUNDAY IN LEYDEN—MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE DUTCH.

LEYDEN is a large town, of some 80,000 inhabitants, celebrated for its university, of which Boerhaave, Grotius, and Descartes, were professors; also for its celebrated siege by the Spaniards, and the successful resistance of the citizens under the Prince of Orange, which is to this day commemorated in almost every household, in the antique engravings which hang against the walls, and also by a public gala, which is annually held on the 8d of October, the day of their deliverance.

Leyden is situated on the Old Rhine, which has here dwindled down to a small stream, so sluggish that it scarcely seems to flow at all. The Rhine partakes in the inverted order of things which seems to prevail in this country. While other rivers gain in volume and breadth as they flow towards the ocean, the Rhine becomes narrower and more inert, seeming to flow, if at all, *up hill*; its entrance to the sea being provided for by an artificial channel defended by powerful sluices, which open and allow the river to empty itself when the tide ebbs, and close up when it flows. These extraordinary works are to be seen at Katwyk, about seven miles from Leyden; they were executed during the Revolution by a French engineer, under the government of Louis Bonaparte.

The day after my arrival was Sunday, and, with the members of the Dutch family where I was domesticated, I went to church. It was a Lutheran place of worship, there being three great divisions of the religious population in Leyden, as in most of the Dutch towns: first, in point of numbers, the Calvinists; next, the Catholics; and lastly, the Lutherans, or Episcopalians as they are called with us. The Calvinists, like the Scotch, are very simple in their service, and not very observant of that reverence in

carry to an excess. I have seen in a large congregation of Calvinists in Holland, a considerable proportion of them sitting with their hats on. As the churches are very large, and must be very cold in winter, probably this may form their excuse in part; but doubtless it mainly originates in that disregard for outward forms which the Reformation engendered. Almost all the Dutch Calvinistic places of worship were originally Catholic churches, of which the Catholics were dispossessed when the fiery spirit of Luther swept across Holland—the plain and stern Reformists stepping in and taking their places; and yet, in these wide and lofty arched cathedrals, with their long and gloomy perspectives of aisles, they often look sadly out of place after all. On entering St Peter's Church during worship, one may discern the Calvinist congregation assembled in a distant corner—the voice of the preacher sounding afar off, like one crying in the wilderness. Occasionally, these old churches are used alternately by other sects, it being not an unusual thing for the Calvinists to worship in them in the morning, and the Lutherans, or even the Catholics, in the after part of the day. The sectarian feeling in Holland is becoming weaker day by day; but at the same time, as is alleged by residents, so also is the religious feeling. The Dutch character, they say, has been Frenchified by Napoleon; the old staunch national Dutchman has given place to the half-French, half-German character; the devoted application to business has issued in a hunt after pleasure; and French manners, music, literature, and tastes, are every day obtaining a more extensive prevalence. Catholicism is on the increase, and, to do them justice, the Catholics are hard workers. Their churches are open for matins at three and four in the morning; they have worship at seven, again at eleven in the forenoon, and again in the evening.

The Lutheran church, which I attended on the day I mention, was well filled by a respectable audience. The 'genteel' Protestants are Lutherans—the mass of the people going with the Calvinists on the one hand, or the Catholics on the other. The first feature that struck me was the separation of the sexes throughout this place of worship—the females occupying the body of the church, and the males the exterior parts. The officiating clergyman delivered an extempore sermon in an earnest and persuasive manner, which secured the attention of his audience. As I was afterwards informed, he was exhorting his hearers to a better observance of the Sabbath, and not to give themselves up to the levities of the season (the *fair* time was just commencing), but to devote the day exclusively to religious duties. A collection took place at the close of the sermon for the poor, this being done every Sunday. The way in which the collection was made seemed peculiar. Small bags or purses, attached to the end of long stout canes, were handed round among the congregation, into which the charitable were invited to place their contributions; and in order that all might know where the circulating purse was, and what route it was taking, a little clear-sounding bell was attached to each; and by this means a constant tinkling was kept up while the collection went on, that had a singular sound in the ears of a stranger. Doubtless, however, by this simple means, the Dutch (who are adepts in all such matters) succeed in obtaining the largest possible amount of contributions from their audiences.

Although the Dutch generally are a church-going population, they are by no means a Sabbath-observing people. After midday, when the forenoon services are over, the Sabbath seems at an end. The coffeehouses, winehouses, and all houses of public entertainment, are thrown open, and towards evening become crowded; in many of them music and dancing are carried on. The amusements of the Sundays are anxiously looked forward to during the preceding week. Concerts are held, parties are given, theatres are opened; and if there be only one theatrical performance in the week, it is reserved for Sunday. The sober Dutch lament that they are now inundated with French frivolity and dissipation, and regret that these things are not as they used to be. Walking through the

streets in the afternoon, I was astonished to find apparently the whole population engaged in the sports and frivolities of the fair, which commenced that day. The country people were flocking in from all quarters, some on foot, others on antediluvian cars or gigs, the seats of the two or three occupants raised to an immense height, on huge springs, above the shafts of the vehicle, and keeping them in a state of perpetual jolt. The boats, or trekschuyts, arriving at the quays, were also crowded; and all were wending their way to the centre of the town, where the fair was commencing. Booths were there in course of erection; many were up. The shows were all at work; in one street there were about a dozen of them, each with a band of hideous music on the stage in front trying to out-deave their neighbours, and each of the clowns exerting himself to out-extravaganza his brother-fool over the way. Among these shows were the usual attractions of giants, fat boys and girls, wild beasts, cripples, equestrian performers, dwarfs, tumblers, wax-works, and all sorts of rubbish. In the streets were crowds of people, some assembled round dancing-bears, dromedaries, and monkeys, others round dancers on tight and slack ropes; others round the cottage-looking booths, in front of which Friesland women were sitting roasting and frying over smoking chauffers, cooking little frizzled cakes, in eating which the Dutch peasantry seemed to take great delight. In a more open part of the town, on a spot where, many years ago, hundreds of houses were suddenly blown to ruins by the explosion of a ship laden with gunpowder lying at one of the neighbouring quays, a French company of equestrians were busily erecting their amphitheatre, with the intention of giving their first grand performance, in which half the civic soldiery of the town were engaged to take part, that same night. Such is a brief sketch of my first Sunday in Leyden, in which I witnessed such startling scenes!—how different in character from those of the quiet Scotch town in which I had spent the previous Sabbath! Here, before quitting Leyden (and I do not think it necessary to describe the streets, picture-galleries, and notabilities of the place, for which see 'Murray's Handbook,' and other tourists' manuals), let me only note down one or two remarks, made during my stay, as to Dutch manners and customs.

Living in a Dutch family is pleasant enough, though rather expensive to those who pay. The Dutch women are good housewives, and have the art of making everything snug within doors, and a home attractive and comfortable. There is no want, either, of accomplishment on the part of the Dutch women of the middle classes. They are well-educated, read a good deal, and many of them are well skilled in music. Knitting, netting, and needlework also form constant sources of occupation, as at home. With regard to eating, the Dutch somewhat resemble ourselves, bating a voracious attachment to butter. Butter to cheese, butter to meat-dumplings, butter to bread-pudding, butter to roast and boiled, butter to vegetables of all kinds: such is their practice. They have also an unaccountable contempt for the invention of the knife and fork, and act upon the old adage, that 'fingers were made before them.' Delicate young ladies do not disdain to gobble up their meals by the aid of their fingers, and to lick them when done—large towels being placed in the hands of each when sitting down to table, to give the finishing touch. There is also very little respect for order in the course of edibles at dinner; vegetables, fish fried and roasted *à la mode Hollandaise*, stewed eels, and meat-dumpling, being often eaten together from the same plate, all with butter. Generally speaking, no drink is used, water being indifferent and wine dear—the butter serves for all. A favourite preparation of the Dutch, and one which is used for breakfast, lunch, tea, and supper, is the *boot-ram*, which consists of cheese scraped or cut in the thinnest possible slices, and spread over bread and butter (of course), two or three lairs of each being used. Sometimes smoke-dried eels are sliced down and used in the same way. Though the preparation seems an odd one, nothing can really be more grateful to the stomach of a

hungry traveller than a good allowance of this same *boot-ram*. Under everything warm that is brought to table, is placed a small cup of brown earthenware with a piece of live turf in it: coffee, tea, potatoes, chops, dumplings, &c., are thus kept in season for a length of time. The same little pots of live turf are also used in other ways. They are placed in the interior of little square wooden boxes, the upper sides of which are perforated with holes; and over one of these every Dutch woman takes care to be seated, her feet placed on the upper side of the box, in cold weather. In winter, one may see the servant-maids carrying these chauffers, or live turf boxes, to church, for the use of the females of their household, closely following behind, and they are also carried before them to most public places for their use in the same way. Some think that to the constant use of these turf boxes is to be attributed, in a great measure, the delicate constitutions and pale complexions of the Dutch women. The practice must certainly tend to deteriorate the air of rooms by the large quantity of carbonic acid gas thus thrown into it. The Dutch housewives seem, however, to be fully conscious of the great importance of thorough ventilation of their dwellings. Their bedrooms are especially well ventilated and aired. When the occupant makes his exit from his sleeping-chamber in the morning, the servant-maid is on the alert immediately to throw up the windows, tumble out all the bedclothes, and expose them on two or three chairs to a thorough draught of air. The Dutch beds are rather curious studies to a stranger: the pillows are enormous, large, square, stuffed full of down, and extremely elastic. To use them as the Dutch do, one must needs sit almost upright in bed. The beds are very narrow and short, and not at all of the large free-and-easy kind we are familiar with in this country.

As the stranger passes along the streets of a Dutch town, his notice is attracted by the little mirrors or *spiegelts*, as they call them, projecting from several of the windows of each house. The passenger is amused by occasionally obtaining a glimpse in them of a female face gazing full at him as he advances. These mirrors are so hung that they command a full view of the whole street in which the house is situated; and as they are often placed back to back in the centre of the window, or one at each side, two ladies sitting at the opposite places can survey the entire street without moving from their seats. The *spiegelts* is the gossiping place of the Dutch woman. She there sits at her needlework or knitting, scans the neighbourhood, talks over the passers-by with her fair friend similarly engaged at the opposite *spiegelts*, nods to advancing friends or acquaintances in her mirror, they bowing to her face in the glass in return; altogether, a quiet, still-life Dutch method of carrying on the gossipry of a neighbourhood!

The Dutch have the reputation of being a temperate people as regards drinking; and, judging by their appearance, they are so. But, though there is no such excess of drinking as at home, and though such a thing as a drunken man, even during the fair season, is exceedingly rare, there must, nevertheless, be an immense quantity drunk by the population. In the town of Leyden, with some 80,000 inhabitants, there are no fewer than 700 publichouses in which liquor is sold, or one to every 43 of the population—certainly a large proportion. In private life there is very little drinking. A little schnaps, a dram of gin, Cognac, or bitters, is a not unfrequent thing in the forenoon or at midday, about an hour before dinner, by way of stimulant to the appetite; but towards night no spirituous liquors are drunk, except in auberges or drinking-houses. Coffee is drunk at almost all hours, and at times and occasions when, at home, we should be drinking brandy or whisky punch. The great dissipation of the Dutch, however, is in tobacco. The quantity of this weed consumed in Holland is enormous. Everybody smokes, from the schoolboy to the judge, from the trekschuyt-man to the professor. Their heads are always steeped in tobacco-smoke—at morning, noon, and night. Cigars are seen everywhere, rolling from cheek to cheek; pipes are universal; puffs issue from all mouths; and tobacco-shops

are more numerous than those of either butchers or bakers. A wag has surmised that the thick fogs of Holland are neither more nor less than the condensed tobacco-smoke of the Dutch people.

THE LOST CHILD.

A REAL INCIDENT.

About thirty years since, there lived in one of the closes in the High Street of Edinburgh, a woman named Calder. At the particular period which opens the following simple narrative of facts, her husband had been dead about two years, leaving her as his only legacy a little daughter, now approaching her fourth year. The circumstances of Mrs Calder were of a very narrow character. To maintain herself and child she was in the habit of acting as *lavender*, or, to speak more plainly, of going out to gentlemen's families to assist in washing; and on these occasions little Margaret had to be left in the charge of some kind neighbour. This was a disagreeable resource, as may readily be imagined, and only enforced by hard necessity, for her daughter was the darling of her mother's heart. With fair blue eyes and light silky hair, the child seemed the very emblem of innocence. Often, often, when they met at night, after her mother's day's labour—hard and ill-requited it generally was—the sweet creature would climb on her mother's knee, and nestling her head in her parent's breast, the latter would feel doubly repaid for all her toil and anxieties. Indeed, her child was to the poor woman her only tie to life; and she felt, on sitting down at night to her cold fireside, that, but for her daughter, she knew of nothing on this side the grave that could tempt her to bear the sore toils she endured.

Little Margaret, as already hinted, was very much in the charge of neighbours during the day; and her mother, on returning in the evening, was in the habit of inquiring among the houses in the immediate neighbourhood till she found her daughter. One evening, on thus inquiring, no one could tell anything of Margaret, nor was she to be found anywhere in the vicinity. Hours passed on. The police were applied to, but no child answering the description had been heard of. The poor mother was half distracted. It was at the time when so many vague rumours were afloat in the town as to the doings of resurrectionists and the abstraction by *doctors* of unprotected children, and the dreadful thought crossed the mind of Mrs Calder that her child had been kidnapped for some fearful purpose.

The evening was spent in vain searchings. Night came, but with it no sleep or rest for the afflicted mother. She wandered about from place to place till morning, distractedly crying for her child, but no trace of Margaret was to be found. The last time she had been seen was in the arms of a well-dressed woman at the head of the *close* where her mother resided—a circumstance which was thought nothing of at the time, the beauty of the child having more than once attracted the attention of strangers.

Another night passed, another weary day followed, and another, and yet no tidings of little Margaret. 'Morn came, and went and came, and brought no day' to the unhappy mother, for in truth her child was to her dearer even than the light of the sun. Work she could not, nor sleep, nor eat, but continued wandering about distractedly questioning every one she met. Weeks had thus passed, and the reason of Mrs Calder, under the combined pressure of grief, anxiety, and want, was obviously giving way, when a stray light broke in on the unhappy mother. It chanced that she one day rambled, as she had often done before, in the direction of Leith, for she could not help believing that her child had wandered there, and been drowned. She was sitting on the pier in a state of agitation apparent to every passer-by, when a humane-looking seafaring man approached her and inquired the cause of her distress. 'Oh, sir,' said the widow, 'I have lost my only child. The bairn left my house about three weeks ago, and has not since been heard of;'—and she had not proceeded far in dilating on the appearance and sweet

temper of her daughter, when her auditor quickly interrupted her.

'Why, my good woman,' said he, 'I think I may be of some service to you in this matter. If I am not very much mistaken, this same child of yours was taken north in our craft about the time you mention, and safely landed in Inverness.' He also related some particulars of the person who had her in charge, which agreed with those stated of the individual with whom Margaret had been last seen. The face of the mother brightened up at the conviction that her child was alive, as if she had again held her in her arms. She now recollected that her late husband had friends in Inverness; and, though she had never been there, she knew that he had had both brothers and sisters in that quarter. But if the fact could be as she supposed, what could have induced any one to carry off the girl in this stealthy manner? Her simple mind could furnish no answer to her own question; but to know that her child was alive, however far away, was sufficient for her. Her heart was there already, and though her Margaret had been carried to the world's end, she would have braved all dangers to be once more at her side. On questioning the person who had addressed her, she found that his vessel did not sail again for ten days; so thanking him hurriedly for his proffer of assistance in prosecuting her search, Mrs Calder proceeded to her humble domicile in Edinburgh, with a heart as light as if Fortune's brightest favours had just been showered upon her.

The remainder of the evening was devoted to preparations for her journey to Inverness—and the first beam of the next morning's sun saw the anxious mother some miles from Edinburgh on the road to Queensferry. To take the coach to her destination was out of the question, for all her means consisted of a few shillings and some odd pence, so she set herself to the arduous task of walking the distance on foot. This is not much short of 200 miles, and might have occasioned hesitation in the breast of many better fitted for the task, both in person and pocket, than the poor woman now about to undertake it; but a mother's love never for a moment wavered. On the particulars of her wearisome journey we need not dilate. Unacquainted as she was with a single step of the road, many a mile had to be retraced, so that the journey occupied her more than a week, travelling almost night and day. But she was cheered by the hope of recovering her child, and the kind wishes of many an humble cottager, who would share their meal with her, while listening sympathisingly to her simple story. Sometimes when the evening shadows had fallen before any house appeared in which she had chance of shelter, she would wrap her cloak around her, and lie down for a few hours' repose beneath the shadow of a dyke-side, with nothing but the clear heavens and bright stars overhead, shining as if in approval of her humble mission.

On her arrival in Inverness, worn out as she was, Mrs Calder immediately set about making inquiries regarding her dear little Margaret. She discovered her husband's relatives without much trouble, but each and all of them steadily denied all knowledge of the missing child. Mrs Calder, however, was morally certain, from her interview with one of her sisters-in-law, that the sailor's story was true, and that her child had been abstracted—ay, and by the very individual now standing before her—for there was something in the demeanour of this woman which betrayed the truth. This impression was confirmed on inquiring in the neighbourhood, where she was informed that a stranger child had been residing with the Calders for some weeks back. The poor woman pled and remonstrated with her late husband's friends, but in vain—they resolutely denied all knowledge of her Margaret. Certain that she was right, yet unable to divine the motive which had led these people thus to steal away her child, Mrs Calder applied to the magistrates of the town for the restoration of her infant. These functionaries, however, could not interfere till the charge had been proved; if she could lay hands on her child, all they could do was to protect her in possession. The story spread through the town, and excited some interest. Many worthy peo-

ple offered to assist the widow in recovering her child; but repeated watchings only proved that her enemies were thoroughly on their guard, and had in the meanwhile conveyed the child to a secure place of retreat. Mrs Calder was therefore advised at once to leave the town, in order to lull suspicion, leaving her new friends to prosecute the search in her absence. The disappointed mother accepted of a trifle from the good people who had interested themselves in her behalf, in order to assist her home—and with a heavy heart proceeded to retrace her steps to the Scottish metropolis.

It had been arranged by one kind friend—an honest butcher of Inverness—that notice should be sent Mrs Calder by post when the child was again at large, and that she should proceed as stealthily as possible to the town, for it was evident that the parties in whose possession the infant was, had on the former occasion obtained information of the arrival of the mother in time to secrete their prize. Sadly, then, did the yearning mother retrace her steps to Edinburgh—supported, however, by the knowledge that her child was alive, and the hope that at no distant period she would again clasp the innocent in her arms. She had been in Edinburgh about three months—three weary months to her—when she received the joyful news that Margaret had been brought back to Inverness, and was, at the time the letter was penned, in daily communication with the children of a friend of the writer.

Without loss of time, then, another journey on foot to the north was undertaken; and while Mrs Calder is again pursuing her toilsome way, it may be as well shortly to explain the cause of this cruel removal and detention of the infant by her relatives. Her husband, as she afterwards discovered, had died possessed of a right to a small property in Inverness, which, on his death, devolved, of course, on his only child, little Margaret, as sole heir. By removing the girl altogether out of the way, the widow was deprived of all title to the property, which then reverted to Mr Calder's friends, for, by the law of Scotland, a mother cannot in the case of *heritables** succeed her own children, unless expressly willed. Mr Calder not being himself aware of his right to any property in Inverness, made no provision in his widow's favour, and this preposterous law was thus allowed to take its course. The plan of the husband's friends was to secrete the child until such time as its identity might be destroyed, and then to claim the property in virtue of their relationship. Happily, the means taken to accomplish this nefarious end were exactly those which defeated it. Had the parties simply not interfered, in all human likelihood Mrs Calder would never have known anything about the property in question, and thus, after a time, they would have been free to take quiet possession; but having employed fraud and force, a mightier power than these—a mother's love—was brought into action, which broke through all the meshes of cunning.

On Mrs Calder's second arrival in Inverness, she put herself in instant communication with the honest butcher who had corresponded with her, and learned from him that no alarm had been taken by the relatives, that little Margaret had been for some time almost a daily play-fellow with his friend's children, and he promised that he would next day introduce her into his friend's house, and accompany her himself, the better to enable her effectually to claim and bear away her offspring. An anxious night passed, and at an early hour on the following day, the throbbing mother was seated in the appointed place. Here she had not long remained till her Margaret entered in company with one of her youthful companions.

* This term comprehends land and anything erected on it. The law alluded to is productive of much hardship, and requires modification. For example, a person dies possessed of a small property, probably the house he is living in. Ignorant of the technicalities of law, he leaves no will, conceiving, naturally enough, that his property falls to his widow and children. But the children die, and what then is the consequence? Why, the house in which his poor widow has spent the better part of her existence, and to which she had looked as a refuge in extreme age, may be claimed by her late husband's friends, and herself turned adrift on the shortest notice. This is no rare case.

A quick glad cry of 'My bairn!' and 'Mother!' was all that passed till the long and cruelly separated parent and child were locked in each other's arms.

What followed need not be detailed at length. Before Mrs Calder left the town, with the assistance of one or two kind friends, she had the satisfaction of getting the mystery of her child's abduction cleared up, and her right fully established to the small property belonging to her deceased husband.

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

BY HORACE SMITH.

Day-stars! that ope your eyes, with man, to twinkle
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle
As a libation:

Ye matin worshippers! who, bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
Throw from your challoes a sweet and holy
Incense on high:

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty
The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create!

'Neath cloister'd boughs, each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes sabbaths in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer:

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane most catholic and solemn
Which God hath plann'd—

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky.

There, as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles, or, stretch'd upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God,

Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers—
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendour
'Weep without love, and blush without a crime,'
Oh, may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender,
Your love sublime!

'Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory,
Array'd,' the lilies cry, 'in robes like ours;
How vain your grandeur! ah, how transitory
Are human flowers!'

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly Artist,
With which thou paintest nature's wide-spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all!

Not useless are ye, flowers, though made for pleasure:
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructions hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
Yet fount of hope!

Posthumous glories—angel-like collection,
Upraised from seed or bulb, interr'd in earth,
To me ye are a type of resurrection
And second birth.

Were I, O God! in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining
Priests, sermons, shrines!

'THOU SHALT NOT KILL'

'One murder makes a villain, millions a hero.'

WHILE the lamp of Christianity burned pure and bright, not only the fathers of the church held it unlawful for Christians to bear arms, but those who came within the pale of it abstained from the use of them, and this to the certain loss of their lives; and it was not till Christianity became corrupted that its followers became soldiers. This is a most awful fact for those who profess Christianity at the present day, but who sanction war. The consideration of it ought to make them tremble as to the grounds of their opinions on this subject. It ought to make them fly to the divine writings, and inquire, with an anxiety proportioned to the magnitude of the case, what scope the latter afforded them for a construction of the precepts therein contained, so injurious both to the morals and to the happiness of mankind.—*Clarkson.*

The national debt of England is at present about three thousand millions of dollars—a debt produced by war; the interest of that debt, and the parts of it already liquidated, amount to about ten times as much more. And what has England obtained for all this mighty outlay of capital? Where shall we look for the benefit which she has derived from this incalculable expense? Ask the depths of the ocean; and the sunken fleets of the Nile and Trafalgar will answer. War has written poverty upon the foreheads of the majority of her labourers; it has crushed the many with burdensome taxes, to honour the destroyers of our race with a name. Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe; I will clothe every man, woman, and child, in an attire that kings and queens might be proud of; I will build a schoolhouse upon every hillside, and upon every valley in the habitable earth; I will supply that schoolhouse with a competent teacher; I will build an academy in every town, and endow it—a college in every state, and fill it with able professors; I will crown every hill with a church, consecrated to the promulgation of the gospel of peace; I will support in its pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill should answer to the chime on another round the earth's broad circumference, and the voice of prayer and the song of praise should ascend, like an universal holocaust to heaven: the darkness of ignorance would fall before the bright light of the sun of science: Paganism would be crushed by the fall of her temples, shaken to their deep foundations by the voice of truth: war would no more stalk over the earth, trampling under his giant foot all that is lovely and beautiful beneath the sky. This is not fancy. I wish it was: it reflects on men. It is the deepest chapter in human depravity, to squander God's richest blessings on passion and lust.—*Rufus Stebbin.*

The nation that engages in war for the purpose of mending its morals, acts as wisely as the man who subjects himself to a loathsome disease in order to purify his blood.—*W. Todd.*

We daily make great improvements in natural, there is one I wish to see in moral, philosophy—the discovery of a plan which would induce and oblige nations to settle their disputes without cutting one another's throats.—*Franklin.*

What, speaking in quite inofficial language, is the net purport of war? To my own knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil, in the British village of Dumdrudge, usually some five hundred souls. From these, by certain 'natural enemies' of the French, there are successively selected, during the French war, say thirty able-bodied men. Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them; she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing, they are selected; all dressed in red, and shipped away at the

public expense, some two thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain, and fed there till wanted; and now to that same spot on the south of Spain, are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner wending; till at length, after infinite effort, the parties come into actual juxtaposition, and thirty stand fronting thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word 'Fire' is given, and they blow the souls out of one another; and instead of sixty brisk, useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury and anon shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the devil is, not the smallest. They lived far enough apart, were the entrest strangers, nay, in so wide a universe, there was even unconsciously, by commerce, some helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! their governors had fallen out; and, instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

If Christian nations were nations of Christians, all war would be impossible and unknown among men.—*Jennys.*

Would that force were banished to the unholy region whence it came, and that men would learn to trust more fully in the law of kindness! I think of this every time I pass a dosing old woman, who from time immemorial has sat behind a fruit-stall at the corner of St Paul's Church. Half the time she is asleep, and the wonder is that any fruit remains upon the board; but in this wicked city very many of the boys deposit a cent as they take an apple, for they have not the heart to wrong one who trusts them.—*Mrs Child.*

Is it a sin to lie and deceive in word or action? Stratagem is an essential part of the science of war; the operations of a campaign include all manner of contrivances for the denial of truth, and the accrediting of falsehood; to deceive the enemy is sought and practised, and is ever lauded as wise and virtuous. Is it a sin to plunder, steal, and rob? The storm of war falls with ruthless desolation on the property of a country, the houses and fields and other possessions of the unoffending inhabitants; the sustenance of life is by violence taken from them, and what cannot be consumed or wasted at once, is often wantonly destroyed, for the purpose of ensuring the greatest amount of misery to thousands, and eventually millions of our fellow-men; thus, beside the lawless sacking of cottages and mansions, barns and manufactories, and machinery, to restore which will cost the revenue of kingdoms, there is inflicted upon children and women, the aged and the infirm, a variety and an amount of private suffering which words cannot describe. Is murder a sin? Who can in thought realise the actions of a battle-field, and conceive of them as free from that guilt?—*Dr Pye Smith.*

Among the distinguished men who fell victims in the war of the American revolution was Colonel Isaac Hayne, of South Carolina—a man who, by his amiability of character and high sentiments of honour and uprightness, had secured the goodwill and affection of all who knew him. He had a wife and six children, the oldest a boy thirteen years of age. His wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, fell a victim to disease—an event hastened not improbably by the inconveniences and sufferings incident to a state of war, in which the whole army largely participated. Colonel Hayne himself was taken prisoner by the English forces, and in a short time was executed on the gallows, under circumstances calculated to excite the deepest commiseration. A great number of persons, both English and American, interceded for his life; the ladies of Carolina signed a petition in his behalf; his motherless children were on their bended knees as humble suitors for their beloved father; but all in vain. During the imprisonment of the father, his eldest son was permitted to stay with him in the prison. Beholding his only surviving parent, for whom he felt the deepest affection, loaded with irons and condemned to die, he was overwhelmed with consternation and sorrow. The wretched father endeavoured to console him by reminding him that the unavailing grief of his son only tended to increase his own misery; that he came into this world merely to prepare for a better; that he himself

was prepared to die, and could even rejoice that his troubles were so near an end. 'To-morrow,' said he, 'I set out for immortality; you will accompany me to the place of execution, and when I am dead, take my body and bury it by the side of your mother.' The youth fell upon his father's neck, crying, 'Oh, my father, my father, I die with you!' Colonel Hayne, as he was loaded with irons, was unable to return the embrace of his son, and merely said in reply, 'Live, my son; live to honour God by a good life; live to take care of your brother and little sisters.' The next morning Colonel Hayne was conducted to the place of execution. His son accompanied him. Soon as they came in sight of the gallows, the father strengthened himself and said, 'Tom, show yourself a man! That tree is the boundary of my life, and all my life's sorrows. Beyond that the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. Don't lay too much to heart our separation: it will be short.' 'Twas but lately your mother died. To-day I die; and you, my son, though young, must shortly follow.' 'Yes, my father,' replied the broken-hearted youth, 'I shall shortly follow you, for I feel that I cannot live long.' And this melancholy anticipation was fulfilled in a manner more dreadful than is implied in the mere extinction of life. On seeing his father in the hands of his executioner, and then struggling in the halter, he stood like one transfixed and motionless with horror. Till then he had wept incessantly, but, as he saw that, the fountain of his tears was stanch'd, and he never wept more. He died insane, and in his last moments often called on his father in terms that brought tears from the hardest hearts.—*Thatcher's Military Journal.*

When I see the difficulties of space and time as it were overcome, when I behold a kind of miracle exhibited before my astonished eyes, when I behold masses pierced through on which it was before hardly possible for man or beast to plant the sole of the foot, and now covered with a road and bearing heavy waggons laden not only with innumerable passengers, but with merchandise of the largest bulk and the heaviest weight; when I see valleys made practicable by the bridges of ample height and length which span them, see the steam railway traversing the surface of the water at a distance of 60 or 70 feet in perpendicular height, see the rocks excavated and the gigantic power of man penetrating through miles of the solid mass, and gaining a great and almost a lasting conquest over the powers of nature by his skill and industry; when I reflect on the comparatively trifling cost at which this peaceful, and guiltless, and useful triumph over the elements, and over nature herself, has been accomplished, while fifteen hundred millions have been squandered on cruelty and crime, in naturalising barbarism over the world, shrouding the nations in darkness, making bloodshed tinge the earth of every country under the sun—in one horrid and comprehensive word, squandered in WAR—the greatest curse of the human race, and the greatest crime, because it involves every other crime within its execrable name, I look backwards with shame, with regret unspeakable, and with indignation, upon that course of policy with which we are now happily too well informed, and too well-intentioned, ever to permit again whilst we live. I think that if one hundred, and but one hundred, of those fifteen hundred millions, had been spent in promoting the arts of peace and the progress of civilisation, and wealth, and prosperity among us, instead of that other employment which is too hateful to think of, and almost now-a-days too disgusting to speak of—and I hope to live to see the day when such things will be incredible—when, looking back we shall find it impossible to believe they ever happened, and instead of being burdened with eight hundred millions of debt, borrowed after spending seven hundred millions—borrowed when we had no more to spend—under a continuance of uninterrupted peace, we shall enjoy all the blessings which an industrious and virtuous people deserve, and which peace profusely sheds upon their lot.—*Lord Brougham.*

War renders the bands of human depravity stronger, if possible, than any other device ever set on foot by men or devils: it sinks our nature lower. By this device of Satan,

thorough work is made with absolutely everything lovely and estimable in human beings. Multitudes of men of the lowest order are huddled together in an army, without the more delicate example, the finer feelings, and softening influence of the female sex; without the endearing ties of wedlock, or parental and filial affection; under the stern and summary despotism of military law; with violence, plundering, devastation, and killing men, for their professed and only object, to which state their minds are wrought up by the military manoeuvres and evolutions of every day. And what is to be expected but such effects as are visible? And what a place is this for heavenly-mindedness! On the tongue there is no restraint; the licentious passions know no limits. They rush to every excess without apprehension of sin or shame, and probably without fear or remorse.—*Robert Hall.*

If we take into consideration not only the number of those who have fallen in the field of battle, but of those who have perished through the natural consequences of war; by the famine and the pestilence which war has produced; by disease, fatigue, terror, and melancholy; and by the oppression, injustice, and cruelty of savage conquerors, it will not, perhaps, be overrating the destruction of human life, if we affirm, that one-tenth of the human race has been destroyed by the ravages of war. And if this estimate be admitted, it will follow that more than *fourteen thousand millions* of human beings have been slaughtered in war, since the beginning of the world. What a horrible and tremendous consideration!—to reflect that 14,000,000,000 of beings endowed with intellectual faculties, and furnished with bodies curiously organised by Divine Wisdom—that the inhabitants of eighteen worlds should have been massacred, mangled, and cut to pieces, by those who are partakers of the same common nature, as if they had, been created merely for the work of self-destruction!—*Dr Dick.*

If people would but duly reflect on the nature of war, that it is the most disgraceful and demon-like custom in which mankind have ever indulged, and which will affix an eternal stigma on the human character—a custom, mind, a mere custom, which has made the earth groan for so many ages; a custom so utterly opposed to the spirit and letter of Christianity; so thoroughly stupid, being calculated to aggravate rather than adjust differences; so expensive, costing us (the people of England) sixteen of every twenty shillings of the taxes; so uncertain in its results, amounting even to a proverb; and in its operation so diabolically malignant and cruel—we say did people but duly reflect on this giant blunder, we conceive they would lose but little time in superseding it, by taking such steps as would most speedily lead to the establishment of a Congress of Nations for the enactment of laws for the regulation of international conduct, and of a Court of Nations for the equitable adjustment of international differences according to such laws, leaving the Executive in the hands of the Queen of the world—public opinion; which is the plan recommended by British and Foreign Peace Societies, being at once Christian—safe—just—rational—wise—friendly—easy—and cheap.—*H. Martin.*

ESTIMATED EXPENSE OF WAR TO GREAT BRITAIN.

War of the British Revolution—to establish William on the British throne, and to humble France.....	Cost.	Loss of Life.
War of the Spanish Succession—to deprive Philip of the crown of Spain, and to humble the Bourbons.....	£31,000,000	230,000
Spanish War and Austrian Succession—Quarrel about Cambrachy and the Crown of Hungary (commonly called the Logwood War).....	£44,000,000	350,000
Seven Years' War—about Nova Scotia, &c.	£107,000,000	650,000
American War—to maintain the British power over North America.....	£151,000,000	340,000
War of the French Revolution—to Repress Anti-monarchical Principles in France and the rest of Europe.....	£472,000,000	700,000
War against Bonaparte—to restrain the ambition of Napoleon and restore the Bourbons.....	£586,000,000	1,400,000
Total.....	£1,438,000,000	3,910,000
Present National Debt.....	£761,347,690.	

DARA, OR THE MINSTREL PRINCE.

AN INDIAN DRAMA.

BY MAJOR VETCH.

PERSONS.

SHAH JEHAN, King of Delhi.
 Prince DARA, the eldest son, and heir-apparent.
 Prince ARUNZEBE, the third son, professing to be Dervise.
 OSMAN, an Omrah, in Dara's interest, and in love with Jehanara.
 JUMLA, an Omrah, in Arunzebe's interest, also a lover of Jehanara.
 Princess JEHANARA, attached to Dara's interest.
 MADCI, beloved by Dara, but married to a Hindu Rajah.
 ZEMKUN, her attendant.
 Chamberlain, Peasant, Slave, &c.

Scene—The Royal Gardens at Delhi.—Prince Arunzebe alone, in the dress of a dervise.

ARUNZEBE. When princes play for crowns on bloody fields,
 And the assassin's dagger drinks in darkness,
 Of all the panoply ambition dons,
 Commend me to religion's specious garb!
 Beneath its saintly folds the breast may beat
 For thrones and sceptres, while the wearer seems
 Covetous only of the pilgrim-staff.
 Under this holy guarantee I walk
 Unscathed by rival swords, nor fear the bowl
 Bestowing sleep that knows no waking hour.
 Oh! superstition is a glorious guard!
 She gives the man she shields a life that's charm'd:
 Before her, even midnight murder quails,
 And envy and revenge their rage forego.
 While my aspiring brothers, in their camps,
 Are studying all the art of open war,
 To seize the crown when'er it wants a head—
 And Dara, though the heir, would much prefer
 The minstrel-wreath to India's diadem—
 I rule my provinces as a peaceful prince,
 And only seeming to desire reform
 Of our most holy faith. And to confirm,
 On this my visit to the king, my fix'd
 Resolve to be a saint, I have assumed
 This dervise dress and ta'en the dervise vow.
 But mine is but the ambush of the tiger,
 Watching the time to spring upon his prey.
 Let me but see the throne of Delhi void,
 Casting this craven cloak to dozing fools,
 And, blazing out the warrior and the prince,
 I'll bound from penance to a monarch's seat.
 A bold and unexpected deed, I know,
 Like magic works on India's chiefs, who love
 Him best who best can win the crown he wears.
 Most of the household lords are in my interest,
 By promises of place and power secured:
 They scorn Prince Dara, as delighting more
 In maiden's song than shout that hails him king.
 These only wait the mourning for my sire
 To place the crown of Delhi on my brow,
 And with their swords to rally round the throne.

Enter, unperceived, Princess Jehanara, from the grove.

JEHAN. Hail, reverend brother! I suspect the vow
 Of dervise sits as yet indifferent on you?

ARUNZEBE. How so, sweet sister?

JEHAN. From the bower's recess
 I mark'd your high demeanour here, that seem'd
 More like the bearing of a sovereign prince
 Than the meek vassal devotee of Heaven;
 And as my steps drew near, methought I heard you
 Speaking of war and crowns in 'passion'd strain.

ARUNZEBE. Sister, 'twas with the fiends of hell I warr'd—
 Ah! well for you, you do not know their rage
 When they behold a royal prince forsake
 The path of earthly glory to secure
 A heavenly crown!—These were the foes to whom
 I spoke in warlike tone, and such the crown
 For which all worldly grandeur I resign—
 The only crown worth an immortal's care.

JEHAN. And was it so? Then all success attend
 Your ghostly warfare in the fearful field;
 And when you fight upon your bended knee,
 Oh! holy brother, then remember me.

[Exit.]

ARUNZEBE. A timely caution: thank ye, loving sister!
 I see that superstition, to be proof
 'Gainst prying eyes as well as piercing swords,
 Must still be worn with needful circumspection.
 Plague on this girl, I feel myself abash'd
 Beneath her petty jibes. I fain would know
 If it was said in innocence, or wile,
 From the discerning of a woman's heart.
 This first essay in spiritual ambush
 Has not been altogether free from scathe:
 My explanation seem'd to gloss my folly.
 But who can read the riddle, woman's thoughts?
 There was such archful gentleness mix'd up
 In her departing wish to share my prayers,
 That the foul fiend beathrew me if I know

Whether 'twas said in irony or love.
 If there's a power to thwart my crafty schemes,
 'Tis not in man in dark cabal or arms,
 But in the penetrating female eye
 That sees through all disguise; therefore the sex
 I must awhile forego, and bear myself
 The more demurely in this sister's presence,
 The giggling girl, or she'll work me wrong.

[Exit.]

Scene—A private hall in the Palace of Delhi.—The King and Princess Jehanara.

KING. What would our child in private to our ear?

JEHAN. Now that my boon is granted, O, my father,
 How shall I profit by it—how unfold
 What's no less terrible for you to hear
 Than dreadful for a sister to narrate?
 Oh! my young playmate, Arunzebe, my brother,
 With bosom artless as thy breast was bold,
 With nothing to conceal or to betray,
 When even our childish quarrels only proved
 We for each other lived, and pined apart!
 Oh! had those days continued, or he grown
 In princely virtues as he grew in stature;
 Or had the dervise mantle been assumed
 True symbol of a soul devote to Heaven;
 Then ne'er to me the awful task had fallen,
 To warn a father 'gainst a traitor-son!

KING. My son a traitor! false to God and me!
 And 'neath the impious veil of serving Heaven!
 Why wears not the bright sun eternal 'clipse,
 And darken day, for such unnatural deeds?
 Unhappy father! Had my kingdom been
 A peasant's humble shed, this wretched son,
 Sharing my toil alone, had ne'er been bribed
 By dazzling crowns to leave the righteous way
 To court ambition in perdition's path:
 But such, too often, is the tribute paid
 By Indian monarch for the crown he wears—
 Children and brothers rending every tie
 To nature and her best affections dear,
 Eager to seize the sceptre dearly won.
 But, oh! amidst this tempest in my soul,
 How sweet the sunshine of a daughter's love!
 Oh! crowns and sceptres, what your brightest joy—
 Conspiracies and dungeons, what your terrors—
 While I can throw a father's arm around
 A faithful daughter thus, and thus embrace
 The glorious empire of a loyal heart.
 Forget I am a king, my crown a prize
 For my unnatural son even while I live!
 But tell me how you learn'd this fearful tale?

JEHAN. I overheard him 'mong the garden shades
 Unfolding to the solitude his soul,
 Which is, alas! set on an earthly crown.
 And though I cannot think him lost so far
 As plot against yourself, yet well I know
 The venal crew of courtiers restless long
 To pay their worship to the rising sun.
 I've search'd into their dark and deep designs,
 And learn'd that they intend to seize your person,
 And with all speed convey you straight to Agra,
 There to demand your instant abdication
 In favour of the traitor, who will be
 On Delhi's throne ere Dara's in the field.

KING. Be thou my guardian angel, dearest child.
 A woman's counsel ever is the best,
 As ever brightest burns her filial love.

JEHAN. My dearest father, let me counsel thus:
 Anticipate their purpose, and give forth
 The mandate for the royal camp to move
 Towards the imperial Agra, under guise
 Of holding field-sports on Sumoga's Isle;
 The traitors, thus deceived, will see you walk,
 As they suppose, into the toils they've set;
 And thus will time be gain'd for our resource.
 I sail to-night in shallow swift of wing,
 In meet disguise, down Jumna's rapid stream;
 And ere your camp can reach the destined towers
 I'll be with Dara, and with him, in speed,
 Return to baffle all their base designs.

KING. My noble child, so be it as you will.
 May Heaven protect you in your holy course,
 And bring you safe to bless a father's eyes.

JEHAN. Oh! may we meet in better plight! Farewell!
 [Exit severally.]

Scene—The Palace Gardens.—Jumla alone.

JUM. Where, 'mong these tangled coverts, shall I find
 This hooded serpent in his venom'd coil?
 I wish the crown was his: for, on the day
 When he ascends in triumph to the throne,
 I, through his favour, for long service done,
 Will triumph over Osman, and obtain
 The Princess Jehanara as my pay.
 But here the serpent comes, that longs to cast
 His slough away. (Enter Arunzebe.) All hail, my noble prince!
 Were other eyes upon us I would say,
 Hail, holy dervise, bless me with your prayers.

ARUN. Hush, Jumla, hush; be more upon your guard,
And always think that other eyes are on us.
I half-betray'd, by ardent words, my mind,
Within the hearing of my prying sister.
I trust I have confirm'd within her breast
My saintly zeal, but she has taught me caution.

JUM. 'Twill not be needed long—the less the better—
For schemes like ours but suffer by delay.
The time is opportune. Morad and Suja
Are with their camps afar. Infidel Dara
Is at his favourite palace in Preeag;
There, where the halls hang o'er the meeting floods,
He sits enamour'd, charm'd, as he says,
With nature's loveliness—there let him sit,
As all unworthy as unfit to reign.
And now the king has proclamation made
For Agra field-sports, saving thus your friends;
A world of scandal, for 'twas our intent
To have convey'd him thither 'gainst his will.
When *there* we'll urge his instant abdication
In full durbar, and in such 'suasive terms
As he will not refuse. Then be it yours
To mount the throne, assume the vacant crown,
And with the royal force go forth to meet
Your late advancing brothers, in detail
Defeat them—and long life to Arunzebe!

ARUN. Jumla, I'll have no hand in such a plot.
But, if you should persist in this design,
Whene'er the abdication is proposed,
And a successor named, in naming me,
Swear that you know I would abjure the crown.
With indignation—that it must be forced
Upon my brows—then, if the people wish
That I should, rather than Prince Dara, reign,
For India's common weal, their will be mine.

JUM. Oh! fear not, prince, but you shall wear the crown,
And save your credit as a holy man.
And when in royal robes you blaze again,
Doubt not but all the nation's love's with you.
The people were delighted with your deeds
In early fields, and only grieve to see
Such valour hid beneath a dervise cloak.

ARUN. And so do I!
But let us part: it would not seem discreet
I should be found in private with an omrah.
Farewell! and if it so turn up, my friend,
That I am call'd to hold the reins of power,
Think not that I'll forget my solemn pledge—
One of my earliest acts will see discharged
My debt of deepest gratitude to you.
My sister's hand is yours, and, when bestow'd,
I hope the gipsy will have grace to see
I've added deeds of kindness to the prayers
She begg'd of me.

JUM. Enough, my gen'rous prince.
When next we meet, my shout will hail thee king. [Exeunt.]

Scene—Palace at Preeag, the modern Allahabad.—Prince Dara and Osman.

DARA. Now that the toils of sultry day are done,
And welcome ease comes sweeter with this hour,
Let us resign ourselves to life's best joys,
The social banquet and the minstrel's song,
Forgetting all the cares that cloud a crown.

OSMAN. Alas! the care of crowns too little sways
Prince Dara's easy soul.

DARA. Why damp the present bliss
Anticipating ill? Well sings the bard,
'Cull the sweet rose while in its brightest bloom,
And to-morrow leave to-morrow's cares.'
This minstrel maxim ever will be mine
In passing through this fleeting scene of life.
I will not be dependent on the future
For joy that is within my reach to-day.

OSMAN. Such maxim would be wisdom, if the world
Would use the same; but if we would secure
Our rightful claims, the wily we must watch.

DARA. Away! Such vile philosophy is not for me;
I will present a bold and open front
Before the world; and if my good intents
And corresponding deeds cannot secure
Its favour and obedience, let it go!
'Tis not a world that I would wish to rule.
Let it find out some suited villain king,
If it prefers the tyrant's iron rod
To the mild sceptre of a patriot prince;
But I will ne'er descend to court its favour,
By seeming what I am not in its sight,
Nor will I do the world a cruel injustice
By fostering vile suspicions of my fellows.

OSMAN. Far be it from you. I applaud your virtue.
I only bid you practise fair discretion;
Believe the world is, like yourself, sincere,
And make but one exception.

DARA. Of whom, my friend?

OSMAN. Of him who, like the prowling wolf of night,
Is skulking near the throne, and more to suit

His black designs, I hear, has just assumed
The dervise garb, and ta'en the dervise vow.

DARA. My praying brother! Ay, 'tis he alone
The brave have most to fear. But even he
Shall not disturb the present with alarm;
And if from dervise guise he should come forth
In rebel arms, these are the terms I'll name:
Touch not my father's crown; and as for mine—
If it is ever mine—there is my sword,
Confront me boldly in the battle-field,
And if you win it let it burn your brow
The empire that had chiefest charm for me
Was a beloved and loving woman's heart:
Such once was mine. Alas! that realm was lost,
When Madu from my love and vows was torn,
And given to Sumbul's rajah by her side.
Since then, without this empress by my side,
The throne of Ind appears a joyless seat.
My other mistress, Minstrelsy, remains,
To cheer my vacant soul; so let us forth
With hearts as light as wand'ring minstrels wear,
And give to night its due—the feast and song. [Exit.]

Scene—The Palace of Preeag—Midnight—An open terrace, overhanging the conflux of the Ganges and Jumna.—Dara alone.

DARA. How sweet, with soul exalted, thus to come
From rapt'rous music, and walk forth to gaze
On God's majestic temple at this hour!
And where could it be seen in holier charms
Than, view'd from this high terrace? 'Neath my feet
The monarch streams of India's mighty realms,
Awful in silence, mingle all their floods,
Then, ocean-like, glide onwards through the plains.
Their wide expanse with moonlight silver'd o'er,
And set with all the stars that gild the sky,
Gives glorious pavement to the shrine of night.
The air that bears orange fragrance on its sigh
Is all too soft to ruffle Ganges' breast.
The swift canoes are resting in their creeks,
And not an oar disturbs the water's sleep;
And, save yon noiseless shallop gliding down
The silent Jumna, not a speck is seen
Upon the shining flow; and save the lyre
Of its own minstrel, seated at its stern.
No other sound is heard in earth or heaven.
Oh! were I call'd on to portray in song
Thy genius, poetry, I'd paint her thus—
Seated upon that fairy gliding car,
With lyre in hand, and flying with the stream,
Unlisten'd to but by the starry hosts
Attentive from their thrones, and 'neath no light
But yonder waning moon, her crescent sailing
Through azure skies at midnight's mystic hour,
Far in the west, and stooping to her bow.
But see the shallop makes a curving sweep,
Intent to anchor till the morning shine,
Beneath these walls. How graceful is her track,
As if her guidance was her music's tone!
And now she touches light the landing terrace.
Sure this must be some kindred spirit come,
With tuneful tribute, to his minstrel prince!
Again the chords are touched—and now the song.

The Minstrel sings.

Dear for ever is the shade
Where our infancy has play'd;
Dear the mem'ry of the hours
Spent among our native bowers:
Still, oh! still, where'er we roam,
Rise the scenes of distant home.
Sweet the plaintive note of dove,
Sighing softly through the grove;
Fair the rose that's blooming there—
Oh! no rose is half so fair!
Sweet, oh! sweet to think of home,
Wheresoe'er our steps may roam!
But when innocence has fled
From the bowers, and, in its stead,
There the gully serpent glides,
Or in deadly ambush hides—
Then 'tis time, like me, to roam,
Flying from a poison'd home!

[The song ceases.—Dara retires into his Palace—and the scene closes.]

Scene—Preeag Palace—a Hall—Night continues.—Dara alone.

DARA. Whether it be the influence of the song,
Consenting to my heart, at such an hour,
I know not—but, in that sweet, artless lay,
A wondrous, thrilling sympathy has waked
The scenes of other days, as if some voice
That used to sing to me among the bowers
Came to my ear again!—or did I dream?
For oft, when nature with my soul accords,
Under a mystic mood, to save my life
I dare not say that this is not a dream!
Well, let it be one now; if dreams bestow
Pure and ecstatic joy, it matters not
Whether they come in sleep or waking hour.
This wand'ring minstrel has call'd up such train

Of undefined and dear associations
That, ere he voyage, I must hear once more
His wild, mysterious, melancholy lay.
Ho! slave in waiting! (*Enter slave.*) Seek the river's edge,
And to our presence bring the minstrel voyager,
Who wastes his music on a slumbering world. (*Exit slave.*)
There's one at least will listen to the swell
That has come o'er him with its fairy spell.

(*Dara throws himself on an ottoman.*)

Enter the slave, leading in Jehanara disguised as a songster.

SLAVE. The minstrel waits your highness's behest.

DARA. Let him approach our presence, and retire. (*Slave retires*)

Minstrel, be seated here beside our couch
And tune afresh thy lyre, for we would hear
Again its plaintive, soul-subduing strain.
But first declare, thou wanderer of the night,
Where is thy home, and whither is thy flight.

The minstrel touches her lyre and sings in a low tone.

Stay not, Dara, to inquire
Whence my wand'ring steps have stray'd:
Know ye not your sister's lyre?—
Hasten to our father's aid.

DARA. My sister Jehanara!

JEHAN. Oh! my brother! (*Embracing.*)

DARA. No wonder that thy river song had power
To cast such overpowering spell upon me!
But come where fitting chamber may afford
Repose and privacy, and then unfold
The cause of thy adventurous voyage here.
Oh! who will say that poets only dream,
And conjure up some visionary theme?
For what romance could bard, in loftiest flight,
Devisè, more strange than we have shared this night?

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene—Hall in Preeag Palace—Night continues.—Dara and Osman meeting.

DARA. Osman, your late suspicion's all too true—
A wand'ring bird confirms it by its song.
The king has march'd for Agra, where the traitors
Will claim his abdication, and then set
Prince Arunzebe upon the Delhi throne.
But, guided by this genil bird, I hope
We shall outwit these plotting villains yet—
Disguised as omrah, with a faithful train
Of chosen horsemen, I with speed depart
For Agra's court; you, with the army, following
By rapid marches, will be near to give
Power to the terror that my presence makes,
And thus we'll baffle this designing devisor.
Haste, and array with speed a chosen squadron,
That under cloud of night we may depart.
And when you come to announce that duty done
You'll find within this hall the fairy-bird
Whose song you'll like, though you may hate the theme.

OSMAN. High-minded and light-hearted gallant prince,
Who would not fight beneath thy minstrel banner?
May all success attend your brave resolve!
And fear not but the army under me
Will nobly second all your bold designs.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene—The same hall.—Jehanara and Osman.

JEHAN. Osman, this is no time to talk of love.
Love, in the present hour, is loyalty:
Forget me, and let glory be your mistresses.

OSMAN. I swear allegiance to that dazzling name;
And as the pledge of my devoted heart
I ask that envied jasmine garland bright
Suspended from your neck, that I may wear it
Twined in my turban as my battle sign:
And then to combat I exulting move,
My war-cry pealing—Glory and my love!

JEHAN. The pledge receive—its flowers unstain'd restore:
We meet in triumph, or we'll meet no more.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene—Palace Garden, Delhi.—Arunzebe and Jumla.

JUM. All goes most smoothly on. The camp has moved
Towards its destination. I delay
Only to bring the tidings I have heard:
The Sumbul rajah's laid on Jumna's shore
To die beside its purifying stream.

ARUN. Well, let him die; what will his death avail?

JUM. Have you forgot his young and lovely bride
That held enthral'd your brother Dara's heart,
And yours declined.

ARUN. I have not. What of her?

JUM. Still young and, oh! too beautiful for flames.
If you would have her, then despatch with speed
A trusty messenger, and guarded litter,
And save her from the fire for your embrace.
She married early 'gainst her heart's consent,
And, save to escape the name of faithless wife,
She with the Hindu cannot wish to burn,
But will rejoice to fly from flames, or scorn,
To the protection of a royal prince.

ARUN. 'Tis nobly cared for. Go, my trusty friend,
Despatch love's embassy; and—hold! As pledge

Of my devoted heart, this bracelet send,
Dim with my sighs for the despairing beauty,
And say, life, love, and honour wait her here. [*Exit Jumla.*]
So thus, at last, the nymph of matchless charms
Will rush delighted to my saving arms;
And thus the minstrel prince, in luckless hour,
Has lost for ever the contested flower.
So may his crown to Arunzebe belong,
And Dara reign unrival'd prince of song.

[*Exit.*]

Scene—Hall in the Rajah of Sumbul's Palace.—Madu and Zemeenie.

ZEM. The hour that puts to proof by fiery trial
The constancy of loving wives is come.
The Brahmins wait to know how you're resolved:
If you are fix'd, like rajah's faithful spouse,
To rise with him on flaming car to heaven;
Or if you purpose the dishonour'd part
To linger out your widow'd days in scorn,
And let your lord alone ascend the skies.

MADU. No loving wife I e'er profess'd to be.
Forced by my father to the rajah's halls,
To me indifferent was his life or death.
But since the heart that won my love is lost,
And foul contempt awaits me if I live
(And I've no wish to live), go, tell the priests
I mount the pile; but, ah! its flame will wing
Me to no heaven, if with the rajah shared—
But that's between ourselves. Now, go your way,
Announce my purpose; meanwhile I array me,
As custom bids, in all my marriage jewels. [*Zem. retires.*]
Ah, me! to wed with one I never loved—
With one unloved in life in flames to die!
(*Arrays herself in jewelled garlands, bracelets, &c.*)
One little gem I'll add to all this store
By sordid love bestow'd, and worth them all—
This crescent, Dara's gift: there, next my heart,
Shine bright, until that bursting heart's red stream
Shall quench for ever all thy promised dream.

Enter Zemeenie.

ZEM. The Brahmins laud your dignity of soul,
And when the moon o'ertops the garden shades
All will be ready for your fiery triumph.
So much for death; but, if you choose to live,
I have for you a glorious reprieve:
A secret messenger, all speed from Delhi,
Brings you this bracelet from Prince Arunzebe.
Who, fond, implores you to abjure the pile
And throw yourself upon his royal protection,
Where honour, pleasure, and a prince's love
Will be your high reversion. Speak the word:
A guard is ready, and a litter waits
To bear you from the funeral flames afar,
To where no scoffing tongue will dare to move.

MADU. For shelter fly from flames to Arunzebe!
Say rather fly from him to sheltering flames.
My lover's brother! Haste the funeral fire
Before more insults crush the wretched Madu!
Take back that bracelet, hateful to my eyes—
The gift and giver I alike despise.
The funeral pile to me has no alarms
Compared with shelter in his loathsome arms.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene—Village of Sumbul—Evening.—Enter Dara and Jehanara.

DARA. One toilsome day of our fleet course is run;
And while, within the caravansary,
The steeds get needful rest to bear us on
Our yet remaining race, and love's sweet hour
Is shading all the scene, my bosom burns
To view the palace where my Madu dwells.
The thrilling thought I breathe the self-same air—
To think I'll see the very lattice gleam
Where she is musing, and perhaps on me—
Oh! there is madd'ning rapture in my soul!
Bear with me, Jehanara, for my brain
Is busy with the memory of her love!
Sister, beneath the walls you'll wake your lyre,
And sing some strain she loved in other days.

JEHAN. Oh! my poor brother, my fond bosom shares
In all your sorrows by the scene revived.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene—Before the Palace of the Rajah.—Dara and Jehanara enter.

JEHAN. There stands the palace, but its halls are mute,
And darkness dwells along its silent walls.
(*To a Mahometan peasant who is passing*) Friend, is the
rajah absent from his home?

PEA. Absent, alas! and never to return.
Down yonder wood, where many torches gleam,
Cold lies the rajah on the funeral pile,
Which only waits his youthful bride to fire,
Consuming living charms and ghastly core:
I have no taste for such religious rites.
Professing, like yourselves, a better faith.

[*Exit.*]

DARA. Haste we, my sister! Oh! my reeling brain!
My Madu free, and ere an hour is sped,
Mine or the flame's!

[*They rush towards the wood.*]

Scene—A Funeral Pile, surrounded by Torch-bearers, officiating Brahmins, Musicians, &c. and a crowd of Spectators.—Enter Dara and

Jehanara, and take their stations in the inner circle.—After a peal of cymbals and drums the music ceases, and the Brahmins chant:

Blessed are the Hindu brides
Whom no death from love divides,
Lo, the glorious nuptial bed
For the better spousal spread.
All a rajah's duties done,
Seated on a better throne,
Soon on car of flame ascending
He to Meru's mansions wending,
(Done with all this world of strife,)
There, upon the heavenly mountains,
From the ever sparkling fountains,
Glad will quaff immortal life.
Lo, with him the bliss to share,
See the lovely Madu comes;
Endless joy awaits the pair!
Strike the cymbals, peal the drums!

[A burst of musical instruments, followed by a breathless silence.

Enter Madu, adorned in her marriage jewels, her hair unbound.—
Dara is restrained from rushing forward by his sister.

JEHAN. (whispering to Dara.) Stay till she gives away the funeral flowers.

[Madu walks slowly, with a firm step and downcast eyes, round the pile, giving away flowers. She gives one to Jehanara, and presents one to Dara.

DARA. Flower of all flowers, look up! Prince Dara's here,
And thou the flower that he has vow'd to wear!
(Madu, looking up, sees Prince Dara, and falls into his arms.)
Consume your dead, and let my burning breast
Consume the living, loveliest, and the best!
The bride was mine by youth's consenting sighs—
Now, mine by fate, I bear away my prize!

[Dara bears off Madu, and is followed by Jehanara.

MAHOMETAN SPECTATOR. Was ever gallant deed more nobly done,
Or brighter prize to grace a lover won?

[The Brahmins and crowd look confounded, and the curtain drops.

Scene—Palace Garden, Delhi.—Arunzebe alone—enter an Officer.

OFFICER. Your highness' bracelet I reluctant bring
Without a wearer,—she declines the gift.

ARUN. Did the poor fool prefer a flaming pile
To the proud share of Delhi's gorgeous throne?
Oh! superstition when sincere is vile!
How did the blooming beauty meet her fate?

OFFICER. Calmly she walk'd around the dismal pile,
The torch was ready for her dauntless grasp;
But as she gave away a funeral flower
To one who seem'd some omrah looking on,
Who should burst forth from the concealing garb
But Dara, shouting with expanded arms;
And into them the willing beauty fell.
When he, in triumph, bore his prize away

ARUN. The furies tear him! How came Dara there?

OFFICER. I fear Meer Jumla's purpose is betray'd.
Prince Dara's train are speeding towards Agra,
And pass'd through Sumbul at the crisis hour.

ARUN. Confound his minstrel zeal! Oh! that his brow
Was stain'd with his heart's blood for laurel'd wretch!
Go, and of Agra every rumour bring. [Exit officer.
That arrogant, headstrong Jumla's over-zeal
Will ruin all my schemes; and for his mead,
Ere he proposes abdication's claim,
Or names me as successor, may the sword
Of Dara check his ever-blind ring tongue!
Curse on his meddling zeal, it made me vile
In a weak girl's eyes, and now may cause
Suspicion of my saintship with my sire!
But if his project fails, and the projectors
'Scape with life, I'll drive them from my presence
As traitors to the king, or send them where
They'll tell no tales. Meanwhile, with deeper zeal,
I'll practise fastings, penances, and prayer,
And point to heaven, and say my heart is there,

Scene—A Private Chamber in the Palace of Agra—Night.—The King alone—enter a Chamberlain.

CHAM. An omrah asks a private audience,

And, as his warrant, sends this signet-ring.

KING. Enough. Admit the omrah, and retire.

Enter Dara, with his Sister disguised as a minstrel, and Madu closely veiled.

KING. Welcome, my gallant son, in danger's hour.

DARA. No danger dread while I have sword to draw. (Embracing.)

KING. The brightest crown-jewel on a monarch's brow
Shines in the lustre of a virtuous son,
And like the diamond in the darkness blazing.
Still to the lyre devote! (pointing to Jehan.) But is your bard
As true to loyalty as sweet in song?

JEHAN. My voice will answer for my faith, my father.

KING. My Jehanara! what a night of joy
Amid the darkness that surrounds the throne! (Embraces her.)

DARA. Fear not, my father, but to-morrow's light
Will see the threatening tempest roll'd away,
And Timur's sun in tropic splendour shining.

KING. And who is this that keeps so closely veild?

(Dara throws back the mantle from Madu, who appears arrayed in her jewels.)

DARA. Behold, my father, the unrivall'd charms
That won my boyish heart, but won in vain,
For, to the rajah by her sire consign'd,
She left me desolate; by death made free,
Now all her charms and love revert to me.
I snatch'd the flower from flames, and now we wait
A father's sanction, and our joy's complete.

KING. A father's blessing, happy pair receive!
And may your children's children grace the throne!

Enter Chamberlain.

CHAM. Another omrah humbly audience asks,
And to Prince Dara sends this bracelet-pledge.

DARA. I know the passport well; admit the stranger.

Osman enters.

OSMAN. All hail, my sovereign! hail, my sovereign's son!
I've sought this private interview to say
The army is encamp'd two marches hence,
And ready, should the Delhi force appear,
To prove their swords upon their traitor shields.

KING. We trust its valour will require no proof
In such unhappy field; but if it should,
Brave Osman will not fight the less inspired
When, to his king and country's cause combined,
He joins the safety of a princess- bride.

And with my blessing thus I join your hands.

DARA. Romance reveal'd again in fairest form!—
But see, through yon arcades the early morn
Is gilding all her gorgeous cloud-pledged halls,
Waiting in silent and refulgent state
The glorious entrance of the bridegroom sun;
And earth array'd before the pagan saint
In all her pearly robes, and graceful palms
Is mirror'd in the Jumna's blushing stream.
Oh! what a world it were if lyre and love
Ruled in accordance with such earth and sky!
But since this may not be, with sword in hand
And dauntless bosoms, let our parts be play'd!
Hold now, my sire, as purposed, your durbar;
And when your abdication's named, I'll bound
Before the throne, and all your foes confound. [Exeunt.

Scene—The Audience Hall in the Palace of Agra.—The King holding an early durbar, surrounded by Courtiers, &c.

KING. Ere we break up the senate for the chase,
Say is there any suit that's yet unheard,
Or any wrong that we have unredress'd?
So that, all justice done, with lighter hearts
We may enjoy the sports that wait our coming.

JUM. One yet important suit remains, O king!—
Illustrious prince, your fame for righteous reign
Extends o'er all the world; where'er the sun
Inscribes his beams he writes your glorious name.
Your virtues are as num'rous and as bright
As all the stars that crowd the evening sky.
The awful peal of every thunder-storm
Recalls your conqu'ring shout on battle-field;
And as tornados sweep the sands away,
Before your frown all infamy was driven.
Your loving subjects, eager to evince
Their grateful sense of all your gracious reign,
Long to behold you from its toils relieved,
And their dear sovereign bless'd with sweet repose;
And humbly pray that all your cares may cease,
And your declining sun descend in peace.

KING. My loving subjects' merciful desires
Find a responding echo in my breast;
And here I stand prepared to quit the throne
Whene'er the heir appears.

JUM. The only heir
That's fit to fill the throne of Shah Jehan
Is Arunzebe; but he, we know, abhors
All thought of earthly crowns. Yet, as I said,
No other prince but Arunzebe is fit
To wear your crown, it therefore must be forced
On his reluctant brow.

[Dara bounds in, sword in hand, holding his shield before his father.

DARA. Never while Dara lives!

Traitors, I scorn your plots, or I would bid
The marble floor run purple with your blood;
But that were too much honour. Calld, go,
And tell that deep-designing dervish brother,
If he is purposed to contend for crowns,
To cast hypocrisy's vile cloak away,
And don his armour, and at least evince
A bearing worthy of a royal prince—
Guards, sweep the traitors from before the king!

[The Courtiers are driven out.

My sire, resume the throne, for thou shalt reign
While I've a sword to draw, or blood to dialn.
Now for the banquet and the minstrel- lay,
And to the winds be cast each care away.
Whatever sorrows yet to fate belong,
Devote this day to loyalty, love, and song!

THE SUN.

GREAT Polyphemus of the skies, prototype, perhaps, of the fabled giant of old with his one fierce eye, the sun looks forth from his cavern in the firmament, blazing, indeed, for the good of his planets, but dangerous if approached too closely by any of them. Like that terrible Cyclops, too, the solar orb is ever tending to absorb all on whom his restless lamp falls with its covetous glare. But, true as the comparison is so far as we have carried it, one feels almost touched with remorse in suggesting any such likeness; for do we not know that, should our luminary suffer us to get beyond his power, we must shoot off into the vacuity of space; while from the ocean he calls up a veil of cloud between himself and us, that we may bask in his rays without being scorched by them? Ah, ungrateful that we are, even to imagine evil of him! For cycles of ages, commencing too early for human record, he has lighted up our planet with his glowing countenance; year succeeding to year has borne testimony to his bounty; and thereby the spiritual sense feels that he stands the appropriate symbol of Him who appointed him his place in the heavens.

And yet this power of representing the Creator is only relative to us; for what are those multitudinous points of light which glitter in the dome above us, but suns having probably their own systems! On them no appreciable influence from our luminary can fall; to many of them, indeed, the sun of our skies will not appear even as a speck of radiance, while to none of them can he be more than a point such as they are seen by us. As a centre to his own planets, he holds the highest post of dignity among them; but as one of many suns peopling immensity, retaining, indeed, his glory as an independent luminary, he is only an equal, and possibly is included as a satellite, along with other suns, in a system so much higher than his own, as to dwarf him into the rank of a mere asteroid. Such is greatness, human as well as material! Much and little are equally true of all things, as we look below or look above the objects referred to. Something is better than nothing; but a lichen is better than the rock to which it cleaves, a snail is above the polypus, a hottentot is nobler than a horse, and one man excels his fellows. A step higher, and we find the man in whom humanity reached its culmination, poor and confined when compared with his idea. In this way, the finite is shamed by the infinite, and no creature may glory in the presence of its Maker. Is there, then, no greatness where there exist limits? Yes, all things are great when they fulfil their end; and a man also is great, even in occupying the narrowest and most humble sphere of life, if only duty is his choice—if, amid poverty, reproach, and suffering, he aim at keeping his 'conscience void of offence;' a beneficent condition; for in excluding sin it encourages self evolution; it takes down the barriers which sloth, vanity, pride, selfishness, and a swelling ambition set up in our way of progress, and introduces a conception of brotherhood which, if realized, would destroy all such inequalities of human happiness as arise from a factitious existence.

Viewed then with reference to the stars that twinkle in our night sky, the globe of fire which enlightens and warms our planet is only just one of like degree, possibly as small as any of them, and certainly not the largest of those celestial luminaries. But regarded in relation to his satellites he enlarges our conception of size; and, being self-luminous, while they merely radiate the light which they have received, he is the grandest object in nature. In bulk, the sun is a million times as large as the earth. The period of his rotation on his axis is equal to twenty-five of our days, being two fewer than it seems, as our earth, in the course of that time, has advanced a two days' journey in her orbit, moving in the same direction as that of the sun on his axis. Whether the sun has an annual motion also—that is, makes a revolution round some more central centre—is known only to astronomers

jecture. A motion on an axis, however, is proved by certain black spots on his surface, which, although varying in position and extent at intervals, remain long enough capable of being identified to serve the purposes of observation. But, interesting as this fact of solar rotation is, it shrinks into unimportance compared with the insight which these spots give us into the physical constitution of the sun. The spots are enormous in extent, and are surrounded by a penumbra, or dark shade, above which, in tumultuous volumes, rocks the luminous matter of the orb. What a spectacle to one sufficiently near to look on, and yet able to endure a heat which must be very much greater than that of the hottest furnace, or even than heat produced by chemical or galvanic processes! Imagine the ocean, when a hurricane has stirred it to its bottom, to be living fire, and one may have some conception of the fierce tempest which must be perpetually raging on the surface of the solar globe. The black spots are conjectured to be the body of the sun—the solid mass which underlies the luminous matter and supports it. From some unknown force at work, an opening begins to be made in the flame, which falls back on either side, sometimes to the extent of 45,000 miles in line diameter! Seldom remaining in this position beyond six weeks, its borders must rush together, two fiery waves, at the rate of 1000 miles a-day. Electricity has probably much to do in evolving these phenomena, and possibly in sustaining the luminous mass itself; although, from the distance of the sun from the earth, and the difficulty otherwise of making observations, nothing positive can be affirmed respecting the agents in these stupendous operations.

Still it is not the sun as he is, but in his beneficent effects, as these are softened by distance, that one loves to regard him. From generation to generation, since time began, has he daily risen and set in our horizon, making 'the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.' Up earlier than usual, and walking forth into the fields, what a sense of life and enjoyment does the first appearance of the sun, as he bounds above the eastern horizon, communicate to one of health and simple habits! Under his genial rays the soil puts on her holiday robes, and the entire animal creation exults in the consciousness of a stronger pulse than it before felt. Vegetation, everybody knows, chiefly depends on the power of heat to evolve the latent energies of its organisms. So long as winter holds his frosty reign over the earth, and powders the plains with his snows, the tide of life is at a pause. It is indeed gathering power for efficiently setting in when the solar rays shall have come to its aid; but spring shoots forth the tender blossom, summer evolves the fruit, and autumn ripens it under the kindly rule of the sun. Not merely vegetable life, however, but animal life, is cherished by solar influence. Connected with this subject, the most interesting fact of the whole is the adaptation which has place between the nature and habits of animals and the degree of heat which is furnished to the localities they inhabit. Following the motions of the sun in his slow but certain oscillations between the tropics, the birds, more especially, undertake their polar and equatorial migrations, never weary of obedience, nor ever disappointed of their reward. The moon's call to the ocean is not better answered by its tumultuous tides, than is the sun's to birds in their periodical changes of place and occupation.

To the mind of childhood just brought into acquaintance with the more remarkable phenomena of nature, but not yet informed of causes, little difficulty of crediting the relation of the solar influence to the seasons exists. The voices of birds, the gaiety of flowers and trees, the sudden appearance of butterflies and innumerable insects, all indicating joy and restoration after long suspense, are so intimately associated with a warmer sun, itself marked in their own case by the change of flannels for cooler undergarments, that they fail to wonder when told that the sun supports vegetation and animal life. So, too, this belief of a connexion is favoured by the frost and pinching winds of winter being the accompaniments of

leafless trees, unproductive fields, and the disappearance of insects and birds. A feeling, also, within themselves of the genial power of the sun, confirms the association between solar influence and life, which everything admitting of growth and decay in the external world seems to suggest. But the case is different when they are informed, for the first time, that those shifting forms of clouds which hang above them in the skies, sometimes dropping in showers and sometimes in hail or snow-flakes, are likewise dependent on the sun; that, indeed, the springs which gush from the earth in mysterious bubblings, the streams and rivers, and even the quiet lakes, are no less owing to the same power. Silently the solar rays, they are told, penetrate the waters of the ocean, ease a portion of its adhesiveness to the mass, calls it up into the air in the form of vapour, and there leaves the airy body to shift for itself. The separate particles of vapour, gradually accumulating, begin to aggregate, and manifest a growing tendency to descend, owing to their greater density. Winds whirl them about at pleasure in the upper regions, transporting them with immense velocity from place to place, somewhat like the inhabitants of the polar regions in their motions on the clear silvery ice. Suddenly breaking up into liquid globules, they fall as rain. Earth imbibes at every pore the grateful beverage; but, more falling than she can receive, the surplus seeks the sea—sometimes successfully reaching it, as in the case of rivers which are suffered to empty themselves into the ocean, at other times detained as lakes in beds or troughs upon the surface. If the clouds assume the form of snow or hail, they not the less minister to the supply of rivers and lakes; for, as the sun grows in strength, the solid body dissolves, and thus, after a little delay, it is made tributary like the rains.

To the sun, as the chief agent, are due also those currents of wind which agitate the air, and keep the clouds above us in a state of continual motion. When looking up to the skies, and watching the filmy mountain of cloud as it rears its head to heaven more proudly than Blanc does his frosty summit, we almost forget that it is not solid, and that it is only waiting for a little till the breeze snatches it away, before it dissipates into the thin vapour of which the mass is the adhering aggregate. Suddenly, and when unlooked for, the majestic pile is seen to shift its position, and now it seems transformed into a celestial iceberg. Soon, however, it rocks, silently breaks up, and anon vanishes away. Whence has come the invisible power which destroyed the gay enchantment, and restored to its elements that seemingly stable mass which but a while ago rivalled the grandest spectacles of earth? The sun is ever heating the air; the air as it is heated expands, and, being therefore lighter, rises upwards; the colder air, finding resistance gone, rushes into the place of the heated air, becomes heated in its turn, ascends too, and is succeeded by air cold as itself just was; this also is heated and rises, and thus a current is kept up throughout the atmosphere, displacing, transposing, modifying, transforming, and eventually dissipating those bodies of vapour which are the inhabitants of the regions above the surface of the earth.

The sun, however, serves us not only by its heat, but also, and nearly as much, by its light. Oh, what should we do, if, walking blindly over this world of bill and dale, of river, and lake, and ocean, we had to feel our way, and could not run and leap when we chose, lest we chanced to stumble against a rock or to fall into a pit! The thought, of course, is ridiculous; God has not left his work incomplete, or rather in a condition of radical deprivation. But it is well to connect the light of the eyes with our central luminary in any summary of its benefits; and one cannot repeat to himself the vast variety of effects produced by a single primary relation established between our earth and a globe distant ninety-five millions of miles from it without feeling awe-struck by the display afforded of creative power working under the guidance of creative wisdom and goodness. Mark, too, how beneficently the light is adapted to human wants. Softly it fades away as

night draws her covering over us; not at once, and without warning, but with gradual diminution; scattering on the evening clouds a few declining beams, from which radiates the gleam of twilight. Not only have we day and night, but days longer or shorter as the season varies; and so, too, when the solar orb has sunk so far below the horizon as to have his whole light withdrawn even from the clouds which hang out their films with unavailing effort, he illumines the far-off moon, and indirectly sheds a pale though grateful lustre over the face of the earth.

Such are the most important economical benefits which we derive from the sun. But shame to us if we pause at these, and overlook the spiritual influences of the solar orb in scattering beauty over the whole terrestrial world, and in ministering, by many ways, to alleviate even the spiritual sorrows of men. Weary with the drudgery of thought, the student has no sooner left his room and straggled out into the open air than he feels as if passing into a new existence. Gaiety returns into his heart, being caught from every flower that lifts its gentle head above the soil, and from the golden tissues which float freely in the open sky. Accustomed as we are to see beauty only when we see the objects themselves which we say are beautiful, it never occurs to us that, except for the distribution of light over the scene, we should as little find beauty in the earth as find a safe path upon it. But the truth is, that pink, and green, and yellow, and scarlet, and blue, as well as other varieties of gay tints, are not properties of the crocus, the violet, the blue-bell, the geranium, or the like: oh, no; they are caused by the descent of luminous rays upon them, some constituents of the rays being absorbed and lost, others thrown back to the eye in the proportions which nature has appointed. Beauty is thus due to the sun, or, if we would speak quite correctly, we should say that it is owing to an adjustment between the light of the sun and the objects on which it falls; so that just those portions of rays, and no others, which we find actually thrown back by flowers and all beautiful plants, shall be capable of being debarred passage into absorption. Not stopping, however, with the scientific account of this arrangement, or with the few instances of beauty resulting from it which are comprehended in garden flowers, we must observe how everything owes more or less to the favour of the sun. The bare, rugged cliff rises poetically in the sunshine, sweetly shorn of its awfulness, and changed, as it were, into one with ourselves. Mountains, with a sprinkling of purple heath, and striped by the silver bars of water which glitter on their sides, are elevated by light out of a shapeless mass of clod into a grand symbol of spiritual aspiration. All nature, in short, is decorated by the solar influence; soil, and rocks, and trees, and rivers, and ocean, and lakes, and clouds, being severally indebted to this source of beauty—the sun—of which we have been speaking.

Infrequently as we may be disposed to trace the gaiety of external nature to its real cause, still more seldom do we reflect how much even art owes to the distribution of light over its works. Look at a city in a dull, gloomy day, when the sun appears to be in a distemper, and to have gone, as it were, to his couch, perhaps never, one fears, to rise again. The effect is, that the city itself is nothing but a mass of streets and houses, with men, women, and children going to and fro, dark and despoiled of everything to interest. In and out of doors, the same feeling of cold monotony, inspiring pain and despair, is felt. We are discontented with ourselves and with all else. But let the day be bright and genial, and, lo! everything is changed. What in itself is most beautiful receives an addition to its beauty, and what is ugly, so called, has a touch of grace communicated to it. Chimneys and the smoke issuing from them are no longer regarded as offensive to sight and smell, but as the types of home-happiness. The square, and the circus, and the decorated monument, and all public buildings, depend for much of their effect on the light which the sun pours over them from day to day. Digitized by Google

There is another class of spiritual influences indirectly related, indeed, to those just mentioned, but not quite identical with them. We allude to the solar influence on the varying feelings of man, as the subject of joy and sorrow—of affliction, discomfort, and anxiety. It is, perhaps, too obvious to mention the feverish desire with which the invalid pants for the first peep of dawn. Sleep may not have visited his eyes throughout the live-long night; nor can he hope for such alleviation of his suffering as would dispose him to court the shadows of a darkened room. Nothing remains for him but to wish for the return of day, when night and its distempered silence shall have passed away for a time. But a case not less real, though less remarked, is that of one awakening from a troubled dream, which has left a causeless despondency behind it, and looking out from between the curtains on a green landscape stretching away in the sunshine to a considerable distance. Each beam of glorious light is felt to be a blessing. No words are so persuasive for banishing gloom. In this way material and spiritual favours are communicated together; obviously in order that we may trace them to one hand, and find in everything that happens the evidence of a loving, gracious, wise, and powerful Father.

'GENTLEMEN FROM THE COUNTRY.'

THE rule is almost a universal one, that people are desirous to appear in print. It is pleasant, says a favourite poet, to 'see one's name in print;' and truly many are the shifts to which some people are driven to gratify their vanity in this respect. These shifts might of themselves afford materials for a somewhat amusing article; so, lest we should some day think of turning them to account, we shall, in the mean time, ruminate over this part of the subject, picking up specimens as they occur. But if people are sometimes driven to strange shifts to get their names into the broadsheets of the day, not less true is it that they are at times sorely puzzled how to preserve their incognito. It fortunately happens that public opinion in many cases acts as a check on the vicious and the weak, and there are times when even the most vain man feels that seclusion is desirable; there are times when he dreads the very prospect of his name appearing in the public papers—times when he would sacrifice almost his entire means, provided it would save him from being held up to the gaze of the public.

During our connexion with the newspaper press, it occasionally afforded us no little amusement to see an individual, with the perspiration standing in large globules upon his brow, rushing into our *sanctum sanctorum*, and beseeching us, with heart-touching tones, to prevent the appearance of his name in the papers, and merely to substitute the phrase 'a gentleman from the country!' A few such cases being still fresh upon our memory, their recital may amuse some, prove instructive to others, and at the same time show off human nature in one of its aspects to all.

A decent and simple-minded farmer leaves his domicile at an early hour in order to visit the cattle-market. On his way he encounters some apparently respectable countrymen in deep play at the game of the thimble and peas. The idea never occurs to him that there may be deception going on. Charmed at the success of the player, he tries his own luck. He wins and loses, and loses and wins, and becomes deeply interested in the game. He finds himself minus a few pounds, determines to play only till he recovers his lost money, but finds himself deeper and deeper in the meshes of the gamblers, and the truth begins to flash on his imagination, after having been a loser of some £20, that he has been the dupe of a gang of designing knaves. He hastens to town; rushes to the police-office; details the whole circumstances; these are noted down in the police books, and forthwith criminal officers are sent off in pursuit. Meantime the idea occurs to the unfortunate farmer that the circumstances may find their way to the newspapers, and thus make matters worse. To the police-office he again sets off to caution the 'powers that be' as

to secrecy. He finds that these ubiquitous, eagle-eyed gentlemen called reporters have been there before him, and transcribed from the book 'a full, true, and particular account' of the whole affair. Half-frantic he runs to every newspaper in the city, and pleads that no allusion may be made to the unfortunate occurrence. A lengthened paragraph is already in types, however, corrected, revised, and ready to be made up into a column. Again he pleads with editors and reporters that if ever they did a generous act in their lives, they would do it now, and withhold his name from a paragraph so damaging to his reputation. The worthy farmer's name is accordingly suppressed, and there is substituted in its place—'a gentleman from the country.'

A youth who has heard, but not seen much, of city life, leaves his father's house some fine morning to transact business in the metropolis. He goes to the theatre in the evening, and, on returning along some of the principal thoroughfares to his lodgings, he is accosted by individuals whose company it is no honour to court; with these he enters into conversation, and foolishly joins their company. Ere reaching his residence he is amazed to find that his gold watch has forsaken him, and that his pocket-book containing all his money is nowhere to be found. In his agony he flies to the police-office, details the case, and sets off with a couple of officers in search of the criminals. Meantime these never-fagging reporters are on the scent, and off with the whole details of the case. The victim, on learning this, ferrets out the printing-offices, argues that his reputation is at stake, and so pitiful is the countenance he assumes, that those in attendance feel constrained to comply with his request, and insert a 'gentleman from the country.'

A case comes on for trial at the High Court of Justice; a gentleman is put into the witness-box to give evidence of a kind which, although it may be serious against the prisoner, is by no means very creditable to himself. He is obliged to make confessions which he feels heartily desirous to conceal; these confessions he notices are being taken down by the reporters for the press. Dreading the appearance of the papers on the following day, he succeeds in getting the macer of the court to use his influence with the 'gentlemen of the press' to withhold the witness's name, and substitute—'one of the witnesses,' or, 'an individual from the country.'

A brother of the mystic tie comes to town to enjoy himself at the annual meeting of a certain lodge of 'free and accepted masons.' Our hero gets 'merry' on the occasion, and one evil is, that the way to the residence where he is for the time located lies along the banks of the canal. He is convinced that although he 'sees double,' he has still some difficulty in seeing his way correctly, and though in his own mind satisfied that he has been exceedingly temperate during the evening, yet it so happens that he cannot manage to walk quite perpendicularly; but he knows the road well, for he has travelled it before; yet in the twinkling of an eye, he finds that he has walked right into the canal. He screams for mercy and for help; a policeman who is near the spot springs his rattle, and forthwith there is a host of individuals around the drowning man. They succeed in rescuing him, and convey him to the house of his friend; the destruction of his new suit and regret at his own folly being seemingly the only difficulties to overcome. Next morning, however, at the breakfast-table, the possibility of the newspapers getting hold of the circumstance is made the topic of conversation, and the very idea of this alarms him. To the newspaper-offices he forthwith repairs, tells his tale, and implores the parties in attendance, if they place the slightest value upon his hitherto untarnished reputation, that they will carefully exclude all allusion to the untoward catastrophe of the previous evening. In all probability, in such a case as the present, he was the first to convey the intelligence to the newspapers; and in return for his kindness in furnishing the particulars for a paragraph, it is agreed to insert—'a gentleman from the country.' Satisfied with this, and to show his gratitude, he orders a copy of each of their papers for one

quarter, and pays for the same *in advance*—a rare occurrence.

Such are a few *bona fide* incidents of the career of 'gentlemen from the country.' The list might easily have been extended. We have said enough, however, to put parties on their guard, and while we have only given cases where names have been suppressed, it must by no means be supposed that this is the rule—it rather forms the exception. We might have adduced many instances of the evils arising from a single and unguarded departure from the path of rectitude; but believe we have said enough to show that 'gentlemen from the country' occasionally pass through an ordeal of which they little dream previous to setting out on their journey; and when they return to their own homes, we can easily imagine that, in their recital to their friends of the wonderful things they have seen, there is not the most distant allusion to the strange circumstances often connected with themselves. We suppose they may occasionally be heard humming over the melody, 'We'll gang nae mair to yon toon.'

TRANSFORMATION OF LOCUSTS.

In the summer evenings it is common to see upon the trunks of the trees, reeds, or any upright object, a heavy-looking, humpbacked brown beetle, an inch and a half long, with a scaly coat, clawed lobster-like legs, and a somewhat dirty aspect, which latter is easily accounted for by the little hole visible in the turf at the foot of the tree, whence he has lately crept. I have sometimes carried them home and watched with great interest the poor locust 'shuffle off his mortal,' or rather earthly 'coil' and emerge into a new world. The first symptom is the opening of a small slit which appears in the back of his coat, between the shoulders, through which, as it slowly gapes wider, a pale, soft, silky-looking texture is seen, throbbing and heaving backwards and forwards. Presently a fine square head, with two light-red eyes, has disengaged itself, and in process of time (for the transformation goes on almost imperceptibly) this is followed by the liberation of a portly body and a conclusion; after which the brown leggings are pulled off like boots, and a pale, cream-coloured, weak, soft creature very tenderly walks away from his former self, which remains standing entire, like the coat of mail of a warrior of old—the shelly plates of the eyes that are gone looking after their lost contents with a sad lack of 'speculation' in them. On the back of the new-born creature lie two small bits of membrane, doubled and crumpled up in a thousand puckers, like a Limerick glove in a walnut-shell; these now begin to unfold themselves—and gradually spread smoothly out into two large, beautiful, opal-coloured wings, which by the following morning have become clearly transparent, while the body has acquired its proper hard consistency and dark colour; and when placed on a tree the happy thing soon begins its whirring, chattering, chirruping song, which continues with little intermission as long as its harmless, happy life.—*Mrs Meredith's Sketches of New South Wales.*

GENERAL RULES AND OBSERVATIONS FOR JUDGING OF THE WEATHER.

1. The barometer is highest of all during a long frost, and generally rises with a N.E. wind; it is lowest of all during a thaw following a long frost, and is often brought down by a S.W. wind. 2. When the barometer is near the high extreme for the season of the year, there is very little probability of immediate rain. 8. When the barometer is low for the season there is seldom a great weight of rain, though a fair day in such a case is rare. The general tenor of the weather at such times is short, heavy, and sudden showers, with squalls of wind from the S.W., W., or N.W. 4. In summer, after a long continuance of fair weather, with the barometer high, it generally falls gradually, and for one, two, or more days, before there is much appearance of rain. If the fall be sudden and great for the season, it will probably be followed by thunder. 5. When the appearances of the sky are very promising for fair, and the barometer at the same time low, it may be

depended upon the appearance will not continue so long. The face of the sky changes very suddenly on such occasions. 6. Very dark and dense clouds pass over without rain when the barometer is high; whereas, when the barometer is low, it sometimes rains almost with any appearance of the clouds. 7. All appearances being the same, the higher the barometer is the greater the probability of fair weather. 8. Thunder is almost always preceded by hot weather, and followed by cold and showery weather. 9. A sudden and extreme change of temperature of the atmosphere, either from heat to cold or cold to heat, is generally followed by rain within twenty-four hours. 10. In winter, during a frost, if it begin to snow, the temperature of the air generally rises to 32 degrees, and continues there whilst the snow falls; after which, if the weather clear up, expect severe cold. 11. The *aurora borealis* is a prognostic of fair weather.—*Dr Dalton.*

A SONG OF JUDAH.

(From the 137th Psalm.)

Pass on, ye waters, pass along,
We dare not breathe a sacred song—
Pass, mighty rivers, pass away,
Ye form no theme for Judah's lay:
For Judah weeps before a heathen band—
A lonely captive in a heathen land.

Hush'd is the music of the lyre,
And dead the wild poetic fire;
No mystic song bursts on the ear,
No swell of melody is here—
Poor Judah's harp hangs broken on the trees,
The heathen's scoff, the sport of every breeze.

The softest wind of heaven may blow,
The purest stream of light may flow,
The brightest rainbow may be bent
That e'er adorn'd the firmament—
But captive Judah seeks the shades of night,
To dream in sadness of his land of light.

Weep, Judah, weep—thy temple gone,
And gone the silver voice of song:
No cherub hovers on the wing
To hear the maids of Judah sing!
God of our fathers! raise thy mighty hand,
And bring thy Judah to his native land!

R. M.

BEHAVIOUR TOWARDS CHILDREN.

Parents should not show unequal love for their children, as they make one proud, the other envious, and both fools.

PLEASURES OF RETIREMENT.

It is only in the seclusion of retirement that conflict can be avoided. Amid the busy scenes of life, even those who walk most peacefully will get jostled by the careless or the rude, and be forced, either in reprisal or self-defence, to take part in broil and battle.

ECONOMY.

Economy is one of the chief duties of a state, as well as of an individual. It is not only a great virtue in itself, but the parent of many others. It preserves men and nations from the commission of crime and the endurance of misery. The man that lives within his income can be just, humane, charitable, and independent; he who lives beyond it becomes, almost necessarily, rapacious, mean, faithless, contemptible. The economist is easy and comfortable; the prodigal is harassed with debts, and unable to obtain the necessary means of life. So it is with nations: National character, as well as national happiness, has, from the beginning of the world to the present day, been sacrificed on the altar of profusion.

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WEEKLY HOGG'S INSTRUCTOR

No. 116.

EDINBURGH, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1847.

PRICE 1½d.

RELIEF OF INDIGENT GENTLEWOMEN.

An institution designed to provide a 'benevolent fund for the relief of indigent gentlewomen in Scotland,' and under the patronage of the Queen, with the active concurrence of the nobility and clergy of all ranks and denominations, has just been projected through the thankworthy efforts of Mr W. P. Mitchell, S.S.C., of this city, and is already efficiently organised under a management illustrious for its respectability, intelligence, and pious benevolence. The fund is to be supported by annual subscriptions, which, in order to embrace the general community, are not to exceed two shillings and sixpence each, and by donations in any form the donors please; while it will be apportioned, in sums of £8, £10, £12, yearly, according to circumstances, to aged and indigent unmarried women of the better ranks of society, especially to governesses, whose education may have given poverty a keener edge to cut and mortify the spirit. A fund of this sort, and conducted, as it is intended to be, so as to reach the really necessitous without offence to their delicacy, is an object of the deepest social interest; nor is its existence in society a matter of merely common importance, such as many institutions for benevolent relief are, owing to their obvious propriety, but it indicates in the general mind an advanced sensibility to misery, and suggests a course of remark that connects itself with a profounder class of ideas than may at first seem capable of being associated with it. In this light we view the institution of the fund, and wish to embrace the occasion for offering a few observations relative to the condition of the classes for whose benefit the charity has been projected.

The greatest hinderance to an adequate sympathy between the various ranks of society consists in the difficulty of projecting oneself out of the special circumstances of one's condition, into the circumstances which invest the condition of another moving within a different circle of influences. It is not so much the want of affection, or of natural sensitiveness to human suffering, which separates so widely the upper and lower classes of social life; for the poor sympathise with and aid the poor, knowing the hardships of a lower poverty in their own grade, while also the rich and titled enter into the sufferings of those of a similar rank who have haply fallen into pecuniary difficulties, or into any other form of trouble recognised, conventionally, as one of the real sources of private unhappiness. But how can sympathy be exchanged so long as parties remain ignorant of one another's misery? Some kinds of misery, indeed, are capable of universal understanding, since they knock at the doors equally of the rich and of the poor—of the man whose whole professional duty consists in a routine of simple offices, easily discharged,

without forethought or anything but mechanical industry, and of him who works with his brain, being exquisitely awake to every form of life which varies and multiplies the aspects of society. The loss of a child, a parent, a wife; the destruction of a limb, or the presence of some chronic disease; blindness, deafness, dumbness; separation of friends by space or by change of temper—all these, being more or less common to all, and arising out of humanity as such, with only a partial origin in conventions of society, are intelligible to every class; they describe wants and sufferings that affect all in much the same way. But it is far otherwise with indigence, which varies in its character with its objects; poverty to one being wealth to another, and a fortune to the man accustomed to a dry crust and a handful of water from the spring being scarcely enough to supply the day's necessities to one living usually amidst the pomp of abundance. Station and the customs appropriate to it introduce a relative scale of estimating indigence; the wants of one class not being the measure by which to try those of other classes. Nor, until education will have succeeded in fitting the community to imagine the circumstances of its members, and thus to supply the absence of personal experience, seeing that equality is impossible, can we expect that sympathy will be mutually received and yielded, in any measure proportionate to the claims which men have upon one another.

It must be confessed, however, that it is more difficult for the lower to hold out the helpful hand of love and sympathy to the distressed in the upper classes of society, than for those in the upper ranks to assist those in the lower; in truth, the difficulty of sympathising seems to be in proportion as the objects of sympathy occupy a region of manners and customs elevated above our own by their intricacy and refinement. The reason of this is, the fact that, in contemplating the condition of those below us, we are more ready to regard their condition with pity, seeing that they are devoid of many things necessary to ourselves, and which we are apt to think are necessary to them also; while, in regarding those above us, we as naturally fall into the other mistake of supposing that all which they profess to need is luxurious superfluity, unless so far as it coincides with our own imagined wants. It is obvious to remark that both mistakes should be shunned if possible; but as the latter is the more common and the least amiable, it is likewise the most difficult of avoidance. On this account, as well as for other reasons, we welcome the institution which has furnished the occasion of these remarks. Not only will it be the benevolent means of assisting many struggling with poverty and sorrow, but it may serve to evolve a new phase of sympathy, and thereby indirectly tend to elevate the tone of social feeling.

Pride and poverty are supposed to go generally together; so generally, indeed, as to have given origin to a common proverb. The apophthegm appears to have arisen from the frequent association found between a reduced state of circumstances and unwillingness to reveal indigence and to pass into an inferior position in society than was once enjoyed. When, however, the whole circumstances of poverty are considered, it will be found, we think, that, apart from other grounds, the social inconveniences attending it, even when the necessities of life are obtained, are at all times so many, as to justify a sentiment which shrinks from disclosure, although the sentiment may perhaps be chargeable with possessing some tincture of pride. Independence is in part lost so soon as one comes into receipt of courtesies which one cannot return. A withdrawal, accordingly, from the usual society of one's station is necessary, when indigence disables from sustaining the common intercourse of life; or the preservation of a certain show of comfort, probably with incredible difficulty, is attempted as the only other alternative. It is easy to say to one so situated, Retire from a place which you cannot fill, and with resignation fall into the rank which below waits to receive you. But, alas! how difficult to comply with the advice, especially when a life of refinement, even though it be not one of luxury and pomp, has elevated and multiplied the wants! It is true we live in one world, and together make up one great race, with one common heart, having opinions, desires, sympathies, wants, and objects of pursuit, in great measure in common; it is true, also, that we can spread our affections over this race, and enclose in our love every member of the human family; we can, moreover, converse occasionally with all, and a generous mind will not be slow to extend its sympathy even to such as are most removed from its habitual walks. But each one has a world of his own, the class of society to which he belongs; to it he clings with affectionate solicitude; he has his home in it; and when extruded from it by poverty or otherwise, he feels as if he were an exile from life, and that the grave cannot too soon receive him to the unbroken rest which it never fails to yield its occupants. If it must be abandoned, how is a new set of friendships and acquaintanceships to be formed? And even though he were willing to begin the companionship of life anew, it is yet doubtful whether the class to which he is about to descend will be willing to receive him to such intercourse and exchange of friendly sympathy as it affords. Not always is inferior society ready to welcome a person from the upper grades, who is an intruder upon them from necessity only and not from choice. Ever does the superior air, which, of course, cannot be changed with circumstances, put to shame the lower attempts at manner. Only a very few in different ranks, born and educated under different influences, and with different hopes and prospects, can unite in affectionate friendship with one another. In general, the attempt at intermixture is unsuccessful, even when it is voluntary; nor need we wonder if it should fail of its object when the conjunction between parties of different classes is forced and constrained by circumstances only of necessity.

Still, however, even if this difficulty were got over, and conformity to a different society from one's own were successfully gained, the step of descent would yet be one of pain and sorrow, arising from the derangement given to all one's private associations of things and circumstances. Education creates a sensibility to surrounding objects, of which none can fully judge the strength but those who have become in some measure experienced in it. It is true that the general misery is relatively so great that it would seem as if the educated poor had reason to congratulate themselves if they are supplied with the necessities of life; and, indeed, if necessities were furnished to them, their case of wretchedness would be greatly alleviated, and at least made tolerable. But we forget what we mean when we speak of the necessities of life, overlooking the fact, that the necessities of one person are not the necessities of another—that, in short, want is so modified by condition as to be entirely different in different circumstances.

Wisely does old Selden talk, when he says, 'That which is a competency for one man is not enough for another, no more than that which will keep one man warm will keep another man warm: one man can go in doublet and hose, when another man cannot be without a cloak, and yet have no more clothes than is necessary for him.' Everything depends upon previous tastes and fitnesses. The cloth which may suffice to cover only the limb of a giant may clothe a dwarf from head to foot; nor would it be less considerate to expect that the one of large dimensions should, all at once, and as by will, accommodate himself to the pigmy size of the other, than to hope that the man whose whole nature has been developed in the sunshine of education and refinement, should, without extraordinary effort, find contentment in the lot of a peasant or a handicraftsman. In attempting to fulfil our duty to those above us in station, as well as to those below us, it is of unspeakable importance that we bear in mind the variable character of necessity. Unless we do so, we shall load one with what to him is a dainty little coveted, while we supply another with what is unavoidably in his circumstances esteemed little better by him than a stone.

A pure charity, nevertheless, while it makes allowance for such differences, may yet be accompanied by questionings, whether the regimen of education under which so many new wants are created, be in itself desirable—whether, rather, the system should not be changed, and a fitness for living in any condition with contentment be induced upon the character. The whole inquiry of education is thus laid open, and many of the most important investigations suggested to the philanthropist. It is not to be doubted, that our education of every degree is yet far from being conformed to a standard of ideal completeness; perhaps that standard is scarcely acknowledged even by those who have approximated nearest to a perfect definition of a true education. The customs of society are unquestionably, in very much, effeminating; and education seems often to assist the evil, if it also administers something corrective of it. A greater simplicity in social life, together with a holier recognition of the purpose of the present existence, would call into operation a more strict system of means and influences. The intellectual and spiritual would be made to give law to the emotional, not, as at present, to receive their form from it. The power of accommodation to altered circumstances, and of a high self-control, might then be as common as it is now rare. Christianity, it is obvious, points in this direction; exhorting that, in whatever situation we are, 'therewith to be content;' not meaning, of course, that a slothful resignation to things as they are, without an attempt to improve them, is to be indulged, but that so strong in the faith of the 'unseen and the eternal' should the soul be, as to be able to find a true and progressive life, however environed by unprosperous circumstances. Much remains to be done towards fitting men for this divine independence of events. Clearer views of God and life, a purer morality, a more spiritual faith, higher aims, hopes, and prospects are needed. Taste and imagination must be reconciled with, not opposed to, the aspirations of a more heavenly faculty. Art and literature must concur with Christianity, and no longer be allowed to remain apart, or even to yield only a doubtful service.

But in dealing with this great question, and in attempting to eliminate a purer idea of education than is perhaps generally recognised, we are not to mislead ourselves by supposing that the sensibilities which the present culture of the educated classes is fitted to call into existence are in themselves essentially untrue and artificial, and on that account undesirable. The truest education will necessarily evolve these sensibilities, although it will also call up certain sentiments of moral and spiritual independence, which may assist those who have to endure a reverse of circumstances to do so with submission and self-advantage. Education, in the highest sense, is the evolution of the whole person—body, spirit, intellect, feeling, imagination, taste—in an ever progressive degree. It stops short at no point in the process on any pretext whatever. Reversed

may come, and certain faculties, fruitful of result in the larger sphere of the individual, may not be available for other purposes, or may even stand in the way of the successful prosecution of humbler employments. Such chances of fortune, however, should they befall one, must be met as best can; but in the mean time, and until they come, they must be counted as naught and thrown out of calculation. It is impossible not to observe that the mercantile spirit of the country is in great measure predominant, and has consequently, wealth is worshipped, and a false theory of life substituted for the true one. Poverty is counted more disgraceful than meanness, worldliness, ignorance of literature, indifference to generous enterprises, disaffection to the fine arts, or the want of spontaneous benevolence. The effect of this is, that respectability, as it is called, or the cautious self-seeking habit of gathering in the rich prizes of outward life is held in veneration; every venture is rebuked as rash and wayward; the devotion of the spirit to spiritual culture, and the acquisition of ideas, is held in subordinate estimation, and is frequently scouted as proof of indolence or imbecility. A change happily is coming over this state of things, and enthusiasm is becoming less and less a mark for the shaft of the worldling. The adoration of wealth is on the wane, and the new moon of truth, and love, and holy zeal, and pure aspirations, and fervent effort, is appearing above the horizon.

With these beliefs, we confess that we are far from sympathising with those who esteem every branch of education which aims at something higher than the obviously practical, as useless or even worse. Education, although it may serve as a means of living, is also life itself; it is, indeed, much more an end than a means. We ought to be educated, not that we may obtain a livelihood, as it is called, while, of course, the power of working for our bread should be included within its purposes; but more especially that we may be fitted to glorify God by the free expansion of all our faculties, by understanding him in his glorious works, and by a truer, fuller, and more spiritual interpretation of his word—that we may have our lower capacities subordinated to our higher, our love of the beautiful developed in union with our recognition of the true and the good, and all our social relations freed of every hindrance to the pursuit of the 'unseen and the eternal.' A view of education such as this makes provision for the life of the body, but much more for the life of the soul. It does not at every turn trouble itself by asking of what use in making money, or shining in society, or winning golden opinions, such and such a lesson may be. A picture is admired because it is a picture; a truth in natural history is learned because it is a truth; the beggar is aided because the spirit within prompts to benevolence. Life, in short, is lifted out of the low and temporary. A holy and divine significance, elevated unapproachably above the consideration of the mere utilitarian or man of by-ends, is described in providence—a significance which points higher than to time, and looks beyond into infinity for its truest and most adequate explanation.

On this account it is that we regard with peculiar interest such a fund as the present one for relief of destitute gentlewomen. The institution of a fund for this purpose appears to furnish evidence that a spirit of more enlarged charity is gradually finding its way into the heart of society. To assist those who have been born above us in the scale of social advantages, but whom adversity has overtaken, is a noble work. It is something, to be sure, to hold out a helping hand to those who have slid from the higher parts of the steep of life to the point where we stand; but far more is it if we serve to keep them from descending. No petty jealousy should mix in our motives of social fellowship, nor should we indulge in one inward gratulation if some fellow-creature once better than ourselves has happily lost his advantage. The class of individuals for whom this charity has been set on foot are remarkable for their good deserts. Not the clamorous are to be the recipients of the bounty; not those who are prone to suspend labour so soon as any hope of relief in some easier way is held out to them, are to carry off the

spoils of benevolence. The fund is designed for unmarried gentlewomen above fifty years of age, whose circumstances of distress are known only to their intimate friends. A noiseless inquiry will find them out, and that alone, for they abound charity which is ostentatious; they have too much self-respect, too high a sense of the dignified and independent, to court the pittance of patronage. With them manner is of as much importance as matter; the spirit which is immortal must not be put to shame for the sake of the material body. Sentiments such as these are too rare to be trifled with or disregarded. Poverty is not the greatest evil of life; a greater is self-contempt. Rather endure the straits of hunger than submit to the degradation of being obsequious to those better off in circumstances. Such a feeling is worthy of being cherished by the indigent; but its presence gives the individuals of whose breasts it is the occupant only the higher claims upon society. If it must be called pride, it is a wholesome pride. It is a feeling which should be universal; for all of us are poorer than our neighbours in some one thing or other, and all, therefore, have occasion for its exercise.

The presence of this institution in society will fortify the deserving objects of it for fulfilling their duties in life. The charity is one of the least exceptionable which could be devised. More bitter suffering will be relieved by it, with less incidental evil, than is probably effected in any other way of dispensing bounty. The recognition of the rights of those who are indigent in circumstances, although possessing spirits equal to the discharge of the highest offices, is an important step towards a more enlightened view of society at large. Revolutions are not wrought in a day, nor will a sentiment that is deep-rooted and widespread be eradicated all at once. But repeated efforts, however small in their beginnings, are sure of eventual success; for nothing but truth and love are permanent, and they must ever be advancing towards the possession of the earth.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

JOSEPH BROTHERTON, M.P.

WHOEVER among our readers has spent a night in the strangers' gallery of the House of Commons, and has scanned with a curious eye the varied expressions of feature that are to be found in that collective type of the national will, may probably have remarked, on one of the back benches of the Liberal party, a stout well-looking personage, whose face appears to be ever lighted up with good humour and good will. At first sight, he might perhaps be disposed to set him down for a respectable country squire, who had given up field sports, and who was too good-natured to prosecute a poacher, while his comfortable, sleek, and somewhat oily appearance, would indicate that he was no enemy to good cheer. While speculating in this manner on the pursuits and habits of the legislator before him, should it happen that this said legislator were to rise and address the house, all these illusions would be dissipated at once, as he would find that his broad dialect indisputably pronounced him to come from the busy haunts of Lancashire, and that, whatever his pursuits in life might be, assuredly his talk was not of oxen. Should his auditor be at all dainty in matters of oratory, or nice as to the observance of the rules of English grammar, he would very likely be apt to turn away in disgust from the uncouth address and provincial accents of the speaker; and perhaps the only surprise he might feel would be how it came to pass that an assembly of educated gentlemen, like the House of Commons, should for a moment tolerate the infliction of such a boorish speech upon them. Listening on, to solve if possible this perplexing puzzle, the feelings of the auditor, that is, supposing him to be a man who is more intent upon things than words—upon realities rather than shadows—would undergo a considerable change. He would observe that, wrapped up in this outlandish dialect, there was much strong sense, which ever and anon shot forth its beams, irradiating the gross me-

dium through which it was conveyed, and even causing it, by the force of contrast, to contribute to the general effect, like the sun piercing through a mass of vapour which had previously obscured its rays. In this he will find the solution of the mystery; and as the honourable member now throws out some thought remarkable for its bulk and breadth, and now darts a sly stroke of ridicule at his opponents, far from wondering at the condescension of the house in listening to him, he will be more than half disposed to join in the cheers with which they greet him. Turning round to some friendly neighbour, to learn the name of this individual, he will find that the man whom in the course of his speech he had ridiculed, wondered at, and admired, is no other than Joseph Brotherton.

The personal history of this gentleman, in its main features, is that of thousands of his fellow-countrymen, who, by persevering industry and well directed skill, have pushed their way from an humble station in life to fortune, influence, and even rank. It is the type of the history of a class who are nowhere to be found but in England, where the aristocratic principle is so happily tempered by the democratic energy of the people as to allow of a continual intermingling between them. In other countries of Europe, no doubt, low-born men have at times gained a place in the national councils and exercised an influence over the national history; but for this they have been indebted to the personal predilections of the sovereign, or seized the opportunity of some popular commotion to flatter the passions of the people. It is the glory of the British constitution, that while her nobility may rank among the loftiest in Europe, and her ministers exercise a sway which despots might envy, yet the gradations between all ranks are so smoothed and tempered—the encouragements to honourable ambition are so great—that the lowest need not despair of himself or his children attaining to the highest; that the application of industry, intelligence, and skill to the ordinary pursuits of life will, under God's blessing, infallibly conduct to respect, honour, and influence; and that, in a country like ours, talent and genius, backed by integrity, are sure to find their reward. It is this, we suppose, after all, that forms the main bond of attachment among our people to our national institutions, and makes them resolve, in the words of Sir Robert Peel, himself the most eminent representative of the class we speak of, so to preserve the institutions of the country, 'that other ministers may spring from other cotton-spinners.'

But to return to Mr Brotherton. He was born at Whittington, a village near Chesterfield, in Derbyshire, in the year 1788. His father held a situation in the excise department; and as his labours in this rural district were light, and his emoluments in proportion, he contrived to eke out his scanty income by adding to his other duties that of village schoolmaster. He was a man of a vigorous and intelligent mind, fond of speculation, and active in acquiring information of all kinds. It must, therefore, have been a welcome notification to him, when, in the year 1792, young Joseph being then about nine years of age, he was summoned by the Board of Excise from his obscure life beneath the shadow of the Peak to the more active and bustling scenes of Manchester, then rapidly rising into importance, though the most sanguine speculator of that day could not have predicted its present greatness as the emporium of the manufactures of the world. The duties of the exciseman must here have been considerably increased; but they were still insufficient to occupy the active mind of Mr Brotherton: and looking round for some additional occupation, his quick eye at once fixed upon the cotton market, then in its infancy, and he resolved to embark his small gains and his active intellect in that employment. It is to be observed, that at that period the manufacture of cotton was far from being concentrated in immense mills such as have since grown up in Manchester and the neighbourhood, and which, by the magnitude of the capital required, scare away the man of humble means from any idea of embarking in such a speculation. At that time the steam-engine was looked

upon as a novelty; there were not above two or three engines employed in Manchester; the great bulk of the manufacturers, therefore, were engaged in a comparatively small way, and their looms were worked by the hand. This of course presented an opening to Mr Brotherton's engaging in the trade, but it was to a very limited extent; and so humble were his means, that he felt he could only succeed by the unremitting application of his own industry and that of all over whom he had influence. While the question of success was left doubtful, he was unwilling to give up his situation in the excise, feeling that that was at least a sure resource against utter ruin; but as his son Joseph was now come of years in which he could be useful in the factory, he was at once sent there along with his brothers, and underwent the usual routine of toil incident to the life of a factory-boy at that time; his father probably making a greater demand upon the labour of his own children than he might have done with those of strangers. It was to this period of his life that Mr Brotherton recently alluded in the House of Commons, in the discussion on the Ten Hours' Bill, when he detailed with true natural pathos the hardships and fatigues to which he had been subjected, and the resolution he had then made, that if ever it was in his power he would endeavour to ameliorate the condition of those who might hereafter be placed in his condition. It was in allusion to that speech that Sir James Graham, who followed him in the debate, declared, amidst the cheers of the members, that he did not before know that Mr Brotherton had sprung from so humble an origin; but that it rendered him more proud than he had ever been before of the House of Commons, to think that a person rising from that condition should be able to sit side by side, and on equal terms, with the hereditary gentry of the land.

Mr Brotherton's business prospered so well under his management, that he at last resolved to give up his duties as an excise-officer, and to devote himself wholly to manufacturing pursuits; and, extending his concerns, he entered into partnership with a gentleman of the name of Booth. In the comparatively larger premises thus formed, young Joseph steadily worked his way up through every gradation in the mill to the honourable position of overlooker, and eventually became a partner in the firm.

From this sketch of his early career it may easily be supposed that he had not much time allowed for the acquisition of knowledge—none for making acquaintance with the politer arts. His time, from a child to manhood, was passed in unremitting toil, extending over a period much longer than the law now allows a factory-boy to be worked, and much more severely taxing the physical energies than at present, when, by the application of steam and the aid of numberless curious contrivances, the labour of the child is reduced to little more than merely watching the machinery. But the mind of Joseph Brotherton was too elastic to be damped by discouragements like these—too ardent to be turned from the pursuit of knowledge by the obstacles which fortune had placed in his way. He received the rudiments of his education from his father, the quondam schoolmaster of Whittington, who was not only careful to give his children a thorough knowledge at least of their mother-tongue, but also laboured with great assiduity to instil right principles and correct habits of thought into their minds. He was himself a good English scholar and an excellent mathematician, and from a very early period his son Joseph displayed a taste for the same description of studies. Those who were familiar with him at that time speak of him as a boy displaying extraordinary attachment to his books; his spare moments, as these must have been few, being always devoted to study. Nor did he read simply for relaxation. He despised the trifling literature of the day; he had no taste for novels, and even, we fear, Milton and Shakspeare would have been passed unregardedly, while a book on physical science was greedily seized and perseveringly perused. He was in particular attached to the science of engineering, and all treatises connected with that subject were eagerly sought after and highly prized. It cannot be doubted that

these studies were fostered by the precepts of his father, to whom, in his mode of thought and the general bent of his inclination, Mr Brotherton is said to bear a striking resemblance.

But though his fondness for scientific branches of study damped and chilled the genial play of his fancy, nothing could overlay the kindness of his disposition and the ardent working of his moral feelings. We have already seen how, while yet fighting his course upward in the stifling atmosphere of the cotton-mill, the obscure boy was planning schemes for the amelioration of his species, and gilding the dull routine of factory life with gorgeous day-dreams of extended benevolent action; and those vows made in the hours of toil, and in a position of obscurity, he has honourably redeemed throughout the whole of his subsequent course.

The elder Mr Brotherton died about the beginning of the present century, and his son succeeded to his position and influence in the concern. The name of the firm was then changed to Brotherton, Harvey, & Co., the second partner being now the head of the establishment—Mr William Harvey, a relative of the family, at present one of the aldermen for the borough of Salford, and who has shared with Mr Brotherton in the many struggles he has engaged in for the reformation of abuses and the improvement of the place. It may be added, that two of the brothers of Mr Brotherton originally were also in the partnership, but both died young. Another brother, the eldest, went to St Lucia, in the West Indies, where he died a few days after his arrival. The only other remaining member of the family is a sister, who is married in Manchester.

So soon as Mr Brotherton had fought his way upwards to an independent position, and gained a breathing space from the unrelaxing labour which he had formerly been engaged in, he was far from sitting down and taking his ease. An earnest spirit like his seemed rather to feel that Providence had ordained that men should have the blessings of riches and enjoyment that they might devote their leisure to the improvement of the condition of their less fortunate brethren; and he had no disposition to set himself free from the condition of the tenure on which he conceived his position was held. He very early began to look round and see what good work he might engage in which might benefit his neighbours. As may be supposed, he was not long in finding an object. There were in Salford, where his premises were, various public charities, bequeathed by the piety of former generations for the use of the poor of the place. These had become, in the lapse of years, completely diverted from their original purpose, and were unblushingly applied annually to private and personal purposes. Mr Brotherton, then in his twenty-ninth year, boldly set himself to redress this wrong. It could not be supposed that the young manufacturer, himself lately emerged from the dust of the cotton-mill, would have much influence; and the mal-appropriators of the charities were numerous, active, and influential. With true English pertinacity, however, Mr Brotherton set himself to work, sustained by that buoyant feeling of self-reliance, and dogged determination to win, which is the peculiar characteristic of our countrymen, and is itself the most valuable element of success. His exertions were not confined to frothy orations at public meetings, or the more flashy qualities of a vulgar agitation. He sat down patiently to investigate the subject: traced the original intention of the donors, calculated the enhanced value which time and improvement had added to the original sums, tracked the secret windings of the streams of corruption, and brought to light so many delinquencies, and such an extent of mal-appropriation, as completely to shame the parties concerned, and rouse the public to a thorough reform. In this struggle he was engaged for many years; but he was in the end completely successful, and the funds have ever since been distributed according to the benevolent intentions of the founders, and their appropriation made public to all concerned.

This was the first employment of Mr Brotherton as a

local reformer, and, as is usual in such cases, it led to further labours. Salford, which is now an important community, constituting to all practical purposes a part of Manchester, from which it is only separated by the insignificant stream of the Irwell, was then fast rising from its original position of a petty village to its present magnitude; and, as a consequence, numerous acts of parliament were required for its government, lighting, police, &c., which were all unnecessary until the cotton-manufacture began to swell its bulk. In all these matters, so important to the social economy and comforts of the inhabitants, Mr Brotherton's advice was always sought by his fellow-townsmen; and whenever acts of this nature were to be promoted, or any other public business transacted requiring safe counsel, his services were willingly rendered. More than once he headed deputations to London on the subject of these acts, and always acquitted himself in such a manner as to increase the confidence of his townsmen in his judgment and disinterestedness. His influence rapidly extended over the locality in which he resided, and his services with regard to the Manchester Police Bill are still spoken of in terms of grateful respect.

It will surprise many of those who have heard of the large fortunes realised in the cotton manufacture to be told that Mr Brotherton retired from the firm with which he had been connected, and from business altogether, so far back as the year 1819, with a comparatively moderate fortune, and before he had attained his fortieth year. The usual inducements to the accumulation of money were not wanting in his case, for he had married and had a family to provide for; but, with a rare spirit of moderation, he made way for younger men, contenting himself with the realisation of that position in which he had been placed, and with the enjoyment of those blessings with which Providence had surrounded him. That his retirement was not dictated by any feeling of selfish enjoyment or desire of slothful ease, is abundantly clear from the fact, that his labours in the cause of the public were as unremitting as ever, while his services were more eagerly sought after than before, on the ground that he had now more leisure to bestow on them.

So glided on the tranquil life of Mr Brotherton till the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832, which conferred upon Salford the privilege of returning one member to parliament, its overgrown neighbour, Manchester, being at the same time favoured with two. The newly-constituted electors of the borough, anxious to exercise their franchise in a way that would show they were worthy of it, looked about for a fitting representative, and the great majority of them came to the conclusion that Mr Brotherton, who had so often fought their battles in an humbler sphere, was most worthy to be intrusted with this, the most important charge they could confer on him. In coming to this conclusion there was nothing to bias their choice but their own knowledge of the moral and intellectual qualities of their townsman. The prestige of rank was out of the question, for his origin was known to them all. His fortune, as we have already said, was moderate, and he could exercise no undue influence, as he had ceased to occupy an interest in any of the factories of the town. He has been opposed, too, on the occasion of every election; and yet such was the sense entertained by the men of Salford of Mr Brotherton's value, that they have always returned him, though once or twice by narrow majorities.

Mr Brotherton's services as a legislator have not been very prominent. For some years after his first election, he was amusingly recognised as invariably moving that the House of Commons should take up no new piece of business after midnight. Of late years he has dropped this habit, though it cannot be doubted that the comparatively better hours which the house now keeps—seldom sitting after one in the morning—are due to Mr Brotherton's zealous advocacy of his plan. Whether the practice of adjourning debates, and extending them over three or four nights in succession, is not a less beneficial consequence of the same conduct is, however, a consideration. On the subject of general politics, Mr Brotherton's modesty

prevents him from speaking. He has acted invariably with the Liberal party, though he has not been the slave of any section. He was perhaps more intimately connected with the manufacturing division of the Free-traders—Messrs Cobden, Bright, &c.—during the corn-law struggle than with any other; yet his connexion with those gentlemen did not prevent him from taking up the subject of short labour in factories—not when, as now, it was supported by the leaders of the government, but when its only advocates were such men as Mr Ferrand and Mr Oastler, the great enemies of his party; for it is an honourable feature in the character of Mr Brotherton that, risen as he has done from among the working classes, his heart has never failed to beat in sympathy for the hardships endured by those from whom he sprung. This has subjected him more than once to the taunt of his benevolence overpowering his judgment, but no one has questioned the purity of the motives by which he is actuated.

It remains only to mention that Mr Brotherton is a dissenter from the Established Church, and from most other denominations of Christians. He is a leading member, and indeed a preacher, of a small body designating themselves Bible Christians. The chief peculiarities of the sect are, we believe, abstinence from animal food and from all intoxicating drinks. It need not be added that Mr Brotherton's services to this body as their minister are perfectly gratuitous.

SCOTTISH SCENES.

MELROSE—ABBOTSFORD.

The general title at the head of this article demands a word of explanation before we proceed to the work immediately in hand—a descriptive sketch of fair Melrose and shady Abbotsford. In the course of this and a few similar articles we intend to supply light and pleasant reading, rather than profound disquisitions on the physical aspect, historical reminiscences, and antiquarian relics of those localities of which they treat. We purpose to draw together a series of observations on the various objects of interest existing in connexion with a given locality, calculated to afford a faithful though miniature picture of the scene, and which may be found not altogether unworthy of the attention of the man of studious habits in his hours of relaxation, or that of the tourist in his joyous summer rambles. Scotland is rich in scenes such as those that are intended to furnish themes for the series of papers of which this is the opening one. And, besides the general interest attaching to such subjects, who does not love to dwell on the scenes, sweet in themselves, and embalmed in song, that abound in the country of his birth?

'Breathes there the man with soul so dead.
Who never to himself hath said—
This is my own—my native land?'

Numerous are her valleys, lying in many a graceful winding, clothed with luxuriant vegetation, and watered by sparkling streams. Here rises many a thriving village and busy town; while far up their sunny sides nestle smiling hamlets and whitewashed shepherds' cots. She has her mountains, too, stretching for many miles in long rugged ranges. Now they push themselves aloft, till, shrouded by the floating vapours, their summits disappear, and the vault above us seems supported on huge rocky pillars; there they glide away into hilly regions, covered with 'brown heath and shaggy wood,' melting now into grassy slopes, where numerous flocks pick their sweet but scanty herbage, till at length their roots are laved by the waters of the German Ocean, or wasted by the dashing of the restless Atlantic. On her fair plains the rude stone, the cairn, the mouldering mound, tell the story, no otherwise recorded, for the encouragement of after generations, of the quenchless patriotism of our warlike forefathers; or perchance they mark the spot where closed the death-struggles of some 'village Hampden,' and where his bones lie quietly till the voice of the Eternal shall

wake the slumbers of the tomb! The castellated mansion, the ruined tower, the dismantled fortress, the crumbling abbey—all point to the times when 'might was right,' and when the religious sentiment had become associated, and almost identical with those sublime emotions, which fill the soul under the contemplation of the noblest specimens of imposing architecture. These are themes that stir the soul of every man possessed of sensibility and patriotism, and many such are inscribed on the fair face of our honoured fatherland; but in these days of free trade and railway travelling, they are extremely apt to be overlooked and consigned to oblivion. Gentle reader, we doubt not you will pledge us in the sentiment so finely expressed by the silver-haired minstrel—the last of his race:

'O Caledonia! stern and wild!
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood;
Land of the mountain and the flood;
Land of my love! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand?'

Melrose is beautifully situated on the right bank of the Tweed, about a mile and a half below the junction of the Gala with that river. It is thirty-six miles distant from Edinburgh, and is on the north-west border of the county of Roxburgh. As you approach from either side the village has no appearance; but a nearer acquaintance with it convinces you, that, though its appearance, external and internal, is by no means imposing, nevertheless it contains numerous good, and some elegant dwelling-houses. We speak not now of the environs, but simply of the village itself. In the centre of the town there stands a cross—an ornament of many of our Scotch villages. Here the markets and fairs are held, and the people congregate on public occasions. From this point four streets radiate, nearly at right angles. That to the west is a spacious one, containing the principal inn, post-office, and several neat houses, and is the approach by which travellers enter from Edinburgh; that to the east is narrow and dull, and leads to St Boswells; the southern opening is little else than a lane, and conducts the traveller to the Eildon Hills; while the northern one is narrow, lined with motley groups of new and old buildings, and leads downwards to the river. A fine street, composed almost entirely of new buildings, runs along the north part of the town, opposite which, on the east, is the opening to the celebrated abbey. There are some good shops in the town, but no public works. It is pervaded by a sweet tranquillity, known only in strictly rural districts, and which dissipates before the breath of the steam-engine and the clank of machinery. No cloud of smoke hangs over it, contaminating the atmosphere, stinting the fair vegetation of the lovely vale, or extracting from the cheek of young men and maidens the ruddy glow of health.

On the north of the town flows the beautiful Tweed, beyond which, and parallel with it, runs a low range of hills, down the gorges of which rush the Gala, the Edwin, and the Leader—all celebrated in Scottish song. Immediately on the south rise the Eildon Hills, with their three conical tops, between which and the town sweeps the railway, at present in a state of preparation. Will the reader accompany us to the rocky base of the nearest eminence of the three? The spot on which we stand is some hundred feet above the valley, affording a commanding view of the whole scene below. At our feet lies the town of Melrose with its unequal roofs and chimneys, its slender cross, and narrow streets. Around it numerous mansions stand in parks or gardens—the residences of those who enjoy in larger measure than the majority of their fellows the gifts of a bounteous Providence. But the grandest object on which the eye rests is the noble ruin of the Cistercian monastery. We shall by and by examine somewhat minutely this ancient pile. Meanwhile, lift your eye from its lofty walls and grey turrets: such scenes lose their distinctness and awful sublimity when viewed from a distance. On your right, a mile down from Melrose, stands the village of Newstead, be-

yond which, on a peninsula formed by a sudden bend of the Tweed, stood old Melrose; and still further down stand the ruins of the far-famed Dryburgh Abbey. Almost due north, but on the other side of the river, lies the sweet village of Gattonside, with its numerous gardens and orchards. There are several beautiful residences on this bank of the Tweed, among which is that for a number of years inhabited by Sir David Brewster. A mile up the river, and on the Melrose side, stands the village of Darnick, also surrounded with gardens. In the same direction, but at the distance of six miles, we have a peep of the thriving and rapidly increasing town of Galashiels. It is situated in a narrow valley down which the Gala flows, and has an extensive trade in woollen stuffs. It is a striking fact that the wool used in these works is almost entirely foreign. We return to the scene in the vale of the Tweed. The extent of valley under our eye does not probably exceed six or seven miles, and yet in this space the river makes four magnificent sweeps. When the sun falls upon it at a certain angle, it appears a sparkling stream of molten silver. The banks of the stream are beautifully wooded; and all along the face of the enclosing heights, fields in a state of fine cultivation mingle with spots of pasture-land and clumps of dark pines. The soil is red; and when the sun's rays fall slanting over the distant hills of Etrick and Yarrow, the scene is glorious beyond description. Within a few miles the Tweed is crossed by three bridges. The bridge of Melrose is about a mile and a half above the town, the view from which is sweet but limited. An elegant suspension-bridge for foot passengers connects Melrose with Gattonside, and at some distance below, the stream is spanned by another of stone. From our stand-point we catch a glimpse of two objects dear to the heart of every one imbued with a love of the lyric poetry of Scotland. There, a little to the north-east, rises a conical mountain-top, in solitary grandeur, behind the heights that bound the valley of the Tweed. On the southern slopes of this hill, which are hid from our view, grew, in olden times, in wonderful luxuriance, the broom—

'The bonny, bonny broom—
The broom o' the Cowdenknowes.'

The Leader, for several miles above its junction with the Tweed, is fringed with rich haugh land, with hills rising on either side. Hence the poet, who tells us how sweet the lassie sang, 'if the bught milking the ewes,' says—

'The hills were high on ilka side,
An' the bught 't the lirk o' the hill;
And aye as she sang, her voice it rang
Out o'er the head o' the hill.'

The haughs are now torn up by the unrelenting ploughshare; and the 'broom,' with the 'lassie,' has long since disappeared from the Cowdenknowes. What havoc has modern improvement made in the domain of poetry! Well, let us be thankful that we are in a state of progress! Far to the west the dark range of hills between Etrick and Yarrow show themselves over those that rise immediately beyond the Gala vale. In this locality the Yarrow stream takes its rise. One of the finest songs in our language, unsurpassed for depth of pathos, celebrates the parting of two lovers on the banks of this river, and the loss of one of them, owing to the darkness of the night, in its rapid waters. It is composed by Logan. We quote the following stanzas:

'Sweet were his words when last we met;
My passion I as freely told him!
Chap'd in his arms I little thought
That I should never more behold him.
Sorrow was he gone—I saw his ghost;
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a fearful groan through Yarrow.'

The name and poetry of the Etrick Shepherd are too familiar to the lovers of Scottish song to require more than a simple reference in this sketch. To one whose tastes lead him into the flowery field of literature, and who breathes a spirit of deep devotion to nature, the

scene we have attempted to sketch is possessed of many charms. The sweet vegetation, the deep-coloured woods, the crystal Tweed and its sparkling tributaries, the far-reaching hills, with their scooped out sides, like the moulding in the framework of some gorgeous picture, the towering tops of distant mountains—all arrest his attention, and stir the sympathies of his soul. External nature appeals to his susceptibilities; and the response is prompt, deep-toned, and prolonged. The numerous spots, too, to which the eye is directed, or attracted by associations consecrated to the genius of poetry; and the noble abbey, with its history, its pilgrimages, its long list of monks, its entombed warriors, appeal alike to the intellect, to the heart, and to the imagination.

Let us descend now into the valley. The abbey occupies a site between the town and the river, but modern buildings have been put down around it. The entrance to this splendid ruin is from the west. Immediately we are ushered into the churchyard, with its numerous

'Tombeones grey,
Which girdle round the fair Abbaye.'

The history of this building is well known, and its appearance is familiar to many who have never visited the locality, by reason of the numerous engravings of it that exist. It was founded by David I. of Scotland, and, along with other religious houses, richly endowed by him. According to all accounts, David was one of the best of kings—kind and fatherly towards his subjects; but the only evidences that remain of his piety, are those splendid ruins that give such interest to various localities in our country. Such acts, as every one knows, frequently stand in slight relationship to devotional feeling and spirituality of mind; nay, they often are to be viewed as substitutes for these. Because one builds a cathedral it does not logically follow that he holds intercourse with, and bows before, the Great Spirit professedly worshipped there. We shall not scrutinise the character of King David too closely. Sir Walter Scott says of him, that he received a name for piety by building and endowing religious houses. The best view of the abbey is from a point near the outskirts of the graveyard on the south-east. The impression produced by the whole mass is deep and solemn, and is increased by stooping so as to allow the ruins to occupy nearly the entire sphere of vision. The crumbling remains of the tower, and the slender and delicately carved turrets, seen against the sky, as a background, are exceedingly imposing. It is the finest specimen of the florid Gothic extant in Scotland. The figures of monks, creatures, and things, that cluster above every window and doorway, and on every buttress, are executed with a delicacy of finish perfectly surprising. The fine curl of the leaf, the delicate folds of the rose, the distinct expression of features, are as easily traced now as they were hundreds of years ago, so durable is the stone and so exquisite is the workmanship. It is built in the form of a cross, and when entire must have been most magnificent. The chancel, or eastern window, is a splendid thing. Its height is above fifty feet, and its width nearly thirty. The stone-work seems to be almost entire; the slender shafts, and wheels, and carved work on either side and above still exist. Some of the statues have indeed fallen, but others still remain in their niches. There are two figures over the apex of the window in a perfect state of preservation—an old man sustaining a globe, and a young man wearing a crown. Some conjecture that they represent the founder of the abbey and his son. Buttresses rise on either side of this noble window and terminate in lofty pinnacles. In the north and south walls of the chancel there are other windows of beautiful workmanship, but smaller than that just described. The principal entrance to the church is by a door in the south end of the transept, around and above which there is a profusion of carved work, with niches, supposed once to have been occupied by the disciples of John the Baptist. Their master occupies a niche a little above them, and from his lips are falling the words—'Behold the Son of God!' This door is surmounted by an

elegant window in a state of perfect preservation. A series of niches encircle it, supposed to be those in which were arranged the statues of the Saviour and his apostles. From the transept the nave stretches westward; and in its southern wall eight elegant windows still exist. These light so many private chapels, now used as places of sepulture. From behind these windows, apparently through the roof, rise several buttresses, each containing a niche for a statue, and terminating in a point, covered with beautiful carved work. In one of these stands the Virgin Mary, and in another St Andrew. The ornamental work above the statue of the virgin is exquisite. Indeed, that of this part of the building is all remarkably fine. The cloister communicates with the nave by a richly ornamented door in the north wall of the latter, close to the transept. This part of the building has sustained considerable injury; and of late many of the carved leaves have been chipped off by sacrilegious hands, and carried away to adorn the cabinets of the curious. This is the door by which Deloraine entered with the monk of St Mary's aisle when in quest of the iron-bound book of the wizard, Michael Scott, at the command of the dame of Branksome. The west part of the building is much dilapidated; and how much farther it extended originally in this direction it is impossible to say. In the interior also there is much to interest a reflective mind. We enter by the door in the south end of the transept. Overhead a part of the original roof still exists; and its ribbed work of stone springing from the pillars on which it rests, is exceedingly imposing. Great part of the tower is down, and all the roof contiguous to it; so that the centre of the building has no canopy but the blue vault of heaven. In the north end of the transept there are various objects of interest, the chief of which, at least that which strikes one most readily, is the simple but elegant device of a neatly carved hand supporting the spring of the Gothic roof. The roof of the aisles on either side the nave is entire, and of exquisite workmanship. Within the walls of the abbey there lie interred the ashes of many men celebrated for their patriotism and prowess in battle. Some, also, famed for their piety, mingle their ashes with those of the warriors in this hallowed spot. Before the high altar Alexander II. was buried, and near him lies Johanna, his queen. Near it some suppose the remains of Michael Scott to be interred, and those of the holy St Waltheof; a fine slab of black marble, full of fossil shells, is pointed out as marking the resting-place of the latter. The Earl of Douglas, who fell in the famous battle of Otterburn, also lies here; and many others of like character. In the south aisle are the burying-places of several families of note, distinguished by modern inscriptions. For about two hundred years the nave of the abbey was occupied as a parish church. It ceased to serve this purpose about the year 1810, when a commodious structure of plain appearance was erected a little to the west of the town. Besides the parish church there are three chapels, belonging to the Secession, Free Church, and Independents, respectively. An Episcopal chapel is on the eve of being erected. The abbey is the property of the Duke of Buccleuch.

Abbotsford is three miles above Melrose, on the same bank of the Tweed. The road to it is beautiful, and should be passed on foot. Proceeding from Melrose, you leave behind you the Eildon Hills, the village of Darnick, and the bridge already referred to, by which the great Edinburgh road crosses the Tweed. Half-way between the bridge and the place of your destination, you find yourself opposite the mouth of the Gala vale. Here the waters of the Gala mingle with those of the Tweed. The scene is enchanting; and from this spot the view of Gala-shiels and the romantic valley in which it is situated, and from which it takes its name, is commanding. Onwards you press, straining your eyes to catch a glimpse of the famed residence of the great master of Scottish fiction. You have now reached a slight elevation, and, lo! just before you, and within a bowshot, the square towers and sharp turrets of Abbotsford glimmer through the

waving trees. Following the public road you pass it on the right, and enter by a plain gate which conducts to the house. It is considerably lower than the road, and thus appears to disadvantage; but this is counterbalanced by the insight, if we may so express ourselves, we thus obtain into the wonderful grouping of the parts of which the whole is composed. It is a perfect toy dropped in a sweet nook of nature's garden. We shall not attempt a description of the house—this is superfluous, as prints of it are found in almost every dwelling; but would faintly indicate what we felt and saw on the occasion of our visit to this shrine of literary pilgrimage. The first feeling we experienced was that of inexpressible sadness. Not a living creature—man nor quadruped—made its appearance; absolute silence reigned without, and there were no indications of life within. The great gate that opens into the quadrangle, through which is the main entrance to the house, was fixed. The descent of a short flight of steps placed us in a deserted court with many doors opening in various directions, all of which were shut. At length we emerged by one opposite that by which we had entered, and found ourselves quite on the other side of the building. This, we thought, is Abbotsford; all the world is in stir about its late possessor, and here there is nought but the quiescence of quietude—a solemn and death-like repose! But we were not thus to be baffled; so, screwing our courage up, we thundered at the only door at which the indications of human beings having been lately there were visible. By and by a girl with fair hair and modest mien appeared, by whom we were introduced to the lady who shows the house. What a feeling of melancholy interest creeps over one on entering what was once the abode of the mighty minstrel! How it penetrates the soul, and mingles with all its mysterious workings, as you gaze round the breakfast-parlour and mark this and the other remembrancer of the departed; as you linger in the dining-room and drawing-room, with their fine paintings and elegant furniture; as you move slowly round the spacious library, with its 20,000 volumes, all elegantly bound and in the order in which Sir Walter left them, its centre table used for consulting maps and its movable table for consulting books; above all, how is the soul moved when, entering the study, you gaze on the table on which he wrote, and sit in the chair in which he sat! There is the desk he used, the gas-pipe, the lamp, the books of reference, just as the great novelist left them! In a small closet off this room are shown the clothes, from the plaiding trousers to the white hat which he last wore. Every relic—the cane, the hammer, the pruning-knife—of the great man is carefully preserved and guarded; for not only does curiosity prompt to gaze on these things, but a sort of allowable covetousness prompts to pilfer them. When you have passed through the armoury, a finely finished room, filled with all sorts of weapons, of all ages and from all quarters, and containing sundry suits of defensive armour, from the steel helmet to the jointed greaves, placed in dim corners, like sentinels of former days, you have seen all that is generally shown to visitors.

The lands of Abbotsford are not extensive, but are beautifully laid out. The improvements effected upon them by Sir Walter Scott are the theme of praise to the whole country-side. The estate lies on the northern face of the hill, sloping gently to the Tweed, which makes a noble sweep just at this spot. The house is situated in the hollow, a short distance from the clear waters of the river; and the grounds, beautifully diversified with clumps of dark trees, stretch southwards and westwards. The view from the house is limited, being confined to the aforesaid bend of the Tweed, the braes on the opposite side, part of the Gala vale, the heights that stretch from this valley to the Leader, and a peep of the dark hills of Ettrick and Yarrow. The scenery, however, immediately round the house is enchanting; and one requires little to produce the persuasion that he wanders within the precincts of Fairyland. The best view of the house and lands of Abbotsford is from a point on the north side of the

Tweed, near the foot of the Gala water. The latter is spread before you like a map, every field and wood is visible; the former shows its blue turrets above the large trees that keep perpetual vigils round the shrine of the mighty dead. Such was his abode when alive, and his ashes have found a meet resting-place. His bones repose within the ivied walls of Dryburgh Abbey.

GREGORY'S GONG.

TOLL THE FOURTH.

Along the front of the high poop of 'regular East Indiamen,' as they were called in former days, extended long narrow blue-painted chests, containing the ship's signals, a passage being left between them and the railing of the poop. The said range of chests, like the drawers in Goldsmith's village inn, were contrived 'a double debt to pay,' and, besides holding the various-coloured flags, afforded a commodious bench for such as had nothing else to do but to sit out of the way. After breakfast, then, this long settle might be seen occupied by about thirty blooming young heroes, who had nothing on the wide ocean to do betwixt the important avocations of eating and sleeping. There they sat, like the spectators in the front seat of an upper gallery, looking down with great glee on the operations on the quarter-deck, waist, and fore-castle. The contrast betwixt these stylishly dressed, young, listless landmen, passing their jokes on the scene, and the bustling, slaving, climbing, reefing life of the young men of their own grade, in the shape of mates and middies, on the decks and masts, was very striking, and not a little trying and provoking to the latter, amid their toiling above or sweating in the hold below, and saluted every now and then with a stern command or reprimand to quicken their motions, and all this under the eye or within hearing of the young merrymaking military idlers. There was one call to duty, however, which the gentlemen-cadets were always ready promptly to obey; for when the boatswain piped to dinner these young warriors bestirred themselves most energetically, and hastened joyfully to the scene of action, to storm the enormous pastry-castle in shape of a sea-pie, or to put to flight whole flocks of roast fowls and turkeys, winging a duck, or putting *hors-de-combat* a gander-goose or a 'bubbly-jock,' and giving no quarter to a quarter of mutton; to which feats they were doubly instigated by the increased appetites acquired by the sea-breezes enabling them to ram-home wad and cartridge in grand style, ever and anon spunging down with Hodgson's pale ale, claret, and champagne; while their compeers, the shippies on the orlop deck, were obliged to stow their stomach-holds, after all their labours above, by layers of salt junk, washed down with a gill of rum diluted with cobwebby water. After dinner the cadets resumed their seats in the upper gallery, to witness the evening performances, which were varied by the appearance on the quarter-deck stage of the lady-passengers, and old officers and civilians, returning to their posts in the East after having got rid of part of their bile and some of their salubrious complexion among their native breezes, and refitted for another campaign against hot winds and fierce musquitos. By the rules of ship etiquette on a voyage to India, it was a law as fixed as that of the Medes and Persians, that no cadet was to speak to a lady, even though he sat next her for four or five months on the voyage; and if such was the case in the cuddy, the prohibition was still more stringent on deck, and therefore none of them ever ventured upon the forbidden ground, as it might be called, of the quarter-deck at this hour. The captain in his uniform, with a young lady on each arm, followed by the married gentlemen and their wives and daughters, promenaded the weather-side, while the weather-beaten shrivelled colonels, majors, judges, and collectors, occupied the sea-side. In the course of the voyage, however, after long probation and good report, a few of these foggies were, as a great favour, after due consultation, pronounced quite free from all foolish, romantic, or

tender tenderesses, and very eligible (as sober-minded men, and with competent financial resources, should they be inclined) for a life of matrimony. So Judge Mulciet, Collector Squeezem, and Colonel Offreckoning, were at last, on a happy afternoon, beckoned over to the weather-side by the captain, and, amid a dozen of liftings and re-placings of their scrappers from their grey and bald heads, making an equal number of bows, so low as caused their bodies to assume the figure of acute angles, they were introduced to Misses Louisa, Letitia, and Lucinda Specks, who in return curtained like acute angles, and were each attached as a fair tendrill to the arm of the withered trunks, amidst a vainly-attempted-to-be-concealed titter from the admiring cadets in the upper gallery; while one youth, more impudent than the rest, and who was no other than our old friend Jerry, fairly shouted, 'Well done, old boys; och, and you're the lads for the ladies!' for which he was shortly after sent for by the captain, who, taking him into his cabin, severely reprimanded him for his want of good manners.

'Where should we learn manners, captain,' said the young officer, 'when we are excluded from the ladies' society?'

'I desire none of your observations,' said Captain Studdingsail; 'you may now go away, and take care how you behave yourself, or you may have to begin your military life by my putting you under arrest.'

'That would be no great hardship,' said the cadet, 'for I think old Nep has us all under arrest together, and I may say close arrest, during this long-continued calm; and besides its being no punishment, I might be making up for my present loss of pay by damages got against your honour for wrongful imprisonment when we get to Bengal, which would be no bad nest-egg for the fortune I hope to hatch there.'

The captain, who had no wish to get into hot water with a boy, told him 'to go away, and take care how he behaved himself for the future.'

'Och, never fear me for that,' said Jerry, as he left his presence, and ascending the poop saluted his brother cadets by putting his thumb to his nose, and resumed his seat on the bench amidst a universal laugh.

But what has become of Gregory? Any one unacquainted with shipboard might suppose that it afforded no place for a hermitage unless in a cabin below, but they are mistaken; beyond a vast encampment of hen-coops on the poop there is a narrow interval between the last range and the stern-railing, and in the angles described by it and the vessel's side there are two delightfully retired seats, never disturbed but by the visit of a mate once in every watch to fling the log-line into the wake of the ship, and, after ascertaining her rate of sailing, leaving the place again in perfect loneliness. Gregory was not long in finding out this retreat, and thither he repaired day after day with his book; his ear soothed by the torrent-like roar around the rudder below; the glorious expanse of the deep blue sea, stretching to the horizon, with all its innumerable myriads of exulting-crested waves; and looking forward on the ship he beheld the white distended wings of the ocean-car bearing him on his course. Though not of a social, Gregory always evinced in the society of his brother cadets a kind and obliging disposition, and thus became a favourite among them, and, from his sensible remarks and love of study, was treated with much deference. In the course of the voyage, when any little dispute happened to arise, after in vain attempting to settle it, the final appeal was proposed, 'Let us ask Gregory,' and, accordingly, they proceeded to plead their cause before the hermit of the deep, who seldom failed to give a verdict that sent them away satisfied. As the novelty of the ship could not last for ever, and as even some of the cadets got tired of its monotony, those who had any intellectual fire within them began to try to fan it into a flame; and, as is in general the case, they attempted to give vent to their feelings, under their novel circumstances, in rhyme. These effusions were first submitted to Gregory's private

and confidential perusal, and, if accredited with his approbation, were handed from one to another till they got into general circulation, for the amusement of the passengers, &c. An India voyage has been so often journalised and described in all its uninteresting unvariableness, save of tempest or calm, that we hope some of the pieces intrusted to Gregory's criticism will be as welcome at least as a repetition of Neptune's shaving call at the line, the catching of a shark, or the shooting of an albatross. The first piece was by Cadet Rhimer, a young Scotchman, and entitled

THE STICKET WRITER.

Let pass the time when I was very young;
Let sixteen therefore be the starting post;
And, of the years that I have left unsung,
The reader nothing marvellous has lost.
Suppose me just escaped from form at school,
And now exalted on a notary's stool.

Our clerk, M'Scribble, was a clever chap—
The milk of human nature, cream of fun.
He on my youthful back laid kindly clasp,
And bade me welcome, and his wit begun—
'I wont put oversoon on you the bridle';
And so allow'd me to be very idle.

This canny clerk was very fond of cheating
Dull inky hours of their vile irksomeness;
So always kept a process of good eating,
And drinking too, within his desk's recess;
And when the plate was clear'd, and bottles dry,
'Twas mine to go and fetch a fresh supply.

I was excused all drudgery of the quill;
I lounged upon the desk to hear the joke
Of queer M'Scribble, who, amid his toil
Oft pausing, look'd across, and grinning spoke—
'This lawsuit's rather tough, if we would carry it,
You must supply us well with commissariat.'

When not required as butler or as cook,
Or when the clerk was call'd to justice-halls,
He told me, if I liked, that I might look
Into the law-books ranged along the walls;
I tried a quarto of confounded kittle tone:
Cook to the clerk was joke to 'Cook on Lyttelton.'

The very little that I learn'd of law
Confirm'd old X-top's monkey-oyster-story:
The best of things go to feed the lawyer's maw,
And its uncertainty is all its glory;
Therefore, of all the books on law inscrutable,
'Dirleton's Doubts' appear'd to me most suitable.

It so fell out, that on the fire one day,
To coddle apples was my pleasing task;
We heard the master coming; in dismay
M'Scribble seiz'd the pan, and in his desk
Secured the saviour treat; and, with the bright
Manœuvre pleased, he furiously did write.

The master enter'd, what was his amazement
When from the desk the smoke began ascending
Like steam from engine: all in vain my lays
To paint that master's look, when he set eyes on
The cloud-enveloped clerk; and in his roar
Exclaim'd, 'M'Scribble! why, your desk's on fire!

What mean these out of place, vile, kitchen vapours?
Do you intend to burn my office down?
Are you aware what valuable papers
We have of clients, and, besides, the town?
Open your desk!' he cried, with gestures wild.
'A pan of apples! Oh, you mighty child!

I only once did service. Cold the wind;
The snow was falling. On my master's mare
I was sent forth, a mairland farm to find,
And to arrest the stock, and nothing spare:
The farmer was from home, but his kind dame
Made me and mare feel very much at home.

She placed her youngest bairn upon my knees.
Oh, how with inward anguish I did groan!
The child sat heavy on my soul, while she,
With gown tuck'd up, began to bake a sconce:
And blithe the barley-bannock she did knead
For him who came to take her bairnies' bread.

She spread before me all the best she had—
Her cheese, her cakes, her butter, eggs, and cream;
But never banquet was to me so sad:
Ah, little did she of my errand dream!
And when at last I did my tale disclose,
She sunk in sorrow, I in shame arose.

But to return to office. I grew strong,
But all my liking to the law grew weak;
And now I gave my feelings vent in song,
Which of the office did Parnassus make:
Castalian dews on law's infatigable falling,
Gave quite a freshness to the fusty calling.

The clerk, enraptured, heard my 'prentice lays,
Swore by the sheriff's wig they were sublime,
Around my temples bound the foolscap-bays,
And cheer'd me on to run the race of rhyme;
To my appointment in the commissariat
He added now the gift of office-laureate.

But now my arduous grew to such a pitch,
That law's confine I could no longer brook;
Down went the pen, I seized my stylish switch;
Of sad M'Scribble long farewell I took;
A brave cadetship did my wish accord;
The penknife blazed a brand—and I'm on board.

Gregory smiled approval on Rhimer's rhymes, and said he hoped he would succeed better in the field than he had done in the cabinet. From the cadets the rhyming fit spread to the senior passengers, and Major Campaign, who was returning to India, soon after presented Gregory with an effusion in the same stanza, entitled the 'Cadetship,' with which we shall at least vary the tediousness of the voyage:—

Get a cadetship, and your son's provided,
He's off your hands, he's handed to Hindoos;
And soon from you, by the wide world divided,
He'll scarce recross the globe to cross your views.
And of returning should he send you message,
Be quite composed—he cannot pay his passage.

Perhaps he has no wish for banishment
From every object that is dear on earth;
Perhaps a battle's not his element,
And he would rather have some peaceful berth;
His pension will repay him; as for fighting,
Why, he must learn to be therein delighting.

He's there—and tries himself to reconcile
To all the mis'dies of musquitos-shore—
Black men, black does, and the blacker bile,
And heaves the useless sigh for home no more;
But learns at length to give, with conscious pride,
A side-long glance to sabre at his side.

For me, I sail'd with spirits bright as whisky;
The ship was dancing, I was dancing too;
Till in the teeth we met a gale of Biscay,
Which gave me pause. In fancy home I flew,
Taking advantage of the adverse wind,
To think of all the joys I left behind.

A beautiful woman is a splendid shrine!
The altar-fire is blazing in her eyes;
And my slain, bleeding heart, in youth 'twas thine
To furnish there the gift for sacrifice:
Nor were the incense-sighs by me neglected;
Nor was my suit by lovely Clair rejected.

Dividing down her wistful, gipsy-face,
Her raven tresses wander'd to her waist,
And gave a something of mysterious grace
To form that fancy has for fairy traced:
My heart, bewilder'd, whisper'd, 'Can it be
That such unfolding charms unfold for me!

Her dark eyes with a fascination blazed,
Fatal as that which doth the bird beguile,
I trembled while I gazed, but still I gazed,
Though to my heart's destruction all the while:
And thus the reader will not be surprised
How I with love was fairly mesmerised!

Then came clair-voyance, in glory dight,
With eastern temples, palms, and azure skies—
And there with Clair I wander'd in delight,
Where all alone we lived on love and sighs:
Onwards we moved to Hymen's shrine in view,
But still, as we advanced, the saffron-flame with'drew.

I learn'd my drilling from her varying glance
(She was a martinet at the command),
A look relenting said, 'You may advance.'
As I advanced, a scornful look said 'Stand.'
And then, restless in her brightest charms,
Her look of triumph signal'd, 'Ground your arms.'

She knew she reign'd despotic o'er my soul,
And who could quarrel with such usurpation?
Or who would wish to break from such control?
What slave of hers would ask emancipation?
As for myself, it was enough to see
That my slaveholder did not wish me free.

I never can forget the happy day—
I see the very spot before me now—
When she and I, amid our teasing play,
The old domestic fondly mark'd, and how
She prophesying thought how it would end,
Call'd us before her, and bade us attend;

And, as we laughing stood, she gravely said,
'I know you will be bound in marriage bands,
And then Clair pouted, still she blushing stay'd,
And then the priestess said, 'Now join your hands.'
And so our hands were join'd. Even now my brain
With rapture reels, but Heaven said not amen.

But I will glory in that virgin-vow—
Sweet vow of innocence, without alloy—
Oh, nought can rob me of its charm below:
Dazzling my dawn, and now my evening's joy.
Oh, pure platonic union, soul to soul,
Ethereal all, and safe from fate's control!
Such are the nuptials for impassion'd hearts,
To love, unite, then part for evermore—
To wear through life the charm that ne'er departs;
The disenchantment never to deplore.
And if life be (as some attempt to prove)
A dream, oh, let it be a dream of love!

The only other effusion we shall select from Gregory's portfolio is one entitled 'A Battle,' by Captain Captor:

'Ml Indian languor, loud war's trumpet bray'd,
The foe is in the field for fearful fun;
How glorious shines a 'banner'd host' array'd,
And how sublimely peals the op'ning-gun;
And how ecstatic the succeeding rattle,
When bursts the war-cloud in the gen'ral battle!

A moment's pause to death-devoting shower;
Murder, impatient of the partial slaughter,
Concentrates all her vengeance to devour,
And spill on earth the blood of man like water.
Now peals the fellest shout earth sends to heaven,
Charge! cry, by carnage to the eagles given!

On moves the tempest, calm and slow at first,
Quick, and more quick, the beat of hearts and pace,
The wind is up, the hurricane has burst,
With loud huzzas they rush to death's embrace;
Glory, the hero's dear betrothed bride,
Receives her true-love to her crimson bed.

How strange must be the sudden hush of death
To warrior shouting in the battle roar!
This moment vaulting high, the next his wraith
In silence standing on the eternal shore!
What pen can paint the contrast of condition,
Or even fancy trace such strange transition!

I saw the gallant sepoy's round me fall:
I saw my col'nel's brave white steed fly past,
Its far-fore-leg a shatt'ring cannon-ball
Left dangling, like a torn branch in a blast.
What moved me most was a boy-drummer dead,
And his mute drum all useless by his side.

I felt a sickness sink into my soul,
When, with his smile in death, I saw him gone,
I'd pass'd him just before, his cheering roll
He laughing peal'd. 'Well done,' said I, 'beat on!'
And now war's little minstrel, young and fair,
Lay, like a torn-up flower, to wither there.

Oh, yes, a battle is a glorious thing!
But when 'tis o'er, the wounded, dead, and dying
Still give the lie to all that poets sing
Exulting—better had their muse been crying.
Amid the fight, when I a thought could spare,
I thought, in wonder's name what brought me there!

During the voyage there had been a great many national disputes among the ardent young expatriated patriots, especially between the Irish and Scotch cadets, which had all been amicably adjusted, chiefly through Gregory's decisions in the upper court; but towards the close of it, there arose one which threatened the most serious consequences. The parties were Roderick M'Fuss and Patrick O'Leary, and the point in dispute was the comparative size of Loch Lomond and the Lake of Killarney. 'Why, man,' said Rory, 'Loch Lomond is as big as any county in Scotland.'

'But,' replied Pat, 'the Lake of Killarney, honey, is bigger than all Ireland.'

'There's one thing bigger still,' quoth Rory, 'and that is the big lee you have just told.'

'And what's biggest of all,' replied Pat, 'is the big blackguard that could make such a spache.'

'We shall see which of us has the biggest bullet-hole in his flank to-morrow morning,' said Rory, in a rage. Shall the blood of M'Fuss submit to such an insult? rather let it perish.'

'Och,' said Pat, 'I'm your man for a fight; and as for pistols, I can snuff out a candle in the dark!'

'Snuff out your nonsense!' roared Rory; 'meet me on the poop at a quarter before four to-morrow morning; and, rising, left the cabin, hailed by Pat as he was retreating. 'Och, never fear me for that; it will be all in the way of preparing for active service on shore, honey.'

It was soon whispered through the ship that a duel was to be fought just before the changing of the morning watch, between Rory and Pat; and the captain took measures for preventing the unnecessary effusion of blood, and at the same time stamping with contempt the foul practice, and accordingly everything was arranged during the first watch. Four sailors were concealed in the mizen-top with buckets of bilge water; and the mate on watch at the quarterdeck was instructed to offer no obstruction to the young knights-errant. The captain privately invited all the lady and gentleman passengers for once to leave their hammocks at a very unusual hour; and, accordingly, between three and four they had all taken their places on the platform of the fore-castle, as anxious spectators of the scene that was to take place on the poop. In the centre of the group stood the captain with his enormous speaking-trumpet reversed, its funnel resting on the deck; on his hands, clasped across its mouth, rested his chin; while, with a roguish light in his eye, he kept a sharp look-out on the stern of the ship. Exactly at a quarter before four, when everything was awfully still on deck, save the dash of the vessel's prow and the steersman's solemn 'Steady,' the young heroes, accompanied by their seconds, Jerry Jenkins and Hob Bluster, issued from the lower regions, and passing over the quarter-deck, each taking a separate ladder, ascended the poop, or what, on the present occasion, might have been termed the scaffold, while the quarter-master at the wheel, entering slyly and dryly into the joke, gave out, with more than usual emphasis, his 'Steady, boys, steady!' as the duellists passed by. The youthful antagonists were not a little surprised when, instead of a deserted ship, as is usual at such an hour, they saw the fore-castle crowded with company. But its appearance, especially the presence of the ladies, only rekindled the fire which a few hours' sleep and reconsideration of the ridiculous cause of the quarrel had damped; but now all was forgot in the chivalric feeling of distinguishing themselves before the fair, who had always treated them so disdainfully. They immediately took up their posts with elevated bearing; their hats adjusted stylishly on their heads, and their left hands stuck resolutely in their sides, while from the other depended the fearful pistol. At this moment the captain, raising the tremendous trumpet to a level with the poop, made ship and sea resound with 'Mizen-top there!'

'Ay, ay, sir!'

'Wash decks!' and down came such a deluge of bilge water on the heads of the principals and seconds, as reduced them all in a moment to the most dismal-looking scarecrows that ever graced a potato-field. As soon as the wobegone combatants recovered their senses, they hurried off below deck to get themselves purified. When the company assembled for breakfast, the captain addressed the offenders as follows:—'Young gentlemen, in future be pleased to reserve your fire for the Hindoos, and not waste it on my hepcoops. I have no wish to be overhauled when I get on shore for permitting my ship to be stained with the blood of beardless boys. Take my advice, and let your lakes and lochs take care of themselves; and now shake hands and take your breakfast, and be thankful you are both alive to eat it. and let us hear no more of this morning's nonsense.'

'Indeed and you're very right, captain,' said Pat; 'and Loch Lomond may be twice as big as Killarney for anything I know, for I never saw either one or t'other. I can never forgive myself for being so foolish as to say a thing that's impossible, and that's that a gentleman's a blackguard.'

'A very sensible explanation,' said Rory; 'and I am quite satisfied, and very sorry I made use of the word 'lee.'

'So hands were shaken,
And breakfast taken,'

while the company, and especially the ladies, said a duel was the most interesting sight they had ever seen or expected to see.

HOME INFLUENCE.*

THE legitimate aim of fiction, from the days of *Æsop*, has been to inculcate something, either of a social or political character; and when it has been diverted from this purpose and rendered the vehicle of mere amusement, it has ceased to do its duty. The most successful writers of general fiction are those who are best cognisant of particular truths, and who possess the regulative and constructive genius necessary to render these truths consistent when they are combined into a tale; but if even the most brilliantly constructed fictions want the warming and quickening influences of high moral tendency, they are but secondary in their character, and may be reckoned mere ministers of abstract amusement. If we cannot award to Miss Aguilar's tale the character of a highly-finished and symmetrical fiction, we can heartily give it our warmest commendations as beautiful in purpose. If it does not possess the architectural nicety in its construction of the ornate Corinthian column, it has all the attributes in its essence of the Parian marble. The work is an educational manual for mothers, as well as a pleasing and instructive one to daughters. The subject, 'Home Influence,' is one of vital importance and interest, and we think that Miss Aguilar has treated it admirably considering her means. There is nothing like a plot in the book, and, what is creditable to the good sense of the authoress, there is no attempt at mystery. We have an embodiment of high principle and virtue in Emmeline, the elder and less showy daughter of Lord Delmont, and an illustration of heartless, giddy, conventional hypocrisy in the spoiled beauty Eleanor. The former becomes the wife of a high-souled man, who esteems his principles his highest rank; the latter, after causing the suicide of one lover, sets off to India with a thoughtless but rather amiable husband, Captain Fortescue. Mrs Hamilton, through her firmness and loving-kindness, renders her hearth an altar of the purest and most disinterested affection; while Mrs Fortescue, whose husband is slain, and who herself dies while hastening to her sister, leaves a son and daughter, the one rendered selfish by indulgence, and the other crushed and subdued by physical suffering and maternal neglect, yet sublimated and devoted in her nature from her love to her brother. Miss Aguilar avails herself of all the machinery of contrast to illustrate her subject, and we think ably. She has studied children very successfully, and her ideas of home-training and education are very judicious. In reference to the compulsory training of a child in a pursuit to which it is not constitutionally adapted, the authoress has the following remarks:—

'Does not your younger daughter play?' inquired a lady, who had been much attracted with Emmeline.

'Very little, compared with her sister,' replied Mrs Hamilton; 'she is not nearly so fond of it, and therefore does not devote so much time to its acquirement just yet.'

'Do you think it right to permit children to follow their own inclinations with regard to their education?' asked another rather stern-looking lady, with much surprise.

'Only with regard to their accomplishments; my Emmeline is as fond of drawing as Caroline is of music, and therefore I indulge her by permitting her to give more time to the one than to the other.'

'But do you think natural taste can be traced so early? that it can be distinguished from idleness or perverseness?'

'Indeed, I do,' replied Mrs Hamilton, earnestly. 'If a child be allowed leisure to choose its own pursuits, and not always confined to the routine of a schoolroom, natural taste for some employment in preference to another will I think always display itself. Not that I would depend entirely on that, because I think it right and useful to cultivate a taste for all the fine arts, only giving more time to that which is the favourite. My niece has shown no decided taste for any particular pursuit yet; but I do not

neglect the cultivation of accomplishment on that account; if in a few years a preference manifests itself, it will be quite time enough to work hard at that particular branch.'

Ellen Fortescue, the little heroine of this tale, pledges her word to her dying mother that she will do all she can to shield Edward, her brother, from the supposed anger of the good Mr Hamilton, their future protector, and the whole interest of the simple story revolves round the child's faithfulness to what she considers an inviolable promise. There are some very touching and instructive episodes, however, and the characters of Mrs Hamilton's children are drawn with considerable ability. The unintentional publication of Percy Hamilton's lampoon upon the personal appearance of the good yet sensitive young clergyman, Morton, and its consequences, are very prettily developed. Percy manfully avows the authorship of the satire, and offers his heart's contrition, and Morton is so struck with his ingenuousness, that he is prevailed upon to become a friend of the Hamilton family, and voluntarily accompanies Mr Hamilton to the Feroe Isles, to perform some onerous duties. We extract the following little scene, which occurs on the receipt of a letter from Mr Hamilton to his family, in which he refers to his friend Morton. This letter is the occasion of drawing out the following tribute to a mother's influence:—

'I may thank our Percy for this excellent friend,' he wrote. 'He tells me his brave and honest avowal of those verses, which had given him so much pain, attracted him more towards me and mine, than even my own efforts to obtain his friendship. Percy little thought, when he so conquered himself, the help he would give his father—so little do we know to what hidden good the straightforward honest performance of a duty, however painful, may lead.'

'My father should thank you, mother, not me,' was Percy's rejoinder, with a flushed cheek and eye sparkling with animation, as his mother read the passage to him.

'No such thing, Percy; I will not have you give me all the merit of your good deeds. I did but try to guide you, my boy; neither the disposition to receive, nor the fruit springing from the seeds I planted, is from me.'

'They are, mother, more than you are in the least aware of,' replied he, with even more than his usual impetuosity, for they happened to be quite alone; 'I thought I knew all your worth before I went to Oxford, but I have mingled with the world now; I have been a silent listener and observer of such sentiments, such actions as I know would naturally have been mine, and though in themselves perhaps of little moment, saw they led to irregularity, laxity of principle and conduct, which now I cannot feel as other than actual guilt; and what saved me from the same? The principle which from my infancy you taught. I have questioned, led on in conversation, these young men to speak of their boyhood and their homes, and there were none guided, loved as I was; none whose parents had so blended firmness with indulgence, as, while my wild free spirits were unchecked, prevented the ascendancy of evil. I could not do as they did. Mother, love you more perhaps I cannot, but every time I join the world, fresh from this home sanctuary, I must bless and venerate you more! To walk through this world with any degree of security man must have principle based on the highest source; and that principle can only be instilled by the constant example of a mother and the associations of a home.' Mrs Hamilton could not answer, but—a very unusual sign of weakness with her—tears of the most intense happiness poured down on the cheek of her son, as in his impetuosity he knelt before her, and ended his very unusual grave appeal, by the same loving caresses he was wont to lavish on her in his infancy and boyhood.

An early impression, foolishly or thoughtlessly inculcated, and innocently imbibed, is the cause of much suffering to Ellen Fortescue. To shield her brother from the consequences of actual delinquencies, she condescends to perform little actions which are really almost criminal in themselves, yet are hardly reprehensible in consideration of the motive. After discoveries and explanations take place, and another evidence is added to the inutilty of punishing

* Home Influence; a Tale for Mothers and Daughters. By GRACE AGUILAR. London: R. Groombridge & Sons.

upon a mere circumstantial basis, the authoress indulges in the following apposite remarks:—

'The tale, as Ellen told it, was brief and simple enough, and that there was any merit in such a system of self-devotion never seemed to enter her mind for a moment; but to Mrs Hamilton it revealed such an amount of suffering and trial, such a quiet, systematic, heroic endurance, that she unconsciously drew that young delicate being closer and closer to her, as if her love should protect her in future from any such trial; and from what had it all sprung? the misery of years, at a period when life should be so joyous and so free, that care and sorrow see it as too purely and too briefly happy to approach? From a few thoughtless words from a thoughtless partial mother, whose neglect and dislike had pronounced that disposition cold, unloving, and inanimate, whose nature was so fervid, so imaginative, that the utmost care should have been taken to prevent the entrance of a single thought or feeling too precocious, too solemn for her years. It may be urged, and with truth, that to an ordinary child the promise might have been forgotten, or heedlessly laid aside, without any harm accruing from it, but it was from not caring to know the real character of the little being, for whose happiness and virtue she was responsible, that the whole mischief sprang; and it is this neglect of maternal duty, against which we would so earnestly warn those who may not have thought about it. It is *not enough* to educate the mind, to provide bodily necessities, to be indulgent in the gift of pleasure and amusement, the *heart* must be won and taught; and to do so with any hope of success, the character must be transparent as the day: and what difficulty, what hindrance, can there or ought there to be in obtaining this important knowledge to a mother, from whose breast the babe has received its nourishment, from whose arms it has gradually slipped away to feel its own independence, from whose lips it has received its first lessons, at whose knee lisped its first prayer? How comparatively trifling the care, how easy the task to learn the opening disposition and natural character, so as to guide with gentleness and love, and create happiness, not for childhood alone, though that is much, but for youth and maturity!'

We can heartily recommend this work, as both a useful and instructive one, to the class to whom it is addressed. It is such as a woman of cultivated mind and benevolent warm sentiments would write, and may safely and with advantage be placed in the hands of susceptible and intelligent youths.

A GOSSIP ABOUT 'LUCK IN FAMILIES.'

SECOND PAPER.

It is a singular thing that scarcely any of our leading families in the peerage represent, in the direct male line, the houses from which they derive their names and dignities. For example, as regards designation, the Duke of Hamilton may be called a Hamilton, but he is properly a Douglas, by that general rule which draws the denomination of the child from the male parentage. The eldest son of a past Marquis of Douglas, by a second marriage, was wedded to the heiress of the great house of Hamilton. That marquise of Douglas was changed to a dukedom, in favour of the last male descendant in the line of the first marriage. At his death without heirs of his body, the famous Douglas cause came before the courts of Scotland, the Duke of Hamilton claiming not only the title of Marquis of Douglas, as direct and first male descendant of the ancient holders of that dignity, but also asserting a right to more or less of the estates of the Douglas house, on the plea that the sister of the last duke (Lady Jane Stewart) was bringing forward a supposititious child of hers to acquire the said property. This great cause long agitated the Scottish courts, and was at length finally settled by appeal to the House of Lords, when the Duke of Hamilton lost the estates, though his right to the marquise of the house of Douglas, now borne as a secondary title by the eldest son, was fully acknowledged. So that the true male heir of the

long illustrious house of Hamilton is the Marquis of Abercorn, sprung from a younger son of the family about Queen Mary's time. But the Dukes of Hamilton have indeed memorable blood in their veins; they have that of the regal Stuarts as well as of the Hamiltons and Douglasses, the head of the house in Mary's time having been declared next heir to the throne, failing her issue. So that, when the present Marquis of Douglas, inheritor of the conjunct Scottish, English, and French dukedoms of Hamilton, Brandon, and Châtellerauld, gave his hand to a poor German princess, it may be questioned on which side the honour lay, and by whom conferred in the case. As the undoubted lineal heir of one thus described by Shakspeare—

'Of the renowned Douglas, whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Held from all soldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ,'

the eldest son of the house of Hamilton, though he owned no other lineage, might well claim to stand on an equality with a princess of one of the small German regalities.

We cannot do better in our heraldic gossiping than turn to the next oldest ducal house of Scotland—that of Buccleuch. 'Luck in families' has done much for this one—the succession to the additional dukedom of Queensberry, and the vast attendant estates, being a stroke of fortune which a marriage in 1720 could scarcely have been expected to cause in 1810. However, it really did do so, the union of Lady Jane Douglas with the heir of Buccleuch leaving the fruits thereof ultimate heirs to the principal titles and estates of the house of Queensberry. But, though Sir Walter Scott loved to call the dukes of Buccleuch the chiefs of his clan, they really are not Scotts but Stuarts—the noted Duke of Monmouth, natural son of Charles II. by Lucy Waters, having been married to the heiress of the house. From him springs directly the present line. It is odd enough, that the old border Scotts, a race so valiant and powerful, are understood to be represented in the direct male line by the Napiers, a family far famed at this hour for warlike daring. Sir William Scott of Thirlestane wedded the Baroness Napier in her own right, and from him, who took her family designation, descend our fighting heroes of the latter name, the Sir Charles of the sea, and the Sir Charles of Scinde, as well as the famous historian of the Peninsular war, General W. F. P. Napier. Thus the border Scotts do keep up their old repute for valiancy, and that in no common degree. Our reasons for believing the Scotts of Thirlestane (now Napiers) to be the true *male* heirs of the house are so far confirmed by the testimony of Lockhart, in his life of his great father-in-law. All the older branches have been broken by female succession, it is believed. But, be this as it may, the eminent Napiers of this day are, at all events, indubitably Scotts, and share the family blood of him who, of late days, made the name more eminent than it ever was or will be rendered, even by such deeds of heroism as he loved to honour and perpetuate in song.

The Buccleuch house obtained another splendid windfall by a marriage with the family of Montagu, which, on the failure of its male line, brought a new barony and large estates to a second son of the house of Buccleuch, the late Lord Montagu. This made well up for a loss of a part of the Queensberry estates. Curious enough was the way in which these last were split up. The Buccleuchs got the lion's share in the magnificent Drumlanrig property and palace, but could not prevent the heir-male from obtaining the marquise of Queensberry with a pendicle of the estates into the bargain; another portion, and a fine one, comprising a large division of Peeblesshire, went to the Earl of Wemyss, with the title of Earl of March. All this dismemberment arose from the legal distinction betwixt heirs of line, heirs male, and heirs of entail. The Duke of Queensberry, first of that title, and the most eminent of his race, had little thought when he left one of his sons heir to a ducal dignity, and procured earldoms to two if not three others, that almost all of his vast wealth would go to the heirs of other names. It was by a union with the sister

of the first Earl of March, some century ago, that the Lord Wemyss of the day transmitted so handsome a provision to his descendants as one-fourth of the lands of Tweeddale. Sufficiently odd it is, again, that that family greatly needed such a boon from sources of an incidental kind. The share taken by Lord Elcho, the heir of the Wemyss honours, in the rebellion of 1745, led to the alienation of the true and ancient family estates in Fifeshire in favour of a younger branch; and the elder scion would have been almost landless, but for his inheritance of the property of his grandsire, the too famous or rather notorious Colonel Charteris. This provision was large, yet the earldom would not have been a wealthy one, but for the singular good fortune which sent in the way of its heirs a liberal portion of the divided Queensberry domains.

Let us pursue our notice of the Scottish dukedoms. Here, again, we find something striking in the way of our heraldic tittle-tattle. The third Scottish dukedom is that of Lennox, conjoined with the English title of Richmond; and is held by the descendants of a natural son of Charles II., to which monarch the title reverted on the failure of issue from the sixth Duke of Lennox and fourth of Richmond—the titles being princely ones belonging to the Stuarts of Darnley. The 'merry' monarch was liberal, it is well known, in giving honours and estates to the offspring of his merriness, and the Lennox family, as they finally called themselves, shared largely in the distribution of both gifts. To please Charles, and add to the obligation conferred by an annuity of French gold, Louis XIV. made the mistress of the English king Duchess of Aubigny in the Gallic realm; and thus the present heads of the house hold the triple titles of Lennox, Richmond, and Aubigny, in Scotland, England, and France. But still the conjoined dukedoms had become rather poor, until a certain Colonel Lennox married an elder daughter of the Gordons, and so, by a singular turn of fortune, the Lennoxes ultimately have obtained nearly the whole of the vast estates of the famous 'Cocks of the North,' the Dukes of Gordon. Here was, indeed, a lift in the world! It is some consolation to those who love the old names of Scottish story, that the marquise of Huntley fell to the heir-male, the Earl of Aboyne; but, alas! he, too, is not a Gordon strictly, a female succession in the fifteenth century having turned the Gordon chiefs into Seatons!

The house of Argyll, fifth on the ducal roll in Scotland, is one apparently of unbroken descent in the male line, from sire to son, for a great number of centuries. We are fond enough of our old historic names to wish that such may long be the case; and there is a prophecy among the Western Highlanders, which, though we do not put very much faith in such things, may, we hope, be fulfilled. The family was to decline, it was said, till a new duke with red hair succeeded in the line of the great duke John. The present Lord Lorne presents this characteristic very strikingly, beyond all doubt; and, to speak more seriously, he has also already evidenced the possession of somewhat superior talents. Let us leave to the future, however, the discovery whether the second-sighted men of the west are right or wrong in their prognostications.

Two other ducal families of Scotland are unblemished as regards direct male descent, namely, the Athol and Montrose houses. But what to call the Dukes of Roxburgh would puzzle all kings-at-arms. They were first Norman Cars, then Scottish Kers, then Drummonds, then Bellendens, and latterly they bore the name of Innes; at least, an Innes now holds the title and estates of Roxburgh; and a capital throw of family luck it was for a poor northern baronet to pick up a dukedom and its rather valuable appanages in the year 1812, in consequence of the marriage of his great-grandfather with a younger daughter of the house of Roxburgh in the year 1666.

About our marquises of Scotland we have not much to say, having touched on the Queensberry case already; excepting that we may note as singular that a younger scion of that house, born before 1600, should leave a high succession to be enjoyed by his descendants of so late a day as our own time. There lies a moral in all these

things; it gives a lesson on their condition to poor men; but we shall leave that lesson to be developed by and by, and shall only observe, in the mean time, that these laws of entail, which at once defraud the younger branches of a family of their due share of patrimonial property, and set just creditors at defiance, will and must get a check some day soon. The general result of them is as here stated, though particular instances may be cited to the contrary, and though we ourselves have shown cases where it was fortunate to be a younger son: but even there the good fortune came but by entails, possibly to many very injurious.

COUNT LAVALLETTE.

The subject of the following brief sketch was one of those numerous children of fortune whom the French Revolution called into active being, and whose individual life is chiefly interesting on account of that escape which saved him from an ignominious death, and illustrated the heroic devotion which can dwell in the breast of a fragile woman.

M. Lavallette, who was the son of a respectable tradesman, was born in Paris in the year 1769. His father, who was himself well-educated, gave his son that best patrimony of honest poverty, a liberal education, intending him for one of the learned professions. Averse to the priesthood, Lavallette chose the profession of an attorney, and his father, satisfied with his choice, procured him the situation of clerk to a notary named Douemange. The dawn of the Revolution drew the youth from the obscurity of his situation into the bustle and stir of the political societies and the ranks of the national guard. Disgusted with the licentiousness of the mob, he forsook his former associates, and obtained employment from M. D'Ormesson, the king's librarian; from the teachings of this man and his sympathies for the distressed royal family, he became a devoted royalist, having joined the army and fought in the defence of the Tuileries against the mob. He afterwards entered the republican legion of the Alps, and served with distinction in the first German campaign. He rose to be adjutant of engineers, and was subsequently chosen aid-de-camp by General Baraguey D'Hilliers. He became attached to Bonaparte prior to the Italian campaign, was nominated aid-de-camp and captain by that general on the field of Arcola, and was otherwise distinguished. Napoleon paid him the questionable compliment of choosing him for his political agent and spy upon the Parisian factions during the existence of the directory, and he was so pleased with his zeal and activity that, on his return to the scene of war, he was deputed to hector and otherwise terrify the little republic of Genoa. Lavallette proceeded, sword in hand, to the senate house of the little republic, and, in the midst of the assembled senators, imperiously demanded satisfaction for some insult offered to France, and forced the Doge to abandon his relations with Britain.

After the peace of Campo Formio, Bonaparte proceeded to Paris, leaving Lavallette in Rastadt, from which place he was recalled, and married by the general to Mademoiselle Beauharnais, a niece of Josephine's first husband. Immediately after his marriage he was despatched to Egypt, where he was admitted to the intimacy of his patron, and followed him through the slaughters of his Egyptian campaign. He was subsequently deputed plenipotentiary to the court of Austria, to negotiate a peace, but General Moreau had preceded him, peace was concluded, and he returned to Paris. After the assumption of the consular office by Bonaparte, Lavallette was nominated commissioner-general of the post-office, which, at the establishment of the empire, was modified to the title of postmaster-general; at a later period, Napoleon named him count, counsellor of state, and grand officer of the Legion of Honour. Lavallette devoted himself with zeal to the duties of his office, and seemed to desire no higher elevation; for when Napoleon, on his return from Elba in 1815, offered him the ministry of the home department, he preferred the resumption of his post-office duties.

On the 18th July, 1815, on the restoration of the Bour-

bons, he was apprehended while at table with his friends, and placed in solitary confinement. On the 19th November he was arraigned before a jury, accused of having been implicated in that conspiracy of the 10th March which was crushed on the bloody plains of Waterloo, and, although he ably defended himself, his doom was sealed. He heard his sentence with great calmness; and, taking farewell of all those who had witnessed against him, returned to his gloomy cell.

The eve of the day of execution, the 24th of December, had arrived; and all hope of saving him had been abandoned, except by one heroic woman. Madame Lavallette's health had been seriously impaired by her previous sufferings; and, for several weeks preceding, in order to avoid the movement of her carriage, she had used a sedan-chair. About half-past three on the afternoon of the 23d, she arrived at the Conciergerie, seated as usual in this chair, and clothed in a furried riding coat of red merino, with a large black hat and feathers on her head. She was accompanied by her daughter, a young lady about twelve years of age, and an elderly woman, attached to M. Lavallette's service, of the name of Dutoit. The chair was ordered to wait for her at the gate of the Conciergerie. At five o'clock Jacques Eberle, one of the wicket-keepers of the Conciergerie, who had been specially appointed by the keeper of the prison to the guard and service of Lavallette, took his dinner to him, of which Madame and Mademoiselle Lavallette, and the widow Dutoit, partook. After dinner, which lasted an hour, Eberle served up coffee, and left Lavallette's apartment, with orders not to return till he was rung for. Towards seven o'clock the bell rang. Roquette, the jailer, was at that moment near the fire-place of the hall, with Eberle, to whom he immediately gave orders to go into Lavallette's chamber. Roquette heard Eberle open the door which led to that chamber, and immediately after he saw three persons, dressed in female attire, advance, who were followed by Eberle. The person whom he took to be Madame Lavallette was attired in a dress exactly the same as hers, in every particular, and, to all outward appearance, no one could have imagined but that they saw that lady herself passing before them. A white handkerchief covered the face of this person, who seemed to be sobbing heavily, while Mademoiselle Lavallette, who walked by the side, uttered the most lamentable cries. Every thing presented the spectacle of a family given up to the feelings of a last adieu. The keeper melted, and deceived by the disguise and scanty light of two lamps, had not the power, as he afterwards said, to take away the handkerchief which concealed the features of the principal individual in the group; and, instead of performing his duty, presented his hand to the person (as he had been used to do to Madame Lavallette), whom he conducted, along with the other two persons, to the last wicket. Eberle then stepped forward, and ran to call Madame Lavallette's chair. It came instantly; the feigned Madame Lavallette stepped into it, and was slowly carried forward, followed by Mademoiselle Lavallette and the widow Dutoit. When they had reached the Quay-des-Orfèvres they stopped; Lavallette came out of the chair, and in an instant disappeared. Soon after the keeper, Roquette, entered the chamber of Lavallette, where he saw no one, but heard some one stirring behind a screen which formed part of the furniture of the apartment. He concluded it was Lavallette, and withdrew without speaking. After a few minutes, he returned a second time and called; no one answered. He began to fear some mischief, advanced beyond the screen, and there saw Madame Lavallette. 'He is gone!' she tremulously ejaculated. 'Ah! madame,' exclaimed Roquette, 'you have deceived me.' He wished to run out to give the alarm, but Madame L. caught hold of him by the coat-sleeve. 'Stay, Monsieur Roquette, stay.'—'No, madame, this is not to be borne.' A struggle ensued, in which the coat was torn; but Roquette at last forced himself away, and gave the alarm. Lavallette, after having escaped from the Conciergerie, was still far from being out of danger. In order to baffle the vigilance of the police, it was necessary that his place of concealment should be such as not

to fall within their suspicion; and with this view the hotel of the Duc de Richelieu, then prime minister of France, was selected. Bold as this scheme was, it proved perfectly successful. The occupant of a part of this hotel was one M. Bresson, who held an office under government, and who had no particular sympathy with the friends of Napoleon. M. Bresson had been a member of the national convention, and for the part which he took in favour of Louis XVI. he was outlawed, and both he and his wife obliged to fly. For the kind treatment they received while under concealment, Madame Bresson made a vow, that if ever opportunity offered she would endeavour to show her gratitude for this preservation of herself and husband, by saving the life of some person in similar circumstances. One of Lavallette's friends knowing this, applied to her to receive the fugitive, to which both she and M. Bresson readily consented; and under the same roof with the prime minister, and in the very centre of those who were laying every scheme for his apprehension, did Lavallette remain for three weeks. But he had still to get out of Paris—out of France—and a more difficult achievement can hardly be conceived; for the moment his escape was discovered, nothing could exceed the activity with which he was sought after by the agents of government. Bills, describing his person with the greatest exactness, were quickly distributed all over France; and there was not a postmaster, postilion, or gendarme, on any of the roads, who had not one of them in his pocket. Lavallette sought the means of escape, not among those of his countrymen whom he knew to be attached to the cause for which he was persecuted, nor even among those whom affection or gratitude bound to his family, but among those strangers whose presence, as conquerors, on his native soil, he had so much cause to lament. He had heard that to a truly British heart the pleadings of humanity were never made in vain; and he was now to make the experiment, in his own person, of the truth of the eulogium. On the 2d or 3d of January, he sent a person with an unsigned letter to Mr Michael Bruce, a Scottish gentleman resident at Paris, in which, after extolling the goodness of his heart, the writer said, he was induced, by the confidence which he inspired, to disclose to him a great secret—that Lavallette was still in Paris; adding, that he (Bruce) alone could save him, and requesting him to send a letter to a certain place, stating whether he would embark in the generous design. Mr Bruce was touched with commiseration; he spoke on the subject to two other countrymen, Sir Robert Wilson and Captain Hutchinson; and the result was, that the whole three joined in a determination to afford the unfortunate fugitive every assistance in their power to complete his escape.

The friendly seal which Michael Bruce had manifested in the case of Ney, rendered him too great an object of suspicion in the eyes of the French court to move openly in facilitating Lavallette's escape, and consequently the active measures necessary to consummate that object devolved upon Sir Robert Wilson and Captain Hutchinson. It was decided that the fugitive should wear the regimentals of a British officer, and that Sir Robert Wilson himself in military costume should conduct him beyond the barriers of Paris in an English cabriolet. Fresh horses were to be ready at La Chapelle, from whence Lavallette and Sir Robert were to proceed to Compiegne, where a British officer named Ellister was to take Sir Robert's coach, which vehicle was to convey the fugitives to Mons by the way of Cambrai. Passports for a General Wallis and a Colonel Losack (Sir Robert Wilson's and Lavallette's assumed names) were obtained upon the former's solicitation and responsibility, and were duly signed by the minister of foreign affairs. This preliminary part of the business being happily settled, Mr Ellister proceeded to the police with Colonel Losack's passport, and asked for post-horses for Sir Robert Wilson's carriage; at the same time, to prevent suspicion, he hired a coach-house and apartments at a hotel, in Colonel Losack's name. The indefatigable Bruce had fortunately learned that the aid-de-camp of his cousin, General Brisbane, was to proceed on the 7th January, 1816, to Compiegne with the general's horses and baggage, and his assistance was

enlisted to procure a quiet retreat for a few hours in that town for a person whom it was necessary should not be known. Mr Bruce then took Lavallette's measure to a tailor in order to procure some clothes, and that person remarking that the gentleman was lusty and that the measure had not been taken by one of the craft, the garments were ordered to be folded up and sent after the quarter-master, who could not wait on them.

On Sunday evening the 7th January, Lavallette, at half-past nine precisely, proceeded to Captain Hutchinson's lodgings; he was dressed in blue regimentals, and otherwise well disguised. He appeared much affected when presented to the generous men who were risking their continuance in the army, and their liberty, for him who had been taught to consider their countrymen as his natural enemies. On Monday morning at half-past seven, Sir Robert Wilson was at the door of Captain Hutchinson's lodgings. He went up stairs to call the count, and in five minutes they were in the cabriolet together on their way to the Barriere de Clichy. An officer who met them seemed surprised at seeing a superior officer he did not know, but Sir Robert's servant eluded his inquiries, and the barriere was crossed at a slow pace, the gendarmes looking steadily at the two occupants of the carriage, while the act of saluting gave Lavallette an opportunity of concealing his features by bowing. The barriere being crossed, and the fugitive beyond the portals of Paris, his face was seen to gladden with a pleasure equal to the hazard of discovery.

At Chapelle they were alarmed at the sight of four gendarmes watching them; but Captain Hutchinson, who had ridden beside the cabriolet, dismissed them by informing them that they had come to look for quarters for a British division. These armed police were afterwards passed on the road, and the danger of discovery was imminent, for they possessed a description of the count's person. At Compiègne they were met by an orderly, and led to the quarters that had been provided by General Brisbane's aid-de-camp. At last, toward night, the carriage of Sir Robert Wilson was brought by Mr Ellister. It had been followed by suspicious gendarmes as far as Chapelle, and, there being now no time to lose, was supplied with fresh horses, and proceeded onwards. At the different post-houses there was a frequent questioning relative to the travellers, on which occasions the count kept back, and Sir Robert always took care to show as much of his own person as he could. Travelling at apparent leisure, yet in great anxiety, they arrived at Cambrai, where three hours were lost on account of the obstinacy of the British sentry, whom neither entreaties nor threats could prevail upon to call the gatekeeper to open the gates. In passing through Valenciennes they were three times examined, and their passports were carried to the captain of the gendarmerie. They escaped this scrutiny, however, and, after proceeding another five miles, passed the last French barrier, crossed the frontier, and were free. The generous Sir Robert accompanied the count to Mons, who thence proceeded to Bavaria, where he obtained friends and protection, the brave men who had consummated his escape returning to the French capital. Thus was Lavallette delivered from the bloodthirsty vengeance of a faction, who too meanly cringed to Bonaparte while his star was in the ascendant to be generous to his friends when his power was finally crushed; and thus was the heroic devotion of a high-souled woman not allowed to be wasted in an attempt which, but for the disinterested and noble generosity of these British officers, would not have availed to save her husband.

Madame Lavallette was subjected to the vicious malevolence of the French court faction, and was detained in prison, as if to give her husband's enemies an opportunity of tormenting her, by reporting the capture and fate of him for whom she had subjected herself to so much mental torture. She was liberated from the Conciergerie, but her mind never recovered the effects of the agony she had endured, and when her husband returned to France in 1822 she did not know him. Lavallette devoted his latter days to study and to the anxious care of his wife, and died in the bosom of his family at the age of sixty-one.

BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

How beautiful to the eye and the heart rise up, in a pastoral region, the silent green hills from the dissolving snow-wreaths that yet linger at their feet! A few warm sunny days and a few breezy and melting nights, have seemed to create the sweet season of spring out of winter's bleakest desolation. We can scarcely believe that such brightness of verdure could have been shrouded in the snow, blending itself, as it now does, so vividly, with the deep blue of heaven. With the revival of nature our own souls feel restored: happiness becomes milder, meeker, and richer in pensive thought; while sorrow catches a faint tinge of joy, and reposes itself on the quietness of earth's opening breast. Then is youth rejoicing, manhood sedate, and old age resigned. The child shakes his golden curls in his glee—he of riper life hails the coming year with temperate exultation—and the eye that has been touched with dimness, in the general spirit of delight forgets, or fears not, the shadows of the grave.

THE POETRY OF LIFE.

BY M. C. COOKE.

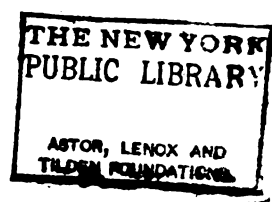
(Written for the Instructor.)

A humble home, a father's beaming eye,
A mother's love, a wild bird's merry song.
The very air we mortal creatures breathe,
Or earth on which we tread, do all contain
The poetry of life—the beautiful,
The true: not mellow cadences, or strains
Of mortal passions, rhymed to please the ear
Fantastic, or to gratify the tastes
Of fashionable prudes; but sober truth,
Wrought from the depths of nature and of life.
Not he who scans with careless eye—not he
Who only on the surface looks—can find
The precious ore; but delving deep, beneath
The loose frivolities of life, he finds
The treasure there. Thus are so many dead
To half the joys in which the loftier mind
Can revel with delight, while baser spirits
Find nought beautiful in life.

A RETROSPECT OF THE PAST.

When the inordinate hopes of early youth, which provoke their own disappointment, have been sobered down by longer experience and more extended views—when the keen contentions and eager rivalries which employed our riper age have expired, or been abandoned—when we have seen, year after year, the objects of our fiercest hostility and of our fondest affections lie down together in the hallowed peace of the grave—when ordinary pleasures and amusements begin to be insipid, and the gay derision which seasoned them to appear flat and importunate—when we reflect how often we have mourned and been comforted, what opposite opinions we have successively maintained and abandoned, to what inconsistent habits we have gradually been formed, and how frequently the objects of our pride have proved the sources of our shame—we are naturally led to recur to the careless days of our childhood, and from that distant starting place to retrace the whole of our career, and that of our cotemporaries, with feelings of far greater humility and indulgence than those by which it had actually been accompanied—to think all vain but affection and honour, the simplest and cheapest pleasures the truest and most precious, and generosity of sentiment the only mental superiority which ought either to be wished for or admired.—*Lord Jeffrey.*

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REV. RICHARD WINTER HAMILTON, D.D., L.L.D., LEEDS.

Late, literary men have made some reverent advances to religion, and so have the clergy to literature. The former have found that they can only deal with the externals and accidents of humanity, if they neglect its spiritual relations, history, and destiny, and that they confine themselves to a narrower and lower range of art than is occupied by the painter, whose brush, in its fine touches of expression, acknowledges a Christian creed; whilst the latter have felt that, by slighting literature, they have been unjust to the native form and organic development of truth in all its harmonies. The former have begun to recognise a *future* world; the latter to take a look at the *present*. Religion, as the element of life, is entering into literature, and the incorporation is necessary for both. We are bound, then, to hail, with peculiar satisfaction, the exchange and blending of functions which the professional followers of each are now occasionally exhibiting. The cultivators of the *belles lettres* will soon be entitled to receive D.D.'s, and evangelists to share literary honours.

The time has been when literature was denounced as a sinful recreation for a clergyman's indulgence; but now it is viewed not only as harmless, but as something nobler and more important than a mere recreation. When he addresses himself, either as a reader or writer, to any of the departments, he does not forfeit the respect paid to his proper office, and it would not be deemed profane or incongruous to class his successful attempt as an artist with his good works as a Christian pastor. Should he publish a poem, he is not asked, save by a few bigots, why it does not happen to be a paraphrase of Scripture. On a romance (different, however, from Jack Sheppard, &c.) appearing from a reverend, he remains unchallenged for it not being a theological treatise. The religious public, without compromising their Christianity, are becoming more liberal in their notions concerning the *form* and *type* in which truth may be presented; just as the literary public, without abandoning their principles of imagination and taste, are becoming convinced that Christianity, as the soul, may and should be in every embodiment of truth.

Several clergymen, without foregoing the approbation of the pious, have distinguished themselves in literature. A host of names could be cited, such as Blair, Grahame, Pollok, Milman, Croly, and Gilfillan of Dundee. Among these, Dr R. W. Hamilton of Leeds takes a high rank. Some of his works are specifically in the field of literature (see his '*Nugæ Literariæ*,' in which there is a genial essay on Shakespeare), and all his writings, both for the quality of their thought and the character of their illus-

trations and style, attest that he is a master in literature. His sermons would be infinitely more worthy of Sir Walter Scott's genius than the two which Scott produced. The English Congregationalists have good reason to be proud of one of their number, who combines varied excellencies of the first order, and who, as an accomplished scholar, a profound and original thinker throughout a wide range of subjects, an exquisite humourist, and an eloquent writer, has not his superior in any church. We know, on safe authority, that to the clergy of this respectable body, Dr Hamilton has been of singular service as an intellectual stimulator. From him they have imbibed a new love for the ancient and modern classics, and by his bright example they have been led, without neglecting the duties of their sacred calling, greatly to extend their studies, and to pursue these with strong ardour. He has done more to cultivate and liberalise the minds of his brethren than all the academies and periodicals of the denomination. What Hall and Foster were to the Baptists, Dr Hamilton has been to the Independents of England.

Nor must we omit to mention that he is a most illustrious pattern of *self-education*. We make no indecorous disclosure of private matters when we refer to some points of his history, which the doctor himself has once or twice frankly yet modestly stated in public. Born to the rank and circumstances of a gentleman, he, in his extreme youth, from conscientious motives, but in opposition to the wishes of his family, attached himself, for better for worse, to Dissenters, so that his training was not prosecuted amid the advantages of one of the renowned national universities. He became an alien to the educational privileges of Oxford or Cambridge. When a mere boy he was settled at Leeds. His acquirements could not but be other than limited and superficial, yet, in spite of all the temptations abruptly to terminate these, and to court the temporary power and fame of popular pulpit-oratory, he began patiently and zealously to lay the broadest foundations, and has since continued to rear the loftiest and richest structure of learning, both sacred and secular. How few, on prematurely finishing a course of study, and entering upon the activities of a public profession, would have had enough of persevering energy and self-denial still to be the laborious student, and that, moreover, on a larger scale! Who could have wondered if the boy-preacher had forthwith given up Latin and Greek, science and philosophy, altogether, and directed his aims towards gaining admiration from susceptible young ladies for his sentimental sermons, and from trifling men for his declamatory speeches? The hands of ordination laid upon his youthful head might have crushed every feeble project of a literary or scholastic kind, and have, in an inferior sense, separated him unto the gospel.

Fortunately, it was not so with Dr Hamilton. As if, naturally, he had been superior to every species of puerile ambition, and was only braced by that which was mature and manly, he devoted himself to all the means of intellectual improvement; and Leeds was a closet, in which, without interruption, he elaborated the materials of his present mental growth. He has made himself master of many languages, and imbued his mind with the spirit of their literature, whilst he has attended so carefully to philology, that Horne Tooke would have found in him a formidable opponent. His acquaintance with philosophy and theology is profound, and to the latter, especially, he has made many valuable contributions.

A general curiosity is felt concerning the personal appearance of a great man, and we can, in the present instance, satisfy our readers. Dr Hamilton's soul seems to have undergone transmigration out of its original body, for, really, the pair are not, by any means, well matched. From his mental characteristics—a romantic, ethereal, and impassioned imagination, which can endow whatever is spiritual with the most beautiful materialism of imagery—you would expect a corresponding contour and expression of face and figure. But, perhaps, some of our introductory remarks have conveyed the impression that his studious habits have wasted his beauty, wearied his flesh, and hardened into grim iron its delicate texture. Ah! no. He is in the superlative degree of corpulency, and would be a darling Adonis among the Chinese. His flesh is capacious enough to be 'heir' to all the ills of the world, except that of *sore bones*. It is to be hoped that, famous man though he be, some one is worthy to attend to his shoe-latches, as they are effectually hidden from his own care. When he waxes oratorical and stretches out his right hand in a straight line, it does not project in the least from his swelling breast. Yet, with all his fatness, there is the appearance of great buoyancy, and you can easily believe that his temperament is anything rather than lymphatic, and that the free movement and action of his intellect have no heavy drag upon them from his physical constitution. His materialism may, after all, just be a rigging of large sails for the voyages and expeditions of his spirit. His head, in proportion to his general bulk, is very small, and rests, like a thimble, upon his broad shoulders. The face has no peculiar air of genius, but his wearing spectacles may have prevented us from noticing it. Altogether, his appearance is more gross than spiritual. He does not look a *glutton*, though, for the sake of humorous representations, he affects to be an *epicure*. On one occasion he had been travelling by railway in company with a German, who kept detailing, with genuine gusto, the different courses of a dinner of which he had been privileged to partake. Dr Hamilton, with equal unctiousness in his manner, exclaimed, 'Oh, that *we*, too, had been there to say grace!' He is unrivalled for his humorous conversational descriptions of a feast. The Scotch 'haggis' receives as much justice from his prose as it did from the poetry of Robert Burns. His edition of 'Meg Dods' Cookery' would be rich and juicy with wit. Let it not for a moment be thought that the doctor is an epicure. He is only of the Barmecide genus, and values the dishes of luxury for the range of laughable description which they afford him. On this point his table-talk is not inferior to the humorous eloquence of Professor Wilson in the 'Noctes' of 'Blackwood.' The mock-importance of the subject is sustained by poetry, only too good to be thus wasted.

In truth, the doctor's conversational powers are admirable. Politics, literature, and black-letter lore are discussed with ease, fluency, and novelty. To entertain and enlighten any circle he has no lack of topics, ideas, or words, and nothing comes amiss from him, save a Greek quotation which the ladies fail to appreciate, but on which they avenge themselves by playing some piece of foreign music to puzzle the doctor. He is most enthusiastic in his love of music. To gratify this passion he had gone repeatedly, during one season, to an oratorio in Leeds. Some good but weak persons took offence, and called upon him to remonstrate upon these unbecoming courses of levity.

He heard them patiently, and replied by a couplet from Dr Watts—

'I have been there, and still again will go,
'Tis like a little heaven below.'

At times, however, his humour makes its escape in bold practical jokes, which require his great name to render them palatable to the parties concerned, and which smaller men had better not borrow or imitate. Once he had been requested by a congregation, whose property was under a heavy debt, to visit some of the large towns where he was known, and obtain subscriptions for their relief. He had seen no necessity in the case; but the proposal would not prove prejudicial to his health, and he complied. On calling at the houses of wealthy patrons of 'the Union,' and on stating his object, he was almost uniformly asked if the case was strictly a necessitous one, and he as uniformly replied, 'No; not at all; the people are quite able to help themselves.' Of course, the conversation changed, and, alas! the money was reserved for other charities. On his return, the doctor summoned a meeting of the congregation to receive his account. He first presented his bill of expenses, gravely remarking that it was rather long. The leading members smiled faintly for a time, but their faces brightened as they courageously asked him for the *per contra* statement. It came to nothing almost, and they looked in blank astonishment and grief, until the doctor, informing them of the question which had generally been put to him and the answer which he made, concluded by a rousing yet sober appeal to their own ability, and ere the meeting broke up the debt was completely liquidated. Few men could have ventured to read a congregation such a lesson by such a joke.

It is time to leave Dr Hamilton's presence in the social life which he graces, and to view him as he comes before the public.

As a preacher, he is far too original in his ideas and too elaborate in his style to be popular. The matter and texture of his sermons are too much removed from commonplace to be generally appreciated. Their theological merits will be felt by all who have been versed in the Shorter Catechism, but their literary qualities will escape the notice of all save hearers who belong to some of the liberal professions. His thinking, though singularly luminous, is exhibited in too concise a manner; and ideas follow each other in too quick a train to allow a general audience time to catch them. He does not prolong, repeat, or re-verbinate them. He gives no considerate help to those hearers who may indulge in a short nap. Many preachers are like the old stage-coaches, which could be mounted at any part of the road; you may take a little slumber, and, when you awake, you can easily lay hold of the connexion of ideas; but Dr Hamilton is like one of the swift railway trains, miss him here or there, and you cannot get at him again. Even his extempore efforts seem as if they had been most thoroughly premeditated. On the spur of the moment, he will throw off a finished production, as if to open his mouth were to unlock his desk. When he visited Scotland, about four years ago, as one of a deputation from the London Missionary Society, all his public appearances were remarkable failures, owing to the high standard of preaching which he observed. He had been grossly deceived by traditions and reports concerning Scotch knowledge, Scotch intellect, and Scotch everything; he had imagined that all his hearers, up from boys to old women, would be like learned doctors, and he did his best. A Scotch audience were to be the stern posterity which should decide upon his claims! We venture to predict that when he next comes to Edinburgh he will extemporise. He now knows that the physiognomy of our church-going population is not divine with intelligence, and that the high cheek-bones are not the posts of the door of wisdom. Dr Hamilton's manner as a speaker is decidedly against his success. There is an unfortunate pomposity about it—a tame bow-wow style—so that passages of rare eloquence sound very like bombast. His hard and sinewy strength is thus made to resemble inflation. His impassioned ideas, when coming out on his hollow voice through his large

lips, undergo a melancholy change, as if the sentiments of Hamlet were uttered by a puffy, short-winded gentleman. On the platform, however, his manner recommends his humour, and he rolls about like a balloon filled with the fine ethereal essence of endless jokes.

Dr Hamilton did not rush hastily to snatch the laurels of authorship. Though

'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print,
A book's a book, although there's nothing in it.'

Yet he had sense enough to forego the schoolboy delight of scribbling at random, that he might afterwards have the manly gratification of communicating something valuable to the world. He was long the student before he became the writer. Almost all of his works have been produced since his mind reached full maturity. We only know of one precocious publication of his—a sermon on the execution of some criminal. It had few of the merits, but had, in ludicrous exaggeration, all the vices and eccentricities of his present style; and such was its abundance in new and uncouth phraseology, that intelligent readers required, for almost every sentence, the help of a dictionary. The scaffold seemed to quell his genius, but to touch powerfully his organ of language. We have never heard of Dr Hamilton officiating again as laureate-preacher to the galleys. By and by a few more stray sermons appeared, amongst which was one of transcendent power, preached before the London Missionary Society. He is now the author of half-a-dozen goodly volumes, not to speak of many celebrated articles in literary journals.

As a writer, the doctor possesses the most varied gifts: a vigorous and highly cultivated intellect, comprehending every subject which it takes up, and reducing it most entirely and orderly to the purpose which it seeks; a powerful imagination which, like that of all true poets, gives a soul to matter and a body to spirit, and is, moreover, dramatic as well as descriptive; and a diction singularly rich and delicately expressive, though the sentences are far too fragmentary and aphoristic. His powers are most harmoniously displayed, and there is always a strong and sufficient substratum of intellect to the most daring moods of his imagination. We miss, however, the faculty of *speculation*, which he either wants or has put in his 'napkin.' He states many new truths, and points to some new principles, but these are invariably adjusted to an old, and not to a new, theory. There is more of originality in his separate views than we find in Isaac Taylor's books; but then, Taylor would have given them all a novel unity which Dr Hamilton never seems to have recognised.

On a perusal of his writings, both sermons and essays, we have been struck with the fine vein of chivalrous and idealising sentiment respecting the fair sex which runs through them. This, indeed, we have noticed to be a marked characteristic of all preachers of genius. We find it in Jeremy Taylor, in Robert Hall, in Edward Irving, in Dr Chalmers, and in Dr Hamilton. We do *not* find it in Paley, Horsley, nor in Whately. Wherever we see it, we hail it with pleasure, for it is the mingled current of Christianity and genius, and, therefore, most graceful and honourable in a minister. Let it not be imagined that we are referring to and eulogising that *amorous unction* which taints with earthy spots the discourses of some preachers. No; these last discourses contemplate, and that somewhat too closely and warmly, woman *real*; but the other discourses, written by men of genius, make allusions almost unconsciously to the *ideal* qualities of woman. Samuel Rutherford is the model of the former, St Paul that of the latter.

Dr Hamilton has published two large volumes of sermons, which, in respect of theological and literary merits, will bear a comparison with any produced in this age. The substance is massive and consistent strength of doctrine, efflorescing most spontaneously and beautifully into poetry. Each discourse, did space permit, would demand particular criticism and emphatic praise. The cardinal truths of Christianity are luminously and systematically unfolded, vindicated, and applied. Wide as his course is, there is not a point which hides the Saviour—not an emi-

nence which towers above Calvary. We have heard much about the pictures of Christ which Rousseau and Goethe have unwittingly drawn; but these are far more than surpassed by the representation which Dr Hamilton has made; and no writer, be he divine, philosopher, or poet, has expatiated so tenderly and sublimely upon the person and character of Jesus. We were much struck with a remark of his about the implicit obedience which Christ, when on earth, received from the *bodies* of men, even when their *souls* resisted him. It was to the effect, that the spiritually blind refused to see, but the physically blind opened their eyes when He but spoke the word. Those who were infected with moral leprosy would not be cleansed, but the natural leper threw off his foul crust at the will of Jesus. Now, this original observation should have been extended and generalised into a uniform fact, for inanimate nature knew her Lord under his every disguise. It was a man's voice, and the tones of it were tremulous with sorrow, that spoke to the raging sea; but in that voice the sea heard its God and was still! He rode not over its agitated surface on the wings of the wind, he was sailing in a small boat, yet the sea knew Him and was hushed! It was not the swift lightning or the angry hurricane, but a word, gentle and soft as the breeze of summer, that was directed against the barren fig-tree, but the fig-tree acknowledged its CREATOR, and withered away! The bleeding brow was encircled with thorns, the face was spit upon, the hands held a reed, and the throne was a criminal's cross, whilst the homage was the loud execration of thousands, and the cup of vinegar that in which they pledged their love and loyalty; yet the *sun* knew its CREATOR in the Sufferer, and could no longer be a witness of His ignominy and agony! It was a feeble death-shriek that scarcely reached the extremity of the brutal crowd in Calvary; but the distant valley of Jehoshaphat, lying amid continual repose, caught it and trembled, for in that shriek the grave was spoken to by its CONQUEROR! Thus Dr Hamilton might have extended his remarks into an invariable fact.

In the volume which forms the *second series*, there is one sermon distinguished by sombre grandeur, upon the 'Faith of devils.' The reader is taken into the true synagogue of Satan to learn a solemn lesson. The several discourses about the 'Future State' have conceptions which dilate in sunny magnificence around the noble theme. We have often been haunted by the fancy that each of Dr Hamilton's sermons is like a fine summer day from beginning to end. There is the golden haze of morning, clearing imperceptibly away into the high and vaulted splendour of noon, becoming chequered for a while by sombre clouds which make the forests greener, and the rivers, as mirrors, more black and reflective, and then closing slowly in the rich and gorgeous sunset. The text rises and spreads out its light spontaneously, and not as though it were a flint, from which momentary fire must be struck. We may also mention, that in these volumes there are numerous corrections of prevalent mistakes. To take an example: Gamaliel's advice to the Jews concerning the Christians and their cause, 'Refrain From these men, and let them alone; for if this counsel be of men it will come to nought, but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it, lest, haply, ye be found even to fight against God,' is commonly applauded. It was a maxim of the lowest worldly prudence. Dr Hamilton shows, first, the absurdity of this test as applied to any new system of truth, and, especially, to one which professed to teach the only method of human salvation, and claimed the urgent consideration and decision of every mind. The Jews were enjoined to be perfectly passive until circumstances which might require many centuries to ripen, should give an irresistible sign whether or not Christianity was divine. He next shows and rebukes the spirit of complete indifference to truth which the advice betrayed and prefers the active persecution against Christianity which Paul, Gamaliel's disciple, carried on for a time.

The essay on 'Missions' gained the second prize though, from its genius, it was entitled to the first. On no subject is Dr Harris, with his unquestionable ability and eloquent

style, a match for the man whom, yet, he defeated. The two works upon 'Missions' will not bear a comparison, unless you identify or value equally talent and genius. Dr Hamilton's, meritorious though it be, has many defects. It does not take a comprehensive view of the present state of the world; and on beholding the signs of the times, which are as much ominous as they are hopeful, there is far too great a display of buoyancy. The invention of steam-machinery makes him quite happy. In his description of the progress of nations to the blessed future which awaits them, there is no hint that it may receive a temporary obstruction. The tide of Christianity is to advance without ever ebbing, as it has, alas! ebbed in the past. The heathen, when they become nominal Christians, are not to be like other nominal Christians. In short, the doctor's representation is to the effect—that the church is never to know a repulse or a delay in her march into all lands. Need we ask if her history verifies such a representation? We are afraid too, that he antedates the Millennium. But the description of the Millennium is highly poetical and strictly scriptural. He has failed, however, in drawing from this part of his subject a lesson which is much needed. The church has all along, in looking to the future of its course, been destitute of a *definiteness* in its progress. The glowing results and the triumphant end have been contemplated, but the *present* duty is only so far studied as to appear vague, and the necessary instrumentality lies sheathed. It foresees the great consummation of its growth and earthly destiny in millennial stature and employments; and this is well for consolation in dark seasons; but the intermediate, and especially the proximate, stages, have not been pointed out, and thus the course has been mistaken, and there have been wanderings from the path. *To-day* is not only the guarantee—the pledge; but also the essential condition—the absolute prerequisite of *to-morrow*. Yet to-day, with the church, has always been less considered than to-morrow, and to-morrow than the succeeding day, and the next age than the Millennium. Instead of dwelling always upon the future, present duty should occupy attention and claim every energy.

His prize essay on Education is full of valuable matter. Unfortunately, it is too general, and does not succeed in impressing the reader with the absolute necessity of his becoming a learner and a teacher. In this, as in all respects, it is immeasurably inferior to Foster's volume on 'Popular Ignorance.' But it contains many forcible and eloquent descriptions of what our countrymen are, and of what they should be, mixed up with careful statistics and sober calculations. It discusses at great length, and with all the author's ability as a polemic, the question now fairly before the public—Should government provide the means and superintend the process of education for the people? The essay is classical even to pedantry, for Greek and Latin appear in almost every page, and population is treated of, not according to Malthus or Miss Martineau, but according to—Plato! The style is also most characteristic. We can scarcely find a sentence which does not begin and end on the same line. Now, all readers are not so asthmatic as to require a full period uniformly after a few words. Language can have no music unless in the composition there occur some long sentences, through which it may sweep with its variations, swell, and die away. Even a very short *sigh* is poor and inexpressive, and, for decency's sake, should have been held in altogether. Nor is this system of short sentences favourable, as some believe, to condensation and conciseness of thought, for, on the contrary, what might have been put into one sentence is split into twenty, which take a considerable time to be gathered up. Subsidiary thoughts and mere illustrations, instead of modestly shying into the corner, where they may be seen angularly, and creeping into a clause or parenthesis, to be noticed by the by, are made most impudently to come forth alone, and receive as much honour as do their betters. It is as if a master and his servants, nay, his very hat and cane, were all introduced to us apart, at different times and with equal parade, when they might have briefly appeared in the background to

the figure of the master. Dr Hamilton, who is both subtle and minute in his treatment of a subject, is thus, through his short sentences, at times oppressively tedious. The reader pursues his course as if he were walking with trouble across small stepping-stones, instead of feeling himself to be on a continuous road.

But we must now speak of those writings of his which are specially of a literary character. In several of them we fancy that we can trace here and there the insertion of some elaborate paragraphs which originally belonged to the sermons of his ministry. Not that they are clumsily introduced, or at all out of place; but, perceptibly, they are more pervaded by a religious spirit than the context. This we like in an author who is a clergyman, as it shows that he is not negligent of his sacred work, but is as anxious to expend his talents for the pulpit as for the press. We find no such indications in Milman, who has not a single sentence suggesting that it first stood in a sermon.

Dr Hamilton's volume entitled 'Nugæ Literariæ,' consists of papers on a diversity of topics, which give him ample scope for displaying his scholarship, imagination, and humour; and, *trifles* though he calls them, they must have cost him no small labour, and are serious enough to give him a high reputation. In it there are some attempts at verse, rather unsuccessful. His prose is pervaded throughout by the finest and most inexhaustible essence of poetry, and, probably, his want of practice in rhyming accounts for the failure. A man who has been accustomed to make the noblest exhibitions of elocution, would not necessarily or likely, even with all his advantages of voice, succeed in song. Besides, in first-rate prose, it is neither requisite nor desirable that the spirit of poetry should breathe through every word; the inspiration may and should be intermitting; whereas, in verse, every syllable should be under the full possession of the muse, and every line should quiver with its secret ecstasy. Dr Chalmers, as well as Dr Hamilton, would compose but indifferent poetry; nor do we augur much from Lord Brougham's promised translation of Dante. The poetic genius of all the three has been too long accustomed to diffuse itself through too wide a space, and to blend with dry statements and arguments, ever to concentrate itself into a pure and definite form for song. Poetry is a function as well as a quality, and the last can only be properly developed through the exercise of the first. Confirmatory of this, we quote a passage from the most wonderful poem of the age, 'Festus.'

'FESTUS. Experience and imagination are
Mother and sire of song—the harp and hand.
The bard's aim is to give us thoughts; his art
Lies in giving them as bright as may be.
And even when their looks are earthy, still
If opened, like gossies, they may be found
Full of all sparkling sparry loveliness.
They should be wrought, not cast; like temper'd steel,
Burn'd and cool'd, burn'd again, and cool'd again.
A thought is like a ray of light—complex
In nature, simple only in effect.
STUDENT. But is the power—is poetry inborn,
Or is it to be gain'd by art or toil?
FESTUS. It is undervied, except from God; but where
Strongest, asks most of human care and aid.
Great birds toil much and most; but most at first,
Ere they can learn to concentrate the soul
For hours upon a thought to carry it.'

Among the 'Nugæ' there is a profound and learned yet amusing disquisition on the 'Yorkshire Dialect,' from which a student of the philosophy of language might draw much, whilst through it Mr Dickens could have made 'John Brodie,' his Yorkshire *Dandie Dinmont*, still more interesting. The essay on 'Craniology' abounds with wit most unmercifully applied, and (as the writer of this sketch thinks) the disciples of Gall and Combe, on facing it, stand up with weak weapons against a battery of most destructive power. In point of humour concerning facts, it is equal to Lord Jeffrey's celebrated performance; and for a searching investigation of principles is far superior. We have often wondered that a ludicrous sketch of trial by jury, conducted according to the phrenological system, has never been tried, for this would test the vaunted utility

of the science. Among the remaining papers of the volume, there is a splendid one upon Shakspeare.

To verify the most of our critical remarks upon Dr Hamilton, we conclude with a paragraph taken from an article upon the 'Crusades,' which he contributed to the first number of the 'North British Review,' in May, 1844. We know that, in private, Sir David Brewster, who was himself a contributor in the same issue, declared that Dr Hamilton's paper was the one which would give character to the 'Review.' There is more of the philosophy of history in it, and unfolded by finer touches of genius, than can be found in any of Macaulay's sketches. We frankly challenge, for the following extract, a comparison with Sir Walter Scott's descriptions:—

'On them was superinduced an air of refinement and a habit of courtesy, mollifying the severities of war. Kings were known to prefer the knightly crest and pledge to royal coronet and oath. Chivalry might well be engaged in the service of religion, for religion sacramented its profession. The candidate offered up himself before the altar. His accoutrements were spread upon it, and his banner was unfurled over it. He approached it from the bath as from a baptism. Sponsors appeared for his fidelity. Sacrifice followed lustration. His whole life, his very munition, was from that hour votive. And surely none can think of those files of horsemen, who obeyed the summons of the Eremita and the Hierarch, without a dazzled mind. The tens of thousands, starred all over with the cross, covered with morion and helmet, glittering with breastplate and greave; their spears like a moving wood; their targets like a golden sea; their standards like a canopied rainbow; mounted on barbed and caparisoned steeds; the oriflamme unfurled and streaming out from all its folds; the cry of St Denis on every tongue; the anointing, and benison, and shrift of the church; the equipage of gorgeous tent and pavilion; the line of pursuivants and heralds, sumpters and armourers; the acclamation of the multitude on their departure; the first clarion-peal which put the confederate masses in advance; the sudden burst of all their music; the deep and measured tread of the deploying squadrons; the complement in march—form a spectacle, constitute a scene, which can neither find precedent nor look for imitation. All was now serious. The tilt-yard was to be exchanged for the battle-field. The tournament, with its lists, its pennons, its charges, with its smiles of the fair, and with its songs of the troubadour, was now to be turned into real conflict. The cavalcade went not forth for woodcraft, but for sterner tasks. It was no longer the holiday encounter of falconry and chase. There proudly stood the paladin with his war-clad followers; and the prelate was ill-restrained from rushing to the fray. Yeoman and serf stood together. All state and pomp was mingled into the constellation. Baldric, crosier, diadem, vied in their glories. The dame bent over her soldier, and her deep-drawn tears fell upon his plume. The sword was not waved for pastime and salute, but bared for mortal strife. What youth, high and noble, gave itself to this sacrifice! What dint and flower of courage were laid upon it! Treasure, kindred, patriotism, love, were consumed in its flame! And even while woman wept, she did not dissuade. She committed the pledge of scarf, or veil, or glove, to her suitor, and held her troth on the condition of its defence and restoration. When religion had little concern with the exaction, the heroine was not unwilling to demand it as the proof of fealty to her charms. She required, beyond the dower of castle and broad lands, the token of his visit to those distant shores, and the ordeal of his darings there. Yet were these motives and engagements rather incidental and subordinate; soldiery and religion were the assigned and ascendant aims—the laurel of victory or the palm of martyrdom.'

OUR FAMISHING NEIGHBOURS.

The great danger now is, not lest any should remain ignorant of the extent and probable duration of the famine in Ireland and in the Highlands and Islands of our own

country, but lest, knowing the facts so well, they should become insensible to them. Account after account has reached us, each one bringing more appalling news than its forerunner. Periodicals and pamphlets, authorised reports and private communications, have informed us, till incredulity is no longer possible. Gossip has paused in her surmises, nor is the tea-table enlivened by gay allusions to the subject. All but the actively benevolent have ceased to talk about it; for the stern reality of the tidings has dawned on every mind, leaving no room for conjecture or questioning, or for any alternative but a voluntary dismissal of the topic from the thoughts, or an earnest participation in the efforts to mitigate the terrible calamity.

At this crisis of public information and feeling, it may serve a valuable purpose if we can bring out into clear and distinct relief the circumstances of the case; not by harrowing pictures, which possess too stunning an interest to produce a principle of steady benevolence; nor by new facts, a thing not needed; but by assisting the imagination to realise the actual state of the distress free of illusive effect, whether from recoil at the details or from defect of power to conceive them. Thanks to those, indeed, who, by vivid fiction or authentic narrative, have endeavoured to represent the facts, and to embody them in forms capable of awakening general sympathy. Labours like theirs are invaluable, and a blessed consequence, in the fruitful charity of the community, is their proof and reward. But the evil which these efforts were intended to provide for is not a temporary one which a single generous act on the part of society can at once meet and alleviate; it will be, for a time at least, perennial, and requiring the most delicate management of the public sentiment, by occasional refreshment and otherwise, in case the sentiment should dwindle away, or its object cease to affect it. Subtle in its operations is the human heart—failing to act as well at the point of over-stimulus as when unmoved at all. The very magnitude of the wretchedness which it contemplates, as in this instance, may have a stupifying effect; in proportion, too, as it is agitated, is its tendency to react unfavourably. One desperate impulse being communicated by it to the will, and through the will to the active benevolence of a man, it may, as it were, avenge itself against the cause which so aroused it, by eschewing for the future the neighbourhood of those ideas that had been the means of directly stimulating it into activity. Watch, therefore, must be kept upon the public sympathy, and the requisite support administered, so that it may maintain itself in a state of healthy equability and efficient practical result.

It appears on the best evidence, and without any exaggeration, that several millions of our fellowmen, including women and children, are suffering from extreme want of the bare necessities of life, and that thousands have already perished and are perishing on this account. The struggle is for life, not for well-being; the sufferers do not ask for political justice, or for the removal of any grievance whatsoever, real or supposed, but for bread to put into their mouths. The low mutter of vindictive hate which rose but lately from Ireland, is now exchanged for the faint wail of famishing millions, entreating our compassionate assistance, lest life fail them altogether. A more affecting contrast it is scarcely possible to imagine; the annals of history afford few parallels to it. Great, indeed, must be the calamity which could at once hush the clamours of a nation, and turn the language of threat into the cry of solicitation! It is only the other day since the Irish waited on the nod of one man in order to engage in an insurrection, the effects of which all dreaded and none could fairly calculate: that nod, thank God, was withheld; and now a power greater than politics has drawn off the force which it could have called into play, and leaves the omnipotent legislator weak as another man. Providence has suffered a blight to pass over the tilled fields of Ireland, withering the plant which had heretofore furnished the staff of life, and given spirit and energy to the arms which were ready to be wielded in the redress of her wrongs. The ulterior purposes of this permission it is not for us to estimate. In mercy, perhaps, to the three kingdoms, more than in judgment, may

famine have been allowed to still the noise of international dispute, recrimination, and exasperated threatenings. The evil happily breaks in upon our factitious mode of existence; it lays bare our common humanity, suggesting forgiveness on both sides, through the bestowment of assistance by one party and the reception of it by the other. Nothing else seemed to promise a truce to our contests. Confidence in England had vanished from the minds of the Irish; and Ireland, in its turn, was suspected of revolutionary intentions. Every effort on either side was misconstrued. Violence impended, when the Author of Nature interposed. By one measure, mysterious in its origin, silent in its progress, but fatal in its operation, He altered in a few months the relations of the contending parties. No longer political enemies, we are at present in the attitude of suppliants and benefactors respectively. It is surely worth the while of a generous people to try this way of permanent reconciliation, since all inferior methods have failed to adjust the contest. Love and solid tokens of affection in the hour of hungry want on the one side may conciliate the injured on the other. Famine thunders through the faint moan of the dying, and admonishes us to make up our peace while yet our adversary is in the way.

The physical suffering, however, involved in this calamity, and not any considerations of expediency, unless as these may assist us in the performance of duty, is the proper and immediate ground on which rests the obligation to help our neighbours. To one, indeed, looking deeply into the case, other evils than physical suffering will come into distinct view. Want is connected with many moral effects of a nature that throws a painful interest over the constitution of humanity in this world. Within certain limits, things, during a scarcity, remain much as they are in a time of sufficiency. But, so soon as want presses without mitigation, and has reduced a people to the last extremity, a change, awful to contemplate, is visible in every relation. Alas! not even the domestic affections are secure. Selfishness invades the bosom which had always before heaved with goodness, bountiful love, and profuse beneficence. A daughter will forsake her aged father, a wife the husband of her youth, and even a mother the child she has bore, in the torture of hunger. History records even more terrible effects than these, to which one cannot refer in thought, and as slightly as possible, without shuddering. A species of madness seems to connect itself with the pangs of physical deprivation. Reason and feeling are put in abeyance; and one dire, odious, afflicting passion—selfishness—absorbs the entire being. Food, food is the demand, for which all the charities of life, all the holiest affections, every reminiscence of love, and gratitude, and religion, are put in hazard. Who can regard without emotion a condition of humanity so denuded of what alone dignifies and renders humanity worthy to be desired? All other forms of death offer some compensation, more or less, to the individual. The life of generous endeavour, which may haply have induced a premature waste and consequent decay, lights up the room in which youth is passing out of this world of change into another. Approaching death may bring the most cheerful hours of life to a penitent. Every way, indeed, of effecting the great transition, with few exceptions, is capable of furnishing scope to some quality distinctive of human nature; but, among the exceptions, want is the most conspicuous for its utter misery, unless cases in which violent remorse mixes with the other elements of wretchedness. In a general famine death serves not as a centre of attraction, but of repulsion; families are scattered into members, each one going his own way and doing his best to serve himself. A paralysis binds every energy except that of intense self-preservation; so hapless and humiliating is the condition to which want reduces those on whom it lays its awful hand.

In view of this suspension of moral and domestic sensibility, so long as famine continues, one cannot refrain from projecting forward his thoughts to the time when plenty will again return, and when the pestilence, in its desolating effects, may, to the eye of the onlooker, have passed

finally away. But it is to the onlooker only that its effects will have disappeared. We do not at present speak of those social and political changes which an event so peculiar as a general famine may possibly create in the condition of the sufferers. These may be beneficial; and, in all probability, through the overruling goodness of God, they will. But what a mournful inheritance of memories is left to the survivors of the catastrophe! Friends gone, not singly and at intervals, but in families and neighbourhoods! Life must, as it were, be begun anew, without the conditions of a fresh life; and the associations of affection and repeated intercourse, which time and mutual favours had solemnly consecrated, having been roughly broken, must give place to such others as a hasty necessity may chance to draw about one. If, indeed, death were making his ravages without any attendant circumstances of aggravation, great as the calamity might be, it would yet fall far short of what it will certainly reach. The remembrances of the departed, although crowded together within too narrow a span, would yet be softened by their connexion with services cheerfully rendered by the survivors to those destined to pass away thus rapidly in succession. Smiles of affectionate tenderness, thrown off from the lips of the dying, might serve as a perpetual legacy to the stricken hearts of friends left behind. But the present case is just the reverse of such a picture, in every circumstance which could tend to alleviate the memories of bygone periods of calamity. In the future, to those who may be spared till adequate relief is found, the past will be peopled with the memories of departed friends—but friends not ministered to amidst the solemn necessities of death, but haply forsaken in the search for bread, or suffered to pass away with the consciousness how slight was the pain felt on their account in comparison with what was endured on one's own. Sensibility, although lost for a time, is not for ever lost; it is merely suspended by the counteraction of antagonist forces, and will return, with all its throbbing energy, so soon as the disturbing cause is removed. Along with the return of sensibility will come the memory of the disastrous past. The interregnum of selfishness cannot be blotted from the history of the individual. On the contrary, it will stand out just the more distinctly to view, that it is so unlike what of life had gone before and what will then be felt to have commenced. Among these recollections will be found the memories not only of the most prominent facts of the period, but also of circumstances that seemed the least likely ever to be remembered. Obscure feelings then cherished will come forth into the light. Scenes witnessed with such utter indifference, that they appeared rather as mere impressions on the eye, transient as shadows in a mirror, will recur to the imagination, while the mind broods over each series of events as they happened. Whatever of sympathy was deficient during the season of privation, will in this way be made up in vain regrets and in visitings of compunction for the want of a feeling not possible in so terrible an hour. In proportion as life failed then to realise its purpose, will it now exact a penalty of suffering for atonement.

To those only who are accustomed to look out merely on the surface of experience will these elements of future sorrow appear uncertainly at work in the present calamity. To such, however, as penetrate but a small way below the outer covering, they will wear all the characters of reality, and seem as capable of being estimated as the more tangible and obvious fact of pinching hunger. Men are something more than sentient beings, with a few physical wants craving their appropriate objects. The lowest form of humanity rises far above this, having a past and a future, and capable of recalling the one and living it over again, as well as of anticipating the other and forestalling its joys and sorrows. The supply of food for Ireland and the Highlands and Islands of our native country, urgent as it is for its own sake, is yet still more clamant for the sake of the affections, sympathies, and domestic endearments, to whose very existence, not to their well-being, it is intensely related. Body and spirit almost equally invoke our instant aid, and beseech us, according to our

power, to relieve the wide-spread destitution. If only we would attempt to comprehend the operations of human life, and to include in one view the extent of misery which timely assistance would relieve, we should find an abundant compensation for the effort, and the aid we might yield would be given with less difficulty and larger prospect of good. For any reason, or all reasons, however, let us give. The necessity is clamorous beyond all existing precedent.

In proportion, indeed, to the amount and terribleness of this disaster, is the danger lest we should fail in rendering all the help in our power. Wretchedness heaped up this way, pile upon pile, and covering so large a population, seems irremediable by human aid, and one is apt to look on in a sort of stupid bewilderment, as on a tragedy, the actors in which have a necessary part to play without assistance from the spectators. Evil, within certain limits, and more especially if it be due to human agency, in a direct and obvious manner, is esteemed manageable; but a dispensation from Providence, so sudden and unlooked for, including so great a number of human beings among its objects, seems invested with a purpose which one is apt to imagine ought not to be lightly touched. Human strength is silently, as it were unconsciously, measured with the Divine resources, and interference to save the victims of the calamity appears almost to savour of impiety. On how many or how few minds some such manner of thinking may have its influence one would scarcely venture to say with confidence; but each mind has its own special habits and tendencies, which more or less change the character of all impressions that find access to the spirit within. The Divine purpose, we may say, is never realised by imposing restraint on the affections which have been implanted in us, or on the outward acts, so far as these are in themselves legitimate, to which the affections may prompt us. Good is evolved by Providence out of evil, not by first throwing back the race, pouring contempt on the dispositions in which the divine image consists, then recovering man by some novel and mysterious way. Good is rung out of evil only when evil is morally inevitable; for never yet has a high sentiment been cherished, or a noble act been done, which has not achieved its object, through the invisible subordination of all law and purpose to the moral laws of the universe. What intentions respecting Ireland and our own Highlands the present disaster may realise, we cannot, of course, say, but we would believe that they are merciful, and will be found finally advantageous. Still, our duty meanwhile is, as always, to love our neighbour as ourselves, and to share with him our morsel of bread, if he be in circumstances to need it.

Others, again, are paralysed in their efforts of well-doing by quite another mode of being affected. No sense of religious awe and submission opposes the outgoings of their active benevolence; for the magnitude of the evil exceeds their powers of conception, personal suffering is lost, and certain notions of community, true in other applications, are applied to circumstances in which the very commonness of the suffering is no mitigation but the most dreadful aggravation of the misery. It is somewhat as in looking out upon a wide and interminable prospect, commencing at some distance from our point of view, and ending only with the horizon. In this case all individuality is merged in one level impression; insects, although sporting in myriads, and wild flowers opening out in beauty on every patch of soil, are of no account, except as they vary the outline and general expression of the landscape. Life has disappeared and given place to form and colour. But travel on foot or in imagination to some bare knoll or promontory, and all is instantly transformed. A million hearts are found responding to the impulses of nature; joy, and sorrow, and gaiety, and sport, and earnestness, and solemn life animate the communities that people the soil and the air. We become conscious that we were suffering before from an illusion of the senses. We are assured that it is not one world we had been gazing upon, but millions of worlds embraced as one. Just so, in estimating human life viewed on a large scale, as in Ireland,

when the feelings and sufferings of persons are the matter in question, the true way to get rid of the illusion is to look not at individuals massed, but at masses individualised. Let each contemplate those about him, whether few or many, and consider that each has a life, full of experience, varying in its range of feeling from the highest to the lowest despondency.

Only a few days ago it happened to the writer to be from necessity in the company of a number of families of poor Irish, with their wives and children. He was among them simply as an onlooker, to whom the undisguised play of human feelings and affections was manifest in a degree of unspeakable intensity. The characters of these people were various as their features: each was a study worthy of note and commentary. Their circumstances educed a singular range of emotion in each of their breasts, including the personal, the domestic, the social, the political, and the religious. A few of them arrested the attention of the writer during the time he was with them, and through these he interpreted the rest and the Irish populace at large. Here, he observed, were men and women essentially related to himself; for could he not feel in all their feelings, and know with perfect certainty what each rapid transmutation of expression in their countenances denoted? If these were languishing in want, he felt how ready would he be to share what he had with them. Many, in other circumstances, might have been his personal friends. Intelligence, soul, sensibility to honour, a nice discrimination of proprieties, spoke through the actions of some of them. And what is the difference, he asked himself, between these and a few millions like them, separated only by the distance of a few hundreds of miles of land and water? Why, he further questioned within him, does the imagination so impose on one, that an individual case draws forth love, pity, ready relief, whilst that case multiplied into millions is inoperative upon the heart? No doubt wise reasons exist for the law through which the difference exists; but it is the prize of experience and piety to adjust the operations of any one law to the circumstances of cases, as these are viewed through the intellect and the spiritual vision. In this way only will the seen become subordinate to the unseen, and the temporal to the eternal. Otherwise, we must remain the children of sense, swayed simply by what is present, and being dead to the absent while the absent is dead to us.

Each person, of course, has only a limited means of good at his disposal. In the present case we do not say, Give all your available means, but—all consistent with other claims upon you. Nothing is too little or too much, provided it be the equitable share among competing objects. As to the way and particular direction of acting well for the famishing, that must be left to individual pleasure. Organs of information will guide us; and enough of organisation for the distribution of assistance exists to relieve every one of the excuse, that he knows not how he may lend his help.

THE BARONIAL AND ECCLESIASTICAL ANTIQUITIES OF SCOTLAND.*

To all who feel an interest in the historical associations of our country, and particularly to those who have a love for the architectural beauties of the past, this splendidly illustrated work must be a welcome boon. At this period, especially, when many of those monuments of feudal grandeur and ecclesiastical wealth and taste which outlived the destructive storms of the Reformation, are being swept away by commercial enterprise and civic affiliation, such a memorial as Blackwood & Sons, aided by Messrs Billings and Burn, present to the public, seems to be peculiarly called for. The oblivion that hangs with the ivy over many of the relics of Scotland's ancient fanes, silently but forcibly appeals to the historian and artist to rescue the few remaining antiquities of our native land from the fate of forgetfulness, and to reconstruct them to the eye and memory.

* William Blackwood & Sons, London and Edinburgh. 1847

The first part of the 'Baronial and Ecclesiastical Antiquities' contains a south-west view of the beautiful cathedral of the western metropolis of Scotland, splendidly executed; and three interior views, also done in the first style of steel engraving. Two first-rate woodcuts of the crypt and choir complete the illustrations, annexed to which are a letterpress description of the plates and cuts, and a historical summary of the remarkable events connected with St Mungo's Kirk and Shrine.

The publication of such a work augurs confidence in the widespread good taste and patriotism of the community; and the spirited publishers deserve not to be disappointed in their anticipations of support. We subjoin as a specimen of the literary portion of the work the description of the exterior view of St Mungo's Cathedral:

'At the northern extremity of the city of Glasgow, on an elevated and solitary spot, to which the noise of the busy swarming town scarcely penetrates, stands the Cathedral of St Mungo, the noblest unutilated specimen of ecclesiastical architecture in Scotland. To reach it the traveller has to pass through a line of sordid filthy streets; and its first appearance is not inviting, from the unfortunate predominance of the north-western tower, or belfry, the upper portion of which is the work of a comparatively late period. It is from a point near the north-western extremity that the full effect of the building is most satisfactorily felt. Its predominant characters are height and length, and the details are so arranged as, with wonderful felicity, to aid these features. The roofs, both of the aisles and of the central departments, have a very abrupt slope; and the windows, in the style generally denominated the early English, are narrow and lancet-shaped. The transept projects so little beyond the aisle that the building scarcely presents the usual cruciform ground plan, and thus the long perspective is scarcely broken. A considerable descent of the ground towards the east adds greatly to the elevation of the choir, and to the general loftiness of the structure; and if there be any portion of it which does not aid this prevailing character, it is the spire, evidently of a later date than the rest of the building, and characterised by the canopied windows of a more florid style of architecture. The individual parts of the exterior are not profusely ornamented; but the windows, buttresses, and gurgioles are so numerous as to impart great richness to the solemn dignity of the old undecorated Gothic. The silence of the place, and the multitude of tombs with which the old graveyard is paved, are in full harmony with the character of the edifice. Near its eastern extremity, in a deep hollow, runs a stream, and on the opposite bank rise, tier above tier, the hundreds of tombs of the modern Necropolis, appearing like a vast and indefinite continuation of the original graveyard, and certainly seen to greater advantage through the uncertainty of distance than on a nearer approach. The southern side, exhibiting some details of a later style of architecture, is inferior in simple grandeur to the northern; but a small low edifice, with groined arches, intended apparently as the basement story or crypt of a continuation of the transept, will strike the stranger who climbs up and peeps through its only window with the richness of its interior decorations. A feature of the exterior that must not be omitted is a line of massive gurgioles, of very expressive character, consisting each of a monstrous open mouth, on the lower jaw of which a grotesque face is represented in bas-relief.'

CITY FLOWERS.

WE have often thought, when sitting alone in the quiet and secluded nooks that are so plentiful in the country, or when reclining on the solitary braes, and gazing upon the blue sunlit skies and tall green trees which crested the dark mountains, that great, and glorious, and mighty though these works of nature were, they lacked those attributes of love which dwell in humbler things. The heart may thrill with a native awe as we gaze upon the world's sublimities; but the flowers of the country have ever been to us its sweetest remembrancers—they

recall the softest and fondest associations, and repeople memory with its brightest images. The little cowslips and blue-bells that were woven into wreaths, and placed like triumphal garlands upon the sunburnt brow of innocence, are still blooming in our heart, for the dew of memory falls upon their verdant leaves, and sighs, like zephyrs of the past, recall their odours.

Flowers are the true companions of man when he walks abroad into the woods and fields, and he can never be lonely if he will but be humble and look for them. In the silent glens the tall foxglove waves its white and purple cups, and shakes the crystal dew upon the modest blue-bell at its root; gemmed with tears, the tiny forget-me-not sparkles like a fairy's eye; while high among the rocks and cliffs the clumps of heath and stately catchfly blush to the ardent sun. In what sequestered and unlikely places you will find the fairest and the sweetest scented blossoms!—in the hedgerow paths where the slimy snail crawls at evening, and where the sauntering passer-by never dreams of seeking them, embowered and hidden amongst sterile mossy ground, or peeping from the scraggy thorn-clumps, they turn their beautiful and modest heads to heaven, and drink unseen the angel-sprinkled dew, and brightly smile upon the love-lighted sun.

In speaking of city flowers in connexion with those of the country, we should like to guard our readers against a false impression. It must not be supposed that by city flowers we refer to the sickly yellow plants that languish at back windows, drooping their sere leaves on the edges of broken teapots; we mean flowers of humanity, that, amidst the darkness, vice, and poverty of a huge Babylon, bear within their spirits some little portion of a holy nature, to tell that, despite its sorrow and its sin, God still is there. Ay, it is not in green fields or cultured gardens, nor in rich conservatories, nor upon splendid parterres; it is not in glens or silent lonely nooks far away from man, that the fairest flowers are found; they often bloom beneath the lowly roof, and hang in sweet and modest festoons around the humblest heart. We love the flowers of the country, and can fondly smile upon them in their sunny pride; but there are richer, brighter blossoms in the highways, byways, and dark alleys of the city; and of these let us cull a few. Is not the smile of beauty and goodness a brighter flower than even the gorgeous camellia? Is not the humblest heart that is quickened with a spark of heavenly fire, and filled with a sense of duty, more lovely than the rose?

We were led into these reflections while walking in a thoughtful mood one evening, along a lonely suburban road where few passengers were likely to disturb our meditations, and where the dark outlines of a few solitary workshops were not very likely objects to distract our thoughts. Night is a pleasant time to walk, even though the crisp, short snow snarls angrily beneath your feet, and the frost wind finds its way through lambs'-wool to your finger-points. The stars were twinkling merrily overhead, and seemed to have shamed night into a smile; but we did not gaze upon them, for there were stars dancing in our imagination brighter far than they. It is strange how our sympathies operate upon our affections; these spheres in all their beauty and glory were displaced from our love that evening by a sorry flaring gas-lamp. How strange it also is to hear the low earnest tones of the human voice in a lonely place at night! We heard the chimes of the city bells and the distant hum of the busy bustling life that yet was stirring in it; but the sound was so mellowed by distance that it impressed us more deeply with a sense of solitariness. Gradually awakened from our reverie, however, by the cadence of a human voice, or rather by the alternate deep tones of manhood and the feebler responses of childhood, we stood and listened. There was something earnest and monitory in the older voice that was interesting to hear, and the words of childhood followed them like gentle echoes. It was dark, and we could not perceive from whom the sounds proceeded; but on quietly drawing near a solitary lamp that threw a bright and cheerful glare upon the large and flaring letters of a long sign—

board, we saw a man and child. The poor and scanty garments of the man were too sure an index of his poverty, and the coarse apron that hung before him, and the bunch of broom that he carried beneath one arm, were strongly demonstrative of his humble but useful calling; he swept the streets of the city, and proud men would no doubt pass him as an inferior thing; but God had made him custodian of an immortal soul, and he felt the workings of an innate spirituality. At his side stood a little child—humbly garmented tiny boy, whose pale little face was turned towards the long sign-board, and whose voice and eye followed the voice and finger of the man as he pointed out those mysterious symbols of sound and sense called letters and words, and called them by their names. The beams from the lamp fell upon that father and son, and seemed to surround them with a halo of glory. That man seemed to look with a prophet's eye into the long dark vista of futurity, and to behold his son a man and a scholar; and we felt that, humble though he was, and old the soil on which he grew, that young and lowly sower might yet bloom forth in bright and fruitful glory. As the teacher and his little pupil finished their lesson, and the pleased child trotted away by the side of the bearded man, who gently patted his little head and held in his tiny hand, we felt they had read our heart a lesson—we felt that they had taught us that even in what may seem the darkest spots of life the soul may pant for wings, and fondly strive to soar to higher spheres than those which meet the sense.

Ay, there are flowers in the city if we would only look for them—they may be hidden and crushed beneath a rank undergrowth of weeds, but look deeper, passer-by, and you will find them. We have often wondered at those erratic pedestrians who cannot travel the same road twice in a week with pleasure, and who are always looking for fine scenery and interesting landscapes in their walks. For our part we should feel annoyed not a little if we were to change our old accustomed footways: and we can always find something to interest us, where even nothing but stone walls and dingy houses bound the view.

In one of our walks we often see an idiot boy, whose constant gesticulations and incoherent language were to us long a source of mystery and wonder. He is the inmate of a large, grim-looking building, to which architecture has merely lent its name in charity; and this building (although surrounded by high walls), in consequence of standing upon a considerable elevation, offers a complete view of its grim dimensions to passers on the public way below. The terrace that fronts one of the wings of this edifice seems to be the favourite walk of poor Jack, for we never pass without finding him on that accustomed spot. There he trots backward and forward with a slow motion; his red face shining with apparent robust physical health, and his fat squat form see-sawing to the time of some tune he is chanting, or his head nodding quickly, in harmony with some incoherent declamation. We had often stood to look at him, and to wonder at the strange and inscrutable ways of Providence as exemplified in these sad outcasts from the world of reason. We had often striven to catch the import of his speech, but the broken sounds only fell on the ear, reminding us of the tones of an old roofless deserted church-bell which the wind rocked to and fro, but which had now no ordinate purpose in its tolling. If any child spoke to him from the highway he had always a ready and a civil response. There is no war with the world in his nature, for he believes that all the world loves him, and his red face glows like the sun when he is noticed by any one in a kindly manner. There is one deep fount in his spirit, however, from whence springs all that gives his life a sorrowful reflection. There is a flower in his heart, so pure, so holy in its essence that angels might weep over it, and bathe in their tears. Breaking in upon all the hilarity and joyousness of a song or dance, one chastened gleam of memory will ever and anon come stealing over his soul, to wake the smouldering ashes of his love. The querulous expressions we had observed were solved at last, and in-

coherent grievings for his mother, who was dead, we found to be the subject of his wailing. As we brushed away the tear which this poor idiot called forth, we felt a gush of joy come over our heart; and as we listened to his words we turned away with the conviction deeply engraven on our bosom's core, that some of the holier attributes of humanity may germinate and bloom in darksome places, where the egotism of life alone is educated, and the sweet and expansive sympathies are often shrivelled and frozen beneath the frown of power, or left to bloom and luxuriate in uncultured negligence.

A. N. INVOCATION.

'Peace be with you.'

(Written for the Instructor.)

Little infant, softly sleeping
On thy gentle mother's breast;
Gentle mother, fondly weeping
O'er thy cherub sunk to rest—

Peace be with you!

Child, that 'midst the flowers art playing,
With thy sunny eye of blue,
Or in innocence art straying
'Midst ethereal balmy dew,

Peace be with you!

Youth, whose hasty footsteps rushes
To the varying world's highway—
Youth, with impulses and wishes
That oft tempt the heart to stray—

Peace be with you!

Man and woman—priest and priestess
Of affection's glowing hearth;
Fathers, mothers—ye who bless'd us—
Bless you over all the earth,

And Peace be with you!

Soldiers, sailors, who delight in
Havoc on the land or main—
Ye who madly shout while fighting,
Ye who trample on the slain—

Peace be with you!

Break your swords and tear your banners,
Throw your helms and plumes away—
Scorn the empty, gilded honours
Won on murder's field—and pray,

Peace be with you!

Warrior chiefs, and kings, and satraps,
Oh! remember, if you can,
That the precept the apostles
Bore to universal man

Was—Peace be with you!

All the wide world, from where flashes
Morning's first soft beam of light,
To all regions where, in blushes,
Flies before it envious night—
From the hills and plains Australian
To the northern realms of snow—
Wheresoever man is dwelling—
Let the glad hosannah flow

Of Peace be with you!

J. B. STARR.

JACK HURRY.

'PRAY do not ask me to sit down—it is quite impossible; you must excuse me; I have not a moment to spare; I merely called *en passant* to tell you a piece of agreeable news.'

'Well, Newman, I am sure I shall be very glad to hear it; but had you not better sit down and take a cup of coffee?'

'I tell you, my dear Willoughby, I have not time to eat or drink if I were starving; nay, I could not stay five minutes were you to give me a hundred pounds, I am in such a hurry at present.'

'Ah! Newman, remember that the unlucky hurry you are always in lost you your uncle's favour and a fine estate.'

'Bless me! George, you need not be always harping upon that string. If I have lost an estate, I have still a very valuable one remaining, which is time!—an estate, as somebody or other says, that will produce nothing without culture. And this is the reason that I husband every moment of it.'

'And, pray, may I ask, if it is not an impertinent question, what is the cause of your present hurry?'

'You must know, then, Mr Lawrence, the old friend and lawyer of my late uncle (of whom you made mention just now), is upon his deathbed, and has sent an express for me, requesting me to come to him without loss of time, as he has something to communicate regarding myself that was confided to him by my late uncle. But, apropos, in return for your inquiry, is not eleven o'clock rather a late hour for a man of business to be breakfasting at?'

'My usual breakfast hour,' said Willoughby, 'is nine o'clock, but I had to delay it to-day on account of having some law papers to write.'

'Ah, my dear George, you want method, I see! You should have risen two hours sooner. This is not the way that I manage things: I rise at four, read till five, write till six, walk till seven, then breakfast. Every hour in the day has its own peculiar duty allotted to it by me. I am as regular as clock-work, you see.' During the time that Mr Newman was speaking he was leaning on the back of a large arm-chair, and seeming in anything but a hurry; at length, after a prolonged yawn, he exclaimed, 'Eh! dear me, my memory is so very treacherous I had almost forgotten to tell you the agreeable news that I came to communicate; but I must be very brief, for I am in such a hurry; besides, there is nothing that I hate so much as prolixity; I have no patience with a person who takes a round-about way to tell one a story. This is the fault that I find to our friend Classicus. Ask him a question, we will say, for instance, about Greenland, and, instead of giving you a direct answer, a thousand to one but he will bury you in the Pyramids of Egypt, or pop you down beside the Falls of Niagara. He will never come to the point, or give you a direct answer to any subject. He will talk for hours, and is quite enraged if he is interrupted. I remember some time ago, whilst reading *Cæsar's Wars in Gaul*, coming to a passage which I thought incorrect. 'What,' said I, 'is the use of wasting my time consulting different authors upon this subject when my good friend Classicus will set me right at once?' So noting down the passage upon a sheet of paper, I flew across the street to his lodgings. Having found him at home, and after the usual civilities had passed between us, I presented my paper, and begged him to give me his opinion upon its contents. Classicus, after adjusting his spectacles, took the paper, and, having read it, said—'Talking of wars, I was just reading as you came in the Russian Campaign. Dreadful affair that! Who could have thought that Alexander would have outwitted Napoleon in the manner he did? It was a rare thought the burning of Moscow. However, Nap. paid him back in his own coin when he blew up the Kremlin. It must have been a most appalling sight the crossing of the Berezina—those confounded Cossacks, too, always harassing the poor souls.' Classicus continued talking in this manner for upwards of an hour, when, seeing that he did not appear likely to come to a conclusion, I said—'Dear sir, pardon me for interrupting you, but being in a very great hurry, I wish you would be so kind as to give me your opinion upon this passage' (pointing to the paper). 'Pahaw,' said he, 'you are always in a hurry. Give me your paper: what is it that you want to know?' Having readjusted his spectacles, he commenced reading the paper over again with the greatest attention, for all the world as if he had not done so already. 'Now,' thought I, 'having fairly driven him out of Russia, he will give me the information that I require.' But I was mistaken; for Classicus, having laid down the paper, commenced talking about the Thirty Years' War, and after boring me to death about the ill-treatment that Count Wallenstein had received, digressed into a discourse upon sin, which he said was the origin of war. &c. During a pause which

he made in order to recover breath, for he had by this time talked himself hoarse, I again begged him to give me the information that I sought. 'Sir,' said he, in a very angry tone, 'you had better go and consult Gibbon on the subject; I daresay that you will find the information you wish there; for, like yourself, I am rather pressed for time at present.' 'People never see their own failings,' moralised Mr John Newman—better known amongst his intimates by the cognomen of Jack Hurry, on account of his being constantly in a state of locomotion.

The friends of Mr John Newman wished him to be bred to the mercantile line. So, accordingly, after he had left college, he was placed with his paternal uncle, who was a wealthy merchant in London. Notwithstanding that Jack had informed his uncle that he (Jack) was a person who was regularity itself, had a high value for time, always improved it to the utmost advantage, &c., the old gentleman was quite of a contrary opinion, and declared that all that Jack said or did was in theory, and that he fairly foresaw, that unless he altered his manners, he would never be a business man; and that the time he saved in flying about the streets he wasted in trifling when he was at home. A daily lecture from his uncle was quite too much for Jack's patience; he therefore informed him that as he had a patrimony of four hundred per annum, he was resolved to retire from business, and live upon it, mentally adding, 'I would rather live upon bread and water and be my own master, than live in this continual state of thralldom with my uncle.' Mr Newman was so irritated at the behaviour of his nephew that he altered his will, which had been made in his favour, and left his property to a more distant relative, with this proviso, however, 'Should my nephew, John Newman, mend his manners, and act for the future like a man of sense, this estate is to revert to him.' As Mr Newman wished a thorough amendment in his nephew's conduct, this clause in his will was to be kept a profound secret from him, in hopes that he might in the course of time see his error, and amend of his own accord. But Mr Lawrence, to whom this secret alone was confided, finding himself attacked with a most dangerous illness from which there was no hope of his recovering, wished to see and exhort Jack, and inform him of his uncle's secret, and Jack was upon his way to him; but unfortunately having to pass Mr Willoughby's house in his route, he thought that it would save time if he just made a dart in, to tell him a piece of news which he thought would give him pleasure; 'for,' said he to himself, 'it will save me having to call another day.'

But to return to Jack where we left him, leaning on the back of a chair at Mr Willoughby's. After he had hummed a tune, beat time with his fingers upon the chair, watched a spider that was running upon the cover, hoped that it would not rain again, &c., he said—'Dear me, what a fire you have got, George! it would roast an ox, I declare. I wonder that you are not afraid of the chimney taking fire. You should really without delay impress upon your housekeeper the necessity of having your chimneys swept at least once a-quarter. I declare, a careless fellow like you might burn a whole street down. By the by, talking of fires, have you seen in the *Times* that dreadful account of the fire that broke out in the city? It resulted from sheer carelessness, I assure you; but as you do not appear to have read it, I shall give you the particulars.'

'My dear Newman,' interrupted his friend, 'I think you had better go and see your uncle's lawyer, and hear what he has got to say to you. I can read the account of the fire at my leisure.'

'Oh, I shall be time enough there! I daresay he has got nothing very particular to tell me; probably it is some lecture a league in length bequeathed me by my uncle. But I see that you are piqued because I have not yet told you what brought me. Dear me! how childish you are, not to give one a moment to draw one's breath. But, as I have already said, I hate a round-about way of telling a story, so I shall begin at once. Who do you think I met yesterday?'

'I am sure I cannot tell.'

'Can't you guess?'

'No.'

'Try.'

'It is impossible for me to guess who it was that you met.'

'Well, you shall hear. Yesterday, as I was passing Hyde Park Corner—I was in a most dreadful hurry at the time—who should I meet but Ned Simmons, our old chum at Eton, just arrived two days ago from India. We were delighted to see each other, of course. 'Ab, Jack!' said he, 'I see that you are still in a hurry. You were in a hurry when we parted fifteen years ago, and you will be in a hurry to the end of the chapter. I remember that we used to call you, as a nickname, Jack Hurry, at Eton. Do you remember when in your hurry you fell off old Obadiah Unthank's cottage?' 'Do I remember it! I think I had good cause to remember it,' said I, 'when I broke my arm in the fall.' But, my dear fellow, you never heard this anecdote, as you had left for Oxford. I must tell you it—it is such a capital joke. You must surely remember Obadiah's cottage? I am sure no one who ever saw it could forget it. Such a sweet cottage—the honey-suckle climbing up to the very chimneys. Such a garden! such apples!—I have never forgotten the taste of them. I have often described them since to the fruiterers, but unfortunately not knowing their name, I never could get any like them. But I am digressing. To return to Obadiah's cottage: behind it, you know, was his garden—such a beautiful spot! we used to call it the garden of the Hesperides, and nicknamed old Obadiah the dragon that guarded it. Well, you must know, one evening Simmons and I agreed to pay his apple-trees a visit as usual, when we thought he had retired to bed. I had scarcely climbed up the tree, and was throwing down the apples to Simmons, when out came the old dragon bellowing like a mad bull at us. We got clear off, minus the apples. But it did not end here; for next day, when we were in the midst of our lessons, who should come in but Obadiah, with an account of ten shillings in his hand for a sack of apples that we had stolen. Now, my dear fellow, mark the injustice of the thing; there was no sack in the case, and I think that I told you already we had left the apples behind us. Justice is blind, they say, and so we found her in our case, for we had the apples to pay for; for, would you believe it, the old hunks had our names as pat as if he had been our godfather. Simmons and I vowed to be revenged upon him. Perhaps you may remember that Obadiah's parlour had two windows exactly opposite, forming what architects call a thorough light—one looking into his garden, the other into the road. As soon as it was dusk we crept up to the window and looked through a crevice in the shutters. There sat old squatecoes opposite the fire, his feet on the fender, beside him a small table covered with bottles; ever and anon he cast a suspicious glance at his apple-trees (for the shutters of the window that looked into the garden were kept open for the purpose of watching), then he would turn and take a sip out of his tumbler, and then he would add a little from one of the bottles; then he would put in another lump of sugar, then another squeeze of lemon, and then he would throw an alarmed glance at the window. 'Now is your time, Ned,' said I; 'but where is the slate? I hope you have not forgotten it?' 'Catch me forget,' said he, 'to bring it; here it is, safe and sound, buttoned up in my jacket. But you must stay to see the effects.' Scarce ten minutes had elapsed from the time that Ned had left me, and just as Obadiah was raising his glass to his lips, a most tremendous puff of smoke came down the chimney full in his face, then another and another, until the whole room was filled with it. Laying down his glass he flew to the window, which he threw to the top, but finding that the room did not clear, but on the contrary that the smoke increased, he rang for his servant. 'Deborah,' said he, 'bring a light; I fear that the lid of the stove hath fallen down.' The servant having brought a light (you would have died laughing had you seen them both looking up the chimney), Obadiah, finding that his conjecture was wrong, ordered the

fire to be put out, and sought refuge in bed. Ned then removed the slate, and we agreed that we would do this by turns every evening; and now comes my catastrophe. The next evening being my turn, I was just placing the slate on the top of the chimney, when I heard a sonorous voice, close to my ears, say—'What art thou about there, friend?' I turned round, and beheld Obadiah's head and shoulders thrust through a skylight. He had suspected that we had had something to do with the extraordinary smoking of his chimney, and was therefore on the *qui vive* for us next evening. I was so frightened, that in the haste I made to escape, I fell from the roof and broke my arm; and this is the story to which Ned alluded. Poor old Obadiah! I wonder if he is alive still; if he is, he must be near ninety. I am sure he must have been very glad when Simmons and I left the place. But to return to my meeting yesterday with Ned. 'Jack,' said he, 'notwithstanding the 'hurry' that you are in, you must come and dine with me. I will take no denial; so come along, and I will introduce you to my wife.' 'To your wife! I did not know that you were married, Ned,' said I. 'My dear fellow,' said he, 'I have been married these seven years. I thought that you had been aware of the circumstance through the medium of the newspapers.' 'No,' said I, 'I never read anything in the papers that does not apply to business or politics. I have no time to read the births, marriages, and deaths.' Well, to be brief, my dear Willoughby, we arrived at his lodgings. Such elegant rooms!—lots of black servants! one stumbles over them in every direction. Mrs Simmons a very charming little woman; his father-in-law a fine old fellow; his mother-in-law a sad termagant! But you shall hear the whole story.'

'Do go, my dear Jack,' said Mr Willoughby, interrupting him, 'and see Mr Lawrence, and you can call in and tell me about Ned's termagant mother-in-law upon your return. I shall stay in on purpose to hear all about her.'

'Well, George, I never could have thought that you would have behaved in this lukewarm manner. I thought that you would have been delighted to hear of Ned's arrival.'

'So I am, my dear Newman—so I am; but this communication would have been in time enough after you had returned from your visit to your uncle's friend.'

'I beg your pardon; you might have been out if I had called later, whereas, by calling now, I was sure to catch you at home; and you have by these means received the news one hour and a half sooner than you would otherwise have done. And as to calling twice upon any one in the same day, as you propose, that is what I never do; I value time too much. So I shall, if you please, just finish my story as briefly as possible. After dinner, when Mrs Simmons had retired to the drawing-room, Ned said in his usual comical way, 'Well, Jack, what shall it be? as they say in America.' 'I think,' said I, 'I shall try your Jamaica.' Hot water and lemons having been brought accordingly, and the servants having retired, Ned commenced his story thus: I shall give it to you in his own words. 'My wife was a Miss O'Brien. She was the daughter of the colonel of the regiment to which I belonged, and was reckoned a great beauty. Her father, Colonel Dennis Patrick O'Brien, was an Irishman (as I suppose you have already guessed by his name, although it does not always follow that a man belongs to any particular country merely because of his name; for I have known several Englishmen who had foreign names). A delightful fellow!—so good-tempered, so polite, so facetious; always laughing—he was the delight of the whole regiment. You could not have made him angry if you had died for it. No pride, no stiffness about him; he was perfectly adored by both officers and soldiers. He was remarkably handsome in face, but rather inclined to corpulency. Colonel Dennis Patrick O'Brien, among his many good qualities, was inclined to be very hospitable, always inviting one to his house, which would have been next to a paradise, with his and his daughter's society, had it not been for a horrid termagant old fury of a wife that he had. Mrs Dennis Patrick O'Brien was as proud as Lucifer. She regularly

informed her acquaintances one hundred and fifty times every day that her father was a nobleman of Granada; but *entre nous*, Jack, her father was a fisherman of Biscay. It was there O'Brien met her. Why he ever married such a woman is a mystery that will never be solved; but I suppose that she must have asked him to marry her, and that he was too gallant to refuse. She was exactly double his height, all the same shape from her shoulders to her feet—a perfect rattle of bones. Her face always put me in mind of a worn-out drum, it was so like discoloured parchment. (But you are taking nothing, Jack, whilst I am speaking.) Mrs Dennis Patrick O'Brien always dressed in black velvet, with a train that tripped everybody that came near her. She took great state upon her, and would not let any officer into her house under the rank of captain; so you may judge what I endured, being excluded from the society of her sweet daughter. However, I met her at balls and in company, the first of which her mother was very fond of, for, among her other eccentricities, she imagined that she excelled in dancing, and would wheel about in some dance or other called the Guarichi. When at last I arrived at the envied rank that allowed me entrance into her house, even then I had terrible difficulty to keep my ground in her good graces, for she suspected that I loved her charming daughter. Finding that nothing but flattery would go down with her, I plied her with it upon all occasions, and avoided every subject likely to offend her; indeed, I remember one day that I dined at her house being afraid to ask for a biscuit lest it should sound in her ears like Biscay. But, in avoiding Scylla, I fell head and ears over into Charybdis, as I shall now proceed to inform you. One day, paying her a visit, I began, by way of propitiating her, to talk about Granada. 'Beautiful country Granada, madam,' said I—'splendid buildings in it. I have been in Granada; from that country I believe you come, madam?' 'Yes,' said she, 'my father was a man of great rank in Granada.' Now, my dear Jack, as ill luck would have it, I had once read that most of the best families in Spain are of Moorish origin, so, intending to pay her a compliment, I said, 'No doubt, madam, your father's ancestors were Moorish princes.' I had no sooner said this, when, surveying me from head to foot with ineffable scorn, she said, 'Yes, Captain Simmons, it is true that my father's aunt's sisters were princesses, but they were not black-a-moors. This affront I shall not soon forget. How dare you, sir, insult a lady, and the wife of your commanding officer, too, in this manner? I should like to know, sir, what made you suppose that there were black-a-moors in my family?' I was almost annihilated, Jack, at the scrape I had brought myself into, and hastened to regain my ground, if possible. 'I beg a thousand pardons, madam,' said I; 'but historians say that when Granada was invaded by the Moors that they intermarried with the natives.' 'I don't care what historians say,' she cried out; 'they will tell any lie to make money. There never were any Moors in Granada that I ever saw, except one now and then leading an ape about the streets. Black-a-moors in my family, forsooth!' I made a last desperate effort to appease her, and throwing a good deal of admiration into my looks, I said with energy of tone, 'Oh, madam! who that ever looked in your face could for a moment suppose that any of your relations were black-a-moors?' 'Well, Captain Simmons,' she said, 'you are a very sensible young man, and I don't think that you intended to insult me.' 'Insult you, madam! I would rather commit suicide,' said I. She extended her hand to me, which I kissed with great seeming respect; and she was so thoroughly appeased by the apologies and excuses that I made, that ere I quitted her house, she said, 'Captain Simmons, I have been aware for some time that you love my daughter, and although she has a right to expect a much better match, on account of her illustrious grandfather, yet I shall offer no obstacle to your union; for I look upon you to be a very amiable young man.'

Just as Mr Newman had concluded Ned's story, a violent ringing at the door was heard, and Mr Willoughby's housekeeper entered the room to say 'that there was a

person below stairs, sent by Mr Lawrence, who was much worse. He says, sir,' added she, addressing Jack, 'that he was at your house, but not finding you at home he was directed here. He also says, sir, that he is ordered to bring you along with him, and not to lose sight of you.'

'Bring me along with him!—not lose sight of me! This is too insolent!' exclaimed Mr Newman. 'Pray, Mrs Wilson, addressing the housekeeper, 'will you be so good as to tell the fellow to take himself off instantly, and to mention that I will follow him directly.'

'Dear Jack,' said his friend Willoughby, 'in a case of life and death you should not stand trifling about the wording of a message.'

'Trifling! Mr Willoughby. I do not understand what you mean, sir, by saying that I am trifling. I have no time to spend in trifling; and although I hate praising myself, I cannot help saying that there is not a man on the face of the earth who has a greater regard for the value of time or spends it better than I do; and sir, as you have been so frank with me as to hint that I am a trifle, I shall be equally so with you, and say that your behaviour and reception of me, your friend and old schoolfellow, has been both ungracious and inhospitable.' So saying, Mr Newman, alias Jack Hurry, turned away, and resolved to make up for lost time by going even at double his usual speed. So hastening down stairs he reached the hall-door, and rushing out, upset two milk-pails that a woman had left standing upon the step of the hall-door, whilst she took a bit of a gossip with a neighbour. Away he flew, quite unconscious of the galaxy he had left behind him. But he was the cause of a much greater accident, for in turning the corner of a street he ran foul of a baker who was coming up with a load of bread upon his head, and knocked him into the middle of the street. Away flew loaves, twists, &c., in every direction. The baker, having risen, was quite undecided whether he should knock Jack down or pick up his loaves. Mr Newman, on his part, proffered many regrets and apologies for the accident, and endeavoured to appease the enraged baker, who, holding a loaf saturated with mud in each hand, said to the rabble who had collected around him—'I peal to you, ladies and gentlemen, if them here loaves are fit for any human being, except it becs a pig, to eat?'

'My good man,' said Mr Newman, 'I am quite willing to indemnify you for the loss that you have sustained on my account. So saying he put his hand into his pocket, but unfortunately he had in his 'hurry' left his purse at home. He was in the act of explaining this circumstance to the baker, and, giving him his card, was directing him to call at his house for payment, when a fat dirty-looking woman laid her great red hand upon the velvet collar of his Mackintosh, and said—'Vell, if this aint the very feller as kicked over my two milk-pails. Oh, you cruel hard-hearted wagabond, to spill the milk of any poor widow ooman! What harm was my two innocent harmless pails doing to you?'

'My dear madam,' commenced Mr Newman—'my good woman, I mean—I am quite at a loss to know what you mean. When or where I spilt the milk that you mention I am also at a loss to know. But as you say that I did so, I am willing to pay for it.'

'Now just hear him,' she cried, 'saying that he will pay for my milk when he told this here gemmen of a baker not a minute ago that he had left his money at home. But it wont do. I'll not be cheated in this here way; so I begs that some of you here gemmen will call a p'liceman.'

'Vy, I becs sure,' said a donkeyman, putting on his spectacles to get a better view of our hero, 'that he becs von o' the swellmob as has 'scaped the persoot o' the p'lice.'

'Arrah, now!' said an old Irishwoman, laying down her wheelbarrow of herrings, 'is't a policeman yees are after calling? for if 'tis, I can tell yees 'tis asier to call them than see them; for I'm ready to swear that I haven't seen one uv them for the last three months. And as for this jintleman being one uv the swellmob and having the police after him, I am sartan sure that this is a mistake any how.

as I have seen him for the last ten years running about the streets in the same way. Now, bad as the police is, they must surely have caught him in that time had they been in pursuit of him. Now, if I may be so bold as to say it, I think that 'tis only a partic'lar way that the jintlemen has uv walking.'

Whilst Jack was in this awkward plight, by good luck his friend Willoughby came up, on his way to the city. He inquired the particulars of the accident, although he guessed very well how it had happened.

'Mr Willoughby,' began the baker, 'I will just tell you, sir, as how the accident happened. I was just a-coming into your street to serve about my bread, when down comes this here gemmen with the velocity o' a railway train, and drives me and my bread into the middle of the street amongst all the dirt and mud. And this is as how the accident happened, sir.'

'My good woman,' said Mr Willoughby to the milk-woman, who still detained Jack in her grasp, 'you must release this gentleman, for he is in haste to see a dying friend; and I will pay in the mean time for any damage he may have occasioned.'

Away went Jack, carefully steering clear, as the sailors say, of milk-pails and bakers, and arrived at last at Mr Lawrence's house. 'Well, James,' he said to the servant who opened the door, 'how is your master now?'

'Oh! sir,' answered the man, 'Mr Lawrence is dead.'

'Dead!' repeated Jack.

'Yes, sir,' said James. 'He died about half an hour ago.'

'Did he say nothing about me?' inquired Jack.

'Oh yes, sir, a great deal; every noise that he heard he would start up in bed and say, 'Is that Mr Newman? What! has he not come yet?' And then he would rave about some good-for-nothing chap as would never do no good.'

'Well, James,' said Mr Newman, 'I will not detain you any longer,' and turned away from the door. 'Bless me! how unfortunate it is,' mused Jack, 'that I was not in time to see Mr Lawrence before he died. But it was not my fault but Ned Simmons'; for if I had not met him yesterday, it is quite evident that I could not have gone to tell Willoughby of his arrival!'

THREE YEARS' WANDERINGS IN THE NORTHERN PROVINCES OF CHINA.*

No one who may read this highly pleasing and unaffectedly instructive and amusing book can fail to be struck with its author's genuine good sense, sound judgment, and practical good nature. There is a total want of pretension in Mr Fortune's pages, which greatly enhances their graphic vigour and perspicuity, and they are pervaded by a simple earnestness which adds to the reader's sense of their truth and native genuineness. It is refreshing to turn from the stereotyped twaddle of those butterfly travellers who sport up the Loire and down the Rhine, and then copy out their note-books for the benefit of the public, to a work like this 'Three Years' Wanderings.' We are introduced to the Chinese by a gentleman who can look indolently upon their social and domestic economy, and who vividly opens up the mysteries of their land, after patiently and carefully exploring a goodly portion of its provinces. Mr Fortune softens the harsher exaggerations of some who have preceded him as interpreters of the 'Flower Land,' and he subdues the highly coloured laudations of others. Yet we do not receive from his illustrations a very favourable impression of our Eastern friends. They are generally as rude, lying, and thievish as they have been represented, and individually and collectively as treacherous and cowardly as it is possible for men to be. Their government is a farce from the emperor down to the

meanest official; it is a great organised falsehood, which could not exist but upon the inert shoulders of a passively satisfied people. Yet there is something respectable in the constructive character of the Chinese, and their public opinion has an admirable tendency. Agriculture stands highest in the ranks of respectability, and, in wonderful contrast to the idealism of the Western nations, the profession of war is the most degraded. Our author guards against implicating the whole Chinese nation in the degrading characteristics of the sea-coast provinces; these, he contends, have been operated upon for evil by trading Europeans, and have suffered by the contact. In the interior the lights of the Chinese character shine forth in contrast to the shades of the coast, but, taken as a whole, their ideas of truth and honesty are very low.

Mr Fortune was appointed Botanical Collector to the Royal Horticultural Society in the autumn of 1842, and in that capacity set sail for China in the spring of 1843. We shall introduce our readers to the author and the Chinese empire at the same time, and we trust they will find the acquaintance as agreeable as we have done:

'A great proportion of the northern Chinese seem to be in a sleepy or dreaming state, from which it is difficult to awake them. When a foreigner at any of the northern ports goes into a shop, the whole place inside and out is immediately crowded with Chinese, who gaze at him with a sort of stupid dreaming eye; and it is difficult to say whether they really see him or not, or whether they have been drawn there by some strange mesmeric influence over which they have no control: and I am quite sure that, were it possible for the stranger to slip out of his clothes and leave a block standing in his place, these Chinese would still continue to gaze on, and never know the difference. The conduct of the Chinese peasants during the war was very remarkable in this respect. I have been told by some of the military officers, that, when the whole fleet of sailing vessels and steamers went up the Yangtse-Kiang, in 1842, many of the agricultural labourers on the banks of the river used to hold up their heads for a few seconds, and look with a kind of stupid gaze upon our noble fleet; and then quietly resume their labours, as if the thing was only an every day occurrence, and they had seen it a thousand times before. When the 'Medusa' steamer went up the Shanghai river for several miles above the city, the river became so narrow that they had some difficulty in finding a place wide enough to allow the steamer to come round. A peasant was standing on the bank smoking his pipe, and looking on with the most perfect unconcern when, the helm being put down, the little vessel in coming round shot right across the stream, and came in contact with the bank, just under the very feet of the Chinaman. The shock was of course considerable, and the man, who all at once seemed to awake from a trance, set off in the utmost terror, like an arrow, across the fields, without once looking behind him; and, as Captain Hewitt, who related the story, remarked, for anything he knew, the man was running until this day! Many of the Chinese are of course very different characters from those I have just described, and are as active men as you find in any part of the world; but the above are striking features in the character of the inhabitants of the northern parts of the country which I have had an opportunity of visiting. In the knowledge and practice of agriculture, although the Chinese may be in advance of other Eastern nations, they are not for a moment to be compared with the civilised nations of the West. Perhaps more nonsense has been written upon this subject than upon any other connected with China; and we can only account for it by supposing the writers to have been entirely unacquainted with the subject, and led away by the fancies and prejudices above alluded to. How ridiculous, for example, for them to speak in such glowing terms of the fertility of the land, when we bear in mind that they judged from what they saw at Canton and Macao! Had they seen the glorious scenery amongst the mountains at Tein-tung near Ning-po, or the rich plain of Shanghai, then indeed they might have written in the

* 'Three Years' Wanderings in the Northern Provinces of China, including a Visit to the Tea, Silk, and Cotton Countries; with an Account of the Agriculture and Horticulture of the Chinese, New Plants, &c. By ROBERT FORTUNE, Botanical Collector to the Horticultural Society of London. London: John Murray. 1847.

most glowing terms of the fertility of Chinese soil; but what terms could they have found to describe it, after giving the barren soil of the south such a character? Although it is not my intention to devote any part of these pages to the history and government of the Chinese, I must still notice, in passing, what has been so often said about the perfection of their government and laws. And here, too, I must differ from those who have such high notions of the Chinese in these respects. I think no country can be well governed where the government is powerless, and has not the means of punishing those who break the laws. China is very weak in this respect, compared with European nations, and the only thing which keeps the country together is the quiet and inoffensive character of the people. Everybody who has travelled in China knows that, wherever the natives are enterprising and bold, they set the government at defiance whenever it suits their purpose to do so. For example, what can the government do if the natives on the coast of Fokien, a bold and lawless race, choose to disobey its mandates? Positively nothing. Even further north, where the mandarins are more powerful, in Shanghai for example, the Chincheu men, as they are called, often fight pitched battles with fire-arms in the streets, and in open day; and the mandarins, with all their soldiers at their backs, dare not to interfere. Surely no government worth anything would tolerate this state of things. The system of apprehension and punishment is so curious, and so characteristic of the Chinese government, that I must not omit to mention it. The belligerents are allowed to fight as long and as fiercely as they choose, and the soldiers never interfere: but when the weakest side is overpowered, and probably a number of lives lost in the affray, they come down in great force and seize and carry off to punishment the most defenceless; and, in circumstances of this kind, they are not over particular about seizing the most riotous, or those most implicated in the disturbances, provided those they seize are the weakest and least able to resist. Such conduct in the Chinese government I have been an eyewitness to, again and again, in the north of China.

In his pedestrian excursions in pursuit of plants, our traveller did not always meet with such pleasing adventures as the following:—

'I was one day travelling amongst the hills in the interior of the island [Amoy], in places where I suppose no Englishman had ever been before. The day was fine, and the whole of the agricultural labourers were at work in the fields. When they first saw me, they seemed much excited, and from their gestures and language I was almost inclined to think them hostile. From every hill and valley they cried 'Wylow-Fokei,' or 'Wylow-san-pan-Fokei,' that is, 'Be off to your boat, friend'; but on former occasions I had always found that the best plan was to put a bold face on the matter and walk in amongst them, and then try to get them into good humour. In this instance the plan succeeded admirably: we were in a few minutes excellent friends; the boys were running in all directions gathering plants for my specimen-box, and the old men were offering me their bamboo-pipes to smoke. As I got a little nearer to the village, however, their suspicions seemed to return, and they evidently would have been better pleased had I either remained where I was or gone back again. This procedure did not suit my plans, and although they tried very hard to induce me to 'wylow' to my 'san-pan,' it was of no use. They then pointed to the heavens, which were very black at the time, and told me that it would soon be a thunder-storm, but even this did not succeed. As a last resource, when they found that I was not to be turned out of my way, some of the little ones were sent on before to apprise the villagers of my approach, and when I reached the village, every living thing, down even to the dogs and pigs, were out to have a peep at 'Fokei.' I soon put them all, the dogs excepted (the Chinese house-dog has a great antipathy to foreigners, and will scarcely make friends with them), in the best possible humour, and at last they seemed in no hurry to get rid of me. One of the most respectable

amongst them, seemingly the head man of the village, brought me some cakes and tea, which he politely offered me. I thanked him and began to eat. The hundreds who now surrounded me were perfectly delighted. 'He eats and drinks like ourselves,' said one; 'Look,' said two or three behind me, who had been examining the back part of my head rather attentively, 'look here, the stranger has no tail;' and then the whole crowd, women and children included, had to come round me, to see if it was really a fact, that I had no tail. One of them, rather a dandy in his way, with a noble tail of his own, plaited with silk, now came forward, and taking off a kind of cloth, which the natives here wear as a turban, and allowing his tail to fall gracefully over his shoulders, said to me in the most triumphant manner, 'Look at that.' I acknowledged it was very fine, and promised, if he would allow me to cut it off, I would wear it for his sake. He seemed very much disgusted at the idea of such a loss, and the others had a good laugh at him.

We have a pleasing picture of the domestic manners of the mandarins in the succeeding extract:—

'One day I went in company with Captain Hall, of the 41st N. I., and the Rev. Mr Abele, an American missionary, to pay our respects to one of the principal mandarins, and to see his houses and gardens. His residence is in the suburbs of the town, on the side of a rocky hill, close to the beach. When we entered the outer court, we were received by a number of officers of inferior rank, and conducted to a kind of office, where, after politely desiring us to sit down, they offered us their pipes to smoke, and snuff-boxes, or rather phials of glass and stone, containing something which was like Scotch snuff, and rather agreeable. There were two couches or beds in the room, on one of which I observed a small lamp burning and an opium pipe lying by its side, by which I conjectured we had disturbed an opium-smoker in the midst of his enjoyment. Tea was immediately set before us, as is the custom in this country; but it was very indifferent, and, as Mr Abele informed us that we should get much better when we were introduced to the principal mandarin, we only tasted it in compliment to our good friends. In a few minutes the mandarin himself came to conduct us into a more splendid apartment. It was a large airy room, one side fitted up with finely carved cases, in the centre of which stood a time-piece and some beautiful jars filled with flowers. I here had an opportunity of seeing the great veneration with which the Chinese regard anything that is old. One of these pieces of porcelain, he informed us, had been in his family for five hundred years, and had the peculiar property of preserving flowers or fruits from decay for a lengthened period. He seemed to prize it much on account of its age, and handled it with great veneration. The other side of the room was elevated a little, and fitted up for the 'sing-son,' or theatricals, of which the Chinese, from the highest to the lowest, are passionately fond. Tea was soon brought in, in a tea-pot, in the European fashion, and not in the manner usual amongst the Chinese; for the custom with them is first to put the tea into the cup, and then to pour the water over it, the visitor drinking the beverage and leaving the leaves in the bottom of the cup—an admirable mode for such persons as the Aberdeen gentleman, who, some years since, when coffee was not so common as it is now, complained that 'his landlady did not give him the thick as well as the thin.' Sugar is never used by the Chinese with their tea. The mandarin, after making various inquiries about us,—what our names were,—what our occupations—how long we had been from home—and more particularly how old we were,—and after minutely inspecting our clothes, the coloured waistcoats apparently gratifying him very much, asked us to walk out and see the grounds around the mansion. The house stands near the base of the hill, and the garden lies behind it: the whole is really pretty; the large banyan-trees overhanging the walks, and the huge and rugged rocks forming caves and shades from the sun. A very fine spring issues from the hill-side, from beneath a rock. This water the

proprietor praised very much, and we all drank heartily of it to please him: really such a spring, in a place like this, is invaluable. A telescope was brought to us, which he evidently considered a great curiosity. He placed it upon a large stone table, carefully adjusting it to the desired view, and then asked us to look through it; but we were not accustomed to use the instrument in that way, and took it up in our hands in the usual manner. He seemed surprised that we could see through it in this way. After showing us all the curiosities in the garden, he took us back into the house, where tea was again set before us, with the addition of six or seven kinds of cake, which, however good they may be considered by the Chinese, I must confess I did not like. I have since tasted excellent buns and short cakes in Chusan and Shanghai. After some further conversation, we withdrew, the mandarin inviting us to renew our visit as often as we pleased.

Our author's good nature was not always a sufficient protection for his purse and person; and the following adventure would certainly prove more exciting than agreeable:—

'After enjoying the view of the country from the top of the hills, I again descended to the low ground by a different way from that by which I had come; but no sooner did I reach the plain than I was again surrounded by the natives. It was getting late in the afternoon, and my servant, I believe, felt rather tired, as I had intended he should when we started in the morning. He now began to scheme a little, to save himself from walking any farther than he could possibly help; and as I sometimes traversed rather wide circular routes in search of plants, he generally took the nearest way in the direction in which he knew we had ultimately to go. A few of the natives now began to follow me rather closely, and from their manner I suspected that their intentions were not good; but as they pretended to take me to some place where I should see some good plants and flowers, I allowed them to accompany me, and tried to keep them all in good humour. We arrived at last in sight of a large mansion, standing in a retired part of the country, and I was proceeding with perfect confidence towards it, when the Chinamen began to press more closely round me; and upon feeling a hand in my pocket, I turned quickly round, and saw the thief running off with a letter which he had abstracted. As soon as he saw he was discovered, he threw it on the ground, and made off; but when I put my hand into my pocket, I found that I had lost several things of more value. This incident stopped my progress, and made me look about for my servant, whom I saw at some distance attacked by about eight or ten of the fellows. They had surrounded him, presenting their knives, and threatening to stab him if he offered the least resistance, at the same time endeavouring to rob and strip him of everything of the slightest value, and my poor plants, collected with so much care, were flying about in all directions. I felt that we were in a dangerous situation, and instantly leaving my pickpockets, set off to his assistance as fast as I could. When the Chinamen saw me coming, they all took to their heels and left him, making off towards their companions, who were looking on from a distance. My servant was pale with fright when I reached him, and very much excited; nor did he fail to remind me of all he had said the day before. I felt there was no denying we were in dangerous company, and that the only thing to be done was to get out of it as soon as we could. Accordingly I made straight for the village where we had left the boat, and my servant took good care to follow close at my heels. As we approached the landing-place the boatman came to meet us in high spirits, saying he had expected us long ago, and was fearful that the Chinchow men had either robbed or murdered us. It was now ebb tide, and there was about half a mile of bare sand to cross, with the surf breaking furiously beyond it. The boatman at first said it was impossible to go to the ship before morning, and the people of the village promised me good chow-chow (food), and quarters for the night. I thanked them for all their kind offers, but told

them that I should be much better pleased to get on board of the Ka-pan with three masts, as I was to sail to Chusan early next day. Upon this, a sign was made to some other boatmen hard by, and immediately all were in motion. A boat was carried by a number of men across the sands to the water. I jumped upon the back of a stout Chinaman, who scampered like a race-horse across the wet sands, and deposited me in the boat; and they rowed us through the rolling surf in a masterly manner. I reached the snip all safe and sound, although completely drenched with wet.'

Mr Fortune, as a botanist, most minutely and indefatigably examined the natural productions of China, and we have descriptions of the floral character of the parts he visited in an intelligible and popular style; but we believe that our readers will prefer to know more of the people of Chusan, in their relation to the British, than of the groves of Kum-quat and Yang-mai, however beautiful.

The natives of Chusan are a quiet and inoffensive race, and were always civil and obliging to me. Like the vegetation of their hills, they are very different from their countrymen of the south, and the change, I am happy to say, is for the better and not for the worse. Doubtless there are thieves and bad characters amongst them; but these are comparatively few, and are kept in better check by the government, the result of which is, that unprotected property is in a great measure safe, and cases of theft are almost unknown. The people may be divided into three classes—the countrymen or agricultural farmers and labourers, the shopkeepers in the towns, and the mandarins or officers of government. The trade of Ting-hae and the other towns seems to consist chiefly in articles of food and clothing, and owing to the number of British soldiers who were there from the time of our taking possession of the island until it was again handed over to the Chinese, this trade was of course in a flourishing condition. Fruits and vegetables were brought in great quantities from the mainland; fish were plentiful; good sheep were sold at about three dollars each; and the Chinese even got so far over their religious prejudices as to keep the market well supplied with bullocks, which were sold at prices varying from eight to twelve dollars. It was astonishing how quickly they got accustomed to our habits, and were able to supply all our wants. Bread baked in the English mode was soon exposed for sale in the shops, and even ready-made clothes were to be had in any quantity. The tailors flocked from all quarters: a large proportion of the shops near the beach were occupied by them, and they doubtless reaped a rich harvest, although they made and sold every article of dress on the most reasonable terms. Then there were curiosity shops without number, containing josses or gods carved in bamboo or stone, incense burners, old bronzes, animals of strange forms which only exist in the brains of the Chinese, and countless specimens of porcelain and pictures. Silk shops, too, were not wanting, and here were to be had beautiful pieces of manufactured silk, much cheaper and better than could be purchased in Canton. The embroidery in these shops was of the most elaborate and beautiful description, which must be seen before it can be appreciated; this the Chinese were making into articles, such as scarfs and aprons, for English ladies. The shopkeepers in Ting-hae supposed an English name indispensable to the respectability of their shops and the success of their trade, and it was quite amusing to walk up the streets and read the different names which they had adopted under the advice and instruction of the soldiers and sailors to whom they had applied on the subject. There were 'Stultz, tailor, from London'; 'Buckmaster, tailor to the army and navy'; 'Dominie Dobbs, the grocer'; 'Squire Sam, porcelain merchant'; and the number of tradesmen 'to Her Majesty' was very great, among whom one was 'Tailor to Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria and His Royal Highness Prince Albert, by appointment,' and below the name was a single word, which I could not make out for some few seconds—*Uniforms of all descriptions*. Certificates from their customers were also in

great request, and many of these were most laughable performances. The poor Chinese were never quite at their ease about these certificates, as they were so often hoaxed by the donors, and consequently were continually showing them to other customers and asking 'what thing that paper talks; can do, eh?' The answer was probably in this strain—'Oh, yes, *Fokei*, this can do, only a little alteration more better.' Poor *Fokei* runs and brings a pen, the little alteration is made, and it is needless to add that the thing is ten times more ridiculous than it was before. Almost all the natives who come in contact with the English understand a little of the language; and as they have also a smattering of Portuguese, Malay, and Bengalese, they soon mix them all up together, and draw out of the whole a new tongue, which the most accomplished linguist would have very great difficulty in analysing; and, what is most amusing, they fancy all the time that this is capital English.

The Chinese empire, according to Mr Fortune, is past its zenith of prosperity, and is now in its decadence. The temples which the idolatrous superstition of the Chinese has caused them to erect are crumbling, and the people are apparently indifferent about them. The succeeding remarks upon the general character of the people and their idolatry are instructive:—

'The Chinese, as a nation, are great gamblers—even the poorest of them cannot resist the temptation; and in the main street, after nightfall, there used to be numerous stalls of oranges, sweetmeats, and trifling curiosities, at each of which there were dice of some kind, and a 'wheel of fortune,' surrounded by the Chinese in great numbers, trying their luck with a few copper cash, and evincing, by their looks and language, the most intense interest in the stopping of the wheel, or the throwing of the dice. Besides numerous shops for the sale of clothes and skins, there are a number of excellent silk shops and warehouses a little off the main street, which, like our old-established houses at home, have but little external show to attract notice. Here, too, are large quantities of that beautiful northern embroidery which is so much admired by all who have had an opportunity of seeing it. It is entirely different from that commonly procured at Canton, and much more elaborate and expensive. A considerable demand for articles of dress which would be fashionable in England, has induced the Chinese to get them made, and they are now exposed for sale in all the towns in the north frequented by the English. Ladies' aprons, scarfs, shawls, work-bags, and many other articles made up in the English style, and beautifully embroidered, are the things most in demand. The Chinese estimate their celebrated jade stone very highly, and here there are numerous shops both for cutting it and exposing it for sale, carved into all those curious and fantastic forms for which this people are so well known. The process of cotton-printing, in its most simple and original form, may be seen in most of the streets here, as well as in other towns in China. Rope-making is carried on extensively in the suburbs near the river, and some strong cables and ropes for junks are made from the bracts of the palm, and from the bark of the urticaceous plant, commonly called hemp by the English in the north of China. There are, of course, the usual quantity of curiosity shops, containing bamboo ornaments carved into all possible forms; specimens of ancient porcelain, which are said to 'preserve flowers and fruit from decay for an unusual time,' lacquered ware, and other ornaments brought by the junks from Japan, many beautifully carved rhinoceros' horns, bronzes, and other articles to which the Chinese attach great importance, purchasing them at exorbitant rates, apparently far beyond their value. But what struck me as being most unique, was a peculiar kind of furniture, made and sold in a street, generally called 'Furniture Street' by foreigners who visit Ning-po. There were beds, chairs, tables, washing-stands, cabinets, and presses, all peculiarly Chinese in their form, and beautifully inlaid with different kinds of wood and ivory, representing the people and customs of the country, and

presenting, in fact, a series of pictures of China and the Chinese. Every one who saw these things admired them, and, what was rather strange, they seem peculiar to Ning-po, and are not met with at any of the other five ports, not even in Shanghai. As all this beautiful work is expensive, it is, of course, only used in the houses of the wealthy. There are some large banking establishments in Ning-po, having connexion with all the other towns in the north, and it is here, therefore, that the value of money is regulated, the 'stocks' rising and falling exactly as they do in England. There can be little doubt that it is a place of great wealth. There are a large number of retired merchants in the city and suburbs, who have made their fortunes in early life, and who now seek to enjoy themselves amid the luxuries and retirement of Ning-po.

'Many of the temples in this town have been much admired by foreigners, but I must confess that, to me, the best of them had a childish and tinselly appearance, which I could not admire. The one called the *Fokein Temple* is best and most showy. The Confucian Temple was formerly a large and celebrated place, but it was nearly destroyed during the war, and up to the time when I left China, no attempt had been made to rebuild it, or put it in a state of repair: the Chinese seemed to consider that the touch of the barbarian had polluted the sacred edifice. The Buddhists' temples are crowded with painted wooden images of their gods. The 'three precious Budhas,' the 'past, present, and future,' are generally enormously large, being often thirty or forty feet in height. To these, and to the numerous small images, the poor deluded natives bow the knee, burn incense, and engage in other exercises of devotion. The traveller meets with these temples, or joss-houses as they are commonly called, in all the streets, at the gates of the city, and even on the ramps, and cannot but admire the devotional spirit of the inhabitants, although he may wish that it was directed to a higher and purer object. I have often looked on, when these simple people—the women more particularly—seemed actually, like Jacob of old, 'wrestling with God in prayer,' and using various means to ascertain whether the mind of the Deity had softened towards them, and granted their requests. Two small pieces of wood, flat on one side and rounded on the other, are generally used to accomplish this end; these are thrown up in the air, and if they fall on the desired side, it was well; if not, some more incense was burned, and again and again they prostrated themselves before the altar, and seemed engaged in earnest prayer. Many of their religious ceremonies have a great resemblance to those of the Roman Catholic church, and I remember being much struck on a Sunday afternoon, when passing out at one of the city gates, by hearing the sounds of prayer and praise, not unlike those of the Christian churches of other lands. I immediately walked into the place from whence the sounds came, and found, to my disappointment, that it was one of the numerous temples with which the city abounds, and that the sounds of praise which fell upon my ears were only addressed to the gods of the heathen. But many of these temples are in a most ruinous state, and are evidently not so well supported now as they have been at some former time. In fact, the town of Ning-po itself, with all its riches, and all its advantages, has been in a decaying state for years.'

We heartily recommend Mr Fortune's book to all who may feel inclined to become acquainted with the land of Twankay and Bohea, and shall return to it in our next number.

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WEEKLY HOGG'S INSTRUCTOR

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LADIES'-MEN.

Most of our fair readers know what is comprehended under the present title, though perhaps, notwithstanding a certain mental picture being conjured up on the eye catching the words, they would find some difficulty in giving any exact definition of their ubiquitous favourites. Ten chances to one, did you inquire at a young lady, 'What like is he?' the answer would be, 'Oh, get along with you; how should I know?' Before commencing the present sketch, we made an attempt at such an inquiry, but it proved a dead failure. The ladies suspected our felonious intention, and refused any enlightenment respecting their favourite. We find, therefore, that we stand on dangerous ground, liable to forfeit the good will of our fair patronesses; should such be the result, our reflection must be that of many great men, that genuine unselfish philanthropy has met an unmerited slight, for with purely philanthropic feelings do we enter on our task.

After searching unsuccessfully through Buffon and Rennie, under *Ephemeræ*, we have arrived at the conclusion that our natural historians have made a great omission in leaving out the ladies'-man. He certainly cannot be said to belong to the highest order of creation; his tastes, dispositions, and pursuits being essentially of a different nature. He seems a sort of hybrid appendage to the 'last of nature's works'—something betwixt a page and a duenna—partaking of the characteristics of each, yet clearly falling under neither. We might attempt to analyse the idiosyncrasy of the ladies'-man, from several specimens we have had the occasional privilege of seeing, but in doing so we feel placed in a critical position, arising from the difficulties of the duty, and the offence probably occurring from our interference with matters which we have been already informed we have nothing at all to do with—that this subject is, in fact, as much out of our sphere as any interference with a lady's taste in her choice of a shawl, bonnet, or cap would be. Our intentions must form our excuse.

There are certain situations in which the ladies'-man may be seen to the greatest advantage—certain places in which he comes out in full feather. On a sunshiny afternoon, from one till four o'clock, he may be detected perambulating some promenade, or leisurely strolling in the park. You need not look for him in any lonely or by-path; keep always the most crowded and frequented spot; particularly in the wake or advance of a bevy of ladies, you may detect him—as infallibly as the titling hovers nigh the cuckoo, is he there. Once seen he is again unmistakable. There is a certain effeminacy in his aspect: the curl of his hair, the position of his whisker, and twist

of his moustache, as well as his dress, are all indicative of his habits. He appears as if got up by the tailors—a walking advertisement; being the only approach to realisation of the pictorial display of Paris fashions for the month one is privileged to behold. He is a disciple of the Brummel and Nash school. Every tie is scrupulously correct; every hair properly adjusted; the gloves without a wrinkle; the coat without a flaw; the vest faultless; the boots glossy as ebony, unsullied in their brilliancy by a single spot of mud. We speak of course here of the first class of ladies'-men. There are various grades of them. Every vice has its imitators, far more so than every virtue. Yet though he personifies the dandy to this extent, he lacks the dandy's manliness. There is not the nobility of manhood stamped upon his countenance. There is a soft spongy look about him, a certain 'rose water' air, which the genuine dandy hath not. Let us watch him a little. Peacock-like he struts along, surveying each fair one through his glass, and nodding to each passing acquaintance. A friend taps him on the shoulder, a very double of himself: turning lethargically round he draws—'Aw, Ned, how's your sa-lu-brity this mawning?'

'Fresh, thawnk you. Eh! do you know that fair gael coming along on yon old fellow's awm? I passed her some time ago. She smiled upon me, posi-tive-ly. I wonder who she is.'

'Don't know, Ned.'

'By-the-by, where were you last night? I spent a pleasant evening at the Grays'. Some young ladies—four of them—most de-light-ful. Not another soul but myself present—chaaming guals. You must visit with us, Augustus.'

'Ha! see, there's two lovely creatures. Don't know them though. Let's get in front, Ned.'

So the two, arm in arm, pass the ladies, and continue their strut a little in advance, inspired with the hope of being vastly admired—expecting to arouse a world of curiosity on their behalf.

Follow we the ladies'-man into the drawing-room, there we find him in his natural element. In the midst of a cluster of nymphs, to whom he is chattering and showing his teeth, or hanging over the chair of some fair girl, delighting himself and her with softly whispered nothings, or mayhap gallantly engaged in assisting another to unravel a skein of silk, unfastening a troublesome knot, or chivalrously fetching a footstool to a third. His accomplishments in this sphere are comprehensive; he can make himself generally useful in his devotion to the service of his patronesses. He can sing a few German or Italian airs (he hates English or Scotch melodies—they are low, vulgar), can play on the piano, sketch a little, spatter

paper with colour and call it drawing, can dance agreeably, understands something about that mysterious needle-work we find young ladies always performing and never finishing; speaks occasionally of silks, brocades, and lace; can chatter incessantly and simper interminably. The ladies'-man has wit enough not to limit his attentions to any particular unit of the sex more than others. He has perhaps learned the danger of this by experience, having been already once or twice requested by some anxious Argus of a mamma 'to state his intentions,' but having none of course, beyond immediate amusement, he could condescend on nothing satisfactory, and was 'forbid the house' accordingly. In his more juvenile days, the ladies'-man is the hopeful object of many a dowager's manoeuvring. He is generally a manageable youth, and of desirable qualities. Young ladies, too, consider him quite a 'nice young man,' and are very languishing, talkative, or winning in his presence, as occasion may suit or seem to require. As he gets older, however, he sinks to his own position—still a loveable creature, but not worth wasting time upon. It is found that all gentle sighs, kindling glances, trembling of long silken lashes, slight pressures of little hands, and significant looks and smiles, have been thrown away upon him—so much capital expended, and no return. He ceases to be a 'nice young man' save with very fresh and sanguine girls, and settles down to 'an agreeable attentive creature.' In this condition he generally remains till near forty, after which, with few exceptions, he becomes 'an old boy,' 'a fuzzy old creature,' 'a horrid old bore,' in fact, anything but pleasant and agreeable; a circumstance clearly proving that the cause which entitles him to a place in young ladies' esteem does not increase with his age—derives no additional value from antiquity. At this stage he usually grows out of his young lady acquaintances, and falls into a circle of widows and elderly maidens, where he flourishes in renewed vigour. In some cases within the sphere of our own recollection, we have seen an attempt made to maintain a perpetual youthfulness till near sixty, in the persons of two or three deluded elderly 'gents,' who dressed in a juvenile manner, attended small parties, and romped with very, very young ladies. Such grey-haired follies, however, we feel thankful, are rare.

The ladies'-man is seldom married. When a man passes a certain age, say thirty, in celibacy, his chances of matrimony, arising from his own growing indifference to it, lessen daily. When he reaches forty we regard him as hopeless. Unless matrimony be perpetrated when the heart beats high with hope, when love has no cold calculating philosophy in it, when the feelings gush forth from a sanguine unobstructed spring—unless then, its charms cease, its rosy hue is gone, and it becomes a pounds-shillings-and-pence matter. Instances are on record, notwithstanding of this general rule, in which ladies'-men have been inveigled, either through the superior tactics of some designing fair one, or because, according to a certain philosophy, 'his time was come.' But, in almost all such cases, he gets the 'crooked stick,' to which there is no doubt of his being above all men well entitled.

We have hitherto spoken of the ladies'-man externally. Let us take a peep into his mental qualifications. These are seldom of a very high order, if ever above par. They are limited to what is strictly useful in his own sphere, but quite unavailable out of it. He has a tolerable imitative capacity, for instance, so far as dress is concerned; the cut of a new coat, the turn of a boot, the pattern of a vest, or fashion of hair, he can perfectly comprehend. He can dance the last Polka or Strauss' last waltz, can criticise music, sing a little, play a little, has a smattering of French, and a slight sprinkling of Italian. He considers he knows a pretty girl when he sees one, flatters himself that he can discern a good figure from a bad one. Largely he talks of blondes and brunettes, of deep blue eyes, of sparkling black ones, swan-like throats, fine busts, Grecian outline, *tournaure*, &c., when in company with brethren of similar tastes, but, alas! so far as heart is concerned, every girl is to him alike. He is not a lady-killer but a lady-server,

therefore we honestly acquit him of all intention of cruelty justly attributable to the former class. The ladies'-man generally has pretensions to acquaintance with the muse, which he invokes in albums. If the fickle goddess refuses his summons, however, as she not unfrequently does, L. E. L., Shenstone, or some other neatly sentimental lyrist, supplies the defect. Describing him negatively, like some high authorities, we might say he is not a political man, nor a scientific man, nor a philanthropic man, nor a patriotic man, nor a man of any party save a ladies' party. He knows nothing of Locke, Brown, or Dugald Stewart, and far less of Adam Smith or McCulloch. Books he conceives a bore, excepting the 'Book of Fashions' and 'Punch,' which he reads per example, and rarely comprehends further than that it is 'veway clewaw.' He knows a little of the philosophy of life, but nothing of moral philosophy, and that life is all bounded by the park and drawing-room. He knows that society judges of a man by his coat—that broadcloth and lavender gloves are the criterion of a man's worth and the highway to golden opinion, while the threadbare sleeve and napless hat mark the worthless and ignorant. To alter slightly the well-known lines, he believes

'Tis clothes that make the man,
The want of them the fellow;

and he acts out his philosophy as he best can. Generally, it may be averred, he bears the same relationship to mankind that amphibious animals do to land creatures. He is a sort of nondescript; part of his notions being made up of new patterns and fancy bazaars, part of them of gossip and small-talk and a slight affectation of wit. Such and similar are the mental endowments of the ladies'-man. In almost every other respect there is 'a happy vacancy of sense.' The probability is, he does not find much necessity for such a quality, and concurs practically in the proverb that 'a little knowledge is a dangerous thing,' by avoiding all inconvenient contact with it.

The ladies'-man has his own peculiar sphere, his own element, out of which he cannot exist; that element is the town. The quiet pleasures of a rural life are no pleasures to him. He cannot conceive how people should prefer green fields and shady paths to the thronged busy streets—how it is possible the hill-side and valley can be more beautiful than the gorgeous shops, or the purple heather pleasanter to tread upon than the drawing-room carpet. These things are impossible to be supposed! Once, in the vicinity of Glen Lur Beg, we encountered one of the species. He had read Christopher North's Recreations; how this happened we cannot say, nevertheless he had read them, and his soul had become inspired with thoughts of sublime scenery, thunder-storms, beetling mountains, dashing cataracts, soaring eagles, and all the other concomitants, but especially of glorious yellow firs he meant to kill in a stream adjoining. From the east he had come armed with a fishing-rod, and dressed out according to the most approved scale of angling costume, as seen in prints in tailors' windows. We met him bewildered in a moor, without the faintest notion of his whereabouts, fagging wearily along, with his garments moss-stained and torn, and his phiz lugubrious in the extreme. A long rod was dangling over his shoulder, and the flies sticking in his skirts for lack of better employment. He gaped with stupefied surprise at meeting us, and we no less so at seeing him; we should as soon have expected to encounter 'the great sea-snake.' A few words explained to us how he had been duped, imposed upon, and deceived; how the Highlands was the most miserable place in the world, not fit for a human being to exist in. Instead of the glorious sights he had been led to expect, he had seen nothing but gloom, rain, and quagmire. His only desire was, how could he possibly get home now? We acted the good Samaritan for once, saw him that night safely housed in the little inn at Barrthor-yett, and next morning packed him off in a peat cart. Still he remembers our service with gratitude, and thanks us for his miraculous escape from the Highlands. We repeat it, the ladies'-man was made for the town and the town for him. Give him plenty of dress, plenty of cigars,

no annoyance requiring thought or reflection, food for his vanity, and admirers to keep it alive; and, above all, plenty of female friends, and then he is at home—nowhere else.

We have sketched the ladies-man as luxuriating in the higher circles of society, but the middle ranks are not destitute of him. With some slight variations, he may be found in almost any class, always distinguished by one or two of the main peculiarities we have attributed to him.

It has been always a curious question for metaphysicians to solve, that of the principle of feminine attachments. At best the female heart is a riddle, but far more so in the rageries it exhibits in cherishing and doating upon things in themselves most unloveable. Pugs, monkeys, cats, dwarf pages, and tuncless birds, without regard to age or ugliness, have always been staple commodities on which affection might be lavished. Is it that the feminine heart is made to love; that there is a void in it which must be filled up, and which any object can supply; or is it that woman's humanity prompts her to tenderness towards those parts of the animal creation which man, the selfish monster, would not stoop to bestow a single thought upon? Upon these grounds alone can we account for the leaning towards the subject of our sketch—of whom any specimens we ever saw were the most thoroughly contemptible of all the race of mankind. Some might suggest his usefulness; that the fair sex find him valuable in those little services which he is ever on the alert to render, as a reason of his popularity. We doubt this. A man's popularity is a thing quite distinct from his usefulness, often not at all related to it. We think we must be still right in our position regarding the cause—pity or necessity. Yet the last it can hardly be, for a monkey would equally well answer the end, that of filling up temporarily a void in affection. Now, we should wish to say a word or two in the ears of young ladies on this point ere closing. The ladies-man owes his existence as such to you. In maintaining him in such a state you do yourselves a moral wrong—injuring your own position in society. See how! John Somers, a thriving young merchant, is introduced to Miss Julia Likely, a very engaging, affable, and worthy young lady. He feels a desire for further acquaintance, calls, finds her at home with her sisters, but Augustus, the dangler, is there, entertaining her and the company with his unmeaning nonsense, and engaging the whole attention of the party to himself. John calls again, the same scene is enacted; and again, but still finds Augustus at his post: at last leaves off. A friend inquires, 'John, why, you never visit Miss Julia now?'—'Oh, bother Miss Julia!' replies John; 'she's a very pleasant girl, no doubt, but that booby Augustus Herbertum is perpetually lounging about the house. One can't tell what to think of the lady; for my part, I'd as soon not have a wife who delighted in such silly company.' Julia wonders why John never calls now. He was a very pleasant sensible young man. She is sorry he is gone, but can see no reason for his abrupt cessation of visiting. Could he find any fault with her? she thinks not. Look, young lady, at that simpering vacant countenance, and at that neatly adjusted and polished exterior, beneath which one great or generous thought never lurked, as he stands at your side smoothing his glove and affecting airs sufficient to disgust all his sex. Look there, we say, and you will find an answer to your thoughts; you will see how honesty has been vanquished by vanity—Intentions sacred and honourable routed off the field by the sight of No Intentions—and remember it is all your own fault. Look now reflectively. Do not injure your own position in society, your own chances of marriage, your own happiness. Do not increase your reputation as a flirt or coquette, and advance the probability of an ultimate garret, by maintaining such a creature dallying around you. Act wisely and prudently, then, for your own sakes as well as for the sake of the subject of our sketch. You will not only benefit yourselves, but commit an act of genuine philanthropy by setting your faces steadfastly against such an anomalous being as THE LADIES-MAN.

THE FIRST MISSIONARIES TO LABRADOR.

In connexion with the great events, which for good or evil have pointed the world's history, there has ever existed an under current of persevering effort to which mankind is perhaps more indebted for progress and prosperity than to the deeds loud trumpeted by fame. Among these are the labours of the Moravians to introduce Christianity to the natives of Labrador, a cheerless and barren country to the north of Nova Scotia, and not far distant from Greenland; it is, however, much more inhospitable than the latter as regards temperature, nature of soil, and the tribes by which it is inhabited. Frequently, during the winter, the thermometer falls to thirty degrees below zero; alcohol solidifies; and ice twelve feet in thickness is formed on the surface of the water, chaining up the waves of the ocean for more than seven months. Although the missionaries warm their habitations by means of large iron stoves and cannon-balls heated red hot, yet they often find, on rising in the morning, the covering of their beds frozen. Summer arrives with an abruptness unknown in milder climates, and is excessively hot, but of short duration. The inhabitants live exclusively by hunting and fishing, without ever attempting to cultivate the earth; and it is only with the greatest trouble that the European settlers raise a few vegetables in their miserable gardens; potatoes, saved from frost only by covering them over every night, seldom grow larger than nuts. Under such conditions, it would seem difficult to give any other than an ironical explanation of the singular name of Labrador, or Land of Labour, the same given to the fertile plain of Naples. The few pleasures of this short summer are completely destroyed by the millions of mosquitoes, of which, as well as of many annoyances of a similar character, we know but little in our happy climate, although those who have visited southern latitudes may form some idea of them.

God, in his wisdom, has implanted in the heart of man an invincible attachment to the country of his birth. At no price would the Esquimaux leave his icy plains for our fertile regions; the descriptions given to him of the latter never inspire him with the least regret. True it is that, to enable him to endure the rude climate, he has received a constitution very different from ours. In the midst of winter, we find him half naked in his snow house, warmed only by a lamp. The enormous quantity of fat which this people eat, doubtless renders them less sensible of cold. Their stature is exceedingly short, they have no beard, and their hair, black and oily as all the rest of their person, is cut short in front, and hangs a foot in length straight down their backs. They live entirely independent, without any form of government whatever. Careless and passionate, in common with all savages, they sell everything to obtain the object of their desires, and live only for the present moment. Their clothing is made of the skins of birds, fishes, and rein-deer, cut with stone knives, sewed together with needles made of bone, and thread drawn from the fibres of the whale. The women are little better than slaves, and compelled to perform the most laborious portion of the work. When old, they are regarded as sorceresses, and if suspected of malevolent enchantments, are torn to pieces without mercy and thrown into the sea.

The filthy habits of the natives of Labrador are almost incredible, as proved by a single instance taken from among those which will best bear mention. The utensils are never cleaned except by the tongues of their dogs; the hungry animals lick off every particle of food. Their garments, never washed, swarm with disgusting insects. The moral degradation of these people, low as it is, is, however, above many other tribes whom Europeans have visited and too often inoculated with their vices. In spite of all efforts to the contrary, the Esquimaux of Labrador generally have refrained from excessive use of ardent spirits, which they wisely name 'water of folly.'

Such is the country, and such the people, among whom a few Moravian brethren, abandoning all the pleasures of

the climate and society of Europe, have successively taken up their abode during a period comprising nearly a century. The Searcher of hearts alone knows why these pious men and women choose a life of labour and privation, associated with the wretched inhabitants of Labrador, in preference to more favoured portions of the world; and the history of the trials, dangers, and sufferings, endured in their labour of love, affords another instance of human hope and fortitude when supported by reliance on a higher power. The Greenland missionaries had long been desirous of sending the Gospel to the Esquimaux on the opposite coast of Labrador, and at last, in 1762, in reply to their often-urged entreaties, four Moravian brethren left London in a merchant vessel, taking with them the necessary materials for building a house. They established themselves at a spot to which the name of Hoffenthal (Vale of Hope) was given; but in the course of a few months they were all massacred by the natives, and the little settlement reduced to ashes.

Undismayed by this commencement, a warm-hearted carpenter, also a Moravian, spoke to Count Zinzendorf of the earnest desire he had long felt to carry the Gospel to Labrador. 'Go to Greenland,' answered the count, 'learn the language, and God will do the rest.' Jens Haven, so was the future missionary named, followed this counsel; but not until 1764, twelve years afterwards, could he work out his benevolent intentions. He embarked on board a vessel of war, cruising in the north, and was landed quite alone, unattended, and dressed as a Greenlander, on the desolate coast of Labrador. Favoured by his costume, the enmity of the Esquimaux against Europeans was disarmed, and before they discovered his real character he succeeded in making them comprehend his pacific intentions. After a long conversation he accompanied them to their village, where he was overwhelmed with questions, and so far did he interest the benighted people in his design, that when he spoke of returning the following year with some companions, they expressed the liveliest satisfaction.

Jans Haven returned to England, rejoicing at the prospect of an opening for his labours among the Esquimaux. In the spring of 1765, he went again to Labrador, accompanied by Drachart, an old Greenland missionary, and two other Moravian brethren. They again met with a favourable reception, and conversed daily with the natives during the two or three months that the vessel remained off the coast, but were unsuccessful in making any permanent impression upon any one of them. Their answers would have been quite worthy of many pretended atheists: 'If I believe in thy God,' asked one of brother Drachart, who was earnestly arguing with him, 'will my affairs go on any better?' And when appealed to on the subject of human depravity, they answered, 'All that may be true of Europeans, but not of us.' On telling them of the Greenland converts, the cold reply was, 'They must have led a very wicked life to stand in need of salvation.'

The missionaries went every evening to sleep on board the ship, but one night, being prevented by a storm, they were obliged to accept the rude hospitality of the natives. Drachart was lodged in the tent of the angekok or sorcerer, who, to do honour to his visitor, went through his incantations in a manner similar to that described by Captain Parry. This, if indeed it can be called such, seems to be the only form of worship among the Esquimaux, yet the missionaries found them to be not entirely devoid of religious ideas. They acknowledge a good and an evil spirit, and retribution after death. Delicious countries, abounding in seals and cod-fish, are reserved for the good; while the bad are doomed to wander for ever in the dreary regions which conduct to this paradise, but always unable to find the way to it. Some curious details might be given on these points, as well as on their mode of burial, but we shall confine ourselves rather to the history of the mission.

At the end of the season, the brethren returned to England, determined to revisit Labrador the following year. But many obstacles arose; old quarrels between the Esquimaux and English traders were revived, and blood was

shed; thereby preventing all attempts of the Moravians to carry their designs into execution. During the strife, a woman, Mikak, and her son, Kapik, a boy about twelve years of age, were made prisoners, and sent to London by the governor of Newfoundland. There, to their great joy, they met Jans Haven, who, no less delighted to see his dear Esquimaux, took charge of Kapik and treated him as his own child. He spared no pains to make an impression on the boy, to awaken within him some feeling of religion, but he remained insensible for a long time to every effort. Conversing one day about the king, the youth wished Haven to request his majesty to give him a new coat. 'Willingly,' answered the latter; 'but if he asks me what has Kapik learned—does he know how to read and write? I shall be forced to reply: No, he has learned nothing. Then the king will say: Put him on board one of my vessels of war; let him clean my officers' boots for seven years, until he has learned something.' This artifice made a deep impression on Kapik, he became attentive, and Haven being soon after recalled to Germany, placed him at a college in Yorkshire, where he shortly afterwards died of small-pox. Mikak, his mother, returned to Labrador, carrying with her the glad intelligence that the missionaries would soon follow; and at length, in 1771, Haven, who had never lost sight of the cause, again landed in Labrador with a little colony of fourteen Moravian brethren and sisters. They bought a portion of land in the most advantageous situation, and built a spacious house with the materials brought from Europe; the scriptural name of Nain was given to the infant settlement.

After the departure of the vessel, leaving the missionaries alone upon the coast, the Esquimaux, although unable to comprehend the spirit by which they were animated, could no longer doubt of their peaceful and benevolent intentions; they paid frequent visits to the strangers, a cordial intimacy was soon established between them, and the brethren were constituted arbitrators without appeal in all disputes. But it was not alone for this that the faithful few had left their own country; the indifference of the natives to the gospel message filled their hearts with sorrow. Although habituated to the most shameful vices, the Esquimaux could not be convinced of their depravity. The liar took much credit to himself because he did not steal—the human heart is everywhere the same; the thief boasted that his hands were free from blood; the murderer rejoiced that at all events he was not an European; the latter they then considered as the vilest of mankind.

Soon afterwards, however, the missionaries were encouraged in their apparently hopeless task by the conversion of one of the most violent and brutal of the Esquimaux; and whose happy death following, in the course of a few months, produced a marked impression on his companions. Some of the better disposed asked to be baptised: a chapel was built; and, although slowly, the number of natives able to read and desirous of instruction gradually increased at Nain, where they seemed anxious to regulate their lives by Christian principles.

The missionaries soon came to the conviction that a single station was inadequate to the wants of a people scattered along a coast 600 miles in length, and made an exploring journey to the north of Nain, in which two of the party unfortunately lost their lives, in search of another suitable locality. In 1776, Haven founded a second station, 150 miles from the first, at a place called Okak, where, by slow degrees, a few of the natives assembled and received baptism; and although manifesting but little reverence for the guiding principles of truth, yet they renounced the more glaring abominations of heathenism. An interchange of communications naturally ensued between the two settlements. The description of one of the winter journeys will give some idea of the savage and dreary nature of the country.

In the month of March, 1778, two sledges left Okak for Nain; in one were the missionaries Liebisch and Turner, on a visit to Haven; in the other, two Esquimaux with a woman and child. The sledges, in Labrador, are drawn by a species of dogs, bearing a strong resemblance to

wolves, and howling more than they bark. They travel easily eight miles an hour, dragging behind them a load of two hundredweight; they are, however, so badly fed, that if not carefully secured at night, they kill one another before morning, and the traveller finds himself suddenly without the means of locomotion in a dreary waste of snow. One of the oldest dogs runs about twenty paces in advance, directed by a whip of such length that an Esquimaux alone can manage it; the others follow the guide as a flock of sheep; but whenever one is roused by a stroke of the lash, he immediately bites his neighbour, the second bites a third, and thus the bite passes through the whole pack. To return, however, to the travellers: The weather was fine, the dogs in good condition, and they hoped to reach Okak in less than three days. To avoid the hilly inequalities of the coast, they travelled at some distance from the shore, on the hard frozen surface of the sea. During the day some natives on an excursion advised them to make for the land; but the sky was cloudless, what was there to fear? They continued their route upon the slippery plain without apprehension, until at length the Esquimaux felt that the ocean began to heave beneath its icy prison. A black spot appeared on the horizon, at the sight of which the party hurried to the shore. The ice, although more than twelve feet thick, cracked in every direction with the most frightful noise, and the waves, as if rejoicing in their liberty, swelled high up through the openings. At times the sledges were climbing a steep ascent; a moment afterwards they were hurled down upon the dogs, dragging them in their rapid descent. The animals, however, leaped lightly over the huge crevices, and the party were nearing the shore, but here new perils awaited them. The ice had separated from the beach by the effects of the storm, and rose and fell with the swell of the sea. It was impossible to land without making a dash at the moment that the ice, sinking with the waves, was on a level with the shore. Providence watched over the party, and they made the perilous passage in safety. Scarcely were they on firm ground than a bewildering roar, like the conflict of thunder-claps, made them look round. How changed the view that met their eyes! The broad fields of ice, over which they had just travelled, had suddenly broken up and disappeared beneath the increasing waves, which from time to time hurling enormous blocks to the surface, dashed them together with a fury that broke them into a thousand fragments. The brethren looked on for some time in a state of stupefied astonishment, then, having thanked God for their miraculous preservation, they took measures to provide a shelter for the night.

In half an hour the Esquimaux had hastily constructed a house, somewhat after the fashion of their winter habitations, in which no other material is used but ice and snow. Wedge-shaped blocks of the latter material are arranged in circular layers one upon the other, until they form a dome, of which a large square block constitutes, so to speak, the key-stone. A long, low, and tortuous passage, closed by a door of snow, leads into the interior, where the external air seldom enters. The window is a thick plate of ice, admitting such a light as that produced by ground glass. A pedestal, also of ice, in the centre supports a large lamp, sometimes a foot in diameter, the only source of warmth for the dwelling, serving at the same time to cook the food of the inmates in a stone vessel suspended above it. A thick layer of snow running all round at the foot of the wall, and covered with skins, serves at once as bed and seats. But on the evening in question all these luxuries were wanting; no sooner was a roof hastily thrown together than the travellers hurried to take refuge beneath it; and, after singing a psalm, composed themselves to sleep. Liebig, however, tormented by a sore throat, was unable to sleep, and turning restlessly on his cold couch, some drops of water fell upon his face, which to his great surprise had a salt taste. He was about to alarm his companions, when a dull and ominous roar roused them all with a sudden start. The Esquimaux immediately comprehended the danger; the waves, driven by a furious gale, rolled far over the land. Hastily cutting an

opening through the snow wall, they all rushed out, and had just reached a slight eminence at a little distance when a foaming sea struck the house and swept it from the beach. The party sheltered themselves as well as circumstances permitted in the cavities of the snow for the remainder of the night; and the next morning, the storm still continuing, they built a second house in the usual manner, secure against any further assaults of the ocean. The woman took her share in the work, apparently but little inconvenienced by the care of the infant, which she carried, according to custom, upon her shoulders, wrapped in a hood attached to her upper garment. In this way the mother's arms are left at liberty, and she need not leave her work to suckle her child. Should it cry for food, a dexterous jerk of the shoulder brings the hood with its precious burden upon the breast; and when the infant has satisfied its hunger, a second movement, as dexterous as the first, places the hood again in its former position. In this manner the children pass the first three or four years of their lives; the ordinary ailment of the Esquimaux is so gross, that the mother's milk is the only nourishment adapted to that period; and if a woman die with a child at her breast, the little creature in nearly every instance perishes from starvation.

But to return from this digression to the travellers: The tempest at last ceased, but had utterly destroyed every appearance of ice. The extraordinary mildness of the weather made them apprehensive that some time would elapse before the sea would be again frozen; and there was no other route to Nain than over a dreary and mountainous tract of country, unknown even to the Esquimaux, who resolutely refused to attempt it. This apprehension was increased by the want of provisions. Calculating only on a three days' journey, the missionaries had taken with them but a small supply, and the Esquimaux, always improvident, had made no preparation whatever, reckoning upon the customary kindness of the brethren. They were obliged to restrict themselves to the smallest rations possible. On the fourth day the natives, with no apparent repugnance, began to eat the skins in which they wrapped themselves at night, remarking at the same time, with a melancholy gaiety: 'Yesterday you were our bed; to-day you shall be our dinner.' These men seem to be endowed with an extraordinary faculty of sleep, and slept in forgetfulness of their dreary position, while the missionaries prayed. At length, on the sixth day, He at whose breath, in the words of Elihu, 'the face of the deep is frozen,' spread the ice again upon the sea, and the party, filled with gratitude, made their way rapidly on its smooth surface to Nain, where the fears excited by the delay had been little less painful than those they had themselves experienced.—In next Number we will conclude our notice of this interesting subject.

GREGORY'S GONG.

TOLL THE FIFTH.

We shall not recapitulate the often-detailed dreariness of the scene on first entering the Ganges, but merely subjoin some lines descriptive of one or two features in the desolate picture, by Major Markem:

Again restored to India, here we are—
 What's that upon the Ganges' bosom floating?
 No lotus-flower that sends sweet scent afar:
 It is a native's corpse, half ate, half rotten.
 It glides, with its white ribs exposed to view,
 A wreck of man, and carrion crows the crew.
 One vast expanse above of brazen skies,
 One vast expanse of dazzling plain below—
 The mighty, silent stream like Lethe lies—
 A pillar'd funeral flame ascending slow—
 And where the river round yon sand is bending
 Vultures and dogs are for a corpse contending.

A few miles below Calcutta the remains of an old fort, Budge-Budge, are pointed out. It was one of our earliest conquests in Bengal; and though the strange mode of its capture has often been described in prose, it remained for the major's muse on the present occasion to immortalise it in verse:

Oh! unpoetic name, renown'd Budge-Budge!
I cannot pass your rent and rev'rend ruin—
I can't from my poetic posy grudge
A few wild-flowers for thy grave-place bestowing.
Thine was the glory first upon thy walls
To bear the brunt of Britain's batt'ring balls:

Peal'd the broadsides from ships upon the river,
Blazed batt'ries with their bombs and balls on shore,
And ere sunset thy ramparts 'gan to quiver,
And as the sun went down, down went thy tower.
Thus for the storming there seem'd now a way,
And so the storm was plann'd for break of day.

Meanwhile a jolly tar who had got 'fou,'
And with his own and Holland courage fired,
Thought they were making far too much ado
About the place, and felt himself inspired
To do it all alone; so, in the damp
And cloud of night, he wander'd from the camp.

Jack, steering wondrous fair, at length did reach
Unchallenged all, the rubbish of glacia;
Descended next into the half-fill'd ditch,
And then, ascending, climb'd aloft. As he
The summit gain'd, his British-lion-roar
Rang like the shout of a victorious corps!

At which the garrison in terror fled,
Thinking the enemy was at their heels;
And, now triumphant, Jack long'd for his bod,
So to the nearest vacant hovel recs—
Surprised, when morning broke his slumbers short,
To find himself commander of the fort!

The storming-party stood in stern array,
Supplied with steel and powder, bombs and balls,
When loud was heard Britannia's brave hurrah,
And Jack was seen upon the conquer'd walls,
Waving his handkerchief on cudgel borne,
Which show'd there was no need for hope-forlorn.

This was a damper to each corps so crack,
Who hoped that day some laurels to have won;
And though they could not help admiring Jack,
They wish'd that he had left the thing undone—
'Twas such a slur upon their skill and valour,
The fortress taken by a drunken sailor!

The commandant his rage could not dissemble,
And he resolved to make the sailor funk,
And so a court was ordered to assemble
On Thomas Gangaway for being drunk:
'I must,' the gen'l said, 'be all impartial,
Let it be instant—a drum-head court-martial.'

So Jack was tried for being drunk on rum,
And leaving camp without a written leave.
The court unanimous to sentence come,
And Jack is doom'd a dozen to receive.
'If this,' said Jack, 'for talking forts is pay,
You'll take the next yourselves as best you may.'

It was "wearing through the afternoon" when the main body of the cadets landed at the city of palaces; it was too late to report themselves to the authorities for that day. They were therefore left to amuse themselves with gazing on the novel sights around them. The evening afforded an opportunity of witnessing a ceremony of a singular nature that prevailed among the British inhabitants of Calcutta in former times. Before describing it on the present occasion, it may briefly be noticed that at that period the community at the out-stations consisted chiefly of officers stationed there with Sepoy corps, and as yet almost wholly unmodified by female society. Each officer, to divert the long sultry hours, was left to follow his own inclination, and ride, unjusted, his own hobby; and the consequence was that, when there was anything like character in the mind, they were truly original characters, and often extravagant humorists, both in theory and practice. The most celebrated for his eccentricity and pranks over all India at the time was General Frolick, who, after having for half a century kept the country in a roar both by his cannon and conceits, was then in Calcutta on his way to England.

But to return to the ceremony alluded to as about to take place. In those days, when the arrival of an English lady was a great fact, and created quite a sensation, public notice was duly given to the English residents at the Presidency, in a circular somewhat in the following terms: 'Mrs ——— having arrived at Calcutta, will see the society of the presidency in the town-hall, on such a day, at such an hour.' Accordingly, on the evening of the day fixed upon, the lady, attended by the master of the ceremonies, and any friends she had or could acquire, took her seat

on a kind of throne, or canopied chair, at the end of the magnificent hall, when the arriving groups were in succession introduced as at a levee, and then passing on, promenaded the hall till the presentations were complete. General Frolick, being aware that a particular friend of his own in the upper station expected his wife to arrive on the present occasion, was no sooner apprised of her non-arrival than he determined to personate the lady *himself*; and before the public had time to discover the trick, issued the usual notice that 'Mrs Blowse having arrived, would receive the company of Calcutta in the town-hall that evening.' Getting the master of the ceremonies and a few friends to enter with him into the joke, and having disguised his aged and portly figure in a lady's costume, and being deeply veiled, as female modesty justly required on such a public exhibition, he ascended the vacant throne, which he nobly filled, and with his hands clasped most effectively across his breast, and twirling his thumbs, he awaited the arrival of his visitors in silent state. No sooner was the sun set, and the mosquitoes on the wing, than carriages of all descriptions, and palanquins, with feathered dames and cock-hatted gentlemen, arrived in front of the building, and ascending the magnificent staircase, entered the hall of audience, and arm-in-arm passing the throne, were introduced by name to Mrs Blowse, and moved on. On the personal appearance of the enthroned it was impossible to make, from the veiled state of the countenance, any other but one remark, which was audibly whispered by the gentlemen now and then—'Very stout;' while some of the ladies, who had brought from the boarding-school a smattering of French, sweetly hisped, sneeringly, the words 'En bon point.' When the general, who, though hid from others, saw distinctly through his gauze all that was going on, observed that there ceased to be any accession to the company, he rose to close the ceremony. Throwing back his veil, he first of all disclosed a face so remote from anything feminine or lovely, that the company might almost have supposed it a vision of Moore's Mokanna unveiled, if the general had given them time to fancy anything so fearful; but he instantly followed up the throwing back of the gauze by raising aloft his brawny arms in that vulgar ogre-like attitude used by a person just roused from an afternoon nap in the easy-chair, and, after a long and terrific yawn, in accents of the broadest and most vulgar Scotch, he made the splendid hall resound with the following exclamation—'Hech, sirs! what a het country this o' yours is, for I'm a' in a muck o' sweat!' We are sure the gentle reader will excuse us attempting to describe the dismay and disgust which this exclamation conveyed to the ears of the polished denizens of the city of palaces. Ladies were carried off in fainting fits to their palanquins, attended by the younger and more gallant part of the males, who, fanning their fair faces, and holding vinaigrettes to the noses of the reviving beauties, entreated them to forget the terror that the disgusting scene had occasioned. The elder gentlemen, delighted with the joke, coarse as it was, crowded round the general, to congratulate him on his latest triumph in the field of wit, which was worthy of being the concluding scene of his dramatic drolleries in India; while a young cadet, who had particularly attached himself to Gregory during the voyage, and now stood arm-in-arm with him at the levee, said, 'That's surely my father!'—and so it was, sure enough.

Government was at this time making the injudicious and unhappy experiment of establishing a kind of military college for the cadets who had for some time previous been arriving in India, to teach them the native language, and to prepare them, through the drill and obedience of privates, to command in their turn. The intention was well meant, but it was out of time and place—it ought to have been done at home. The young gentlemen, on arriving in India, fully expected they were to take their places as officers in the Indian army, and not in the ranks to shoulder a musket, and therefore they winced sorely under the disappointment. It had another insuperable disadvantage: it kept all the young fiery spirits together, to kindle the

whole into a blaze, instead of getting their blood cooled down by being distributed to the different regiments immediately on landing, where they would have had the example and advice of steady old-stagers. The place chosen for the breaking in of the cadets was Baraset, quite in the country, and about sixteen miles from Calcutta. The cadet corps amounted to about two hundred youths, the reckless exploits of some of whom had already frequently called down the displeasure of government; but at the time of the arrival of Gregory the measure of their iniquity was nearly full. Though no ostensible demonstration of outrageous insubordination had as yet been exhibited, it was, however, only the lull before the storm. Major Quizzem, who was officiating for the town-major, whose duty it was to receive the cadets on their arrival and to dispatch them to the institution, was one of the then existing humorists. He had no wish to incur any dislike by discovering to the young men the nature of the novice to which they were to be subjected, his only desire being to see them fairly off his hands in good spirits. So, next day, when the newly arrived band of blooming young heroes waited upon him at his office, he addressed them in the most bland manner nearly as follows: 'I have to congratulate you, young gentlemen, on being appointed to such a service as ours, and under a government ever studying the comfort and pleasure of their servants, and who, during the present general peace throughout India, taking into their gracious consideration your youth, and consequent fondness for field-sports, have kindly endeavoured to meet your habits and predilections, and selected a splendid residence in the country, where you may accustom yourselves to the use of arms in silvan war till you are called upon to distinguish yourselves by deeds of arms in a nobler field,—and where, I have no doubt, you will cover yourselves with glory, and fill your pockets with gold. I have only to add, that government has established a magazine at Baraset with all descriptions of fowling-pieces, powder, and shot, and from which each, on his arrival, will be permitted to take what he pleases, free of all expense; and, in conclusion, I may state that palanquins will be in attendance to-morrow, for your conveyance to that delightful place. You can take your dressing and writing cases, and a few changes of clothes, with you in your palanquins, and your heavy baggage will follow you without delay.' Bright beamed many happy faces at this delightful and unexpected announcement. Gregory, having had no experience in even sparrow or crow shooting at home, was one of the few who did not participate in the intoxication the intelligence created, and, perhaps, being thus under no blinding influence of excitement through the pleasurable prospect, thought he observed a kind of roguish glistening of the major's eye amid all the gravity with which he delivered his harangue. However, considering himself always more as a spectator than an actor in the world's drama, he kept his opinion to himself:—'sedate to think, and watching each event.'

For eight days previous to landing, the cadets, instead of repairing to the poop after breakfast, were in the habit of placing their writing-desks on the mess-table, and producing therefrom packets of letters of introduction, without which a young gentleman was considered as little fitted out for India as if he had not run up an account with Messrs Brush & Blacking for musquito trousers, hair-powder and pomatum, anti-vomiting powders for sea-sickness, cocked hat, regimental sword, &c. It was now, on the near approach to land, their delightful occupation to deal them out like packs of cards on the table. The holders of these tickets for patronage first tried their strength with the rest as to number; and while those who had most relied upon having the majority, those who had fewest boasted of the greater intrinsic value of their minority, from the rank and influence of the writers. One and all, however, seemed confident that their fortune, greater or less, was contained in the precious testimonials; and if any one among them was able to exhibit a letter of recommendation to the governor-general or commander-in-chief, he was regarded by the rest with almost as much deference

as if he were already one of these illustrious dignitaries himself.

After leaving Major Quizzem's office, they, high in hopes and exultation, proceeded severally to deliver these all-important documents. Unhappily, however, for them, a cadet was held very cheap in the fashionable society of Calcutta; he could give but little eclat to the stately, stupid banquets in Chouringhee—he only detracted from its exclusive elite; and if there was any accomplished daughter for whom papa was looking out for a husband among the foggy judges or collectors, a blooming young cadet might have dangerous attractions in the eyes of the said young lady, if the novels she had read at school still retained a place in her tender associations. So it was next to an understood thing that a letter of introduction brought out by a cadet was to be dishonoured as an inconvenient draft on Indian hospitality; consequently, on the present occasion, the most the presenter of a letter got on his interview with the head of the family was—'I am much obliged to you. I hope you left your friends all well. You will be going off to Baraset immediately, or I would have asked you to come to dinner some day.' One cadet, who had the happiness of a letter to the governor-general, was politely told, on his arrival at the government-house, by the aide-de-camp in waiting, that it was necessary to make application some days previous to soliciting a private audience with his excellency; and as circumstances did not admit of this, the letter, at least for the present, was rendered null and void. The commander-in-chief received the young soldier who had brought a missive for him in a frank and kindly manner, read the letter, and said—'I should be very happy to attend to the recommendation you have brought; but I am just on the eve of quitting India; and, my young friend, the best recommendation you can have is by recommending yourself, by your good conduct, to your superiors,' and concluded by saying he wished him every happiness in his military career. Gregory had brought but one of these testimonials; and though he did not attach so much importance to it as the others did to theirs, he resolved to test its value, and proceeded forthwith to the house of Mr Puffin. He was shown into a splendid office-library, where the great man sat in state, smoking a superb hooka. Two richly dressed natives were employed to drive away the presuming flies that ever and anon strove to make a settlement on his patrician proboscis; others, with silver sticks in hand, stood ready to carry his commands abroad; whilst the punka (the suspended fan) waved slowly and gracefully over his head with its refreshing zephyr. He regarded the appearance of Gregory with an annoyed and unpromising look, and, without moving his feet from the top of the table, to which they are often promoted, he coolly said, 'Well, my young man, what is it?' 'A letter,' said Gregory, 'from an old school-fellow of yours, sir.' Puffin took the letter, and, without ceasing to draw upon his pipe for smoke, broke open the seal, and turning at once to the signature, said—'Gregory! Gregory!—really there were so many Gregories at school that they are quite a 'Gregory's mixture' in my memory.' 'I shall leave you,' said our friend, 'to analyse the ingredients; and when I next do myself the honour of waiting upon you, I shall hope to find you have been able to detect the real from the alloy.' So saying, he performed the right-about-face movement, and left Puffin in his smoky soliloquy. The only one who found anything like a kind reception was our friend Jerry. He had brought out no letter at all; but while the others went forth with their written credentials, Jerry set out on the strength of his own resources, resolved to employ the time in introducing himself, if possible. Recollecting that Mr Sneak, of Cork, had a brother in Calcutta in a high situation, and that the aforesaid Mr Sneak had been one of the unsuccessful candidates for the representation of that city in Parliament, he resolved, on the ground of his father's vote, to lay siege to the dwelling of Joseph Sneak, Esq. He sent in his name, and, on being admitted, found the great man in similar state to that of Mr Puffin, and had nearly the same question put to him by the palace-citizen

grantee that was put to Gregory, namely, what did he want. 'I never want anything at all, honey; it's I that's come to ask if you want anything of me. I'm just goin' to write home to dear ould Ireland, and knowing that your brother in our city is after a seat in Parliament for Cork, I just thought I might as well ask if my father's vote could be of any service to him in that way.' On this, Mr Sneak rose from his chair and shook Jerry by the hand; said he felt greatly indebted to him for his kind consideration, would be much obliged by his father's suffrage in behalf of his brother, and concluded by asking Jerry to dine with him in the evening; and if, in the course of time, he could be of any service, it would afford him great pleasure. Jerry accepted the invitation most heartily, and left Mr Sneak in high spirits, and higher expectations.

When the cadets met at dinner at the hotel in the evening, nothing but dire abuse was heard on all sides at the reception their letters and themselves had met with, and which had given a death-blow to the fortunes raised upon them. Amid the storm of their despair and denunciation, Jerry entered in great glee, and, after hearing the result of their circuits, exclaimed—'The next time you want introductions, introduce yourselves as I've done, my boys! I've blarneyed old Sneak nicely. I am to dine with him to-night, when I hope to mollify the heart of Miss Sneak, and along with her, in due course of time, to appropriate to myself a lac or two of the dear dad's rupees. I am sorry our sudden departure for this confounded Baraset will interrupt my operations, but if she looks favourably on a decent Irish lad to-night, I shall carry on the affair by paper tendernesses. But I must be off to beautify my person for the opening of the campaign.' Before the cadets retired to rest, Jerry returned, much gratified with the evening's performances. Mr Sneak had apologised to a gentleman at whose house he was to dine, and received Jerry at a family dinner at home. By this means he was enabled to show Jerry some attention, in return for his good intentions, without compromising his own dignity. Jerry laid himself out to please by volleys of wit and humour, volunteered the newest Irish songs, not forgetting to pay the most extravagant compliments to Miss Sneak. As this was a scene not likely to be repeated, Mr Sneak thought it best to humour Jerry to the top of his bent. To the rest of the family it was quite a kind of musical faroe, come, in a clandestine way, to enliven the dull monotonous routine of formal etiquette. They therefore laughed heartily at the performer, who left them under the flattering impression that he had ingratiated himself into the favour of the parents, and good graces of the beautiful daughter.

SONG OF THE PRESS.

(For the Instructor.)

Be hush'd, be hush'd, a little while, y' tiny warblers all;
Steam, cease your noisy monody, and hush your windy brawl;
My lute must lead the minstrel throng; its power you shall confess;
For I am—what? Ho! list and learn!—Earth's potentate, the Press!
Who on this ever-circling globe can weigh the works I've done?
They are solid as the deep-sea hills and dazzling as the sun.
To name them speech is impotent—even fancy cannot guess
What bowers of bliss man roves in now, all planted by the Press.
Man is a creature wonderful, though o'er his godlike head
The fiendish spell of ignorance its cloudy veil has spread.
Let me but draw the veil aside, his face will soon express,
With eye of love and lips of power, the glories of the Press.
Up, up, and speed your passage o'er the earth's remotest way,
To lands where infant sunbeams in childish gambols play;
Behold yon hunter chieftain with his wild and gorgeous dress,
Kneeling within his forest-fane—'tis the triumph of the Press.
Thrice twenty summers, rich with flowers and music sweet to hear,
Have circled o'er his native lale since all was doubt and fear;
Man butcher'd man, and never knew how kindness can impress,
Till sibil leaves were wafted there by my breath, exclaims the Press.
'Was then my voice in wisdom spoke, and, through the dreary night,
Like angel-lyre invoked, I gave to darken'd man more light;—
Light, ever yielding happiness, in flowing streams of bliss,
And gushing from the heart, when touch'd by the evangel Press.

The Press! the Press! Yon sun is type of the priceless boon to man,
Maturing fast the precious fruits of many a hallow'd plan!
The Christian hope that sinful power will soon be less and less—
The patriot's trust in brighter days—are centred in the Press.

My servants wing the fields of air, and breast the surging seas,
And in their missions tarry not for billows or for breeze;
O'er each proud hemisphere they sweep, to gladden and to bless;
For wheresoever man is found there's soil to plant the Press.

Oh! would you know my carrier-doves which fly abroad always,
Far as the eye of intellect the weal of earth surveys?
On Ganges' banks you'll find them relieving deep distresses,
With gather'd stores of richest lore from Britain's gen'rous Press.

I've feather'd Mercuries in store, Herald and Couriers too,
With Chronicles, and Posts, and Mails, and Patriots not a few;
I've Suns, and Stars, and Guardians, and more than one Express,
Ready to speed the sacred word of the truth-proclaiming Press.

He who can count my boons to man may sum the desert's sand,
For mine have been no stinted gifts—mine is no niggard hand.
And many a glowing spirit I am rearing now to bless
The chainless, free-born lord of earth, the wizard power the Press!

You see you slave in thralldom, with his brutal lord close by—
Yon lord who spurns him with his foot, and mocks his spirit's cry—
Ah! I have heard his groans and sighs, and mark'd his soul's distress.
And I shall rend his chains ere long, shouts freedom's friend, the Press.

Come on, come on, vice, crime, and sin, with bloated scowls, come on!
Come on, flint-hearted ignorance, with fierce and savage tone!
Come on, swart-making alcohol!—and reckon on naught less
Than certain, ignominious death from the error-deaving Press!

Come, prejudice so base, come on, with thy host of evil things!
Come, tyranny, with haughty air, and the ills your presence brings!
Come, falsehood, dark, destructive fiend, though robed in angel's dress!
And I shall combat with you all, in thunder shouts the Press!

JOHN ANDERSON.

ETCHINGS FROM LIFE.

BETSY NEWMAN.

BETSY NEWMAN was born in one of the midland counties of England, in better circumstances than many English children are born, and with brighter prospects than the majority, for her father was a respectable surgeon, and had a good reputation for skill, and a pretty extensive practice. But who can calculate the contingencies of life, or guard against the instability of worldly prosperity? Betsy was yet a child of only three years old, unconscious alike of her loss and of the responsibilities entailed upon her even at this early age, when her father fell from his horse and was killed. The little girl emerged from her childhood not to look upon the world and mankind through the sunny medium of prosperity and ease, but to know and feel that toil must be stout and incessant in its battles before it can conquer poverty. Her mother had received a superior education, and her heart had also been cultured in faith and resignation; so that while the knowledge of the schools might be supposed to quicken her sense of indigence, the elements of true religion bore her above the thought of repining. She could not devote much time now to the cultivation of her little daughter's mind, for she had to labour that she might eat; but she felt convinced that a mother's whole life and every act should be a lesson from which the young mirror that smiles upon her lap and hangs upon her neck may catch a pure reflection. A mother's benignity and consistency in all her relations are the true though unrecognised monitors of infancy and youth; and although Betsy Newman received less of the elegances of education than even her parent in easier circumstances might have taught her, the plastic hand of example latently yet surely stamped integrity upon her gentle nature.

Betsy grew to woman's estate strong and hopeful, while her mother gradually sunk into senility and weakness. Ah, nature, how beautifully ordinate are thy laws! religion, how holy are thy transpositions! Mrs Newman fed her gentle daughter as with her life. An accident had driven her from the Eden of prosperity, and in the struggle to affiliate her exotic nature to the barren soil of poverty she gradually sunk; but her child who, like a young

plant, had been set amongst the briers of indigence, and whose opening years had been warmed by the sunlight of a mother's affection and watered with a mother's tears, grew up in health and strength to return her parent's devotion. The world of hope, that ever shines in light and beauty, and dances in the eyes of youth like a glorious Eldorado, beamed brightly on the maiden's vision; but the angels that whispered in her ear of her mother and her duty wound ties around her heart that bound her to her home. Ah! come it slow, or come it fast, it will come in the end. Betsy's mother died, and she was left alone. Alone!—those who have not felt the reality can never know the deep mine of sorrow and of pain that dwells in that lone word—they can never realise the desolation of heart that it symbolises. To love and to be loved is the strongest of youth's appetencies—it is the oasis spot of life; to be alone is to be sentimentally dead. Yet, poor heart of the poor and desolate, there is an anchor on which the most outcast heart may lean—there is a sun of warm sustaining glory to which the tear-dimmed eye may ever hopefully turn. Betsy was not desolate or destitute when her mother died. She had a little shop which her mother's industry and her own had stocked, and with the proceeds accruing from the sale of small groceries, she hoped to live her now unambitious life. But she was situated amongst the poorest of the human family—that portion who can calculate upon bread perhaps while they have health, but whose means of living cease with the power to toil. Possessed of warm benevolence and a guileless and unsuspicious nature, Betsy Newman trusted her goods to those who either could not or would not pay her, and at last, perceiving that her little business was daily becoming a more losing concern, and finding that she could not meet her engagements, she gave up her shop, at the same time registering a resolution in her breast to pay every farthing of her debts if Providence would only grant her health. At this juncture a relative stepped forward and offered Betsy the occupancy of a little house rent free, and, being without employment or any immediate prospects, she accepted the proffered assistance of her kinsman, and by the active employment of her needle, conjoined to the small weekly income derivable from two or three lodgers, she managed to sustain herself without any other help. Her relation at last took offence at her for some cause which, of course, did not square with his notions as a disinterested benefactor and patron, and, like a brave and hearty fellow, who has power, and can and will show it when necessary, with parish-beadle pomposity he demanded rent for his property. His benevolence had only been a cash account of legal power, which he was chalking up against this poor and honest woman for any contingency of independence of word or thought upon her part, and when that consummation did occur, he 'sold her up,' most profitably and satisfactorily no doubt, and left her homeless and without a chair to sit upon. Brave heart that he was, how comfortable he would feel next morning when he buttered his rolls with the price of Betsy Newman's bed and bedding! how her tables and chairs would glide down his throat in the shape of coffee! and how her crockery and hardware would liquify in his cup, and meliate his palate as sugar! When he had charged his pound of flesh—his last shekel—Betsy had three pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence in hand; and now began her heroic campaign in earnest.

The truly great show forth the beauty and majesty of their natures most when in adversity. The strength of the purest hearts is most powerfully and symmetrically developed when external forces would crush and blight them. They are like the palm-tree—they shoot upwards most beautifully and strongly when superincumbent weights are most multiplied to crush them. Our humble heroine paid over the last farthing she possessed to her creditors, and walked forth beneath the blue vault of heaven without money and without a home. Elevated and sustained by religion, which was buttressed in her spirit by a strong and leading purpose, she toiled in meekness and humility for her scanty subsistence. The gay ladies that held their silks and brocades aside as they passed her

on the street, lest they might be defiled by touching her humble garments, might have drunk translucent purity from the overflowing honesty of her guileless bosom. The haughty dames that looked askance at her as she scrubbed their floors, or sewed to them for a few pence per diem, might have worshipped her nobility without debasement; and the kind and gentle women who spoke kindly and gently to the meek and modest Betsy, who scrupulously refused to accept of one farthing more than she earned from her unconstant precarious labour, might have clasped a kindred heart in hers to their generous bosoms. It is easy to bear up with a stout front and even cheerful face when sympathy and love sweeten and brighten poverty, but the true indomitable heroism of the heart sustains its hardest struggles and shines forth most triumphantly and brightly when it rests upon its own strong and heavenly foundations. The purpose of honest integrity, which warmed Betsy Newman's soul and kept it fresh and green, never wavered nor faltered amidst the darkest gloom of privation nor the strongest sense of unsympathetic loneliness. She toiled on, saving now and then a few pence from her labour, and slowly but surely subtracting from her liabilities. At last Providence opened a door for the permanent employment and comfortable sustenance of honest Betsy Newman. A tradesman in Birmingham required a housekeeper to manage his household and look to the comfort of himself and two sons, for the old gentleman was a widower—his wife having lately died. Betsy was recommended to him as a person likely to suit, and although the situation was not lucrative, they were mutually pleased to agree, and Betsy was hired. Her master gave her the advance of a pound to purchase a few articles which she greatly needed, and with this she contrived to continue the work of liquidation, while every succeeding half year saw a money-order indorsed with her name in the hands of some persons who had never expected to hear again of Betsy Newman. At last she had disbursed her smaller debts, and now only fifteen pounds remained to be cancelled. Fifteen pounds! what a small sum to the gay fashionables who spend their time at Crockford's, or lounge round the tables of *Rouge et Noir*! What a vulgarly little amount to the ladies who sweep with their cashmeres and diamonds through the rose-watered floors of the radiant saloons at Almack's! Why, a man with half of the gentility of Beau Brummel would blush to remember that he owed his tailor so infinitesimal a portion of a genteel account, and certain articles of dress would be 'horrid' at that price. Well, honest principle and means are proportionable both, and somehow or other they are often individual as well in residence as in fact. It would take Betsy Newman to pinch herself of clothing for a long time before she could save so large a sum; but she determined to do so nevertheless, and, without stating her purpose, solicited her master to retain a portion of her wages in his hands until the amount was accumulated. It was with a proud step and light heart that this true-hearted woman walked into her master's parlour, and gently telling him that she was owing debts equal to the sun she had lying in his hands, solicited that she might be put in possession of it. The old gentleman looked in the face of his meek and diligent domestic with wonder, for he had never heard of the self-sacrifice of her nature; then reminding her that she had been years in saving this sum of money, he requested her to consider if the necessity of disbursing this debt was such as to call for her to part with what might be a provision for her future years. 'To do right needs no consideration,' she replied; 'it has long been my fixed determination to do so if ever I were able; and since it has now pleased God to give me the power, nothing will afford me a higher gratification than to pay my just debts.' Her master felt the force of the appeal, for his locks had grown hoary and his brow and cheeks wrinkled in the honest discharge of his duties in all relations of life. He therefore, without another word, but with his aged heart impressed with a strong sense of the integrity of his poor but honest domestic, placed the money in her hands.

It is a pleasant thing to look upon the fields in autumn,

when they are waving with gold-yellow grain, and when the trees are bending beneath their loads of fruit. It is beautiful to gaze upon the mellow sky in summer, as the dancing laughing sunbeams sport amongst and kiss the blushing flowers; but fairer and more beautiful than all the sights in nature is the holy expression of virtue that lightens up a gentle woman's face when she has triumphed in virtue's or mercy's cause. With a countenance radiant with satisfaction and joy, Betsy Newman placed the final receipts in her kind old master's hands, as she exclaimed, 'Thank God for that! Now I shall be at peace; the desire of my heart is fulfilled; I shall once more hold up my head again. It is a long time since I have done so; I have had these debts weighing on my conscience for seventeen years, and now I owe no one.' Thus did our heroine sound her triumph-note, after a battle more noble and longer protracted than the siege of Troy! Honour to Betsy Newman, who yet lives, and is highly respected in her master's house. Friendless she can never be; for Heaven, will raise up hearts to honour and cherish her for her unconquerable integrity, and age will see her pass away leaving on earth an aromatic fame.

THREE YEARS' WANDERINGS IN THE NORTHERN PROVINCES OF CHINA.

In our last notice of this work we gave some illustrations of the general character of the Chinese, which were full of the freshness of novelty. The following simple but succinct account of the religious ceremonies of the Buddhists and the followers of Kong-foo-tze will be read with interest:

'The various religious ceremonies which the Chinese are continually performing prove at least that they are very superstitious. In all the southern towns every house has its temple or altar both inside and outside. The altar in the inside is generally placed at the end of the principal hall or shop, as the case may be, raised a few feet from the ground, and having some kind of representation of the family deity placed upon it. This is surrounded with gaudy tinsel paper; and on the first of the Chinese month, or other high days, candles and incense are burned on the table which is placed in front of it. The altar on the outside of the door resembles a little furnace, in which the same ceremonies are regularly performed. In the vicinity of small villages, and sometimes in the most retired situations, the stranger meets with little joss-houses or temples, gaudily decorated with paintings and tinsel paper, and stuck round about with the remains of candles and sticks of incense. In almost all Chinese towns there are shops for the sale of idols of all kinds and sizes, varying in price from a few 'cash' to a very large sum. Many of those exposed for sale are of great age, and have evidently changed hands several times. I am inclined to believe that the Chinese exchange those gods which do not please them for others of higher character, and which they suppose are more likely to grant an answer to their prayers, or bring prosperity to their homes or their villages. The periodical offerings to the gods are very striking exhibitions to the stranger who looks upon them for the first time. When staying at Shanghai, in November, 1844, I witnessed a most curious spectacle in the house where I was residing. It was a family offering to the gods. Early in the morning the principal hall in the house was set in order, a large table was placed in the centre, and shortly afterwards covered with small dishes filled with the various articles commonly used as food by the Chinese. All these were of the very best description which could be procured. After a certain time had elapsed a number of candles were lighted, and columns of smoke and fragrant odours began to rise from the incense which was burning on the table. All the inmates of the house and their friends were clad in their best attire, and in turn came to *ko-tou*, or bow lowly and repeatedly in front of the table and the altar. The scene, although it was an idolatrous one, seemed to me to have something very impressive about it, and whilst I pitied the delusion of our host and his friends, I could not but admire their devotion. In a short time after this

ceremony was completed a large quantity of tinsel paper, made up in the form and shape of the ingots of Sycee silver common in China, was heaped on the floor in front of the tables, the burning incense was then taken from the table and placed in the midst of it, and the whole consumed together. By and by, when the gods were supposed to have finished their repast, all the articles of food were removed from the tables, cut up, and consumed by people connected with the family. On another occasion, when at Ning-po, having been out some distance in the country, it was night, and dark, before I reached the east gate of the city, near which I was lodged in the house of a Chinese merchant. The city gates were closed, but two or three loud knocks soon brought the warder, who instantly admitted me. I was now in the widest and finest street in the city, which seemed in a blaze of light and unusually lively for any part of a Chinese town after nightfall. The sounds of music fell upon my ear—the gong, the drum, and the more plaintive and pleasing tones of several wind instruments. I was soon near enough to observe what was going on, and saw, at a glance, that it was a public offering to the gods, but far grander and more striking than I had before witnessed. The table was spread in the open street, and everything was on a large and expensive scale. Instead of small dishes, whole animals were sacrificed on the occasion. A pig was placed on one side of the table, and a sheep on the other, the former scraped clean, in the usual way, and the latter skinned; the entrails of both were removed, and on each were placed some flowers, an onion, and a knife. The other parts of the table groined with all the delicacies in common use amongst the respectable portion of the Chinese, such as fowls, ducks, numerous compound dishes, fruits, vegetables, and rice. Chairs were placed at one end of the table, on which the gods were supposed to sit during the meal, and chopsticks were regularly laid at the sides of the different dishes. A blaze of light illuminated the whole place, and the smoke of the fragrant incense rose up into the air in wreaths. At intervals the band struck up their favourite plaintive national airs, and altogether the whole scene was one of the strangest and most curious which it has ever been my lot to witness. There is another ceremony of a religious character which I frequently observed in the northern cities—I allude to processions in honour of the gods. I saw one of them at Shanghai, which must at least have been a mile in length. The gods, or josses, were dressed up in the finest silks, and carried about in splendid sedan-chairs, preceded and succeeded by their numerous devotees, superbly dressed for the occasion, and bearing the different badges of office. The dresses of the officials were exactly the same as of those who form the train of some of the high mandarins. Some had a broad fan, made of peacock-feathers, which they wore on the sides of their hats; others were clad in glaring theatrical dresses, with low caps, and two long black feathers stuck in them, and hanging over their shoulders like two horns. Then there were the ill-looking executioners with long, conical, black hats on their heads, and whips in their hands for the punishment of the refractory. Bands of music, placed in different parts of the procession, played at intervals as it proceeded. Anxious to see the end of this curious exhibition, I followed the procession until it arrived at a temple in the suburbs, where it halted. The gods were taken out of the sedan-chairs, and replaced with due honours in the temple, from which they had been taken in the morning. Here their numerous votaries bent low before them, burned incense, and left their gifts upon the altar. Numerous groups of well-dressed ladies and their children were scattered over the ground in the vicinity of the temple, all bending their knees and seemingly engaged in earnest devotion. A large quantity of paper, in the form of the Sycee ingots, was heaped up on the grass as it was brought by the different devotees, and when the ceremonies of the day were drawing to a close, the whole was burned in honour of, or as an offering to, the gods. The sight was interesting, but it was one which no Christian could look upon without feelings of the deepest commiseration.'

The lovers of the 'scandal potion,' as our national bard rather ungallantly calls the ladies' favourite beverage, will probably look with less veneration on the little black kind-dried leaves of the *Thea viridis* (green tea) after this :

'The mode of gathering and preparing the leaves of the tea-plants is extremely simple. We have been so long accustomed to magnify and mystify everything relating to the Chinese, that, in all their arts and manufactures, we expect to find some peculiar and out-of-the-way practice, when the fact is, that many operations in China are more simple in their character than in most other parts of the world. To rightly understand the process of rolling and drying the leaves, which I am about to describe, it must be borne in mind that the grand object is to expel the moisture, and at the same time to retain as much as possible of the aromatic and other desirable secretions of the species. The system adopted to attain this end is as simple as it is efficacious. In the harvest seasons the natives are seen in little family groups on the side of every hill, when the weather is dry, engaged in gathering the tea leaves. They do not seem so particular, as I imagined they would have been, in this operation, but strip the leaves off rapidly and promiscuously, and throw them all into round baskets made for the purpose out of split bamboo or rattan. In the beginning of May, when the principal gathering takes place, the young seed-vessels are about as large as peas. These are also stripped off and dried with the leaves; it is these seed-vessels which we often see in our tea, and which have some slight resemblance to young capers. When a sufficient quantity of leaves are gathered, they are carried home to the cottage or barn, where the operation of drying is performed. The Chinese cottages, amongst the tea-hills, are simple and rude in their construction, and remind one of what we used to see in Scotland in former years, when the cow and pig lived and fed in the same house with the peasant. Scottish cottages, however, even in these days, were always better furnished and more comfortable than those of the Chinese are at the present time. Nevertheless, it is in these poor cottages that a large proportion of the teas, with their high-sounding names, are first prepared. Barns, sheds, and other outhouses, are also frequently used for the same purpose, particularly about the temples and monasteries.'

The following reflections on the opium trade introduce us to a view of the feeble childishness of Chinese officials, and their utter inability to discharge their duties :—

'The statements which have been frequently made in England, both as regards the smuggling and the smoking of opium, are very much exaggerated. When I first went to China, I expected to find those merchants who were engaged in this trade little else than armed buccaners; indeed, if I do not mistake, they have been represented as characters of this kind on the English stage. Instead of this, the trade is conducted by men of the highest respectability, possessed of immense capital, and who are known and esteemed as merchants of the first class in every part of the civilised world. The trade in opium, although contraband, is so unlike what is generally called smuggling, that people at a distance are deceived by the term. It may be quite true that its introduction and use are prohibited by the Chinese government, but that prohibition is merely an empty sound, which, in fact, means nothing. The whole, or at least the greater part, of the mandarins use it, and it is not at all unlikely that his Celestial Majesty himself makes one of the number of its devotees. The truth is, the Chinese government, whatever it may say, has no wish to put a stop to its introduction. It is necessary, however, to publish every now and then strong threatening edicts against it, which are only consigned to oblivion in the pages of the Peking Gazette, and have no effect whatever in restraining the emperor's loyal subjects. It is now the opinion of all intelligent foreigners, and also of many of the more enlightened amongst the Chinese themselves, that the importation of opium ought to be legalised, and that it should be admitted at a small duty, as, by this means, much of the demoralising effects of

smuggling would be got rid of, and a considerable revenue would flow into the coffers of the Chinese treasury. Many instances of the feeble kind of opposition which the Chinese government employ to stop the opium trade, occurred during my residence in the country. Sometimes an admiral, renowned for his valour, was sent with a number of war-junks to a particular station, where the opium ships were anchored, for the purpose of compelling them to leave the Chinese shores. Gongs were beat, guns were fired—at a respectful distance, however—and the junks came down with all that pomp and parade which the Chinese know so well how to assume, and which seem to form a principal part of their warlike operations. In the mean time the little opium vessels were laying quietly at anchor, apparently paying but slight attention to all these threatening demonstrations. Presently a message was sent from the admiral, ordering them to get up their anchors and stand out to sea, and never more to dare to enter the waters of his celestial majesty under the penalty of being completely annihilated. A summons like this in former days might have had some weight, but now it had none; and the only answer the messengers carried back was, 'that the foreign vessels were well armed, and that they would not leave their anchorage.' This was quite sufficient to cool the courage of the admiral, who was now in a dilemma; he durst not fight the 'barbarians,' and if he did not manage to get them out of the way, his character for courage would suffer when the affair was represented at headquarters. He therefore altered his tone, and requested the captains, as a great favour, to leave the anchorage and move outside for a day or two only, after which time they might return to their old quarters. This was agreed to on the part of the captains of the opium vessels, and on the following morning they got under weigh and went out to sea. The Chinese, who were on the look-out at the time, made a great noise by beating gongs and firing guns, and followed the opium ships until they were fairly outside. The admiral now sent up a report to his government to the effect that he had fought a great battle with the 'barbarians,' and had driven them away from the shores; or very probably he said that he had blown some of their vessels to pieces, and sunk the rest in the depths of the sea. In the mean time, even before the report was half-way to Peking, the opium vessels had quietly taken up their old anchorage, and things were going on in the usual way! Such is a specimen of the way in which affairs are managed in China.'

We have received many exaggerated statements of the extent to which agriculture has advanced in China; according to some accounts, the very rocks on the summits of the mountains have been covered with a superstratum of soil, and plants cultivated on them; Mr Fortune is less inflated in his statements, and, we are convinced, not the less true:

'The profession of agriculture in China has been highly honoured and encouraged by the government of the country, from the earliest times down to the present day. The husbandman ranks higher here than he does in any other country in the world, and the emperor himself marks his sense of the importance of agriculture, by engaging in its operations at the commencement of every season. In his character of 'Son of Heaven,' or mediator between the gods and his subjects, he devotes three days to solemn fasting and prayer, after which he proceeds to a field, and with his own hands holds the plough, and throws a portion of the rice seed into the ground, thus showing the importance which government attaches to industry in the cultivation of the earth, that there may be plenty in the land to supply the wants of the teeming population. The progress and advancement of the Chinese in agriculture as an art has been, however, greatly exaggerated by many who have adverted to this subject in their writings. The Chinese government has been always so jealous of foreigners entering the country, that those who were probably able to form a correct opinion on the subject were prevented from doing so, and were led away by the fertility of their imaginations; while, on the other hand, the Roman Catho-

lic missionaries who travelled and resided in the interior, were evidently ignorant of the art itself, as well as of the progress it had made in other countries. But it must also be borne in mind, that whilst agriculture has been advancing rapidly towards perfection amongst the nations of the western world, the Chinese in this, as with most other things, have remained stationary, and hence there must be a much greater disparity between us and them now than there was when the early writers upon China published their works. To these writers, and more particularly to those who kept on faithfully copying their works, we must attribute the erroneous opinions which have been generally held by us in everything relating to the agriculture of the Chinese. I have no doubt that, as a nation, they surpass the natives of India and other half-civilised states in this art, as they do in most other peaceful accomplishments; but it is ridiculous, now at least, to compare them for a moment with our intelligent farmers in England or Scotland. As well might we compare their coasting junks with the navy of England, or their merchants with ours, whose ships are met with on every sea, and whose commercial operations extend to every quarter of the world. The soil of the mountains in the south of China is of the poorest description. Rocks of granite are seen everywhere protruding themselves above the scanty vegetation, whilst the soil itself is composed of dry burnt clay mixed with particles of granite in a decaying or disintegrated state. This soil, naturally so poor, is kept so by the practice of periodically cutting and carrying off the long grass and stunted bushes for firewood. Sometimes the natives set fire to this upon the mountains, for the purpose of affording a scanty manure, but nevertheless the soil is miserably sterile. Almost all the hilly portions of the south of China are in a state of nature 'stern and wild,' where the hand of man never attempts agricultural operations, and where it is almost impossible he ever can. Here and there, near the base of the hills, the far-famed terrace cultivation may be seen, where the natives grow small patches of rice and other vegetables, such as sweet potatoes and earth-nuts, but the portion of land in this part of the country used for such purposes, bears but an extremely small proportion to the vast tracts in a wild state.

In his journeys from the south to the north our author had to adopt several methods of conveyance, such as suspension-seats, coolies' shoulders, and the little Chinese horse, but the usual mode of transit is by the canals and rivers. The roads are mere puddles, where no one treads unless he is constrained to do so; but the canal is the highway, and the junk is the stage.

'The journey overland was a very interesting one. When I reached the town of Chinhae, at the mouth of the Ningpo river, I found that some small junks were to sail that evening for Chapoo, and I lost no time in securing a passage on board one of them. I was surprised at my success thus far, as I had anticipated my greatest, if not my only difficulty would have been in making a start. I found afterwards that I was indebted for this to my Chinese servant, who happened to be a native of Chinhae and knew the captain of the junk. He persuaded him that there was no harm in my going by that route; and, at all events, that he could easily land me at Chapoo, and that nobody would know how I had come there. In the evening, after many delays on account of wind and tide, and also with the view of securing more passengers and cargo, we lifted our anchor and set sail. In crossing the bay of Hangchow, the tide runs very rapidly, and the Chinese junks and boats never go across without a fair or leading wind. I shall never forget the strange and motley group of passengers who were my fellow-travellers in this little vessel. We were all huddled together in the centre cabin, and our beds were spread down on each side, merely leaving room for us to walk down the middle. Some of the passengers were respectable merchants, but even these had something filthy and disagreeable about them. Little insects, whose names sound harsh to 'ears polite,' were charitably supported in great numbers amongst the warm folds of their

dressings. The first thing I did when my bed was spread down, was to surround it with my trunks, gun-case, and another box or two, to prevent, if possible, any visitors of this description from leaving their rightful lord and master and taking up their quarters with me. With all my care it was next to impossible to keep myself apart from the Chinese, owing to the motion of the little vessel, which sometimes sent us rolling from one side to the other. A great part of the night was spent by the Chinese in smoking opium and tobacco. When morning dawned, the scene which the cabin presented was a strange one. Nearly all the passengers were sound asleep. They were lying in heaps, here and there, as they had been tossed and wedged by the motion of the vessel during the night. Their features and appearance, as seen in the twilight of a summer morning, were striking to the eye of a foreigner. I almost fancied that I could read the characters of the different beings who lay stretched before me. There was the habitual opium-smoker—there was no mistaking him—his looks were pale and haggard, his breathing quick and disturbed, and so thin was he, that his cheek-bones seemed piercing the skin. Some seemed care-worn with business, and others again apparently slept soundly with heads light and joyous. All had the fore part of their heads shaved, and their tails lay about in wild confusion.'

Captain Basil Hall's impressions of Chinese 'spirit' are amply verified in the following account of an attack by *Jan-dous* or pirates, hundreds of whom infest the coast and plunder merchant junks with perfect impunity. Mr Fortune was proceeding from the Min district, in the south, to the island of Chusan, in a junk manned entirely with Chinamen, when he was called up from his bed, to which a fever confined him, to repel with his single arm five pirate junks:—

'I was surrounded by several of the crew, who might well be called 'Job's comforters,' some suggesting one thing, and some another; and many proposed that we should bring the junk round and run back to the Min. The nearest pirate was now within 200 or 300 yards of us, and, putting her helm down, gave us a broadside from her guns. All was now dismay and consternation on board our junk, and every man ran below except two who were at the helm. I expected every moment that these also would leave their post; and then we should have been an easy prey to the pirates. 'My gun is nearer you than those of the *Jan-dous*,' said I to the two men; 'and if you move from the helm, depend upon it I will shoot you.' The poor fellows looked very uncomfortable, but I suppose thought they had better stand the fire of the pirates than mine, and kept at their post. Large boards, heaps of old clothes, mats, and things of that sort which were at hand, were thrown up to protect us from the shot; and as we had every stitch of sail set, and a fair wind, we were going through the water at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour. The shot from the pirates fell considerably short of us, and I was therefore enabled to form an opinion of the range and power of their guns, which was of some use to me. Assistance from our cowardly crew was quite out of the question, for there was not a man amongst them brave enough to use the stones which had been brought on deck; and which, perhaps, might have been of some little use when the pirates came nearer. The fair wind and all the press of sail which we had crowded on the junk proved of no use; for our pursuers, who had much faster-sailing vessels, were gaining rapidly upon us. Again the nearest pirate fired upon us. The shot this time fell just under our stem. I still remained quiet, as I had determined not to fire a single shot until I was quite certain my gun would take effect. The third broadside, which followed this, came whizzing over our heads and through the sails, without, however, wounding either the men at the helm or myself. The pirates now seemed quite sure of their prize, and came down upon us hooting and yelling like demons, at the same time loading their guns, and evidently determined not to spare their shot. This was a moment of intense interest. The plan which I had formed from the first was now about to be

put to the proof; and if the pirates were not the cowards which I believed them to be, nothing could save us from falling into their hands. Their fearful yells seem to be ringing in my ears even now, after this lapse of time, and when I am on the other side of the globe. The nearest junk was now within thirty yards of ours; their guns were now loaded, and I knew that the next discharge would completely rake our decks. 'Now,' said I to our helmsmen, 'keep your eyes fixed on me, and the moment you see me fall flat on the deck you must do the same, or you will be shot.' I knew that the pirate, who was now on our stern, could not bring his guns to bear upon us without putting his helm down and bringing his gangway at right angles with our stern, as his guns were fired from the gangway. I therefore kept a sharp eye upon his helmsman, and the moment I saw him putting the helm down I ordered our steersmen to fall flat on their faces behind some wood, and at the same moment did so myself. We had scarcely done so, when bang! bang! went their guns, and the shot came whizzing close over us, splintering the wood about us in all directions. Fortunately none of us were struck. 'Now, mandarin, now! they are quite close enough!' cried out my companions, who did not wish to have another broadside like the last. I, being of the same opinion, raised myself above the high stern of our junk; and while the pirates were not more than twenty yards from us, hooting and yelling, I raked their decks fore and aft, with shot and ball from my double-barrelled gun. Had a thunder-bolt fallen amongst them, they could not have been more surprised. Doubtless, many were wounded, and probably some killed. At all events, the whole of the crew, not fewer than forty or fifty men, who, a moment before, crowded the deck, disappeared in a marvellous manner; sheltering themselves behind the bulwarks, or lying flat on their faces. They were so completely taken by surprise, that their junk was left without a helmsman; her sails flapped in the wind; and, as we were still carrying all sail and keeping on our right course, they were soon left a considerable way astern. Another was now bearing down upon us as boldly as his companion had done, and commenced firing in the same manner. Having been so successful with the first, I determined to follow the same plan with this one, and to pay no attention to his firing until he should come to close quarters. The plot now began to thicken; for the first junk had gathered way again, and was following in our wake, although keeping at a respectful distance; and three others, although still further distant, were making for the scene of action as fast as they could. In the mean time, the second was almost alongside, and continued giving us a broadside now and then with their guns. Watching their helm as before, we sheltered ourselves as well as we could; at the same time, my poor fellows who were steering kept begging and praying that I would fire into our pursuers as soon as possible, or we should be all killed. As soon as they came within twenty or thirty yards of us, I gave them the contents of both barrels, raking their decks as before. This time the helmsman fell, and doubtless several others were wounded. In a minute or two I could see nothing but boards and shields, which were held up by the pirates to protect themselves from my firing; their junk went up into the wind for want of a helmsman, and was soon left some distance behind us. . . . Two other piratical junks, which had been following in our wake for some time, when they saw what had happened, would not venture any nearer; and at last, much to my satisfaction, the whole set of them bore away. Now was the time for my heretical companions to come from their hiding-place, which they did with great alacrity, hooting and yelling as the pirates had done before, and, in derision, calling on them to come back and renew the fight. The stones, too, were now boldly seized and thrown after the retreating junks, reaching to almost a tenth part of the distance; and a stranger who had not seen these gentry before would have supposed them the bravest men in existence. Fortunately the pirates did not think proper to accept the challenge.

Our author bade farewell to the 'celestial empire' on the 22d December, 1845, and arrived in the Thames in May, 1846. His sojourn in the East, and the additions which he rendered to the *flora* of this country were highly satisfactory, but not more so, we are certain, than his graphic rescripts of the people and their manners and habits.

ENVIRONS OF ANCIENT DUBLIN.

HAVING already introduced our readers to the antiquities of the city of Dublin, we will accompany them now in a short journey round it, and, as we pass through its environs, briefly invite their attention to what took place there in past centuries.

The bay of Dublin is bounded on the north by the promontory of Howth. This hill has, ever since the English invasion, belonged to the family of one of the most eminent among the English adventurers. Sir Armonio Tristram and Sir John De Courcy, being brothers-in-law, made a compact in the church of St Mary at Rouen, that they would divide between them whatever they should win in any country whither they should go in search of adventures. After travelling together in various countries, they heard of the expedition of the Earl of Pembroke to Ireland, and they determined to join in the dangers which the invasion of that kingdom promised. The first land they met was Howth, and there they disembarked. After a bloody contest, in which all Sir Armonio's family were slain except himself, the native Irish were vanquished. De Courcy being ill, was obliged to remain in his ship, and the fruits of this first victory were afterwards allotted as the share of Sir Armonio, who won it. The death of the hero was as singular as his life had been adventurous. In a battle fought years afterwards in Connaught, Sir Armonio and his companions were surrounded by a greatly superior force. Some of them were about to fly when he, inspired by the wild chivalry of the age, to avoid the disgrace of flight, plunged his sword into his horse's side. His example was immediately followed by all the rest, except two, who were selected to watch the approaching fight from a neighbouring hill, and carry home the tidings of the result. All possibility of escape by flight being thus cut off, the small band of warriors fought till every man of them perished, except the two who were chosen to testify to their heroism. The immediate descendant of this knight changed the name of the lords of Howth from Tristram to St Lawrence, in commemoration of a victory won on St Lawrence's day; but, from their first arrival in the kingdom to the present time, the family have resided at their original resting-place, the ancient castle of Howth.

It has been the custom, since the age of Elizabeth, to keep the door of this castle open at dinner-hour, which curious observance is accounted for thus by tradition. Grace O'Mealy, better known as Grana Uille, was a famous Irish freebooter, or, as she called herself, queen, in the reign of Elizabeth. She paid a visit to the English Queen in London, and, on her return to Ireland, landed at Howth. She proceeded to the castle at the hour of dinner, expecting to find the table spread for every stranger who chose to partake of it, according to her Celtic notions, and was so shocked at finding the door shut, that she determined to punish the lord of Howth for what she considered inhospitality. She accordingly carried off the infant heir of the castle to one of her fortresses in Connaught, and refused to return him to his parents till they gave a pledge to keep open the castle-door at dinner-hour every day, for the reception of strangers.

Not far from the castle, and in the centre of the modern village, stand the ruins of the ancient abbey and college of St Mary, which was erected long before the English invasion, by, as is supposed, Sitric the Dane. There is directly opposite the town a small island, a few acres in extent, now called Ireland's Eye, on which the only traces of a building are those of a church. This was founded A.D. 570, by a famous saint, St Nesson, who passed there, in fasting and prayer, a life of most ascetic

As we pass along the shore from Howth towards Dublin we meet the village of Clontarf. It is opposite a great sandbank, over which the sea breaks with a roaring noise. This bank is now called 'the Bull,' and Clontarf is a corruption of the Irish words 'Cluain-Taribh,' 'the recess of the bull.' This strand was the scene of the most celebrated battle in Irish history. It was here that Bryan Borohme gained his last and great victory, which expelled the Danes from Ireland, in the year 1014. The battle was fought on Good Friday, and is said to have been the most bloody ever fought in Ireland. The Irish hero, like a second Epaminondas, perished in the arms of the victory which liberated his country. The memory of this great battle is recorded by the Danish as well as the Irish poets. It is the subject of the Norse ode, 'The Fatal Sisters,' so beautifully translated by Gray.

At the other side of the isthmus of Howth is Malahide, where there is a magnificent old castle, also possessed by a family of the English invaders—the Talbots—who have been settled there since the time of Henry II. Among the curiosities in this castle is an altarpiece which belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, painted by Albert Durer. It is a small picture, divided into compartments, representing the nativity, adoration, and circumcision of our Lord.

A few miles inland from Malahide, and about the same distance from Dublin, is the ancient town of Swords. This town owes its origin to a monastery founded there by St Columbkille about the year 512. It was formerly a place of much importance, was incorporated by Queen Elizabeth, and returned a member to the Irish parliament, but is now much decayed. It contains, however, one object of great interest to antiquarians, viz., a very perfect specimen of those singular structures, peculiar to Ireland, called 'Round Towers.' Of these there are only two in the neighbourhood of Dublin—this one at Swords, and another at the village of Clondalkin, at the south side of the city.

What was the origin or use of these extraordinary buildings has been a fertile theme of discussion. They are very common throughout Ireland, and are all of nearly the same form. They are tall narrow towers, in shape somewhat resembling very lofty chimneys such as are built at gas-works or manufactories, except that they taper a little more, are much more lofty, and are roofed with a conical cap, without any attempt at ornament. There is an opening like a door, generally about twenty feet above the ground. No remains of floors, and few inscriptions, have been found in any of them. The masonry is generally very strong, and time has made little impression on most of them. A great many ingenious theories have been proposed respecting these structures. Among the most singular of modern times was a theory propounded and ingeniously defended by Mr O'Brien, that they were heathen emblems, connected with the obscene ceremonies imported by the aboriginal inhabitants of Ireland from Egypt, similar to those derived by the Greeks from the same source, and still observed by idolaters in the East. But the discussion is now set at rest by the learned researches of Mr Petrie. He has proved, almost beyond controversy, that these buildings are of Christian origin, and were probably used by the first Christian preachers to summon the people to worship. They are generally supposed to be the most ancient specimens of architecture now remaining in Ireland, and, before Mr Petrie's discoveries, were usually assigned to a period long prior to the introduction of Christianity.

There are, however, in the neighbourhood of Dublin, several remains of the heathen worship of the ancient natives of Ireland, viz., *crom laacs* or Druid altars. There is one in a valley in the Hill of Howth, and there are two more at the south of the bay, near Killiney. These are all of the same form, consisting of one huge unheaven stone, with one end supported on three others of smaller size, being thus kept in a sloping position, to allow, it is supposed, the blood of the victims sacrificed to run off. These altars are almost always found in a valley or hollow, surrounded by an amphitheatre of rising ground, upon which the crowd of worshippers might stand and have a view of

the sacrifice. It has been inferred from this circumstance, and from their size being so much beyond what could have been mechanically raised in the rude age when they were probably used, that they were placed in their present positions by digging away the clay from about them. There is no mark of chiselling or any other preparation on any of them, which has led to a fanciful conjecture by the eminent antiquarian Sir J. Ware. He supposes that they were derived from Abraham and the patriarchs, who were directed not to strike a tool on the stones of their altars. The Druids' altar at Howth is called 'Finn's Quoit,' and tradition records that it was hurled into its present position by the Irish giant Finn MacComhl, when engaged in a contest with a Dane.

Proceeding eastward from Swords, a little nearer Dublin, we come to the villages of Glasnevin and Finglass. A century since, these villages were the fashionable resort of the citizens of Dublin for the summer, and were at one time the place of residence of some of the most eminent of the English classical authors. The present site of the Botanic Garden at Glasnevin was the residence of the poet Tickell. He came to Ireland with Addison, who was secretary to Lord Sunderland, in 1716. He soon after married in Dublin, and made Glasnevin his residence, where his friend Addison was his constant guest. There is in the garden an avenue of yews called Addison's Walk, which it is said was the favourite resort of the author of Cato. In the immediate neighbourhood is Delville, which was the house of Dean Delany, Swift's friend. Swift passed much of his time here, and particularly in the summers of 1735-36. In the latter year the 'Legion Club,' one of his most venomous political satires appeared. This was considered so dangerous a libel, that no Dublin printer would venture to publish it, and it was privately printed at Delville by Swift himself. An old printing-press was discovered many years after, in removing some lumber from an out-office which was being pulled down, and it is supposed to have been the identical press with which the first copies of this famous squib were printed. Sheridan, Swift's friend, had also a house near Glasnevin. A little further from Dublin, towards Finglass, is Hampstead, the residence of Sir Richard Steele. At Finglass, lived Parnell, who was vicar of the parish, and founded a library there for the use of the parishioners. Thus Tickell, Addison, Swift, Delany, Sheridan, Steele, and Parnell at once gave eclat to this classic neighbourhood. Few great cities could boast of so brilliant an array of genius as was then assembled in these two adjoining little villages.

Finglass is also a place of great antiquity. It has been the scene of many battles. Here Miles De Cogan and Raymond Le Gros, two of Strongbow's companions, with a small army of five hundred men, having made a sally from Dublin, defeated the Irish army, several thousand strong, under King O'Connor. King William III., on his way to Dublin after the battle of the Boyne, encamped here, and the ramparts which he threw up are still standing. The church, round which a small town afterwards gathered, was founded by St Canice. There was a cross attached to it of considerable sanctity, which gives the name to the barony. The existence of this curious relic was doubted for a long period. Tradition said it had been broken down by Cromwell's soldiers, and carried away by some of the pious inhabitants, who buried it for safety. About thirty years ago, the Rev. Dr Walsh hearing this tradition, made inquiries to find out the supposed place of its concealment from the old inhabitants of the neighbourhood. After much search, he actually did discover it, and had the venerable relic exhumed and erected inside the gate of the churchyard, where it now stands. In another generation its existence would probably have been forgotten.

Proceeding from Finglass in a circle round Dublin, we pass through the Phoenix Park which, though very beautiful and extensive, has not much of antiquity to interest us. The adjoining village of Castleknock was once a fortress, esteemed of great importance for the defence of Dublin against the Irish of Meath. At the other side of the Liffey is Kilmainham, in ancient times the site of the most

powerful priory in Ireland. It was founded in 1174 by Strongbow, for knights-templars. The priors of this establishment, for centuries afterwards, exercised great political power, and were frequently chancellors and deputies of the kingdom: but it shared the fate of the other monastic institutions, and was suppressed by Henry VIII. It was revived by Queen Mary; but finally put an end to in the succeeding reign. The most ancient building now remaining at Kilmarnham is the Royal Military Hospital, which was built after a design of Sir Christopher Wren, in the reign of Charles II. It is in design not unlike, and is used for the same purposes as the hospital at Chelsea. Adjoining the Royal Hospital of Kilmarnham is a very ancient burial-place, in which is shown one of the oldest tombstones in the kingdom. It is a block of coarse black granite, said to be erected in commemoration of some of the heroes who fell at the battle of Clontarf.

In the southern environs of Dublin there are few remains of antiquity, except the town of Clondalkin before mentioned, till we again approach the sea. On the south side of the bay, opposite Howth, is Dalkey. This was formerly considered a place of much importance. There were markets and fairs holden there, and it had a charter. In the immediate neighbourhood are some ruined castles—the castles of Bullock. The origin of these castles affords a curious comment on the mercantile affairs of Ireland in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Though within a few miles of the capital, they were built to protect the goods of merchants resorting to Dalkey from pirates. When the limits of the English dominion were much reduced, during the wars of the Roses, Dalkey, though so near Dublin, was considered the southern boundary of the pale, and was exposed to the constant incursions of the wild Irish from Wicklow. It consequently fell into total decay.

There is a small island opposite the shore. Like every other remote recess in Ireland, it has the ruins of a church, which was dedicated to St Benedict. When Dublin was visited with the plague, in 1576, as many of the inhabitants as could fled here, as to a place of refuge, and the little island was covered with the tents of the terrified citizens. In more modern times it was rendered famous by a political club, who, between the years 1790 and 1798, founded there a mimic kingdom called the 'Kingdom of Dalkey.' The islands of Dalkey and Ireland's Eye are now uninhabited (except by the men in a battery erected on the former), and are used only for picnic parties; but, though only specks in size, they have given rise to a puzzling question among geographers. Ptolemy and Pliny both enumerate islands off the coast of Ireland, and the question in dispute is whether one of those mentioned by them, and called 'Edrus,' is either of these two, or, as Camden asserts, the island of Ramsay off the coast of Wales.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

Can that little, quiet, fragile, modest, almost insignificant-looking man, so neat, plain, and formal in his black coat and snow-white neckcloth, who sits with his legs crossed 'anyhow,' and his hat overshadowing his small sharp features till they are scarcely seen—can that be Lord John Russell? Is he really the leader of that compact and numerous party? And has he the power or the skill to rule and rein them in; to amalgamate all their discordant varieties; to tame their political violence, of which you have heard or seen so much; to pour the oil of his philosophic spirit on the waters of their excited passions; to beguile them into suspending or giving up their cherished opinions and settled purposes, and cordially uniting in working out his views, and respecting, if not obeying his will? When you regard the *physique* of Sir Robert Peel—his full commanding figure, his intellectual face and head, his handsome expressive countenance, his erect and manly bearing, you are half tempted to believe, on trust, all you have heard of his magical influence over the House of Commons: but no persuasion will induce you to think that the

diminutive model of a man who has been pointed out to you as Lord John Russell—whom Lord Palmerston, his next neighbour, might dandle in his arms—can possess those qualities which history tells us are necessary in order to sway popular assemblies. In a few moments he takes off his hat and rises from his seat, advancing to the table to speak. Now, for the first time, you see something that prepossesses. His head, though small, is finely shaped; it is a highly intellectual head, and the brow is wide and deep. The face, broad and firm-set, sphynx-like in shape, is not of faultless outline, but it is strongly marked with character. A thoughtful repose, slightly tinged with melancholy, pervades it. The features are sharply defined; they look more so in the extreme paleness of the complexion—a paleness not of ill-health, but of refined breeding. The mouth is wide, but finely shaped, surrounded with a marked line, as though it were often made the vehicle of expression; while the lips are firmly compressed, as from habitual thought. The eye is quick and intelligent, the nose straight and decided, the eyebrows dark and well arched, and the whole face, which seems smaller still than it is from the absence of whiskers, is surmounted by dark and scanty hair, which leaves disclosed the whole depth of an ample and intellectual forehead. A moment more, and you are struck with the proportions, though small, of his frame—his attitude erect, his chest expanded. You begin to perceive that a little man need not of necessity be insignificant. There is a presence upon him, a firm compactness of outline, a self-possessed manner, a consciousness of latent strength, that lead you to abandon your unfavourable view of his physical attributes, and to hope much from his moral and intellectual qualities. He speaks, and for a time your disappointment returns. You have seen him make one step forward to the table, look all around the House, then make a step back again to his old place; then, with his right arm stretched partly out, and his face half turned to his own supporters, he begins. His voice is feeble in quality and monotonous. It is thin, and there is a twang upon it which smacks of aristocratic affectation; but it is distinct. He is, perhaps, about to answer some speech, or to attack some measure, of Sir Robert Peel. He goes on in level strain, uttering a few of the most commonplace of apology or deprecation, till the mediocrity grows irresistibly upon your mind. Yet the House seem to listen anxiously—they would not do so if they did not know their man. Wait a little. A cheer comes from around him; it bears in it the effeminate laugh of Mr Ward, the deep bassoon note of Mr Warburton, the shrill scream of Mr Sheil, the loud hearty shout of Mr Wakley, and the delighted chorus of the Radicals and manufacturers. Nay, even on the opposite side, the 'point' has not been without its effect, as many a suppressed titter testifies. All the level commonplace, it seems, was but the stringing of the bow; at the moment when least expected, the cool, prepared marksman has shot his arrow of keen polished sarcasm at Sir Robert Peel, whom it has fleshed, if not transfixed. You follow the speaker a little longer, now fairly interested in him, even though opposed to his opinions, and you find that he has more of those arrows in his quiver. And then he proceeds, during a speech of perhaps an hour and a-half, developing those characteristics of his mind which we have described in detail—now earning approval by his enlarged and statesmanlike view, now lowering himself to the level of the various prejudices of his party; alternately compelling respect and admiration, or provoking something like contempt; now rousing his own side to cheer against their own opponents, and now stimulating those opponents to laugh at or suspect their own leaders; but always exhibiting power, self-possession, tact, skill, parliamentary and political knowledge, command of language, and felicity of diction, surpassed by but a few distinguished men of the day. Meanwhile you have lost sight of the defects of the speaker—defects of voice, manner, and action—which place him as far below Sir Robert Peel, in the merely mechanical point of oratory, as his occasional elevation of thought and happy choice of language place him in these respects above him. If you had not thus been

carried away, you would have been speedily wearied by the drawing monotony of his voice, the hesitation in delivery, the constant catching up and repetition of words, and even of portions of sentences; and you have noticed that the only action used was a constant stepping forward from the bench to the table and back again, an occasional thumping of the latter with the right hand, when not rested permanently on it, a folding of the arms akimbo, or an action peculiar to this orator when he rests his left elbow on his right hand, while the left arm, raised perpendicularly, is held as if in warning at his opponents.—*Orators of the Age.*

VALUE OF THE BIBLE TO THE POOR.

The poor, we may be certain, will sustain no injury from their attention to a book, which, while it inculcates under the most awful sanction the practice of honesty, industry, frugality, subordination to lawful authority, contentment, and resignation to the allotments of Providence, elevates them to the hope of an 'inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away;' a book which at once secures the observance of the duties which attach to an inferior condition, and almost annihilates its evils by opening their prospects into a state where all the inequalities of fortune will vanish, and the obscure and most neglected piety shall be crowned with eternal glory. 'The poor man rejoices that he is exalted;' and while he views himself as the member of Christ and the heir of a blessed immortality, he can look with undissembled pity on the frivolous distinctions, the fruitless agitations, and the fugitive enjoyments of the most eminent and the most prosperous of those who have their portion in this world. The poor man will sustain no injury by exchanging the vexations of envy for the quiet of a good conscience, and fruitless repinings for the consolations of religious hope. The less is his portion in this life, the more ardently will he cherish and embrace the promise of a better, while the hope of that better exerts a reciprocal influence in prompting him to discharge the duties, and reconciling him to the evils, which are inseparable from the present. The Bible is the treasure of the poor, the solace of the sick, and the support of the dying; and while other books may amuse and instruct in a leisure hour, it is the peculiar triumph of that book to create light in the midst of darkness, to alleviate the sorrow which admits of no other alleviation, to direct a beam of hope to the heart which no other topic of consolation can reach; while guilt, despair, and death vanish at the touch of its holy inspiration.—*Robert Hall.*

INTOLERANCE OF PAGANISM.

The plausible theory of the tolerant spirit of Paganism is never known to have been realised in practice. The Athenians allowed no alteration whatever in the religion of their ancestors; and the lives of Æschylus, Anaxagoras, Diagoras, Protagoras, Prodicus, Socrates, and Alcibiades, decided that innovation in religion was death. The *holy* or *sacred* wars among the Grecian states; the sanguinary contests between the respective votaries of the different gods of Egypt; and the cruel extermination of the disciples of every other religion except that of Zoroaster in Persia, conspire to prove that bigotry is peculiar to no clime but indigenous to human nature. As to the vaunted toleration of the Roman government, we learn from Livy, that about 430 years before Christ orders were given to the Ædiles to see that 'none except Roman gods were worshipped, nor in any other than the established forms.' Mæcenas earnestly exhorted Augustus to 'hate and punish' all foreign religions, and to compel all men to conform to the national worship; and Augustus and his successors literally followed his counsel. Tiberius prohibited the Egyptian worship, banished the Jews from Rome, and restrained the worship of the Druids in Gaul. Domitian and Vespasian banished the philosophers from Rome; some of whom were confined in the islands, and others put to death. From all of which it would appear that intolerance was an original law of Rome—that this law was never repealed—and that from time to time it was let loose on the

professors of other religions with terrible effect; while history of France during the Revolution proclaims it hot as were the fires of persecution which polytheism kindled, atheism has a furnace capable of being 'seven times hotter'—that intolerance is inherent in fallen nature.—*Dr Harris.*

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE SUDDEN DEATH OF THE REV. JOSIAS WILSON.

(Written for the Instructor.)

Thou art gone—thou art gone! yet we scarce can deplore thee
Though grief wrap around us its mantle like night;
With thine eye fix'd intent on the joy set before thee,
Thou hast finish'd thy course—thou hast fought the good fight

No more from thy words we instruction shall borrow—
No more from thy lips gather spiritual food;
Yet we trust we can say in the depth of our sorrow,
'Tis the Lord, let him do as it seemeth him good.'

Thy sun has gone down in the noon of its glory—
Thy lamp has been quenched when most brightly it shone;
And yet, if we could, we would never restore thee
To earth, from the mansions to which thou hast gone.

But we bear our sad loss with profound resignation;
'Tis thy Master and ours that has call'd thee away.
Be thine then the source of our strong consolation—
No night can intrude on thy long happy day.

No sickness can mar thine unceasing enjoyment,
No sorrow or sadness thy rapture restrain;
But this shall be ever thy blissful employment,
To sing to the praise of the Lamb that was slain.

No willow, no cypress, no yew shall droop o'er thee,
To tell us the spot where thy body shall rest.
As those without hope, we can never deplore thee,
Or grieve that so soon thou art happy and blest.

But often we'll visit thy last habitation,
And there thy bless'd mem'ry our spirits shall thrill,
While we learn, in those moments of deep contemplation,
That, though thou art dead, thou dost speak to us still.

W. M. HUTCHINSON.

INANIMATE OBJECTS.

We grow attached unconsciously to the objects we see every day. We may not think so at the time—we may be discontented, and used to talk of their faults; but let us be on the eve of quitting them for ever, and we find they are dearer than we dreamed. The love of the inanimate is a general feeling. True, it makes no return of affection, neither does it disappoint it—its associations are from our thoughts and our emotions. We connect the hearth with the confidence which has poured forth the full soul in its dim twilight; on the wall we have watched the shadows, less fantastic than the creations in which we have indulged; beside the table, we have read, worked, and written. Over each and all is flung the strong link of habit: it is not to be broken without a pang.

A WORD TO THE EXTRAVAGANT.

A princely mind will ruin a private fortune. Keep the rank in which Providence hath placed you, and do not make yourself unhappy because you cannot afford whatever a wild fancy might suggest. The revenues of all the kingdoms of the world would not be equal to the expense of one extravagant person.

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EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE BY THE STATE.

We recently directed the attention of our readers to this important subject in two of our numbers, and although the question is and has been discussed on all sides *usque ad nauseam*, we believe that the publication of the details embodied in the reports of the Government Inspectors of schools, may prove of good service in laying open the urgent necessities of the case. Whatever may be the opinions entertained as regards the best means of enlightening the ignorant millions of our population, it is quite clear that the country will not go on much longer under the present inefficient system. According to calculations by the Registrar-General, the number of children in England and Wales, in 1846, was nearly 4,000,000, of whom not more than half are receiving instruction, to say nothing of the large proportion of adults who have been found willing to avail themselves of the means of education when schools have been opened in the localities in which they reside. With so large a proportion of the rising generation growing up in entire ignorance, can we feel surprised that misery, suffering, and crime prevail to so great an extent all over the country? We trust, however, that the time for the proper application of a judicious remedy is now not far distant.

The reports now before us, published in 1846, show the parliamentary grant for education in the preceding year to have been £75,000—a sum by no means proportionate to the amount of work to be done. The inspectors generally state that signs of improvement have appeared since their former visits to the schools, and, amid much that is gloomy, show that great good may be effected where the will to do it exists. In many out-of-the-way villages the most beneficial results have followed from the exertions of the clergy. A desire for reading is said to be growing, lending libraries are established where books, a few years ago, were almost unknown, and many whose education was defective have amended it from this source alone. The books published by the Irish Educational Board appear to be much in request; and the desire to lodge savings' earnings in the funds of friendly societies and savings' banks, is, with the taste for reading, among the first steps towards more provident habits than have hitherto characterised the masses of our agricultural and operative population. These, however, are some of the brighter features of the picture.

Mr Allen, inspector of the schools in the eight counties comprising the southern district, visited 340 schools: 112 in which boys and girls were taught apart, under a master and mistress; 57 under a master only; 119 under a mis-

tree; and 52 infant schools, also under a mistress. This gentleman, in writing on the difficulties against which schools have at present to contend, observes:—"Right training cannot be looked for from our ordinary monitors, and is seldom found in our large schools; the money that in England has been spent in raising such has commonly, as I believe, been ill spent. I have seen buildings calculated for 600 with less than 80 children in them: dispirited teachers, untidy cheerless school-rooms, and the conviction that the interest of the money lavished on the fabric would have gone far to support the school, naturally associate themselves with such a spectacle. In some of our schools, had less been attempted, more would have been done. The proverb says, 'That little which is good fills the trencher.'" Another difficulty consists in the periodical absence of the children from the schools in rural districts, at hay-time and harvest, for nearly six weeks: it not unfrequently happens that when the scholars re-assemble not more than half the number is present, and much valuable time is wasted in bringing up the loss of learning occasioned by the interruption. Mr Allen considers that much good would result from a better diffusion of Scriptural knowledge, proper regard being had to the portions to be committed to memory, and mentions a case where, owing to the teacher's negligence, the only portion of the Bible which a child could repeat was one of the chapters on ceremonies from the book of Leviticus: were it more the custom to bring the sacred precepts of the Scriptures to bear on the daily duties of life, there can be no doubt as to the beneficial result. 'The amount of moral training,' continues the inspector, 'afforded by a school must depend mainly upon the character of the teacher. Too much stress cannot be laid on the importance of our schoolmasters being men who love their work, and live in the fear of God. Even in an intellectual point of view, it requires but little experience to be assured that no natural qualifications nor acquired advantages can compensate for the absence of faithfulness grounded upon a religious sense of duty. Love melts almost all hearts, effecting that which no harshness can ever accomplish. It is said that more flies are caught with a drop of honey than with a tun of vinegar. I have always admired that history written by Camus, bishop of Bellay, of the prelate his friend, who, when questioned—'How should advice be given?' 'How may reproof be best administered?'—over prefaced his reply with these words, '*In a spirit of love*;' the secret of whose government was, '*not by constraint but willingly*;' and who was wont to say that such as would force the will of man strove to exercise a tyranny hateful to God.'

The eastern district comprehends the counties of Essex,

Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridge, Bedford, Huntingdon, and Middlesex. In Essex, the income of school teachers ranges from £10 to £60; in Suffolk, £10 to £90; Bedfordshire, £15 to £50; Cambridgeshire, £13 to £50; Huntingdonshire and Norfolk, £8 to £60; the average of the highest being not more than £35. On this part of the subject the Rev. F. C. Cook, the inspector, writes: 'The teachers who receive salaries below £15 are generally boarded and lodged in the clergyman's house, and a fair proportion of the others are provided with apartments, and some with light and fuel. But after making every allowance for these advantages, it is manifest that the average payment of the teachers is considerably below that sum which would be a fair remuneration to a person of fair abilities, who devotes himself to the work of instruction. Accordingly, we cannot be surprised to find that a large number of teachers have been domestic servants, some common labourers, or broken tradesmen, and that after contending for a time against the difficulties of their condition, many relinquish their employment in disgust.'

Such is the poverty of the funds of several schools in this district, that they are only kept open by sacrifices from the clergy, and without further aid will eventually be closed. Such a result in the present day, when the necessity for and importance of education are so fully recognised, would be greatly to be deplored. Whether government shall or shall not educate the people is not our object at present to determine, but we think that by giving publicity to the facts, as they really appear, we shall in some degree assist parties in coming to a conclusion on the subject. This is not the time for crimination or re-crimination; what we want is hearty, honest effort, a disposition to look the difficulties full in the face, and a desire to decide in accordance with a 'spirit of love,' and not in proportion to secular advantages.

On the other hand, Mr Cook enumerates several favourable indications, on which he dwells with 'peculiar hopefulness. 1. The sound practical character of the religious teaching. 2. The improved style of reading. 3. The greater attention bestowed upon the rudiments of English composition. 4. The advance in the practical application of arithmetic, and the introduction or extension of various subjects, such as geography, grammar, and history. And, 5. The improvement of the discipline and the diminution of corporal punishments.'

We are accustomed to boast of our enlightenment, and of the rapid advances we make in science, and although these may have a beneficial influence upon society generally, yet there is a point in the social scale below which they pass so slowly that they may be said never to reach many thousands of our population. Arithmetic, in many schools, is little better than an unknown science, and in some geography has been altogether prohibited; there will be some difficulty in believing these facts in another twenty years. But, as before observed, a favourable change is taking place. 'Geography,' writes Mr Cook, 'has been introduced into a very large number of schools, where it was formerly a prohibited subject. Wherever it has been introduced it has been found to interest the children, to give them clearer views of Scriptural history, and in every way to contribute to their intellectual improvement. Instead of giving the children books upon the subject, beginning with definitions of technical terms, and proceeding, after very meagre descriptions of countries, to long catalogues of places, &c., most judicious teachers have been contented to hang up large maps in the school-room, and to give collective lessons, in order to make the children understand what a map is. I have recommended, when it appeared practicable, that the teacher should procure or make a large plan of the place; then of the district, including all the villages known to the children; and that, in the next place, a large map of the county, which may be drawn by the teacher, should be hung up in the room. Maps of England, the Holy Land, and the World, should then follow. As yet I have not met with a globe or planisphere in the schools of my district, but I

grant of apparatus, and it ought to be considered as a part of the necessary furniture of a large school.'

We learn that an increasing desire, with exceptions before noticed, prevails among the people of the district generally to extend the benefits of education. Instances are on record, however, of the farmers being unwilling to have their labourers' children educated; a species of ignorant opposition which nothing but a wider diffusion of knowledge can remove. According to Mr Cook, members of the legal profession, in his district, are among the most liberal supporters of schools. 'I have been much struck,' he says, 'with the liberality of the lawyers. Sometimes, once in twenty cases, the expenses of conveyance amount to £23, often to £10; in the latter case, as I am informed, a very small sum is charged for professional labours, but in many instances the whole expense does not exceed £4 or £5, being in fact merely the cost of stamps, &c. The lawyer should in such cases be considered as a benefactor to the amount of the difference between his charge and a regular solicitor's bill; but I have almost always found the same name among the most liberal donors to the building fund, and subscribers to the annual expenses.'

Among the causes of the comparatively little success that has attended the attempt to educate the rural population, are enumerated, '1st, The limited opportunities of giving any kind of instruction to children, either in town or country schools. This involves the age at which children enter and leave school, the irregularities in their attendance, and the fluctuations in the numbers attending particular schools. 2d, The deficiency in the means of communicating instruction to children when they are in school. This includes the small proportion of adult teachers and trained assistants to the number of children, the incompetency of monitors, and the want of proper apparatus and arrangement. And 3d, The deficiency of pecuniary resources, so far as it affects either the supply of teachers, and other evils pointed out in the foregoing division, or the probable continuance of existing schools.' When we consider that the monitors chosen are in most instances not more than ten years of age, it will not be surprising that the business of the school is imperfectly conducted. We have frequently observed that the noise and confusion in a school is very frequently owing to the overbearing disposition of the monitors, who, with the proverbial abuse of delegated authority, are apt to override their commissions. A great bar to improvement, in fact, seems to exist in the noise produced by several classes reading or speaking aloud at the same time—to a stranger the din is intolerable, and it must fatally distract the attention of the learners.

Passing over M. Moseley's report on the midland district, and the training-schools at Chester, Norwood, and Battersea, we come to Mr Watkins's report on the northern district. The number of schools here is 656. Of 90 of these selected for the purpose of comparison, 34 have increased in numbers, 32 have decreased, 24 remain stationary. Taking the first of these proportions, 21 schools have improved in discipline; of the second, 6 only; and of the 24 stationary, 18 have improved. In this, as in the other cases, we find the same inadequacy of the present means of education to the growing wants of the community. The busy North, in this respect, is no better off than the quiet and pastoral East, or the agricultural South. 'The most striking feature,' writes Mr Watkins, 'in that great and populous district is the insufficiency of pecuniary means, not only to supply the educational wants of the people, day by day more deeply felt, and day by day more urgently expressed, but also to support those schools which have already been erected, and which, it grieves me to say, are in many instances existing rather than flourishing—tending to decay rather than full of energy and life.' Lack of books, of properly-trained teachers, of necessary apparatus, separate rooms, suitable exercise-grounds, libraries, &c., is urged as the crying evil of the day with respect to education.

It is part of the inspector's duty to look after school

by him in the north, 110 are said to be erected in a satisfactory manner; of 114 others only 80 are described as in good repair; while under the head of 'proper conveniences,' in 68 places they are 'sufficient,' in 19 'deficient,' in 25 'very bad,' in 7 'none at all.' On this point Mr Watkins remarks—"No one who is unacquainted with the manufacturing districts of Yorkshire and Lancashire, or the coal-fields of Durham and Northumberland, can easily conceive the filthy, indecent condition of their school out-buildings. It seems from the return given above, that 51 out of 114 schools are insufficiently provided in this respect. The greater part of these have only one yard for the children of both sexes—in some instances, though not infrequently among the boys—of the age of fourteen and fifteen years! It is impossible to speak too strongly of the great indecency and the probable mischief of such an arrangement. From observation in many schools, I am firmly convinced that no mischief arises from the intermixture of boys and girls in the same school during school hours—I am rather inclined to think that such intercourse is beneficial to them both; but in the play-ground, where all restraint is thrown off, the case is different."

It may fairly be questioned whether 'all restraint' should cease in the play-ground. If the moral discipline of the school be such as to exercise no influence beyond the walls, some degree of supervision is obviously necessary to prevent the evils here signalled, which evidently counteract whatever good may have been gained during school hours. To make this supervision effectual, the play-grounds should be enclosed; but of the 114 enumerated only 65 are walled or fenced in. In the words of the report—"It is interesting to mark the improvement of tone where the master is a teacher in the play-ground as well as in the school—where the child is learning a lesson not the less important because it is called play, and the powers of its body, as well as the faculties of its mind, are pleasurably and healthily exercised."

Among other physical evils brought to light by the report is imperfect drainage. Of the 114 schools, 88 are described as sufficiently drained, 22 imperfectly, and 9 badly; but the result, whether good or bad, is, we are told, in most cases accidental, for want of selecting proper sites in the first instance. The school at Yeddingham stands on the waste, without any enclosure or out-building of any kind. A brook runs at the back, which at times overflows its banks and fills the little room with more rapidity than do its usual tenants. We meet with further defects under the head of 'warming and ventilation'—two processes so essential to the well-being of a school: 72 of the 114 schools are warmed by fire-places, 27 by stoves, and the remainder by other means; 39 have sufficient ventilation, 21 imperfect, 49 bad, and 5 none at all. According to Mr Watkins, owing to the want of a proper system of warming, the rooms 'are frequently too cold with draughts of chilly air from the doors and windows. Even in the comparatively mild weather of last autumn and the early part of winter, I remember children unable to write on their slates, from the numbness of their hands, whilst in school. I have at times seen the little ones crying from the same cause, though they are generally, in such rooms, placed close to the fire and crowding round it, with the chance of burning their clothes, and the certainty of attending little to the instruction which they come there to receive. It is important in the manufacturing districts that the temperature of the school should not be a chilling contrast to the temperature of the mill, whilst the ventilation may be far better. But this important point has been hitherto little regarded.' With respect to the ventilation, we read that 'the windows and doors of the school-room are still, in many instances, the only means of introducing fresh air into it. The natural consequence, almost necessary in cold weather, is that doors and windows remain closed, and therein which the children breathe is in a state of great impurity. I have found it difficult to stay in schools in which the children have been for some little time previous to my arrival; and, to say the truth, the remedy in such cases is almost as bad as the evil. The windows are open-

ed, 'a thorough draught' is obtained, the boys' bare heads and the girls' uncovered necks are exposed to it, in all its freshness; hence ensue colds, catarrhs, and, it may be, the first seeds of consumption. But in such schools this is an event which rarely occurs. The teachers, accustomed to the close, heated atmosphere, are chilly and unable to bear the fresh air of heaven. It is curious, as it is painful, to see to what an extent these unhealthy feelings will sometimes carry them. At a school in Cumberland, on a bright, warm day in September, I found the doors and windows closed; a large red fire in the grate; the children—eighteen heavy boys and two girls—almost melting under the combined influence of fire and sun; whilst the master seemed perfectly unconscious of the temperature in which he lived, with his coat buttoned up, a shawl round his throat, a thick cloth cap on his head, and clogs over his shoes. In answer to my question whether he did not feel the room very warm, he said 'No,' he was not very well.'

Similar statements are to be met with in Mr Bellair's report on the western district. With these facts before our eyes it is impossible to doubt that more systematic and more efficient exertions must be made before the vexed question of education can be settled or rendered at all adequate to the requirements of the age. Our quotations show that it embraces a wide range both physical and moral; and it remains for the people of the present day to decide whether their children shall suffer from the operation of evils of which they themselves so loudly complain.

A VISIT TO HOLLAND.

THIRD ARTICLE.

PLEASURES OF A WALKING TOUR—ASPECT OF THE COUNTRY
—REMBRANDT'S MILL—FROG CONCERT—A DUTCH VILLAGE
—DUTCH BURYING-GROUNDS—WOERDEN—UTRECHT—PROMENADES—THE CATHEDRAL.

ONE fine morning in June, I strode out of Leyden with a knapsack on my back and a stout staff in my hand, taking the road to Utrecht. I would strongly advise all travellers, who have time, to adopt this method of really seeing a country. There is true pleasure, health, and instruction in it. You come more in contact with the people, have better opportunities for observation, and find the true zest and relish of travelling. This style of travelling, it is true, knocks up boots, but it gives both body and mind greater strength. If you wish if you can rest, sit down by the roadside under the shade of trees, or deposit yourself in the first neat and homely house of entertainment in your way. If you are a sketcher, you can enrich your note-book with studies of nature—with occasional sketches of beautiful landscape. Hence I adopted the pedestrian method of inspecting this country, and walked across Holland, instead of glancing at it through the windows of a diligence.

The roads in Holland are well adapted for walking. A pleasant footpath runs alongside of the brick causeway, and in many places the road is sheltered by lofty trees. For many miles out of Leyden the highway is overarched by an avenue of fine trees, which modified the noontide heat and rendered foot-travelling delightful. There was very little traffic on the road—one diligence and an occasional foot-passenger were all that I met. The country seemed asleep—as stagnant as the water of its canals. The only things moving in it were the arms of the windmills, everywhere visible. There were, however, numerous signs of wealth abroad—few or no miserable huts, and very many beautiful and trimly-kept cottages and country-houses lining the road at intervals on either side for miles out of Leyden. Some of these were surrounded with trees laid out in rows, some with stripes of canal, in which gold and silver fishes were seen disporting; and all had gardens, kept in as perfect and trim a condition as it was possible to imagine: the grass close shaven, many of the trees clipped in a straight line, ponds sharp-edged as if they had been newly dug and finished, gates fresh painted and spotless, the houses themselves as clean and neat as if they had been new toys just taken out of a bandbox.

The first structure having an ancient or ruinous look which I encountered after leaving Leyden was an old mill close to the road, near the small town of Kowdekerke. Behind it flow the here sluggish waters of the Rhine, along which a sorry nag, driven by a lad, was dragging an old boat laden with turf. The building to which I refer is said to have been the birthplace of the great painter Rembrandt, and is hence called 'Rembrandt's Mill.' It is rivetted together in many parts by strong iron rods and bolts, and has, altogether, an appearance of great age. The Rhine here, as is the case in its course through all this part of the country, is quite above the level of the land, and is only kept within its course by means of high embankments on either side; and it has so thoroughly an artificial look, that the surmise that it was a work of the Roman armies seems not by any means unlikely.

About noon I lay down beneath the shade of some lofty trees, and rested a while, regaling myself from the contents of my knapsack. The birds chirruped in the boughs overhead; the mellow notes of the cuckoo were heard in a neighbouring wood; but far above these rang the croakings of ten thousand bullfrogs, with which the ponds, ditches, and fields of the district seem peopled. A frog concert is to be heard in Holland in its greatest perfection, but it is not beautiful, though I confess I had much rather hear the brute's music than eat him, as is done further south. The croaking of a field of Dutch frogs somewhat resembles the cawing in a large rookery: it is scarcely less noisy. The water vibrates for a considerable space round where each amorous bullfrog emits his ditty, and the note is taken up instantaneously by thousands round him in a *fugue* style that would be the despair of a Sebastian or any other Bach. While I still reclined, a foot-traveller came up—an old man with a huge coat like an Irishman's; he halted, and, advancing, threw himself down on the grass beside me. He was full of vivacity, and, biting away at the end of his stick, put a rapid succession of questions to me. My 'goede morgen' (good morning), with a variation of 'fine morning,' 'beautiful weather,' &c., was well enough, so far as it went; but he was not satisfied with information of this meagre kind, and he went on to ask a long string of questions (if I might judge of them by the sound), till at last my ignorance of all he said stood confessed, and my only reply was, 'Ik ken niet verstaan' (I cannot understand). 'Ha! gij hebt freemd!' (Ah! you are a stranger), he asked. I nodded. He then stared hard at me, next at my knapsack, then at me again; he then suddenly rose, still biting his stick, and went away with a 'goede morgen!' muttering to himself quickly. He could not have been a Dutchman; he partook so little of the stolid character of the nation.

Shortly after, I rose and continued my journey. There was little to startle or to amuse in this progress—everything seemed so sensible and well-ordered—the houses so comfortable and 'respectable'—the people so decent and satisfied-looking, that no interest was excited, such as one feels among the picturesque scoundrels of the Spanish highways, or even the looped and windowed ruggedness of our sister island. No ruins of old ruffian castles as on the Rhine, or of old abbeys as in England, or of grand châteaux as in France; Holland is the sublime of commonplace; like its windmills, it has nothing but industry to represent to the stranger's eye. Capital butter and cheese, comfortable houses and clothing, snug little farmsteadings well stocked; but, after all, are not these worth any number of picturesque ruins planted on 'vine-clad hills,' emblems only of past robbery and crime? Here you have a comfortable and well-conditioned peasantry, cultivating their own land, not that of the non-resident landowner as in Ireland; for in Holland the landed property of the country is for the most part in the hands of the people, there being no law of entail or primogeniture to accumulate immense masses of land in the hands of single individuals.

In the afternoon I reached the village of Zwammer-

dam, a little place not marked on the maps, and quite out of the beat of the tourist and traveller. It is as sweet a retired spot as one could nestle in, surrounded with green fields and gardens, just like a little town that had given up business and retired upon a competency. The *grafstede*, or burying-ground, situated in the outskirts of the village, was a little blooming garden, filled with roses and rare flowering plants. The walks were neatly gravelled and rolled. No polluting weeds were to be seen. There were few gravestones, but what few there were stood clean and undefaced, and some of the oldest of them bore marks of recent renewal. Departed friends who lay there were not yet forgotten by those who survived; children and grandchildren still tenderly caring for the decency of the spot where their remains were laid. This is a beautiful feature in the Dutch and German character, which we at home might do well to imitate. While sitting at my coffee in the clean-swept parlour of the little village inn, my attention was attracted by an approaching clatter on the pavement outside; and immediately the village children in their clogs came up, dancing like little madcaps round the fire-engines, which had been brought out for practice on the fronts of the houses. The engines were well-served, and washed both houses and streets to perfection. This little incident gives some idea of the civic economy of a Dutch village. What village in Ireland, of 200 inhabitants, we wonder, keeps its fire-engine for the service and security of the public?

At a smithy in the village I witnessed the operation of horse-shoeing in the Dutch style, which seemed to me an improvement on our method. The horse was placed in a wooden frame which exactly contained him, and the foot to be shod was lifted up and rested on a stout bar laid across. With the most refractory this method is effectual, there being no danger to either shoer or shod.

Next morning I walked to Woerden, a town about ten miles distant, and there waited for the coming up of the *treckhuyl* to Utrecht. The country was still flat and fertile, the road winding along the dykes still erected on either side of the river. Woerden seemed a town of a more manufacturing cast than any I had yet seen excepting Scheidam. Large brick and tile manufactories extend along the banks of the canal on either side of the town. The day being Saturday, that day of washing and scouring throughout Holland, the women were observed hard at work in and about every house. Brooms and mops were everywhere engaged, and furious lashings of water were occasionally heard. Some housewives, their work over, appeared at their doorways in best caps and ornaments, smiling triumphantly at those who, half leg up in water, were giving the final 'synd' to their dishcloths and mops. Passing through the town shortly after in the canal-boat, we found ourselves overlooked by a number of lazy, lounging soldiers, lying with arms outspread over the barrack walls; for Woerden is a fortified place and boasts of a garrison. It is memorable for the atrocities suffered by its inhabitants from the French under Marshal Luxembourg in the year 1872, as graphically described by the French historians themselves.

As we approached Utrecht, the usual signs of a city near at hand presented themselves—the increasing number of country-seats, the more fashionably dressed women of the middle class, and the number of vehicles filled with the peasantry returning from market; the gaudily painted gigs, set on their lofty jolting springs, loaded with rosy-cheeked country girls decked out with gaudy ribbons of all the colours of the rainbow. On the banks of the canal, near one of the villages, some boys, bent on fun and cents, had assembled; and the passengers set them a-tumbling head over heels, flinging small coppers to them by way of bribe. For a mile and more their clogs went clattering along the canal-side, till at last the boys gave in from sheer exhaustion. The same scene is often enough witnessed on the banks of the Thames above Richmond—boy nature, like human nature generally, being pretty nearly the same all over the world.

The first view of Utrecht, from the west, is very fine:

the gaily painted houses, having an appearance of antique grandeur about them such as is scarcely to be seen elsewhere in Holland, and surmounted by the immense spire and towers of the cathedral—the beautiful western gate by which we enter—the finely wooded banks of the river, laid out as promenades for the use of the inhabitants, produce an extremely pleasing and picturesque effect. The city also seems somewhat elevated above the level of the surrounding country, which is a rather unusual feature in a Dutch town. On surveying the city throughout, I found it to be of considerable extent, as it must be, to contain 44,000 inhabitants. The canals are not particularly numerous, and most of them are very much below the level of the streets. They contain little or no shipping, which almost all passes by the outside of the town, which is surrounded by the Old Rhine, forming an immense fosse round the place. Utrecht being a fortified town, and of importance during periods of war, the space within the walls has been well husbanded and made to accommodate as many people as possible; yet the streets are generally wide, the buildings large, and some of the public squares are most handsome. The great beauty of Utrecht, however, consists in its delightful promenades, which are said to be among the finest in Europe. The fortifications have in many places been levelled for the purpose of forming them; the lawns slope down to the water-side, verdant with green herbage, shrubs, and trees; and beautiful flowers bloom in great clusters, passed and admired by thousands, yet undisturbed and uninjured. These walks are as open to the public as the streets themselves, and yet they are as perfect in their preservation as a gentleman's private garden and grounds. There are no notices of 'spring guns and man traps' placarded. The public carefully abstain from injuring what is committed to their protection and designed for their enjoyment. The Mall is of considerably older formation than the Boulevards or public pleasure-grounds. It has long enjoyed the reputation of being the finest avenue in Europe, consisting of eight rows of magnificent lime trees, which extend upwards of half a mile in length. At a time when the armies of Louis XIV. overran Holland, this fine avenue was menaced with destruction, for the French spared nothing; but it was saved by the express commands of the monarch himself.

The following day being Sunday, I attended public worship in the cathedral. I found a crowded congregation assembled, at half-past nine o'clock, in a large compartment, surrounded by strong timber-work, at the west end of the area of the cathedral. A very much larger space existed unoccupied, the lofty roof stretching high overhead, supported on beautifully clustered Gothic pillars of great height and lightness. The attendance was very great, the very aisles and passages being filled with fashionably dressed people. The congregation, I found, was a Calvinistic one; the great bulk of the people of Utrecht being of this persuasion. The organ, which led the psalmody, was an extremely fine one, perfectly gorgeous in external appearance, and though very powerful in tone, the congregation joined with so much spirit and so generally in the singing, that the organ was quite overpowered and drowned by the voices. The Psalms, in metre, were used as in the Scotch churches, and the melodies sung had a fine quaint old expression which reminded one of 'Coleshill' and 'The Bangor.' The preacher spoke with much earnestness and eloquence, and was listened to with rapt and almost breathless attention during his discourse. I remarked that the organ, which was covered with gilding, was surmounted by a beautifully executed effigy of King David playing on the harp; an emblem which would not have been allowed to remain there in the old times, when the Iconoclasts broke into this cathedral and smashed the images, broke the painted windows, and defaced the carved tombs of the bishops, during the fever-period of the Reformation, some three centuries ago. On afterwards inspecting the body of the cathedral, I observed many of the wrecks left by the furious reformers of that age. The bishops' tombs,

especially, had sustained a terrible defacement. In one of the recesses between two of the Gothic pillars, stood a monument of one of the early bishops of Utrecht, executed in pure black marble, the effigy reposing on the upper table beautifully executed. Around the side tables of the monument had been carved the effigies of the twelve apostles, but they had been completely smashed and defaced by the Iconoclasts. I fancied I could still mark the traces of the blows of the hammer and the chisel. The bishop's nose was completely broken off and his face left flat. It could only have been a system of frightful abuses, engendering bitter and hostile feelings, long pent up and at length suddenly bursting forth in fury, which could have produced a rebellion so devastating and so merciless, and that laid in ruins, in an amazingly short space of time, the patient industry of long years, and the art and ornament which it had taken centuries to produce. What remains of the once splendid Cathedral of Utrecht is indeed a mere remnant compared with what it has been. A fearful storm, in 1674, proved as destructive in its effects as the Iconoclastic outbreak, for it completely laid in ruins the entire nave of the building, leaving the immense spire standing quite apart from the body of the cathedral. This spire is 388 feet in height, and from its summit is seen spread out nearly one half of Holland, twenty large towns and cities being embraced in one view. The cloisters are still in a comparatively perfect state. They have originally been of great extent; the pillars which support the building present some finely carved work, which is still as sharp and delicate as when it came from the chisel of the artificer. Apart from the spire, in quite the opposite direction, is another large portion of the remaining building—nearly a whole street at present separating them. This, also, is now used as a Calvinistic place of worship.

In Holland, at the present day, very little religious rancour remains. All sects are alike supported by the state, provided the clergy are willing to receive such support—Calvinists, Lutherans, Reformed Presbyterians, as also the Catholics, which latter, however, for the most part decline the state support. They are the most active proselytisers, and are looked upon with considerable jealousy by the other sects. It is necessary that the clergyman who claims a stipend from the state should be able to prove that he has a regular congregation amounting to a certain number. He then receives an order from a government secretary for the amount of his allowance, on receiving which he simply signs a receipt. These salaries are, on an average, from £200 to £300 a-year. The clergy have no title to depend on, as in this country. The Catholic clergy are in most cases maintained by the voluntary contributions of their congregations.

THE FIRST MISSIONARIES TO LABRADOR.

WE resume the narration of the events attendant on the attempts to promote Christianity in Labrador, of which a portion appeared in our last number. In 1782 a third station was founded at the same place where, thirty-two years previously, the missionaries had built their solitary house. The same name, Hoffenthal, was given to it, which, although it appeared in the former instance to have been badly chosen, happily proved more in harmony with the destiny of the new settlement. At Hoffenthal, as at Okak and Nain, a certain number of Esquimaux soon embraced Christianity, and fixed their residence near that of the brethren. These little communities increased from year to year; but the pastors could not rejoice, for their flocks were yet unanimated by the real life of the Word. With few exceptions, not one appeared to be really sincere in his profession. If a contagious disease broke out, the people resorted to their old idolatrous practices in search of a cure. The meeting-house was frequently quite deserted; but when the ordinance of the Sacrament was held, it was invariably thronged. Formalism and dissimulation prevailed among these Esquimaux Chris-

tians; and if some among them appeared to have received any serious impression during the winter, it was generally lost in the following summer, when they again mingled with their unconverted companions. The prospect afforded but little encouragement: discouragement, however, is almost unknown to a Moravian; he sows the seed with prayer and faithfulness—that is his task. To Providence it belongs to make the seed germinate when he will.

At length light broke through the darkness. On Christmas-day, 1813, one of the missionaries preached from the words, 'The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.' The sermon was followed by the happiest results in the conversion of a woman despised even by the natives on account of the utter dissoluteness of her life. This was the first visible sign of a great awakening, which extended to all the stations. The members of the respective churches came from all quarters, anxious to confess their hardness of heart, their unbelief, and the dissimulation they had shown. 'Although so much hypocrisy might well have afflicted us,' wrote the brethren to their friends in Europe, 'we were yet more rejoiced to see these hearts broken by the marvellous power of grace; our faith has been reanimated, and we understood better than before, that nothing is impossible to God.'

Returning the next season from their summer expeditions, the natives brought back none of the unsettled notions which had formerly been the effect of contact with their uninstructed associates, but rather a more confirmed faith. It was no longer with reluctance but with pleasure that they attended the teachings of the brethren; and the other individuals of the tribes, seeing their equanimity and happiness, began to express a desire to be made acquainted with the same things. In a few years the number professing Christianity had doubled; the brethren had not lost by their long waiting, and their persevering faith met with its reward. The children also participated in the general improvement, thus affording the surest foundation for future prosperity.

From various reports of the Esquimaux, the missionaries had learned that the bulk of the population were located towards the north, at the extremity of the peninsula of Labrador, and they had long thought of establishing a fourth station among them. Soon after the revival above recorded they determined to delay no longer; and in 1811 two of them set out to explore the northern coast, hitherto entirely unknown to Europeans. Jonathan, one of their most faithful converts, offered to conduct them in his boat, notwithstanding the warnings of his companions as to the perilous nature of the enterprise. The party, however, embarked, and found the navigation, as had been foretold, extremely dangerous. The missionaries were struck with the imposing appearance of the icebergs, rising sometimes to the height of 200 feet, and assuming the most grotesque forms. Sometimes they present themselves to the eye of the spectator as an old castle, a cathedral, or a ship under sail, with so great an appearance of reality that the deception is complete, while they reflect all the gorgeous beams of sunset. At the end of a month, the travellers, observing signals at a distance, rowed towards the shore, and found there one of the northern Esquimaux, who, having heard of their project, had been waiting at his post of observation for several weeks to serve them as guide. With his assistance they made several useful geographical discoveries, and found a favourable situation for the new settlement, which they named Hebron, now the most active of all the stations. It was not until 1830 that the new settlement was completely established; the missionaries then found themselves in immediate contact with the main body of the people, who, as before stated, reside principally in the northern districts. A way had been opened for the good work in rather a remarkable manner. At various times the settlements of Nain, Okak, and Hoffenthal had been abandoned by several of the natives, who, impatient of the Gospel yoke, had relapsed into their former superstitions,

and rejoined their heathen companions in the north. The greater number of them, however, had taken away their books as objects of great value. At the sight of these the untaught Esquimaux were curious to know their use, and expressed a strong desire to learn to read. The brethren at first were incredulous, but the book was the Word of God; and soon afterwards many of the natives, animated with a renewed desire for instruction, took up their residence near the missionaries.

The settlement was visited by great numbers of the Esquimaux merely for purposes of trade; they were not, however, suffered to depart without first having heard the words of truth. Here, as in the south, the same defiant and mocking spirit was manifested; and 'Did you not dream these things in the night?' was the reply most frequently made to pious exhortations. Yet gradually ignorance and prejudice were overcome; the brethren wavered not in their work; and Hebron is now one of their most flourishing establishments. The number of natives now civilised and converted amounts to more than a thousand, while the entire population of Labrador is estimated at seventeen thousand.

The quiet perseverance with which the labours of the Moravians have been carried on is the more remarkable when we consider the monotonous life which the rude nature of the climate compels them to lead. It is difficult to imagine a more dreary round of occupations than that to which they are subjected. Every morning the Esquimaux climb to the highest ground in the neighbourhood, and stand for some time, as it were, in fixed contemplation, awaiting the appearance of the sun. This practice has led some voyagers to declare that the inhabitants of these desolate regions, like those of warmer climates, were worshippers of the sun. A far different object, however, engages their attention: they consult the appearance of the day, to know whether they may venture out on the great business of their lives—seal-catching. If the view be favourable, they immediately set off in their skin canoes, alone or with their families, and return in the evening with their captures. When they visit each other during the long dark nights, fishing and sealing are still the topics of discourse. The seal is, however, to the Esquimaux what the camel is to the inhabitants of the desert. The oil extracted in abundance from the flesh feeds the flame which enlightens their dwellings, and the fire by which they cook their food; and is, besides, the aliment which they prefer to all others. The skin is converted into clothing, and forms the covering of their tents, their water-bottles, and canoes. Their arms and nearly the whole of their utensils are formed from the bones of the animal; and the highest quality which, in their estimation, a man can possess is skill in the chase of seals. Although unable to deny the intellectual pre-eminence of Europeans, they regard themselves as superior because of their address in this exercise. The Esquimaux, like the Roman, belongs, in his own opinion, to the first nation in the world: all besides are barbarians. Should he be pleased with the manners of a foreigner, he praises him with the remark, 'This man is almost as good as ourselves.' They listened, nevertheless, with interest to the descriptions which the Moravians gave of different countries of Europe—of cities so large that a thousand seals would not suffice for one day's supply of food. But the absence of seals in our part of the world completely destroys whatever charm it might otherwise have in the imagination of an Esquimaux, and deprives them of all wish to visit it.

The chase after seals frequently involves no small adventure and danger. On one occasion a converted native had ventured alone to a considerable distance on the ice, where he had not waited long before he heard the noise of a seal trying to break through from beneath. These animals, being amphibious, cannot live without rising occasionally to breathe; and when the surface is frozen they are obliged to force an opening. The noise they make in this operation does not escape the practised ear of the native, who plants himself motionless on the spot.

sheltered from the icy wind by a hastily-constructed wall of snow. He there waits patiently until the sound assures him that but a slight thickness of ice remains, when he thrusts his lance suddenly through the spot and pierces the animal, which he afterwards with some labour digs from the opening. The native in question had just succeeded in transfixing the seal, when, all at once, he saw that the field of ice on which he stood had separated from the greater mass contiguous to the shore, and was drifting away in a rapid current. At first he gave himself up for lost, but, after a time, the ice grounded on a small island, on which he immediately took refuge, and where he remained several months, subsisting on the eggs of wild ducks. At length a piece of drift wood having been thrown up on the shore, Ephraim—this was the name of the solitary Esquimaux—with the aid of his knife, carved it into a rude kind of oar, and then embarking on a small floe of ice, happily paddled his way near enough to the inhabited parts of the mainland to be seen by some fishermen, who put off to his assistance and conveyed him in safety to Nain, where his return caused great joy, as he was supposed to have perished.

Such is an example of the incidents that vary the dull monotony of the dreary season. Sometimes an epidemic broke out among the natives, calling for additional labour and sacrifice on the part of the brethren. Difficulties, however, although they may depress, do not render the patient teachers powerless; and they look upon the impediment as a signal for greater exertion. It is worthy of remark, that although the Moravians are zealously aided in their labours by the self-denying devotedness of their wives, yet they seldom or never mention the fact in their correspondence. These faithful women apply themselves to the duties of their vocation, careless of earthly fame, finding a reward in the approval of their consciences. The great event which once a-year interrupts their unvarying round of duty is looked forward to with great interest. This is the arrival of the Harmony, the vessel annually sent out by the British Bible Society with a freight of provisions, medicines, and books. Great joy is manifested at the cry, 'The ship is coming,' for then the brethren receive news from Europe, with presents, and sometimes expected or unexpected friends. In some instances their hopes are raised only to be disappointed: the coming ship proves to be only a whaler, with a crew calling themselves Christians, but who are frequently more corrupted than the most ignorant Esquimaux. This is a melancholy truth; but it is the same in Africa, India, Polynesia—everywhere: of all the people brought into contact with their flocks, none are more dreaded by the missionaries than the so-called Christians.

The arrival of the Harmony cannot be precisely determined beforehand; she is frequently detained for several weeks together in the offing by the ice; but it is remarkable that, notwithstanding the perilous navigation, often fatal to merchant vessels, this ship has never failed of reaching her port in Labrador with her precious cargo. A striking proof of the interest which the Moravian communities on the Continent feel in their foreign missions is shown in the presents of every kind which they send on every voyage by the ship, chiefly intended for distribution among the Esquimaux children at Christmas. It is pleasing to reflect that the gladness of the sacred season, as manifested in the festivities of more genial climates, thus finds its way to the icy regions of the north. We may imagine with what interest the opening of the case is awaited which contains so many treasures. These consist of thick and warm clothing, short Bible histories in the Esquimaux tongue, with coloured engravings; knives, needles, and dried fruits in abundance. One year some German friends, remembering the pleasure created in their own country by the illumination of Christmas trees, sent several hundreds of little candles to Labrador. The missionaries distributed them to the children after fixing them in some of the small white radishes which they raise in their melancholy gardens. The temptation was, however, too great for the young eaters of seal flesh; after gazing

for a few minutes at the unaccustomed blaze, their appetite proved stronger than their curiosity, and they quickly devoured candles and candlesticks.

The most efficacious means to animate the religious life of the natives of Labrador, and to bring them more and more under instruction, has been by the diffusion of the sacred Scriptures, translated into their language by the Bible Society. Many are never without their Testament; in the long and dreary winter nights, or during the halts on their hunting expeditions, they either read themselves or make their children read for them; and afterwards, when at leisure, they apply to the brethren for an explanation of difficult passages, or tell them of the pleasure which the perusal of others has afforded them. They are fond of music, sing agreeably, and are delighted to meet together and chant the hymns and psalms composed for them. Their language is not so rude as might be supposed; and, were this the place, some interesting examples of its grammatical riches could be given: it is, in fact, a dialect of the Greenlandish, which was evidently formed among a community much more civilised than the people who speak it at the present day. The Esquimaux have rejoiced to learn that they could contribute, though but a small portion, towards making the Gospel known to other tribes living like themselves in darkness and ignorance; and regularly bring in a supply of seal oil to add to the general stock of the mission. The children request as a special favour that their little offerings may not be refused; and a poor woman who possessed nothing in the world brought in one day twenty ducks' eggs which she had found, and begged the brethren to send them to England as an exchange for the Bible she had received.

In concluding our narrative, we may inquire—we who inhabit a country as beautiful to the eye as genial to the feelings—whether the patient labours of the Moravians are not worthy an occasional thought? They quit their native land voluntarily, to pass thirty or forty of the best years of their lives amid the snows of Labrador. In them we have an instance of what may be done by sincerity and earnestness of purpose when properly directed and accompanied by an entire sacrifice of self. Though small in numbers, the Moravians have not less than 280 faithful labourers employed in propagating the truths of the Gospel in different parts of the world.

EARLY TRAINING.

(From the Spirit of the Times.)

'TRAIN up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' Volumes could not express more than the foregoing sentence. The vices, follies, misfortunes, and many other evils which overwhelm mankind, are for the most part traceable to the want of its proper application. Whatsoever ideas are inculcated, whatsoever feelings and passions are cherished, whatsoever sentiments are fostered in the breasts of children or of youth, as they increase in years, so do they become more potent. Youth is the time when the first seeds of rectitude should be sown; the harvest must be reaped in riper ages.

The period of youth may be very properly divided into three parts, each comprising a term of seven years. These may, for the sake of perspicuity, be designated the infant stage, the middle stage, and the advanced stage.

The infant stage may be subdivided into two periods; the first including the four primary years of life; and the second, the three succeeding ones. This second division is rendered particularly necessary, on account of the feeble and helpless state of early infancy. It has been ordained by the all-wise Maker and Preserver of the universe, that those creatures which are of major importance in existence should have their periods of incubation longer than those which are of minor consequence. Thus the gaudy butterfly bursts from its pristine formation, exchanges its shape for one more gaily decked, flutters on the wings of pleasure, then withers, decays, and dies, whilst the seminal properties of other beings have scarcely begun to consciously exert their influence. In the human race, not

merely is the period of production long, but the natural helplessness of early youth is also extended; the feelings, habits, and passions require a longer period for formation; and increase of civilisation has produced a necessary increase of care and attention in cherishing their growth. The duration of life and the powers of exertion necessarily, in a great measure, depend upon the strength of constitution; and this strength may be either improved or lessened, in proportion to the method of early cultivation. The health of a youth or an adult depends generally upon a good foundation being laid; for though there are certain disorders which have a hereditary tendency, still these may be lessened in virulence; and the generality of others are but too often brought about by either inattention or over-fondness in infancy. Extremes are never good; it is always preferable to pursue a middle path; and an excessive share of fondness serves to enervate and render by delicateness the body subject to weakness and disease, instead of causing the child to have its constitution strengthened. As in the moral world, the exercise of social duties lessens in proportion the more brutal feelings of our nature; so, in the intellectual world, the strengthening of the mind has a tendency to lessen the physical attributes of the body. In proportion as the brighter and more noble traits in human character are developed, the more will the animal passions be weakened. This is the triumph of mind over matter; the substitution of an ethereal essence for the coarser and grosser predilections of earth. The extent to which the faculty of mind may be improved, must, however, depend upon the energy of the body; the mind can scarcely be healthy if the body be sickly. Health is one of the greatest blessings we can possess; without it, wealth is fruitless, honours are of no avail, and pleasure is a stranger. The seeds of bodily health, as well as of mental vigour, must likewise be sown in infancy; and therefore we would devote the four primary years in the infant stage to the establishment of a robust and hardy constitution, leaving the mind to develop itself at its own pleasure.

Perfection is not of the earth; neither is the highest intelligence of spontaneous existence. It requires the labour of years to produce a man of eminence, and it in like manner must require time to make a proper impression upon a child. That some children display a greater share of aptitude than others, cannot for a moment be denied; but it is no less true than many a promising child has been spoiled by what may be termed an unnatural forcing of its apparent abilities. Parents have been delighted to see their children possess a degree of knowledge at five or six equal to others of twelve or thirteen years of age; but this premature acquirement, when satiated with the consciousness of over praise, deadens the faculties, and when the child arrives at manhood it never possesses sufficient powers to cope with others who have advanced by slower stages. Like the ignition of gunpowder, it is a blaze for a moment, and then it terminates in smoke. The fruit which is unnaturally forced to a state of ripeness within a hothouse, never attains that degree of flavour which the same description of fruit would have acquired in the due course of nature, neither is the plant itself of equal strength; the same effect is evidenced in the forcing of mental fruit—it becomes ephemeral instead of lasting. The first four years of a child's life should be solely devoted to the laying the foundation of a good and strong constitution; the mental faculties, not being developed, should not be forced or tutored. The infant should be treated with gentleness, and not with over-fondness; it should not be pampered with luxurious food, but fed on plain and wholesome things. Nature should be allowed to use her own wise ordinations in developing its powers. Care and attention, neither too extensive nor too scanty, alone is required on the part of its protectors; the paternal roof should be its only sanctuary; its first lessons in speech cannot be conveyed by a better monitor than its mother—from her should it receive its first gentle lessons. During the three following years, which bring the infant stage to a termination, it might be instructed in the rudiments of its own language, &c., and that under the form, not of a task, but

of a plaything. No violent or coercive methods should be used whilst instilling into children the first principles of knowledge, and assisting in the development of their mental faculties. Their lessons should not be either abstruse or long; they ought to be short, simple, and easy. The cane or the birch ought not to exist in the neighbourhood; more will be done by pleasing, persuasive treatment, than by harsh measures. Flogging will wound or provoke to a retortive resistance the spirits of the child, whilst kind and gentle usage will raise its endeavours, and cause it to regard the school-room as a place of pleasure rather than as a jail for punishment; it will long for the precincts, and this feeling will strengthen with its years. Again, as regards the mode of tuition, the ear should not only be attracted, but also the eye; a child will sooner understand his teacher by having the aid of pictorial embellishments. By such means its attention becomes rivetted upon the object, and it quicker and easier receives and understands the lessons of its tutor. The subjects for tuition, as we observed before, should be exclusively confined to rudimentary knowledge. The faculties of the child ought never to be prematurely forced; not that it should be checked if it evinces a desire for increased improvement, but that it should not have its mental powers brought into use with too much rapidity. Great is the responsibility which rests upon the instructors of early youth. First impressions are generally the most durable, and there is no calculating what might be the result of an unguarded expression—there is no imagining what consequences might accrue in after life from the incautious instillation of erroneous ideas and sentiments into their unformed minds. The greatest care, the most assiduous attention, should be observed, in order that the seeds of evil may not be suffered to take root in their hearts; but that their minds may be impregnated with a love and reverence for those moral, social, and religious duties, which heighten and adorn the human character.

THE DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

The happy days of childhood,

Oh! could they come again;
When round the garden-walks we play'd,
A rosy, gleesome train!
When oft our sires, with smiling looks,
Forsook their grave employ,
To gaze upon our infant sports,
And mingle in our joy!

The merry laugh of childhood,
How cheerily it rung,
As to and fro the shuttlecock
With battledore we flung!
Or, haply, caught at 'Hide and Seek,'
Gave forth that joyous scream,
Which oft comes back in manhood's hour,
And startles in our dream!

The simple prayer of childhood,
How reverently it rose,
As by our mother's lap we knelt,
Before we sought repose!
When, with her hand upon our head,
We rais'd our hearts to heaven,
To seek our God and Saviour there,
And have our sins forgiven!

The pleasant home of childhood,
Alas! no longer ours;
New feet trip o'er its gravelled paths,
New fingers crop its flow'rs!
We envy not their galeity,
Which once was all our own;
But only wish their youthful glee
May have as blithe a tone.

The much-loved friends of childhood,
How are they scatter'd now!
Some sleep beneath the churchyard sod,
And some the ocean plough.

Some pass us in the crowded street,
With hearts and looks estranged;
And few, too few, remain to us,
Unchangeable, unchanged.

Dear, lovely scenes of childhood!
How oft, at close of day,
You flit before my mental eye,
In fancy's bright array!
And as you gently glide along,
With mingled joy and pain
I say, Adieu, sweet, happy days,
You cannot come again!

DR HUIE.

STORY OF AUSTIN MONCHELL

TOLD BY HIMSELF.

THERE is scarcely anything in this world more estimable than an honourable birth. Wealth, rank, or title may serve to conceal in some, from open scorn and contempt, the stain of illegitimacy; but, independent of the world's opinion, from dread of which no one is exempt, there is in the soul of every man who, though he has no claim to the privileges of legitimate birth, yet possesses true and honest pride, a torturing sense of self-debasement and dishonour, which no variety of treatment can mitigate, and which can only be extinguished in the grave. Since the world began, perhaps a greater amount of real misery has proceeded from this incessantly pricking sense than from many other sources combined; and the reason is evident, it destroys a man's self-respect.

And now, generous reader, do not start at the confession I am about to make. I have felt this goading burning feeling; I have experienced the dreadful consciousness of having no honourable name. My parents I have blushed for, and, Heaven forgive me! they have often been on the point of receiving my curse. I have felt like a wanderer abandoned of God and man—I have smarted alike under the look of contempt and the smile of pity—I have been spurred by bitter envy and a poignant sense of injustice to the verge of crime—and now I live a stranger in a strange land, doubting often to raise my head before men, and communing only with the solitude of a cheerless, gloomy nature. Reader, do not take me for a misanthrope, for I am none such. Evil as has been my lot, and illustrated as I have been of men, I have not yet sinned in hating my own kind. My affections are as warm and my breast as glowing as the more favoured sons of earth, but both are cramped and crushed, for on what objects can they feed their warmth? And, reader, did I hate thee, would I make thee the repository of my mortifying confession—would I write my history for thy perusal? And now attend while I recount my narrative.

My father—how is that name, that sacred name, prostituted when applied to him who gave me birth in relation to me his miserable offspring—my father was a man of considerable property. His name was Sir Everard Monchell. His character, as far as ever I could gather, was universally considered to be upright, humane, and generous; his disposition was courteous, affable, and polite. And he was my father! And he was a noble father, truly, though the parent of such an ignoble son. Of his personal appearance, when I was a boy, I have a distinct recollection. He was in person above the ordinary size, slenderly but muscularly made. His face was mild and open; his brow was smooth, broad, and receding, and the locks which clustered in rich curls around it were dark as jet; his eyes were large and of a soft grey, expressive of much mildness and affection; the curve of his eyebrows was perfect, and decidedly aristocratic, and I remember that in conversation, more especially when he was a little excited, he was in the habit of slightly elevating and then contracting them. His nose was a little beaked, but very handsome; his mouth was large, and, though smiling, was rather heavy; the formation of his jaw and chin was square, powerful, and rather abrupt; and yet Sir Everard was never remarkable for decision of character or activity of temperament; he was rather indolent and hesitating.

It will not be supposed that I ever met my father under circumstances where an unrestrained flow of intercourse could take place between us; our relation to each other sternly forbade such communication. All was restraint, all was reserve. And how could it be otherwise, since I was half considered as a necessary evil and a useless encumbrance. And yet my father was my sole parent, for my miserable mother I never knew. True, her name has frequently been uttered in my ears, but in my bosom it must lie buried and forgotten. Oh, ye who have a father and a mother whom you are proud to acknowledge as such, and in whose breasts you may nestle with delight and security, how happy may you be, how strong ought to be your gratitude, and how full ought to be your sense of the inestimable privilege you enjoy!

While yet an infant, I was conveyed far from my father's home and placed under the charge of strangers. My first distinct recollections are of the confinements and discomforts of a boarding establishment, in which I had been placed by Sir Everard. Here my young mind received its first impressions, and here my earliest ideas germinated. It was under no very favourable circumstances they did so, for I was harshly treated and superciliously spoken to; and when the other children who were boarded in the same school went off at the holidays, with the most rapturous anticipations, to their several homes, I alone was left in the solitary mansion, envying my schoolfellows their happiness, pining to share it, and wondering earnestly why I had never been *at home*. How the word *home* used to startle me! It was a mysterious, fascinating word. I heard wonderful accounts of what was to be seen and enjoyed there, and my childish imagination, burning with such descriptions, invested it with all the characteristics of an earthly paradise. But, alas! its magical influence I was never doomed to know. The 'accident' of my birth, as the world would politely call it, sternly interposed, and I wept and sighed in vain for a home I was never to find.

I had occasionally been visited by Sir Everard, who taught me that he was my father, and permitted me to address him as such. I at first viewed him with some suspicion and a great deal of curiosity; but the circumstance of his being the only one who spoke gently and kindly to me, speedily attached me to him, and I began to use towards him terms of familiarity and endearment which he never pointedly checked.

I remember when I was about seven or eight years of age, at the beginning of that year's holidays all my classmates were leaving the establishment for a season as usual. Sir Everard had been paying me a visit; he and I were standing at one of the windows which looked into the court, and watching several of the boys who were driven off in carriages to their anxious affectionate parents. As I saw the bright smiling faces of the happy boys I could not help sighing.

'Why do you sigh, Austin?' asked my father, looking down on me with much kindness.

'Because I would like to go home like these boys,' I replied, looking up in his face and pressing his hand, which held mine within it. 'What a happy, pretty place a home must be, when it makes people laugh and speak so glad-like. And I was never at one.'

Sir Everard knitted his eyebrows, looked grave, and was silent.

'Where's the home I'll be going to, papa?' I asked, wistfully.

'This is your home, Austin,' replied he, elevating his brows.

'This my home!' I cried, astonished. 'And where is your home, papa?'

'Far far away from this,' he answered, looking steadily out at the window.

'And is not your home mine? Why may I not go to it?'

'Hush, sir,' said Sir Everard, angrily. I was silent for a minute. I could not understand his meaning, and, boy as I was, there was something about his manner, and what he had said, which appeared to me strangely singular.

'These boys,' I said again, 'tell me, when they come back, such nice stories about their mammas, and brothers, and sisters. I wonder if I would see a mamma that would be good and kind to me at your home, papa; if you allowed me'—

'Austin, you are a little prating fool,' said Sir Everard, raising his eyebrows and then sternly contracting them. 'This is your home, as I have told you, and here you must remain for some time longer yet. But you must attend to your lessons, and not listen to the foolish tales the other boys tell you. Remember that!'

I said no more, but what had passed between us sank deep into my youthful mind. When Sir Everard departed I bade him good-by with indifference, and never did I long for his return. He now altered his demeanour towards me; instead of being gentle and affectionate he became suspicious and severe, and for the words of mildness I received the language of reproof and command. I never now expected him with a cheerful countenance; but on the contrary, when his stately figure stalked into the room, I became filled with apprehension—my heart panted and my breath came short and quick. After a few years had passed in this manner, Sir Everard saw proper to remove me to another and more advanced school. My time passed there with the same monotonous absence of variety as before, making necessary allowances for increasing years and ripening understanding. The behaviour of my father grew every day more inexplicable to me; and so absorbed did I become, in meditation over it and the evident singularity of my position, compared with that of any of the other boys in the establishment, that melancholy and even moroseness began to overshadow my mind and to damp every little feeling of ardour it had ever possessed. I was like a stranger in a crowd; I shunned and was shunned, though I verily believe no one of my classfellows knew the secret of my birth, which at this time I did not know myself. Yet an instinctive feeling of aversion to every one, which was afterwards in active life more fully developed, kept me entirely by myself, and none ever sought to disturb my solitude. In the course of another year or two I was again removed to a more public institution, where, however, no change came over my mode of life. My father I saw less seldom now, and when I did so he met me with an air of reserve and embarrassment which I puzzled myself fruitlessly to explain. It was obvious, even to my inexperienced judgment, that a secret there was somewhere. When I was fully convinced of this I thought on nothing else. I brooded over the matter night and day; I became abstracted and moody, and even my health began to suffer. At length, just as I was about to resort to some desperate means for discovering the important secret, my father once more made his appearance. His manner I had never known to be so kind since my childhood, although I could discern even more embarrassment in it than formerly. He mentioned that he had something important to communicate to me; I trembled with anxiety, but preserved as calm an exterior as I possibly could.

'You are now seventeen years of age, Austin,' he began, 'and would, I am certain, like to begin life actively.'

'Certainly, sir,' I replied, with some surprise.

'I believe I can find you an opening then; but, in the first place, you have a choice. What profession would you like?'

'I know the world, men, and things only by hearsay,' I replied, 'and from ignorance must leave my choice in your own hands.'

'Very well,' said Sir Everard, elevating his eyebrows thoughtfully. 'It will be necessary then,' he said, after a few seconds' pause, 'that you immediately go home with me.'

'Home!' re-echoed I, with a start.

'Yes, home,' he returned, smiling, though I perceived he did so to cover a considerable degree of uneasiness; 'I hope nothing frightens you in the word.'

'No; but I am a stranger there.'

'Never mind,' said Sir Everard, knitting his brows very darkly; 'you'll soon get acquainted. You'll meet with

Lady Monchell, and Everard, and Tom, and Susan, Amelia'—

'But who is Lady Monchell, and who are Everard, Tom, and Susan, and Amelia?' I exclaimed in amazement.

'Lady Monchell is my wife'—

'My mother!' cried I, leaping up with joyful rapture.

'No, not your mother, young man,' said Sir Everard with a piercing glance.

'Not my mother!' I exclaimed, in deep surprise.

'No. Lady Monchell is my second wife,' replied father, blushing scarlet, for he was uttering a falsehood his sin-begotten child. 'Your mother died when you were born. . . . And the names I mentioned are those of my sons and daughters. Of course, having the same father with yourself, they are your brothers and sisters in respect.'

I remained mute with astonishment on hearing this announcement. I had not even the presence of mind to ask why, being Sir Everard's eldest son, I had not been treated as his heir? Why a life of solitude and confinement, the society of strangers, had been allotted to me, and my brothers, whose rights were inferior to mine, had been nursed in a splendid home, been under kind superintendence, and kept in ignorance of sorrow and hardship? These questions occurred to me long after, when their dignant enunciation would have been of no avail.

'One thing, Austin, you must remember,' said Sir Everard to me, after a while, 'never call me "father" in presence of any of the family or Lady Monchell. She will not bear it, I am sure,' he continued, without looking me; 'besides you will be only a few days at home, for that short time won't mind some little inconvenience.'

'But what necessity is there for my choosing a profession at all?' I asked. 'I am your eldest son.'

'By going into the world now, you will be the sinner occupying the station you will fill at my death.' And Everard walked to the window, a deeper blush than before mantling on his cheek. I made no reply, but yielded silence.

In a day or two we reached Monchell House, which was a fine old mansion situated about two miles from the port town of M—, on the banks of a rapid river, and embedded amidst majestic old wood. The baronet's spirit were strangely exhilarated, and that all of a sudden, we drove along, and with great volubility of remark pointed out the many beauties of the fine district we were traversing.

Lady Monchell, a tall, elegant, and pretty, but very looking woman, received her husband very coldly, and scarcely deigned to look on me, as we were ushered beneath the portals of Monchell House. I saw only two of my brothers, but was studiously prevented from approaching them. The elder, Everard by name, was a slim young boy, with a noble cast of countenance and an expressive eye which denoted at once high and honourable pride of feeling, and nervous susceptibility of spirit. His appearance betokened much sickness. Tom, the other, was quite of another character. He was bold, wicked, and hardened in countenance; a precocious rascal in appearance and reality, as was shown by several bursts of passion to which I witnessed him give way. I caught glimpses, besides, of one or two pretty fair-haired girls, whom I knew to be my sisters. They looked on me wonderingly and at a distance.

Wearied and neglected, as evening was closing in, I lay myself down on a sofa in the spacious drawing-room. In a few minutes I beheld Lady Monchell and my father engaged apparently in a deeply interesting conversation, as was manifested on the lady's part by violent haughty gestures and language, and on the part of the baronet by an anxious deprecating tone and look. I was unperceived, and the conversation continued. I listened and was interested; Lady Monchell dealt out reproaches and abuse; Sir Everard prayed her forbearance by reasoning and entreating; and at last the stunning secret was revealed—I comprehended the whole—they were talking of me and my

legitimate birth, and that in terms that stung me to the
ick.

The dreadful tale was told in my hearing, I have said, & a key was got to everything that was strange and mysterious about my condition in life. I was for an instant palled, and then I felt my brain burning and my cheeks glowing. Unnoticed I passed from the house, and fled I knew not where. I urged my way with a maniac's energy, sleekness, and speed. I recollect of entering the streets of M——, of sitting, as in a horrible dream, on its wet cold pavement. I was roughly addressed; I began again to run, & a blow from behind struck me senseless to the earth. When I awoke to consciousness I found myself lying, if naked, like a piece of useless lumber, in a corner of the deck of an English frigate which rode at anchor in the bay of M——. My fate was evident; I had been seized by the press-gang. On recalling the dreadful knowledge I had gained on the preceding night, I determined to abide by lot be it what it would. I therefore did not care to quarrel with the officer who examined me, but allowed him listlessly to deal with me as he judged proper. I was assigned to a berth among the common seamen; and in a few days, when the ship weighed anchor, I began to experience all the miseries, with none of the rough pleasures, attendant on life before the mast. The French war was in its height, and for six years we were in constant active service. My life passed mechanically and like a dream. I shared in none of the boisterous amusements of my messmates, for their language and companionship were disgusting to me. I was sulky and reserved, and spoke only when necessity demanded. In the raging of the title I was inspired like a fury, for I hoped to find an honourable death. In the tempest, too, I was bold and reckless, for the confusion of the elements was alone what excited and distracted me.

Our ship was ordered home to rest when I had attained my twenty-third year; and a few days after it entered port, goaded by desperation, I deserted. Strangely enough, I turned my steps towards my father's grounds, about which, for several days, I skulked like a vagabond and desperado. On the evening of the third day, from the top of a hill at the back of Monchell House, I perceived an open carriage winding at a tremendous rate amongst the trees along the public road. Some one in the vehicle was struggling violently, while another, who stood on the box, was playing the whip with reckless severity. I did not hesitate an instant, but springing from my position I ran down the hill to the rescue. I gained the banks of the freely rushing river; the carriage, I knew, was near the end of the road where it approached to the edge of the current. My speed was augmented, and I turned the steep of the road. The carriage was within twenty yards of me, and dragged with fearful rapidity by two powerful bays, which, with ears flattened back, snorting nostrils, and flashing eyeballs, tore on obedient to the reckless lashing of the evidently intoxicated young man who drove, and whom I recognised as Sir Everard's second son. My father was the inmate of the carriage, and I heard the sound of his voice at that moment as, recognising me, he exclaimed, 'Help, Austin, my son!' I needed not this spur. On came the carriage; calling to the mad driver was useless; I planted myself firmly in the road, and, as the terrified animals plunged forward, I even gave a spring with an exulting heart and a bitter stern smile. I had calculated my aim truly, but I would have been crushed beneath the feet of the brutes had not the wheels of the carriage at that moment come in contact with a fragment of stone that lay on the footpath. The carriage was instantly overthrown. With my knife I freed the struggling horses, and they galloped madly away. Sir Everard and his son rose to their feet, both unharmed except by a few bruises. I then turned to me with drunken fury.

'You low-bred daring rascal,' he cried, flourishing his whip, 'you son of—'

The rest was drowned in his throat, for with one blow I prostrated him on the ground, where he lay to all appearance insensible.

'That was a rash blow, Austin, he is your brother,' said Sir Everard, looking at the prostrate body of his son.

'My brother!' I repeated, with a scornful laugh. 'He would feel proud to acknowledge himself to be such I have no doubt. You wonder at my appearance, sir,' I went on with severity. 'It betokens misery but not corruption. I am a deserter, sir, from the king's navy, and am therefore a criminal of a deep stamp so far as regards the punishment to which I am liable. But though a deserter I am an honest man; the sea was not my vocation. I was some years ago impressed unjustly into the service; and now to repay—'

'Then why did you renounce my protection?' interrupted Sir Everard.

'You yourself furnished me with a reason, sir,' I replied, drawing myself coldly up. My father visibly winced under the remark.

'You are too proud, Austin, he said, raising his eyebrows.

'You have a son still prouder, and one you can luckily acknowledge as your son,' I replied.

'Not so,' he rejoined, hastily; 'Everard, my noble, beautiful boy, perished in his pride, and was succeeded in his position and prospects by that image—that living embodiment of profligacy and baseness,' pointing with bitterness to the person of his son. 'That one there was his mother's spoiled child, but she has now been laid by the side of Everard. Austin, would to heaven you were my son!' he said, fervently and tearfully.

'I am so, sir,' I answered to the last observation with some sarcasm, 'though I cannot boast of a title to call you father.'

'Ah, now you are unmerciful!' cried Sir Everard, burying his face in his hands.

I felt a strange and inhuman exultation on hearing of the wreck of Sir Everard's hopes and happiness, and laid it to the account of retributive justice—a justice pursuing the author of my misfortunes.

He raised his head and said, 'But you are in misfortune and danger now, and must fly or conceal yourself.'

'Whither can an outcast fly?' I asked with bitterness.

'I will provide you with an asylum,' replied Sir Everard, after a moment's thought. 'In the mean time I will hurry home and send assistance to have Tom conveyed to Monchell House, while you will perhaps remain to protect him from any danger.'

I accordingly did so, and in the course of half an hour Sir Everard returned, with several servants. He slipped a letter and a note into my hand, and pressed me to depart, saying, at the same time, that it was absolutely necessary for me to follow to the letter the instructions contained in the note, which was addressed to me. He pressed my hand. I saw his assistants raise his drunken son, and then I plunged into a neighbouring thicket. When in complete solitude I drew forth the note addressed to me and broke the seal. I was directed to proceed as cautiously as I possibly could to the town of M——, and deliver the accompanying letter to a person whose name was specified in the superscription, who would for a short while secure my personal safety, until Sir Everard could more effectually do so. I was absolutely not to stir but with that person's directions and consent. When darkness set in, tired and travel-worn, I entered the town of M——, and proceeded according to the instructions I had received. I resolved now, since all that had proceeded from my own actions had been full of misfortune and accident, that I would henceforth submit myself unconditionally to the guidance of Sir Everard. This determination was perhaps urged on me by necessity, for on whose assistance could I now rely in order to escape an ignominious punishment but on that of Sir Everard?

For two weeks I remained in concealment in M——, when, through the powerful influence of Sir Everard, I was saved from being punished for the crime of desertion, and finally was enabled to appear in public without apprehension or fear. In answer to my father's inquiries on the point, I stated my inclination to become a travelling agent,

and in course of a short time, through his means, I obtained such a situation. Variety was what I sought, and I entered on my duties with zeal and some hope. For a time all went well. Most faithfully did I serve my employers for a period of eight years, but a most unfortunate occurrence terminated my engagement abruptly. The secret was—I dared to love; and the object of my ardent affection—ardent I call it, for a more ardent love never burned in the bosom of man—was the beautiful and gentle daughter of one of the partners of the firm under which I served. I tried to stifle the flame within me for a length of time, mindful of my name and origin; but as my own inclination was encouraged by innocent, unconscious advances on the part of Louisa, I yielded. I proffered her my love and solicited hers in return, palliating in my own heart all the while my presumptuous solicitations, by the plea that I had always been an upright and honest man. Louisa referred me to her father.

'Sir, I have been mistaken in you,' said the old gentleman, severely. 'I am aware of the illegitimacy of your birth, and have been surprised that you would ever propose to connect my daughter with spurious blood. Do not start so, sir; I mean no insult.'

How he had discovered my dishonourable birth I never know, for I had been aware of no intelligence subsisting between him and Sir Everard or any of his family, since none had subsisted for years between the latter and myself. 'You are right, sir,' I said, bitterly, and recovering my presence of mind. 'It would be villainous in me to unite your daughter's name to a dishonoured one, and never will that be done by Austin Monchell. Now that I reflect, I perceive that many must have been the occasions on which her husband's stained name would rise before her; and bitter would it have been, when our children would have arisen and blushed for their miserable father. No, mine must still be a lot of gloom, and only death will end it!' And I rushed desperately from his presence.

A few days afterwards, I received a hurried note from Sir Everard, who had written it while suffering under a severe illness. I was solicited instantly to set off to Monchell House, and to gain admittance as privately as possible on my arrival. As my engagement with my former masters had terminated, and as I felt utterly indisposed to renew it, I obeyed the injunctions of the letter without delay. Every hope that I had ever dared to entertain of tasting some degree of happiness in this world had been blighted by the pestilential influence of my dishonourable birth. A prospect blank and scathed was before me, and therefore it was with something like a fierce indifference that I started for Monchell House. I arrived at that seat late in the evening. I was evidently expected, for a man was waiting in the neighbourhood, who introduced me within the mansion by a private door, and by a back staircase conducted me in silence to the chamber occupied by Sir Everard. He was reclining in an easy-chair, on my entrance, half-asleep. A small silver lamp lighted the room with a feeble glimmer, so that for a minute my presence was unobserved. I had therefore time to survey him. Never had so great a change been effected on any man. The lineaments of his countenance, which were before full and smooth, were now shrivelled and wrinkled; his temples were meagre and flat; his hair was bleached to a perfect whiteness; between his eyebrows was a deep wrinkle, as if his old habit had placed there a permanent stamp; his eyes, when he opened them, were large and vacant, and were marked underneath their protruding sockets by purple streaks; his nose was sharp and beaked, his lips thin and pale, and his square jaws were keenly defined in their outline. He was enveloped in folds of blankets, but nevertheless it was easy to see that his once powerful frame was now emaciated and feeble. We were alone together. Sir Everard looked at me with a gratified smile and motioned me to a chair. 'You did not expect this, Austin,' said he, faintly; 'but I am sinking fast, and wished to see you before my death.' I made no reply, because I was affected. 'My children have left me desolate and comfortless,' he continued. 'I have only Tom

and Amelia now, and since the commencement of my illness I have been visited by neither.'

'This is dreadful!' I cried, energetically—'it is inhuman.'

'It is my punishment, and I deserve it,' murmured Sir Everard. 'Ah! Austin, if I could only acknowledge you!'

My eye was fixed even sternly on him, for this was a kind of language I found it difficult to tolerate.

'Are your circumstances comfortable, Austin?' asked Sir Everard, after a pause of some seconds.

I was prompted to make a cold reply, but the scene was too solemn for exhibitions of petty feeling. 'They are not, sir,' I said, 'for I am penniless, and without the means of gaining the means of support for the present, at least. My late situation is gone.'

'Gone!' re-echoed Sir Everard, drawing his brows together; but, seeing that I bore up proudly under his suspicious eye, he added, 'But I am certain it was demitted honourably, Austin. You are neither of mean capacity, nor dishonest, nor false, and the reason for your resigning your situation was, I am sure, an adequate one. I have secured you a permanent, and, as far as I could make it, a competent, provision for you after my death. You will accept of it, Austin: it is all I can give you.' As he said so he shaded his eyes and appeared to weep. 'Heaven knows I love you, Austin, and willingly would I make you my heir could I recall the days that have gone. But that is impossible. And now, Austin, do you forgive me, your father?'

'May God forgive you as I do,' I answered, completely overpowered.

'Then kiss me, and farewell!' said Sir Everard, while burning tears coursed each other down his furrowed cheeks. I bent over him, and pressed his cold lips gently, and with a light step hastened from the room. The man who had conducted me on my entrance was in waiting, and brought me by the same private way to the outside of the mansion. When left alone I threw myself on the ground and wept abundantly. I never knew I had so loved my father.

As I sauntered slowly along the side of the river on my way to M——, feeling heart-sick and completely isolated, my ears were saluted by distant shouts and bursts of laughter. I turned aside from the path to avoid observation, and in a few minutes there passed a noisy band of young men, at whose head I could recognise the profligate son of Sir Everard, who seemed to outvie all his companions in rude and boisterous mirth. They rode on in the clear moonlight—it was vicious mirth entering to the house of death, where, however, in all likelihood, the latter would not damp the former but in its tone.

Years have passed on since. I am now advanced in age, but still a stranger on earth, as I may say. After the performance of my father's funeral obsequies I retired from the world to a selected and dreary spot, distant from the haunts of men, where I have lived in solitude and gloom—the only elements in which I ever discovered anything like peace and rest. I have accidentally encountered some of my fellow-beings, but with men, I may say, I have never had intercourse beyond this, except in what merely relates to the common necessities of life. Philosophy has not been able to abstract feeling from my bosom, although it has often reasoned me out of my apparently selfish and misanthropic seclusion—the wound is re-opened—I behold the name I bear, and with a feeling of degradation I again shrink into myself. The Book of books has also pointed out an alleviation, were I to seek out the suffering and oppressed and offer them sympathy and assistance; but there is a bell-like voice in my bosom which constantly cries out, when I am most prepared to try this sublime remedy—'Thou hast no name among humanity. What, therefore, hast thou to do with its multiplied interests? Thou hast been cast ashore from the sea of men 'by fortune on a frowning coast;' thou art not destined for the congregation of men.'

Reader, I have done. I am a nameless solitary. I came into this world an isolated being, and such will I leave it.

Nature is bleak around me, but my Bible is before me, with its pages brighter than purest gold. The present slender history will pass soon from your mind, and it may be you will scorn its author as an erratic thinker and a scatter-brained moralist. But, reader, consider the circumstances of the case and think better of it. I ask not your pity—pity galls me; but do not rashly proffer your scorn.

HOLYROOD HOUSE.

If there was one feature of the past which ought to have outlived the fierce and stern contentions of its revolutions, it surely was its architectural beauty; if there was one remnant connected with the then old religion that might have been spared the operation of our stern forefathers' destructive zeal, it surely was the splendidly fretted edifices, which would not have murmured although the simple service of our Presbyterian church had succeeded the more elaborate ritual of Rome. It seems as if the economical subtlety of our forefathers had been dissipated when they rased the 'nests that the rooks might flee.' It is certain that they denuded our country of churches which for splendour were not surpassed in Europe, and which the modified taste of the present age would fain restore. There are some fragments and remnants of those periods yet scattered over our country, however, which tell of the barbarous ages that were at least not barbarous in masonry; there are some monuments of old times that stand like the finger-posts of history pointing regretfully back to the darkened past, and hopefully yet warningly to the future. Nothing can add interest so powerfully to a landscape as the crumbling ruin of an embattled tower; and the interest is a pleasant one, for time's tooth-marks on the buttressed walls, and his foot-prints on the rotten oaken floors, are more beautiful to see than the contusions of the battering-ram, or the fresh bloody footfalls of the warrior; and nothing, we think, can give a more pleasant or instructive interest to a town or city than the existence of buildings which are the only links that actually bind together the past, present, and future generations of a locality.

One of the most ancient and interesting of the good city of Edinburgh's relics of the 'dark and doughty' days is Holyrood House—a traditionary, historical, and topographical account of which we shall lay before our readers, which we trust shall be as interesting to the antiquarianly-inclined citizens of the ancient regality aforesaid, as to those who at a distance long to visit our metropolitan palace. It is a very trite truism that cause precedes effect; and it might be said with equal truth that, when people cannot substantially prove the existence of a cause for anything, they are sure to create one. The following story is gravely rehearsed in 'Ballenden's Translations of Boece,' and followed by Rohan and Maitland, as the cause of King David I. founding the abbey of Holyrood:—Edinburgh in 1128 was comparatively a village, surrounded with an extensive forest called Drumselch, which name, according to Sir Walter Scott, is modernised to Drumseuch, and is still borne-by a locality near the Dean. In this forest King David was hunting on Rood-day, or the day of the exaltation of the holy cross, when he was attacked, and both he and his horse were brought to the ground by an infuriated deer. The monarch must inevitably have fallen a sacrifice to the rage of his antlered foe, having distanced his attendants, and being therefore alone, when suddenly an arm, wreathed in a dark cloud, and bearing a radiant cross, according to the various testimony of various historians, either placed it in the king's hand or between him and the deer, when the creature suddenly bounded away in terror, and the rescued king repaired to his castle of Edinburgh. On the night succeeding this event, the king dreamed that he was commanded to found an establishment for canons-regular upon the spot where he was so miraculously saved; and he accordingly brought from St Andrews a colony of Augustines, and founded and richly endowed for them the Abbey of the Holy Cross.

The holy cross referred to was enshrined in silver and

deposited with much pomp and solemnity upon the high altar, and such was its celestial nature that no one could decide whether it was metallic or ligneous. However, David Bruce took it with him when he invaded England, and it fell into the hands of the English at the battle of Durham, and was long preserved and venerated in the cathedral of that name. Lord Hailes says that this story has not even the merit of antiquity, for it appears to be a fiction more recent than the days of Boece, who was born in Dundee in 1465-6. Bellenden, a favourite of James V., professes to translate it from 'Boece's History and Chronicles of Scotland,' however.

The abbey of Holyrood was founded—no matter why—in the year 1123 by David I., son of Malcolm Canmore and St Margaret; and whether the benefice was the consequence of superstition or gratitude, its endowments were extensive and ample. By the charter of foundation, King David granted to the church of the Holy Cross, in free and perpetual alms, the church of the castle, with the appurtenances and rights thereof; trial by *duel*, *water*, and *fire ordeal*, so far as appertains to the ecclesiastical dignity; with the town of Saughton and its several divisions; and the church and parish of St Cuthberts, with all things belonging thereto; the church, town, and its divisions, and the ground on which the church was situated, were also included, together with all the lands lying under the castle. The chapels of Corstorphine and Liberton, the former with thirty-six acres of land, the latter with thirty acres, were also appended to the abbey. It had revenues granted from Stirling and Perth, fisheries on the Forth, duties arising from ships in certain ports, money from the treasury, duties and customs of several towns, wood *ad libitum* from the royal forests, the tallow, hides, and lard, of half of the animals killed in Edinburgh, with the tithes of *sea-monsters* and whales caught from the river Avon to Coldbrandspath; half of the king's pleas and profits in Argyle, with the skins of all the lambs, sheep, and rams in Lanlithgow, that died naturally. The canons received the mills on the Water of Leith, which are still called Canonmills, with various other profitable grants, privileges, and exemptions. The lands of Inverleith, together with the towns of Broughton and Herbergare (Canongate) were also granted to the abbey by the pious monarch; and subsequent charters and private grants added to the opulence and power of this ecclesiastical establishment. Amongst its various acquisitions was that of the priory of St Mary's Isle, in the vicinity of Kirkcudbright; Blantyre in Clydesdale; Rowadill, in the isle of Harris, and Crusay; Oronsay and Colonsay in the Hebrides; with the churches of Melgynch in the diocese of Dunkeld, Dalgarroch in Nithsdale, and the church and vicarage of Kirkcudbright. At the Reformation the revenue of this abbey was annually. 442 bolls of wheat, 640 bolls of bear, 560 bolls of oats, 500 capons, 2 dozen of hens, 2 dozen of salmon, 12 loads of salt, besides a great many swine, and about £250 sterling in cash—an enormous revenue when we consider the period and the comparative value of money. The establishment of this vast monastic house furnishes us with an example of the influence of the priests in the middle ages, and exhibits them in the twofold character of secular chiefs and spiritual lords; it also shows us that the Scotch, although a poor people and possessed of a barren country, were willing to shower wealth and power upon those who governed the rude mind of that rude age. Passing from its constitution to its history, however, we shall enumerate a few of the leading events connected with it.

In 1160, Fergus, lord of Galloway, who had presented the priory of St Mary's in the Isle to this abbey, and subsequently became a monk, died in Holyrood, and was buried near the high altar. In 1177 a national council was held within its walls, to debate the claim of superiority over the Scotch clergy preferred by the Church of England. The claim was rejected, and the council closed its sitting by the assertion of the perfect independence of the national church. In 1208, one John, bishop of Whithorn, died here; and the famous John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, ended his days within its walls in 1381.

Robert Bruce held his fourteenth parliament in the abbey in 1326-7; and Edward Balliol held a parliament in the same place in 1333-4. Robert II., the first of the Stuarts, occasionally resided within Holyrood, as did James I. James II. was born within its walls, crowned, married to Mary of Gueldres, and buried in 1460 in the abbey where he first saw the light. James III. was married in 1469 within the abbey church, to Margaret, daughter of the King of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark; and in 1503, James IV. was there wed to Margaret of England. In 1565, Queen Mary was united in the same place to Darnley. In 1590 the wife of James VI. was there crowned; and the same pompous ceremony was again performed in 1633, when Charles I. ascended the throne as king of Scotland. From the time of James VI. to that of James VII. the abbey was used as a parish church by the inhabitants of the Canongate, and the ground now termed St Ann's Yard was a place of sepulture. For twenty years, during the reigns of James VI. and Charles I., the English liturgy was read in the parish church, but the stern old upholders of the Covenant had as much horror towards it as towards the Romish ritual, and it was suddenly discontinued. James VII., when duke of York, had long resided in the palace, and he had determined to convert the church into a chapel-royal for the use of the royal household. He consequently commanded the magistrates of Edinburgh to deliver up the keys of the church to the Earl of Perth, lord chancellor, when stalls for the knights-companions of the order of the Thistle, and a throne for the sovereign, were erected; a mosaic floor of marble was laid down, the walls and roof were richly ornamented with armorial devices and Saxon inscriptions, and, lastly, a splendid organ was built in the nave. This beauty and richness were only of transient duration, however, for the performance of high mass so roused the passionate zeal of the citizens that they broke into the chapel, and left it a blackened roofless ruin in 1687.

We have only referred to Holyrood as an ecclesiastical establishment, and we have shown the chief events that occurred within its walls during its five hundred years existence as such; but many circumstances took place which materially altered the form of the building, and progressively transmuted the priestly pile into a royal residence; and it is to a few of these that we shall recur before proceeding to give in detail an account of the more modern building. The abbey probably occupied all the area of the present palace, the palace-gardens, and part of the open ground to the eastward, which is now denominated St Ann's Yards. It was approached from the west by a splendid portico of pointed arches, surmounted by turrets, which spanned the foot of the Canongate, and was only demolished by dull-headed official activity in 1756. The conventual church (of which the chapel-royal is a remaining part) was upon the north side of the abbey. It was built in the form of a cross, the transept forming its northern and southern aisles. In the line of the transept and centre of the church stood a square lantern-tower, built upon four large ground pillars, and having lofty connecting arches; the part to the east of this tower was the choir and lady-chapel. In its external structure, the vast, complicated, and elaborate beauty and richness of the Gothic style of architecture were profusely demonstrated—its lofty groined roofs, pillars, galleries, buttresses, and aisles, combining to attest the wealth and power of the Augustines of Holyrood. Its massive walls, and even the sacred character which men were wont to attach to the religious houses of times past, were insufficient, however, to protect it from the casualties of fire and rapine, for, in 1332, Edward III.'s soldiery robbed it of its shrines and vessels of gold and silver; and in 1385 Richard II.'s army burned it to the ground. The mystic fabric rose again, and was greatly embellished during the end of the fifteenth century, by Abbot Crawford, lord high treasurer of Scotland, but was almost demolished once more, in April 1544, by the troops of the Earl of Hereford. The present chapel-royal was the only part left standing. The English had made an attack upon the city and castle from which the Scotch

repulsed them with great loss, when, to take vengeance for their discomfiture, they valorously attacked the monks, destroyed their monastery, and the gallant Sir Richard Lea, leader of the English pioneers, most courageously stole a font of brass, which he emblazoned with the following modest motto in Latin and presented to the church of St Albans:—'When Leith, a town of good account in Scotland, and Edinburgh, the chief city of that nation, were on fire, Sir R. Lea, knight, saved me from the flames and brought me to England. In gratitude to him for his kindness, I who hitherto served only at the baptism of kings, do now most willingly offer the same service even to the means of the English nation. *Lea the conqueror* hath so commanded. Adieu. A.D., 1548, in the 36th year of King Henry VIII.' The veracious chronicler of his own questionable valour has antedated his thestuous achievement one year, it will be seen. The font eventually fell into the hands of the Puritans during the Commonwealth, and was sold for old metal. After the battle of Pinkie in 1547, Somerset, the protector, dispatched some troops to pillage the abbey; but the monks had anticipated him and fled with their valuables, leaving their martial enemies no nobler task than to strip the roof of its lead, take down the bells, and perform certain other acts of demolition. On the 18th June, 1567, two days after Queen Mary's first imprisonment, the congregational lords dispatched the Earl of Glencairn to waste the abbey with fire, and purge it of its idolatrous relics and images. This his lordship certainly performed with scrupulous fidelity.

The church was repaired in 1633, although it had been in use, during its desolation, as a parish-church; subsequently it became a chapel-royal, and fell, as already narrated, before the fury of the mob at the Reformation. In 1758 the state of this ancient and beautiful edifice attracted the notice of the Lords of the Treasury, and they commanded it to be roofed; but the person deputed to execute this business over-laid the roof with stone, which ponderous mass fell in 1768, carrying with it the oaken joists and stone gallery. Since then the chapel has stood a desolate cheerless ruin, with its broken pillars and crumbling walls overgrown with the damp moss and rank nettle, reminding us of the transient nature of even royal magnificence, and earthly power and glory.

Historians have not agreed when Holyrood first became a permanent royal residence. That it was often so temporarily we have already shown; but all convents of note were provided with apartments for every degree of guests, from the mendicant to the monarch and his suite. Dunfermline Abbey, in its palmy days, could have sumptuously entertained more than one royal train, and it was not in Scone, but in the Dominicans' or Blackfriars' convent, that James I. resided when he was cruelly murdered. Sir Walter Scott infers from the poems of Dunbar that the abbey first became a permanent palace during the reign of James IV., and in an account given by Young, the herald of that monarch's nuptials with Margaret of England in 1503, it is denominated the *pallois*. The first authentic record of the foundation of a palace at Holyrood states that James V., in 1525-26, built three great towers as a lodge, and surrounded the mountainous region of Arthur Seat and Salisbury Crags as a hunting-park. When Mary returned from France to take possession of her unstable throne and her father's home, she found the palace of Holyrood enlarged and extended until it contained no fewer than five courts. The first was in front of the building, and was bounded on the north by the king's garden-wall, and on the west by the keeper's house, outer porch, and porter's lodge. The second, which was enclosed by buildings, was on the site of the present palace. On the south there were two smaller courts similarly enclosed; and on the east there was another, where once stood the cloisters of the abbey, on the spot now occupied as a garden.

In 1590, three years after the annexation of all the Holyrood church property to the crown, this palace was repaired under the direction of Inigo Jones, and became the favourite residence of James VI., and the birth-place of his most generous and promising son Henry, and of his

daughter Elizabeth. During the parliamentary wars the palace was destroyed by the soldiers of Cromwell, and was finally renewed in its present form at the restoration of Charles II., after a design by Sir William Bruce of Kinross, architect, executed by Robert Milne, mason to the king. It occupied seven years in the erection, and was finished in 1678. From that period to the present it has never been tenanted by a reigning monarch save George IV., who held a levee in it during his visit in 1822. Prince Charles resided in it during his short stay in Edinburgh in 1745, and from that period its historical interest may be said to cease.

The palace-grounds and the park enclosed by James V. constitute the modern Alsatia of the Scottish metropolitan debtor. It is still a sanctuary where the debtor, under certain modifications, can escape the clutches of beadles and durance vile. The Abbey of Holyrood was for certain a sanctuary for civil cases in 1531, when, according to Buchanan, 'one John Scot being cast in a lawsuit retired to the sanctuary.' The abbey possesses an independent government to a certain extent, a bailie being appointed by its hereditary keeper, the Duke of Hamilton, who enrolls the refugees for a fee, and is empowered to protect them even to the forcible expulsion or detention of any one who would dare to invade the privileges of sanctuary. Charles I., by a charter dated 10th November, 1646, named the Duke of Hamilton's family as hereditary keepers of the sanctuary and palace, and the duke again appoints the bailie, who has sufficient authority to exercise the duties and functions of his office within the bounds of his jurisdiction as fully as any other bailie of regality in Scotland. This privilege is a remnant of that practice which prevailed amongst the primitive eastern nations, of fleeing to a 'city of refuge,' and is a modification of that safety and protection which the sanctity attached to Roman Catholic monasteries in old times afforded to criminals.

The present palace is a very beautiful building, combining the different orders of Roman architecture. Its form is quadrangular, having an open court in the centre ninety-two feet square. Although, for the sake of harmony in its structure, the palace possesses two fronts, its only approach is from the west. Each extremity of the western front is embellished and strengthened by a castellated square tower four storeys high, the exterior angles being supported by round towers capped with turrets. The northern extremity is the most ancient and imposing; a tablet in the north-west tower, inscribed 'Jac. Rex. V. Scotorum,' pointing it out as the original part of the palace founded by James V. A lower building of two storeys, with a flat roof and balustrade, forms the connecting link between these embattled corners; and in this connecting building's centre is the grand entrance. It is formed of four Doric columns, with high pilinths and a corresponding entablature, under which appear the royal arms of Scotland, surmounted by an open pediment, on which are two figures in a reclining attitude; directly over the centre of this open pediment is an octagonal tower with Corinthian pillars at its angles, and surmounted by a richly fretted imperial crown. An arcade, with nine arches on each side of the square, and divided by fluted Doric pilasters, surrounds the inner quadrangle; these pilasters are surmounted by a corresponding entablature all round, having the thistle, crown, sword, and sceptre placed alternately on the frieze between the triglyphs. The east, north, and south sides of the quadrangle are three storeys high; between the second-storey windows is a range of Ionic pilasters, and between those of the third is a range of pilasters of the Corinthian order with their entablatures. There is a pediment in the centre of the east side of the area which displays within its tympanum, in alto relievo, the royal arms of Scotland as borne since the Union. The eastern external front of the palace consists of three storeys, each having seventeen windows; between these rows of windows are ranges of pilasters of various orders:—first Doric, then Ionic, and lastly Corinthian.

The most ancient portion of the palace is entered from

the north side of the interior arcade, and it, in conjunction with a portion of the west front, is reserved for the use of the Duke of Hamilton when he resides in Edinburgh. A large staircase leads to the suite of apartments which were occupied by Mary, and the antique furniture used by that unfortunate princess still fills its old accustomed place. In her bedroom, the state-bed in which Prince Charles, and afterwards his conqueror the Duke of Cumberland, slept, in 1745-6, is still shown. Mary's own bed, of crimson damask bordered with green silk tassels and fringes, together with a set of chairs covered with crimson velvet and ornamented with coronets, are still pointed out; the richness of the coverings is yet distinguishable, although the texture is much decayed and the colour faded. The ceiling of this bedroom is a beautiful and elaborate piece of workmanship, being divided into compartments, each containing the armorial bearing of a branch of the royal family of Scotland. A heavy massive arras covers the walls, which is illuminated with devices from Ovid's Metamorphoses. An aperture in the wall of this room opens upon a passage to a trap-stair, which communicates with the apartments below; it was by this that Darnley and the other conspirators found ingress to the room, and from it to a small closet, when they slew Rizzio. The Queen, the Countess of Argyle, who was a natural daughter of James V., and Rizzio, were supping in this closet when the murderers burst into it. From it the luckless secretary was dragged, despite the tears and entreaties of his mistress, through the bed-chamber into the presence-room, before reaching which, however, fifty-five wounds yawned in his corpse. In this closet hangs the armour of the gigantic Darnley, and what is called the mail of his steel-hating son, James VI.; also, the dressing-box of Queen Mary is shown. In the first flat of this the ancient part of the palace are a number of good portraits: a head of James IV.; Mary of Guise, the mother of Queen Mary; a head of Cardinal Beaton; Mary, when the bride of the Dauphin; the same, as she appeared when about to be beheaded; the Duke of Lennox, Darnley's father; Regent Moray; John Knox; James VI.; James first Duke of Hamilton, who was beheaded in 1649; Charles II.; William and Mary; the Countess of Cassilis; and a view of the city of Venice. The tapestry in this range of rooms is ornamented with representations of battles from the wars of Constantine. In the storey above are also pictures of Jane Shore, Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, and others. These upper apartments communicate on the east side with the picture-gallery, which occupies all the length of the first floor over the arcade on the north side of the court, from which, leading directly to the picture-gallery, is a staircase at the north-east angle. This spacious apartment is 145 feet long, 25 broad, and 18½ high; it is lighted by twelve windows, nine of which overlook the inner court, the other three are at the east end of the room. The walls are adorned with 111 paintings, purporting to be portraits of the kings of Scotland. De Witt, a Dutchman, painted these ideal portraits, which, in 1745, were cruelly slaughtered by the valorous troops of General Hawley, who had fled before a handful of Highlanders at Falkirk, but courageously sought to redeem their laurels by slashing the grim and stern visages of the old kings. These pictures were repaired and taken from their hanging frames, and then fixed into the panels of the wainscoting, a good many years since. It is in this gallery that the elections of the Scottish representative peers take place. On the north side of this part of the building is a small apartment called the crown-room, where the regalia was placed during the visit of George IV.

Leaving the picture-gallery by the south-east, the visiter enters a splendid suite of state apartments, which occupy the whole extent of the east side of the quadrangle; the doors and mantelpieces are elegantly festooned with foliage and flowers, the walls are of oak wainscot, and the ceilings are richly and rather heavily ornamented with stucco. Above these, in the northern division of the same side of the square, are the apartments allotted to the family of Argyle. The southern division, and the adjoining rooms

on the south side of the palace, form the metropolitan residence of the Marquis of Breadalbane. There are some very fine pictures in this division, and in the Gobeline tapestry is the representation of a battle between Alexander the Great and Darius. Descending to the under flat, a passage at the south-east leads to the hall of audience, which was fitted up for the use of George IV., who held a levee and drawing-room in it; his portrait in the Highland costume, by Sir David Wilkie, hangs here now. This hall occupies the flat over the piazza on the south side of the quadrangle, and is sixty feet long, thirty broad, and twenty high. The south-west tower and adjoining rooms were occupied by the Earl of Strathmore. They are very spacious and seem to have been designed for levees.

In concluding this sketch of the Scottish metropolitan palace, we may state that it was occupied during the period of the first French revolution by the Duke of Artois and his family, and the same person again returned to his former residence as ex-king of France after the revolution of 1880—a striking instance of the strange vicissitudes of fortune. The royal commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland has for some time past annually taken up his residence in this elegant pile, and for a fortnight in each year brings back a faint reflection of the pomp and parade of old times, and awakens the sleeping echoes of its silent corridors and almost tenantless halls.

THE CAREER OF RICHARD COBDEN.

RICHARD COBDEN was a commercial traveller once, and, although the world may not at first blush think it, Richard Cobden is a commercial traveller still. Sometimes on the road, sometimes on the rail—an active emissary of Manchester—he distributed his patterns, collected his debts, opened up new connexions, consolidated old ones, wrote his daily bulletin of the state of trade—the tightness of money or the glut of stock—to the city of the tall chimneys, and then officiated as Mr Chair, or Mr Vice, in that hastily-gobbled dinner, which commercial gentlemen always seem to hurry over as a piece of disagreeable necessity, to be got through with as quickly as possible. And Richard Cobden is a commercial traveller still. True, he shows no patterns, takes no orders, duns no customers, represents no firm; his progress is not now from Manchester to Liverpool, or from Nottingham to Derby; his ever-shifting habitation is no longer that big, side-boarded, dreary, bookless commercial room; he deths not from shop to shop, signing bills, writing receipts, vaunting a new design in calico, predicting a rise in cotton; and still, we repeat, he is a commercial traveller. Yes, the greatest, the most remarkable traveller the world has ever seen. Europe is his district—nations are his customers—the memoirs of the League fill his book of patterns—he deals in mighty principles—he distributes vast doctrines—he exhibits new designs which shake the policy of empires—he predicts universal commercial interchange—no land, no city, which he has not filled with the fame and the credit of his great constituent, the mighty firm of Free Trade, throned in the realms of England. Richard Cobden literally the commercial traveller—and Richard Cobden figuratively the commercial traveller! How vast the leap! The Mister Cobden who derived his little weight from his calico-making constituents, whose name circulated but amongst his own little class (the knight-errants of the Ledger)—whose talk was naturally of invoices and bills of parcels—who was cared for but by mottled-faced landlords and grim booties—in fact, Richard Cobden, Bagman. Study that picture first—then this. Richard Cobden, the wide world known—the leader of the greatest mercantile confederacy man has ever seen—the wielder of a power the most pacific, the most pliable, but the most overwhelming probably ever guided by one governing spirit—Richard Cobden, who revolutionised an empire, who will revolutionise the world, and who did it without the glitter of a bayonet or the crack of a musket—Richard Cobden, who prostrated the proudest oligarchy of Europe, who ruled the man who ruled the legislature which ruled the empire—Richard Cobden at

once the missionary, the champion, the advocate, the embodiment of Free Trade, striding in his triumph over Europe, everywhere welcomed, everywhere honoured—his health toasted—his name, his principles, and his deeds proclaimed in every language of civilisation—everywhere sowing the good seed—everywhere telling the good tidings—everywhere pointing out how protection clogs men's progress—how it isolates them and makes them enemies—how, to the eye of mercantile genius, customhouses show like frowning ramparts, and tariffs like standing armies. 'Tis a wondrous, a promising, a happy phenomenon, the tour of Richard Cobden. It is greater than ever was monarch's progress—will exercise more power than ever did conqueror's march. He sets people thinking. He leaves little Leagues behind him—he consecrates, so to speak, local Villiesses, and Brights, and Foxes. He sets many balls rolling. Festal banquets everywhere await him. Oh, may they be the forerunners of that great festal banquet which the world shall sit down to, when, like the guests at a picnic, every nation shall bring its share to the setting forth of the table—one offering bread, another wine, a pastoral land its meat, a manufacturing its steel wherewith to carve the viands! Free trade!—the word is now a household one on many tongues—the idea will soon become as familiar, and then will it be translated into action.—*Jerrold's Magazine.*

THE CHILDLESS.

When I think upon the childless, how I sorrow for the gloom
That pervades the silent chambers of their still and joyless home!
They do not hear the gleesome sound of infant voices sweet,
The gush of fairy laughter, or the tread of tiny feet.

Their hand the little shining head can never fondly press,
They never on the coral lip imprint a warm caress,
They never hear a lisping tongue pronounce their name in prayer,
Or watch beside the cradle of a slumberer calm and fair.

Their age is dull and lonely; in the solemn hour of death
No fond and weeping offspring receive their parting breath;
And they feel the hollow nothingness of honours, lands, and name,
Knowing that those who love them not the heritage must claim.

Thus I sorrow'd for the childless; but, ere long, in happier mood,
I thought how Providence o'errules each earthly thing for good:
With the pleasures of the parent their lot I had compared,
But dwelt not on the trials and the troubles they were spared.

They know not what it is to stand an infant sufferer by—
To mark the crimson fevered cheek, the bright and restless eye;
And feel that in that feeble breast, that form of fragile make,
Their happiness is garner'd up, their earthly hopes at stake.

They know not, as the mind unfolds, how hard it is to win
The little heart to cling to good, and shun the ways of sin;
They reek not of the awful charge, amid a world of strife,
To train a tenant for the skies, an heir of endless life.

They see not the small coffin laid beneath the heavy sod,
Striving to school their bursting breasts to bear the stroke of God,
Then turning to the dreary home, once gay with childish mirth,
To view the silent nursery—the sad, deserted hearth.

Yet, is it not a blessed thought that we have One above
Who deals to us our varied gifts with such impartial love?
Let not another's favour'd lot our anxious minds molest;
God knows alike his need and ours, and judges for the best.

He wisely with some shadowy cloud o'er spreads our brightest day;
He kindly cheers our deepest gloom with some benignant ray;
And we may safely rest on Him, whose loving mercy lies
Not only in the good he sends, but that which he denies.

MRS. ANDY.

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SULPHURIC ETHER—USE IN OPERATIONS.

The influence of the *Times* newspaper in this country of ours is beyond question immense; nor was its sphere of authority unjustifiably extended by itself still further, when it assumed the imposing title of the 'Leading Journal of Europe.' Admitting that its great weight is brought to bear for the most part on the side of true social and political improvement, it yet does sometimes happen that a slip is made through the multitudinousness, no doubt, of its subject-themes, and that the journal in question gives vent to crude and hasty opinions on matters of moment. Then does its influence become as deleterious as it is usually beneficial; for in the wake of the Thunderer follows invariably cock-boat after cock-boat, all firing off their pop-guns successively in pursuance of the signals of the three-decker of Printing-house Square, or in imaginary rivalment of its imperial cannonade. It is painful to observe how frequently many newspapers, otherwise most praiseworthy, take up this humiliating position in relation to the *Times*, and seem slavishly content to incur the application to themselves of the bitter language of Horace—'*Imitatores, servum pecus*'—renderable pretty literally, 'Imitators, imitators, oh ye slavish adulators!'

Our present remarks have been called forth by our having observed how far certain statements of the *Times* have been instrumental in leading other journals to form crude and ill-considered notions and decisions on the use of sulphuric ether before surgical operations. We question whether the great London journal ever contemplated the promulgation of a judgment utterly condemnatory of the use of sulphuric ether; but the fact certainly is, that its reports of two cases of assumed injury done by that medicinal agent—these reports having been unaccompanied by any fair or full counter-statements or explanations—have set abroad the most intemperate and baseless prejudices on the subject, chiefly through that tendency to adopt blindly every dictum of the leading metropolitan journal, which we have mentioned as existing among the minor organs of the press in Great Britain. The majority of those who have written on the subject actually display a state of ignorance thereupon so complete, that they seem to have no other impression than that ether has been used in these two solitary cases alone, mentioned in the *Times*! Of the countless examples of its employment with perfect success they appear for the most part to be totally unaware. Let us try here to throw a little more light on this matter for the general good. It is a point of no small importance to the comfort and well-being of the whole human race, and may lead to consequences still more momentous though as yet unforeseen.

The principle on which sulphuric ether has been used for affecting the nervous system, and deadening its sensibilities during painful operations, is a very simple one, but little understood generally. Persons, indeed, who write on the subject without any real knowledge of the *rational* of its employment and action, tell us confidently that the end which it attains is merely one which opium or alcoholic (spirituous) liquors could answer equally well, and that its effects are produced in the same way entirely. They hence assume, accordingly, that its consequences must be equally hazardous, from the risk of producing inflammation and other bad results. The real fact, however, is, that ether differs materially from opium and alcohol, in the first place, in its mode of action. The two latter agents are taken into the stomach, and must there be digested or resolved into chyle, like ordinary food, before being absorbed into the blood and influencing through it the *general* nervous system. This process is so far slow or lengthy at all times, and in peculiar states of the stomach may be protracted materially. The extent of the effects may also be greatly modified by the same causes. The operation is thus uncertain at once in point of time and amount. Moreover, the duration of the influence of opium or alcohol is equally liable to variations, partly from the same causes, and partly from other constitutional peculiarities. Taken conjointly, these circumstances, affecting the action of opium and alcohol, would alone render it impossible that they could be used even efficiently, leaving safety apart, in deadening the sensibility of the nervous system before painful operations. As respects the question of safety, the objections to their employment are still more strong. The danger of inflammation, particularly in the case of spirits, would be an insurmountable obstacle to their use.

The action of the sulphuric ether is *on the blood* directly. At every inspiration of the common air, as all know, the oxygen which forms one of its ingredients is absorbed into the circulatory system, to the maintenance of the vital principle of which that gaseous body is essentially necessary. Thus the operation of the ether, being independent of any such protracted or variable process as that of digestion, is almost instantaneous, the blood receiving it directly, and conveying it at every pulsation through the system. Here is a most important distinction—namely, in the directness of the action—betwixt the ether and the alcoholics or opiates. The certainty of the results is also vastly greater, for all persons must breathe, though some digest but poorly. There will be a difference, certainly, betwixt the quantity of ether requisite to affect the system in various cases, seeing that persons of highly nervous temperaments may be much more quickly and easily impressed than others oppositely constituted. But here, too,

there is a wide distinction betwixt the use of ether and the other two articles in question. The effects of the former are visible at nearly every successive inhalation, and the medical employer thereof has it in his power to pause or proceed as circumstances may determine. In the case of opium or alcohol, the prescriber walks comparatively in the dark, being unable with any accuracy either to calculate results till these are actually produced, or modify his measures till all modification is unavailable.

Widely in the wrong, therefore, are those who assert that the use of ether is no novel idea, but merely the same thing as the use of opiates or alcohol. In the mode of action, in point of manageability, and as regards the certainty of the issue, there is a vast difference betwixt the cases. True enough it is, that the substances in question have so far one and the same effect—namely, in their influencing temporarily the sensibility of the nervous system. But in the one case that influence is such in amount and durability, as to be available for purposes which plainly cannot be attained in the other two cases. Besides being comparatively slow and uncertain in their results, opium and alcohol spread their effects over a period of considerable length, during which these effects continue almost equal in degree. The ether, on the contrary, exerts its influence almost instantaneously, and remains at the maximum point of that influence only for a brief period, thus giving facilities for turning it to advantage which cannot be obtained in the case of the other two substances. The dose of opium or alcohol, which alone could affect the nervous system as the ether does, would almost certainly be fatal from its inevitable durability. The effects of the ether, on the other hand, are dissipated as quickly as they are produced. Had it been possible, indeed, efficiently and securely to use opium and alcohol in the same way as the ether, they would probably have been in universal employment in that way centuries on centuries ago.

We have thus, and so far satisfactorily, we trust, endeavoured to wipe away the erroneous impression that to inhale sulphuric ether is the same thing merely as to drink laudanum or spirits to stupefaction. Not so stands the case, it has been shown, either as regards the mode, certainty, duration, or safety of the action. In kind alone, and as respects the part of the system to which all are intrinsically addressed, is the operation of the three substances alike. Even there the dissimilarity may prove to be material, when the subject is better understood. In the mean time let us go on to explain the chemical nature of sulphuric ether. It is a 'mixture' of sulphuric acid and alcohol, say some of the wisacres who have 'read up' in the 'Little Boy's Own Guide to Chemistry' in order to treat the subject with the due air of scientific profundity. It is no more a 'mixture' properly so called, than pure sulphuric acid is, being, it is true, formed by the union in a certain mode of that acid with alcohol, but being in itself a new and distinctive substance, resulting from the resolution of both bases into their elements, and from the assumption by the latter of an entirely new form in combination. It requires the application of a strong heat to equal parts of the united acid and alcohol in a retort to produce this change, the resulting ether being distilled over into a receiver. The ether is a pure liquid, colourless as water, very volatile and inflammable, and having a pungent odour so peculiar as to resemble no other in the whole round of chemical smells. Its medicinal qualities have been long known and valued, and particularly, perhaps, in the relief of asthmatic affections. Like nitrous-oxide gas, or the 'laughing gas,' as it is more often named—and for which, by the way, we venture to predict the discovery ever long of some similarly important use, the Creator having made nothing in vain—the inhalation of sulphuric ether used at times to be tried for a mere passing and amusing experiment. But the man who seems first to have thought of turning it to a useful purpose, was a medical man of the American States, Dr Morton of Boston. His first attempt was to extract teeth from patients under the influence of ether; and having practised this minor operation with perfect success

vember, 1846) under the same circumstances, and again was completely successful. The pain of the operations in these cases was entirely obviated. A friend who had a tooth lately taken out under the influence informs us, that the first feeling during inhalation is a singularly pleasant and soothing one, which increases by degrees to a sense of comfortable but not stupid inebriety or muzziness. 'Open your mouth!' was a command which our friend, as he further tells us, heard without any alarm, like a voice in a dream. He was conscious but reckless of the introduction of the instrument; was also made aware of a sort of wrench, chiefly, as it seemed, through the hearing; and when the effects of the ether went off in a few minutes subsequently, he found himself minus a troublesome tooth, and free from any vestige of suffering or uneasiness, either in the shape of headache or otherwise.

It was not long, of course, ere experiments so singular, so important, and so successful, attracted a due degree of attention in our own country. Mr Liston, once of Edinburgh and now of London, was one of the earliest surgical operators who tried the ether in England. It was completely successful in his hands, though the case was alike momentous and difficult. Other surgeons, in London, Dublin, Edinburgh, and elsewhere, followed the example speedily, as well in private cases as in public hospitals. Proper instruments were made for inhaling the ether, which is a point of importance. The apparatus now commonly used is at once simple and effective, consisting of a flexible caoutchouc-tube attached to the neck of a phial, below the stopper. By that stopper the ether is poured in, as in the case of ordinary bottles. In the tube are valves, or at least one valve, which, opening when an inhalation takes place, at once close again afterwards. The end of the tube to be applied to the mouth is flat, with a slit in it; and it is of a crescent form transversely so as to encircle the lips. Few can take a full inspiration of pure ether at the first, from the tickling caused, but, by mixing the opening inhalations with a little air from the sides, the process becomes easy. It is on the whole one neither difficult nor disagreeable.

By means of this and similar instruments, has the inhalation of ether been carried to no common extent in the medical practice of the city of Edinburgh, and in multitudinous varieties of ailments. One respectable dentist alone in this city announced to a professional society some weeks ago, that he had used it in well nigh a hundred cases, and with the most perfect success in all—pain being entirely obviated, and no bad effects ensuing. In two cases only had there been even an appearance of consequent inconvenience, and these were easily explicable. One lad vomited after the operation, but he had been complaining of disordered stomach all morning. A delicate girl had a fit of shivering, but only such as alarm readily causes in highly nervous persons without ether being employed. Other eminent dentists, also, of Edinburgh have resorted to the ether largely, and with the same success. It would be out of place here to record the further proofs of the efficacy of the ether which have been recorded. They have been numerous, and have even extended to the saving of child-bed pains. In that one particular case, more than others, it was doubted if the operation could be beneficial. But experience says the contrary, and announces that the remedy is there also effective and perfect. Without injuriously influencing the system, it seems, the action of the ether in midwifery-cases may be most beneficially developed.

Every instance in which the ether has been used prudently has, in short, proved successful. The cases to the contrary are chiefly those two mentioned some weeks since in the *Times*. The first of these two cases presents features quite sufficient to throw suspicion over the whole affair, supposing it to be taken as a case of failure of the ether to effect its understood purposes. Mrs Ann Parkinson was to be operated on for a tumour in the thigh, which she had suffered from, and had concealed, for a year and nine months, being utterly unable to make up her mind

was made aware of the chances of an easy operation from the use of ether; and we may guess at her nervous terrors, and physical weakness, from the fact that she three times breathed the ether *experimentally* before the operation. Can we wonder that a subject, as medical men say, of such a description should have fallen a victim to an operation of moment? And why was the ether not fatal on these trials? The lady *did die*, but on the *second day* after the operation. Men of unprejudiced minds would have seen here, that a thoroughly exhausted body had been subjected to an operation of importance too late; but no! the death was laid to the ether. Though a person who has breathed the ether for the extraction of a tooth rises quite relieved, and walks away a few minutes afterwards, yet Mrs Anne Parkinson, who must have been free of all effects in half an hour, is assumed to have died from the consequences of the ether some *two days* afterwards. Such is not the nature of the action of the ether. Instantaneous in its effects, it is equally rapid in its cessation. Mr Robb, the London surgeon who operated in this case, and who obviously gave a report of it, has been noted for his opposition to the use of the ether before surgical operations. Such being the case, we would lay before this gentleman two dilemmas, on the horns of either of which he must stick. He used ether, and operated in consequence, with a firm assurance that it would fail. How did he hold himself justified in doing so, a human being's life being in the balance, with that strong prepossession? The second bog or puddle into which Mr Robb must sink is one best understood from his own account of his operation in the fatal case of Mrs Parkinson. He stated before the coroner that 'he believed the patient felt as much pain as if she had not inhaled the vapour, as *she cried out and struggled at each cut*.' It is pretty plain here, from the unnumbered proofs of the nervous sensibility being deadened by the ether, that it had not been employed to the right extent at all, and that Mr Robb performed the *fatal* operation quite as he wished—that is, without the intervention of sulphuric ether. Yet this medical gentleman stated publicly, on examination before the coroner's inquest, that he had no doubt whatever that 'the ether was the cause of death.' Such was the assertion of a man whose own words prove that he held the ether to have taken not the slightest effect on the system!

We had proposed to look similarly into others of the cases where the use of ether had been presumed to be deleterious. But, on the whole, it is unnecessary. In the yet unmentioned case of those two recorded in the *Times*, an operation had been performed, with a fatal termination four days afterwards. The case was evidently one of those where operating is had recourse to after all hope is nearly over; and the length of time intervening betwixt the operation and the death would alone suffice to clear the ether of all blame in the matter, in the minds of persons judging impartially.

In short, without wishing to express too sanguine an opinion on the subject of sulphuric ether as a perfect preventive of pain under surgical operations, we are certainly impressed with the idea that many things have proved it to be highly useful for that purpose, and also that no sound testimony has been adduced as yet, on the other hand, either of its harmfulness or its inefficiency. Some men shut their eyes to the facts elucidated on such subjects, saying that from a higher power alone, and directly, can come such wonderful palliatives of human suffering and distress. But, when these are found by man, from what source do they yet come, directly or indirectly? Certainly, from the same power which left man liable to the superintention of such unfortunate casualties, and which, while so doing, laid open such a vast remedial field to his research. We cannot close our present paper more happily than by quoting one marked case of a patient operated on under the action of ether in Edinburgh. Professor Miller was the operator here:

'The patient was a middle-aged Irishman—a 'navy'—who had sustained compound fracture of the leg nine weeks before. The fracture had not united, in consequence

of the presence of a piece of dead bone; and it became necessary to remove this by a painful operation. The patient was seated on a table, and the inhalation was applied by means of a very beautiful yet simple apparatus. At first little effect was produced; but after some minutes, the patient fell backwards, as if in a swoon. The operator was then about to proceed; but the man immediately objected, saying, 'that he was not asleep, and that he trusted nothing would be done till he was asleep.' For full twenty minutes more, the inhalation went on; the man confused and talkative, but wide awake, and occasionally expressing, very emphatically, his conviction that 'it would not do.' At length, however, while in this wakeful state, the operation was begun. Incisions were made on the shin; and flaps were dissected off, so as to expose the bone beneath. A portion of this was sawn and clipped through; and then the dead bone was removed. Only during the clipping of the bone with strong straining pliers did any sign of feeling escape from the patient, who was busy inhaling all the while, and now and then protesting that 'it wouldn't do.' The operation occupied about ten minutes, and from the highly sensitive nature of the parts implicated, must have been attended with excruciating suffering in ordinary circumstances. After it was over, the professor said to the patient, 'I suppose you won't let me operate to-day?' 'Certainly not,' said the patient; 'it won't do; I must be asleep. The thing hasn't succeeded with me, and I am sure it can't succeed with any one else, for I did everything I could to get asleep for my own sake, and I'd do anything to please you.' 'You won't even let me make a cut out into the leg?' 'No; I must be asleep; we can try it another time.' This plain proof of his utter unconsciousness of the operation having been performed, was acknowledged by the spectators in a hearty round of applause. The patient then sat up, and seeing the wound, burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, saying, 'No doubt there's blood, or something very like it; but I haven't felt a single thing done to my leg. That *bates* the globe;' and on being asked decidedly as to his having 'felt anything,' he repeatedly answered, 'Not a ha'porth.' He got into amazing spirits, and refused to leave the table until he had told 'all about the boldruns of the business.' And then, with the manner of a tipsy man, and very happy, he kept surgeons and students in a roar of laughter for some minutes with a narrative of his condition during the inhalation, which, Irish-like, seemed to have been a strange medley of imaginary fights and 'killings' going on around him, but wholly irrespective of his own leg and the operation. On being carried out, he declared triumphantly, 'This is the very best thing that has ever happened in the three kingdoms.' The professor stated that he considered this case quite conclusive as to the powers of the ether, because there was no more painful operation in all surgery, and because the patient, having been avowedly a hard and habitual drinker of spirits, was one of those persons who are least susceptible of the ether's influence.'

THE CRUST OF THE EARTH.

In order to afford a distinct conception of what is meant by the term 'crust' as applied to the earth, it may be necessary to reiterate the well-known fact, that this earth is a round ball or globe; nor does our present purpose require our language to be more scientifically accurate. We dwell upon the external part of this ball, and know it to be, so far as we can penetrate, composed of matter in a rigid or solid state. But from certain appearances, such as the undulations produced by earthquakes, and the matter ejected by volcanoes, we are led to conclude that the central parts of the ball are in a state of fluidity. There is reason to believe that the contents of this globe are to a great extent molten. The mean diameter of the earth is 7912 miles, speaking roundly, 8000. From the centre to any point on the surface, therefore, will be 4000 miles. Only a few miles of these 4000 are believed to be composed of solid matter; the remainder are pro-

bably in a molten state. Thus our earth may be compared to an enormous shell whose contents are reduced to a state of fluidity, or kept in that state, by heat. The shell represents the solid external part, and this is what is called the 'crust of the earth.' This crust or shell is the field in which geology expatiates. It has been calculated that man's acquaintance with its structure extends downwards about ten miles below the level of the sea. Of course it will at once be perceived that this distance has never been penetrated directly by man. The average depth of the ocean is, perhaps, about three miles: the deepest mine in the world, Kitzpühl in Upper Austria, is not much more than half a mile.

The question very naturally suggests itself, By what means has man made himself acquainted with this part—extending, say, to ten miles—of the earth's crust? Paradoxical as it may appear, still it is true that this depth has been reached, not by boring into the earth, but by ascending the rugged and lofty mountain ranges. The highest parts of the mountains are generally composed of granite, and this is the lowest rock with which we are acquainted, at least in a solid state. When the inequalities were produced that diversify the surface of the earth, the internal power, the cause of these, pressed the lower rocks upwards, and elevated those above into a slanting and sometimes a vertical position. It is clear, therefore, that in ascending a mountain one must walk over the raised edges of numerous rocks before reaching the summit. But the act of passing over the successive rocks is tantamount to going deeper and deeper into the crust, for the beds that lie nearest the axis of the mountain are obviously lowest in the series. The crust of the earth is composed of a number of beds of rock, each differing from the other to a greater or less extent in mineralogical character and fossil contents. These beds do not lie one upon the other in regular succession like the leaves of a volume; they lie rather in irregular patches, some being present in one part of a country and some in another. Thus in Scotland in one part the coal measures occupy the surface, in another the new red sandstone, in another the old red sandstone, in another the grauwaké, and so on, while the mountain tops are generally of granite. These beds are arranged into various systems, each embracing a number, but not an invariable number, of rocks. The newest principle of classification is derived from their fossil contents, and is by much the safest and best. With the exception of the granite and trap rocks, all those that go to make up the earth's crust are produced, rather deposited, by water. The process may have been something like the following: Let us go back, in thought, to the time when the granite, the fundamental rock, and other associated rocks occupied the parts of the globe not covered by water. Above these is spread a very scanty covering of soil. Rivulets rise in the elevated portions; torrents dash down the rocky heights; rivers sweep the plains; and the ocean, roaring and foaming, besieges the shores with incessant attacks. The all-pervading atmosphere and the partial but oft-repeated showers soften the surface of the mountains. The material thus prepared by the atmosphere, by the showers of heaven, by the rills and rivers, is carried downwards to the ocean by the larger streams, and there spread out, in the most regular manner, upon a vast surface. One layer may be the work of months, perhaps of years; but the work progresses, Nature never grows weary. Looking on such a scene as this, man would, in all probability, fall into singular and large mistakes. He would look upon these rills and rivers as indeed carrying their waters onward to the ocean, but leaving all else untouched. Little would he imagine that they were the highways by which these uplands and these rugged mountains, which appear to possess the elements of eternal stability, should be conveyed to the 'deep, unfathomed caves of ocean,' there to be deposited in regular beds, which in due time will be elevated, and become the mountains of an after and far-distant epoch. Such was the process, we may suppose, by which the first sedimentary strata were de-

posited; and such, also, may have been the process by which all the succeeding ones have been accumulated. If this theory of the formation of the sedimentary rocks be correct, then they must all have been originally horizontal, or nearly so. But this is by no means the appearance which they now present. Some, indeed, still retain their original position; but the great majority are dislocated, twisted, elevated, and frequently tilted into a vertical position. Especially is this the case with the oldest stratified rocks, as may be witnessed in the hilly parts of every country. It is obvious that these effects have been produced by some internal, deep-seated, tremendous power. Had the surface of the globe suffered no such violence, it would have presented a dull, uniform aspect, a boundless plain, unrelieved by a single mountain, hill, or knoll. As a habitation for man, it would, in that case, have been vastly inferior to what we at present find it to be. How numerous must have been the changes the earth underwent before the crust could present such a rugged and shattered appearance! Time must have counted many cycles during this process.

This subject is a vast one, and stands second in the sciences in absorbing interest. Astronomy alone outstrips geology. Brief as has been the view presented above of this subject, we trust our minds are now inclined and somewhat prepared to enter into a few reflections to which it naturally gives rise. Slight reflection will enable us to perceive the *utility* of the present state of the earth's crust. Metallic veins occur in many different rocks, but these are generally the lowest. None have been discovered in this country above the new red sandstone formation. Some veins occur in the limestones; but the metallic treasures are most frequently, and with the greatest success, dug for in the lower slates and some of the igneous rocks that abound in hilly countries. Had the crust not been shivered and upheaved in numerous places, of course these rich products of nature, so highly valued by mortals, would have lain unheard of in the lower parts of the earth. Gold, and silver, and copper would have been safe *there* from the grasp of the money-maker and the eye of the covetous. All other metals would have shared the same fate. Those who are capable of appreciating the value and numerous uses to which the different metals are appropriated in our time, cannot fail to perceive the vast benefit arising from this broken and elevated state in which the various rocks appear. They are opening, as it were, their rigid purse-strings and inviting man to thrust in his hand and appropriate to himself what of their treasures he needs or wishes. But for this arrangement of the crust by the Author and Guide of Nature, those two minerals, coal and iron, would also have been for ever beyond our reach. The coal seams and iron beds occur deep in the earth's crust, speaking geologically. Now, suppose those formations that are of later origin to have been deposited over the former, they must have been completely shut out from man's observation, and, as a matter of course, from his use. According to the present state of the crust, however, both coal and ironstone, if not actually brought to the surface, are within the reach of man. They generally occur in trough-shaped hollows of vast dimensions. Round the boundaries of these immense basins they are frequently found 'cropping out'—that is, their edges come to the surface; and even in the centre, where the greatest depth is, they can readily be obtained by boring. Thus, if man has not the metals literally for the lifting, to obtain them requires only the properly directed and persevering efforts of his genius. Here are undeniable evidences of utility—utility of a twofold nature. The first is obvious in the situations in which the metallic treasures are found, and the second is no less obvious in the healthful exercise of the faculties which is required before they can be obtained and rendered available for human purposes.

The present state of the earth's crust is a source of *pleasure* to its inhabitants. There exists, we believe, in the breast of every child of earth, a chord easily made to vibrate by the touch of nature. All are susceptible of

pleasurable emotions from the contemplation of the various aspects she assumes, and most are awed by the sublime attitudes in which she places herself when labouring and heaving under the tread of the earthquake, or when ejecting her molten contents high in air under the fire-throe of the volcano. All men do homage to Nature. The savage stands by the sea-shore and admires the waters as they ebb and flow. He constructs his wigwam on the green knoll, not exclusively because it is surrounded by forests, in whose deep recesses lurk the beasts of chase; and he fixes his heaven beyond the lofty mountains, not simply because they circumscribe his hunting-grounds or bound his horizon. Certain influences which he cannot define and may seldom think of, proceeding from nature, have much to do with these matters. The ploughboy admires, as his ploughshare tears up, the green sward, dotted over with the modest 'crimson-tipped daisy'; and retires, when his labour is over, to sing of grassy braes, and shady groves, and crystal streams. The mechanic hastens from the close and smoky atmosphere of the city on the morning of the long-wished-for and well-wrought-for holiday, to see the fields and trees, and breathe the pure mountain air. The more favoured portion of the species annually visit the sea-shore, stroll over the country, and make long excursions to the lakes and mountain scenery. The same feeling that pervades the gay circle at the beautiful watering-place animates the mechanic in his holiday's excursion, breathes in the ploughboy's song, and guides the savage in selecting a spot on which to erect his wigwam, and in giving a 'local habitation' to his dreams of futurity. Who can look on the landscape, with its wood, and water, and green fields, without being filled with pleasurable emotions? Could any one gaze on the more striking features of alpine scenery without having his feelings heightened to lofty admiration and sublimity? But all this varied scenery we owe to the broken, upheaved, rugged state of the crust of the earth.

The present state of the earth's crust teaches us somewhat of the character of God. Some good people have thought that the shattered state in which it is found was occasioned by the introduction of sin into the world. They suppose that the lofty mountain, and yawning gulf, and dark ravine, speak the language of terror, and embody the feelings of an angry God; but if we have viewed nature aright in the preceding paragraphs, we must henceforth translate these supposed tokens of anger and vengeance into lively expressions of our Father's wisdom and goodness. When one reflects on what has been advanced in connexion with metallic veins and coal seams, it is difficult, perhaps impossible, to resist the conviction that there was design in all this. Man, who must of necessity trace effects to their causes, and believe in a designer when he recognises the evidence of design, naturally concludes that the Divine Being had respect to the importance of these metals to man, when, at His bidding, and under His control, nature laid open her precious treasures. Does it not enlarge our conceptions of God's character, and enhance our admiration of His ways towards man, to know that such wealth has been produced in the bowels of the earth, and is brought within the reach of the creature which alone could use it? and that such beds of fuel as the coal measures contain should have been laid up so conveniently, and found exactly fitted for use when man became an inhabitant of this planet? There is evidence here both of wisdom and goodness. The same conclusion is drawn when one reflects upon the numerous sources of enjoyment in the works of nature. No intelligent person will question that it is the will of God that man should drink deep into those waters of rational delight which never cease flowing from her recesses. To do so would be to say that God, having placed us in the midst of sources of enjoyment, wills us not to taste of the sweets they yield. Man may refuse to draw enjoyment from these sources; he may incapacitate himself by vicious habits for doing it; or he may substitute this enjoyment for a higher and vastly more important one; still, the spirit of our observation is not touched. The joys of earth do not forestall

the joys of Heaven. It is the will of God we should experience both; and the provision he has made to this end indicates at once his wisdom and goodness. The vastness of creation is always associated in one's mind with the greatness and power of the Creator. When we look on a part of creation—say this planet—and behold its strata elevated to all angles, twisted, broken, and the lower rocks, in many instances, made to occupy the place of the latest formed, and even to overtop them by many thousand feet, the same ideas of greatness and power fix themselves in our mind. Whatever else may indicate the existence of the *curae*, the sublime, no less than the gorgeous, scenery of earth must be received as palpable evidence of God's blessing.

THE DESERTER'S DOOM.

[From the 'Highlanders in Spain,' by J. Grant, Esq.]

It was in the month of May, 1813. The evening was a still and beautiful one. The sun was verging towards the west, and his crimson rays streamed through the deep dark dell, upon the vine-clad cottages and silvan amphitheatre of Banos. Concentrated in that narrow and gloomy glen, where the immense mountains rose on every side to the height of many hundred feet, and where crags and rocks shot up in cones and fantastic spires, almost excluding the light of day from the little huts at the bottom of the dell, were the seventeen infantry regiments of the second division, together with the cavalry drawn up on the steep faces of the hills, so that the rear ranks might overlook the front. The *paisanos* of the secluded village, awe-struck at the unusual scene, and the sight of so many thousand weapons glittering amid such dense masses of foreign soldiers, forsook their cottages and clustered together on the summit of a steep rock to behold the fatal event. The troops formed three faces of a hollow square; the rock upon which the peasants were congregated occupied the vacant space, and on a spot of velvet turf, the village green stretching to the foot of it, there was dug a grave—a grave for the yet living man; the wet damp earth was heaped up on one side of it; the rolls of turf and a rough dead coffin lay on the other. Near these stood the bass-drum of the Gordon Highlanders; a Bible and a Prayer-book lay open upon its head. The Highlanders formed the inner faces of the square. All was solemn silence and expectation. Not a whisper was heard through all that dense array; not a sound smote the ear save the rustle of the summer foliage as the evening wind stirred the tall chestnuts or rich green cork-trees which nodded from the black precipices. The general, the staff, and field-officers, were all on horseback, but remained motionless. At last it was known that the doomed man was approaching, and the arms of the escort that conducted him were seen flashing in the sunlight as they descended from the hill-tops by the winding pathway which led to the bottom of the valley. Sir Rowland Hill touched his hat to an aide-de-camp, who then passed among the troops at a hand gallop whispering to each commanding officer; the word of command to fix bayonets and shoulder arms was immediately given, and before the varying tones of the different colonels died away, the prisoner appeared amid the square surrounded by his escort, under charge of the provost-marshal. His own corps I have said was in front, and he moved slowly along the silent ranks with downcast eyes towards the spot where his grave and coffin lay displayed. He drew near the former and cast a glance into its gloomy depth, and shuddering, turned his back upon it, muttering—'I was just be sax-and-twenty the morn. Sax-and-twenty! Oh, it's an unco thing to dee sae young! O, my father, my mither,' he groaned aloud, 'farewell to you—to auld Scotland—and a' I hae loosed sae lang and weel. It will be a sair trial to my kinsfolk in Glencunaid when they see my name on the kirk doors o' Braemar as a ne that has deed wi' disgrace on his broo.'

He was clad in his white undress-jacket and kilt, and stood bareheaded with his bonnet in his hand. He was pale and emaciated with long confinement, but his bearing

was as firm and as soldier-like as ever. His eyes seemed unusually bright, and at times a red flush crossed his otherwise deadly pale cheek. There were two aged monks from the San Ferdinando convent of Caudabria present, but the Highlander refused to hear or communicate with them; yet the honest friars were determined not to abandon him in his last hour, and, withdrawing to a little distance, they placed a crucifix against a fragment of rock, and prayed earnestly with true Catholic fervour to that all-wise Power above, before whom the soul of one they deemed a heretic was soon to appear.

There was no chaplain present with the troops; but the prisoner was attended by the venerable Dugald Mhor, who walked slowly beside him, bareheaded, with his bonnet under his arm. He read portions of the Scripture from an old dog-eared Bible, which he produced from his *sporran molloch*, and the low solemn tones in which he read could be distinctly heard by all, so very still was the place; and as the hand of the village clock approached the hour at which the soldier was to die, a deeper sadness fell upon the heart of the beholders, who, although long accustomed to all the heart-harrowing scenes of war, had never before witnessed a death in so solemn and peculiar a manner. Mackie and his attendant sung together the hymn, beginning with the words 'The hour of my departure's come,' and when it was concluded, the hand of the clock on the alcade's house wanted but five minutes of the hour. The soldier cast a hasty glance towards it, and, falling upon his knees, he covered his face with his hands and burst out into an agony of prayer, from which he was only aroused by the seven strokes of the last hour he would ever hear on earth striking from the dull-toned bell. His last moment was come! When the sound ceased, Cameron of Fassfern and his field-officers dismounted from their horses, which were led away, and the provost-marshal drew up a section of twelve soldiers opposite where the prisoner yet knelt on the turf. Many of his comrades now took their last farewell of him; and Evan Iverach, to whom he had given seven pounds, saved from his pay while prisoner at Coria, to send to his parents at Braemar, retired to his place in the ranks with tearless eyes, because Evan had a mistaken idea that to have shown signs of deep emotion would have been unmanly. But that night in his billet honest Evan wept like a woman for the loss of his comrade and friend. During the bandaging of Mackie's eyes, Fassfern took off his bonnet, and kneeling down commanded his regiment to do so likewise. As one man, the Highlanders bent their bare knees to the sod, joining, as they did so, in the solemn psalm, which Dugald and the prisoner had begun to sing. It was a sad and mournful Scottish air, one which every Scotsman present had been accustomed to hear sung in their village kirks or fathers' cottages in boyhood. It softened and subdued their hearts, carrying back their recollections to their childhood, and to years that had passed away into eternity. Many heard it chanted then for the first time since their native hills had faded from their sight, and as the strain died away through the deep and narrow vale of Banos, it found an echo in every breast.

Dugald closed his Bible, and, placing a handkerchief in the hand of the prisoner, withdrew, and, covering his wrinkled face with his bonnet, knelt down also. Now came the duty of the provost-marshal, whose unwilling detachment consisted of twelve picked men of disorderly character, on whom, as a punishment, fell the lot of slaying their comrade. With his eyes blindfolded, the unfortunate Highlander knelt down between his coffin and his grave, and, without quivering once, dropped his handkerchief.

'Section,' cried the provost-marshal, 'ready—present—fire.' The words followed each other in rapid succession, and the echoes of the death-shot were reverberated among the hills around. A shriek burst from the females of the village. Red blood was seen to spout forth from many a wound in the form of the prisoner; he sprang convulsively upward, and then fell backward dead on the damp gravel which was so soon to cover him.

All was over now—the corpse lay stretched on the ground, and the smoke of the musketry was curling around the grave which yawned beside it. Cameron sprang on his horse, and his voice was the first to break the oppressive silence. The shrill pipes sounded, and the rattling drums beat merrily in the re-echoing vale, as corps after corps marched past the spot where the body of Mackie, though breathless, lay yet bleeding, and moved by the winding pathway toward the pass of Banos, whence, by different routes, they marched to their cantonment in the villages and camps among the mountains. When all had passed away, the pioneers placed the dead man in his coffin and covered him hurriedly up; the sods were carefully deposited over, and beaten down with the shovel, and the grave of the man who had been living but ten minutes before presented now the same appearance as the resting-place of one who had been many years entombed. The weeds and the long grass waved over it!

GREGORY'S GONG.

TOLL THE SIXTH.

On the succeeding morning, the cadets awoke from the golden dreams, which sleep, from long association with the letters of recommendation, had restored, to the realities of disappointment in mind and mosquito devastation of body; that vermin being particularly fond of newly imported young British blood, imbibed through fair skins unpoluted with the horrid oil with which Blackie besmears his carcass. The mosquito-curtains of the hotel beds not being particularly free of unseemly rents caused by the rude entries and exits of the new comers, freely admitted the enemy through the breaches; which enemy, after having fairly sacked (or rather sucked) the citadel continued pertinaciously to occupy their position. Whether it was intoxication from overdrafts of new blood that made them unable to find the road out again, or that they only lay by to enjoy a stirrup-cup in the morning before their departure, which caused their prolonged visit, we cannot say; but as to the effects of their fearful probosces, after a second night's subjection to the fiery ordeal, we can truly state that when the youthful band met at breakfast they could hardly recognise each other, the whole group having the appearance of a ward of patients in an hospital for small-pox. This, however, to their buoyant spirits, only afforded scope for boisterous merriment and quizzical comparisons, as they laughed heartily at each other's transmogrifications. They had scarcely finished breakfast when a large fleet of vacant palanquins were seen coming to anchor under the windows of the hotel. Seizing up their writing-desks, &c., and making the tropic skies resound with the joyful Portsmouth shout, each tumultuously boarded his separate land-barge.

There was no task that the grave sable palanquin-bearers of Bengal dreaded more than having their sedan-boxes freighted with a crowd of newly-arrived cadets; for, tickled with the amusing novelty of their position and posture, and in their eagerness to get on— whilst the only part of their address to their upholders, understood by them, was the threatening tone in which it was expressed—the cadets, in general, paid very little attention to the necessity of keeping their persons in the centre of the box, so as to preserve equilibrium and to prevent its capsizing. Off, however, went the fleet; and what with the hailing and bawling to each other, the knocking of their feet against the end of the palanquins for the bearers to 'go a-head,' their catching hold of each other's vehicles and locking them together with their sticks, thus putting the bearers in a ridiculous and unwonted position, as if they trudged under a newly-invented double-constructed palanquin; and then the usual chorus of unearthly yelling, and groaning, and grunting of the bearers themselves, who, some hundreds in number, raised far and wide around a simoon of sand, altogether creating a scene of uproar and confusion that had no resemblance but in the tropical tornado. Money makes the mare to go in England, and certainly nothing but the same alluring commodity, which has pe-

culiar charms in the eyes of Bengalees, could have induced them to put themselves into such a fearful position to obtain it.

As Gregory took no share in these eager and noisy demonstrations, his bearers, taking advantage of his easy mood, dropped sufficiently astern to be out of the tumultuous procession. It was at that season of the year when the fine cool weather succeeds to the long, sad, sickening, steamy periodical rains. Nothing can be more delightful. The immeasurable depth of pure azure skies without a speck; the delicious, voluptuous, soft western breezes, playing gently with the fair broad banner-leaves of the plantains shading the graceful Hindoo cottages, and scarcely waving the elegant streaming tendrils of the arching bamboo overhanging the traveller's path; the horizon-reaching level of deep green rice plantation, from whose flooded roots ever and anon, like a burst of silent light, the snow-white crane sails away in its slow and dreamy flight; the deep noontide tropic hush, rendered still more impressive by the plaintive responding cooings of innumerable ring-doves from the corpses that skirt the rustic road, furnish altogether a source of luxurious dreamy enjoyment to which the dwellers in more northern climes are necessarily strangers. Gregory, reclining calmly in his palanquin, felt a new and indescribable delight arising from external nature, presented to his view under these new developments. He felt that, though under very different aspects, she has ever enchantment for her votaries. In Scotland, it was the varied prospect of bill and dale and 'rushing river'—the wild-flowered bank of a secluded burn—'the blossomed bean-field and the sloping green'—'the mossy seat' in the rural lane, or the purple couch 'among the blooming heather.' It was actual contact with Nature's charms, that there delighted her admirer. But though all these were wanting in Bengal at this sweetest season of the year, yet was the want well supplied by a mysterious solemn sublimity in earth and sky; and if the landscape forbade near approach, as in home rural scenery, it invited the spirit to a rapturous sympathy of a more ethereal and exalted description, as if the outer courts of the great temple of Nature had been passed, and God's worshipper stood in the inner sanctuary.

The sun was nearly set when the tempest-tossed fleet of palanquins, turning abruptly from the dusty highway, entered a spacious and splendid lawn, bounded on each side by woods, while on the farther extremity extended a range of magnificent barracks, whose lengthened shadows now stretched almost to the boundary at which the fleet had entered. Enjoying the shaded side of the buildings, at the cool hour of day, the cadet corps, at this time about one hundred strong, were seen crowding the balconies and windows, divested of all habiliments save a shirt and musquito trousers, volumes of smoke proceeding out of unnumbered cigar-inhaling mouths. The moment the palanquin cavalcade appeared, a shout of 'Griffins,' from the barracks, startled the lawn and groves of Baraset. Up came the main body of palanquins in front of the buildings; the bearers, overjoyed at having completed their terrible task, gave their boxes that irresistible inclination to one side which is a hint not to be misunderstood by the most ignorant novice, who, to save his being rolled out, must place himself *volens volens* on his own sure footing on terra firma. No sooner had the black multitude discharged their white cargoes, than, without a moment's delay, they shouldered their wooden conveyances and scoured off at double quick time to Calcutta, a load being removed from both body and mind, and even their departing groaning was modified by an admixture of joyous grunting at their happy deliverance.

The group of new arrivals stood, looking rather foolish, in front of the barracks, exposed to a fire of wit, through the tobacco-smoke, from the veterans above; this began to be almost too much, especially for Jerry, who was preparing to return the fire with a volley of low Irish slang, when a big fat serjeant, in full uniform, entered upon the stage.

Serjeant Bovis was a grand-looking man in his way; to

a portly figure he added a corresponding height, not a little increased by his erect military bearing; he advanced with a firm but respectful step towards the group, a good-natured lustre glistening in his eye; at a few paces distance he came, as by word of command, to the 'halt;' and first honouring the young gentlemen with the true military salute, that is, throwing away the hand, in the first place, as far as the arm will permit it to go, to bring it back to span his radiant brows with increased effect, he spoke somewhat as follows:—'Gemmen, never be after minding them there gemmen in the barracks, for how, as you see, they must have out their obstreperous laugh though there beens nothing to laugh at. I shall do myself the honour, gemmen, to be after showing you your tents there, under yonder trees, the barracks having at present more than enough, as you see.' So saying, he again went through the fascinating salutation, and then marched off majestically across the lawn, followed up by his new awkward squad, under another salvo from the heroes in the balconies, and appointed to each cadet a commodious pavilion.

This done, Jerry, as Walter Scott says, 'took the word,' and addressed Bovis. 'And now, Mr Serjeant-at-arms, will you be pleased to show us the gun-room, where we are to get our choice of fowling-pieces and all other necessaries for field-sports, honey?'

'Och,' said Bovis, 'I sees as how Major Quizzem has been at his old jokes again! The major is a very nice gemman, but he's very fond, as d'ye see, of a dish of gammon; but, howsomever, come along with me.' So saying, he led the way to the magazine, and throwing open the door, displayed a pile of muskets, bayonets, buff-belts, cartridge-boxes, &c., and said, 'There, gemmen, take your choice; and let me tell you, gemmen, better pieces never came from the honourable Company's depot; and, gemmen, after you have gone through the manual and platoon with me of a morning, I shall wink at any gemman who may be inclined to try them for a shot at a paddy-bird, and I've warrant them for bringing down, for they scatter egregiously with small-shot; but you must take care and not be after firing at the adjutant,* for that's quite contrary to law. And now, gemmen, be quick and choose away, for the drum will soon be beating for dinner, and I'm sure, after that long rumbling journey in these preposterous palmkeens, your bellies must be ready for commissariat supplies. And, one word more, gemmen, you will please to be up to-morrow morning at drumbeat, by five o'clock, when I shall have the great felicity of introducing your honours to the goose-step.'

Though this was a damper to the prospects of the sportsmen, they could scarce help laughing at the manner in which it was given; and, as there seemed nothing else for it, they were obliged to march off with their warlike accoutrements. Jerry felt inclined to promote himself at once, and seizing on a serjeant's halbert, instead of a musket, threw it across his shoulder, and shouted—

'Shoulder your pikes and march to glory,
I'm your noble commander before ye.'

Bovis, however, easily induced him to follow the good example of the rest; so they all proceeded to lodge their arms in their tents and prepare for the evening banquet.

On entering the mess-room the newly-arrived beheld the cadet corps, now decently arrayed, already seated in long receding perspective down the magnificent dining-hall, the nearest and lower end being left vacant for the Griffins. Jerry immediately seized on the vice-president's chair, and supported by his fleet-mates, right and left, they joined in the general clatter of knives, forks, and spoons, and a running fire of cork-drawing. Dinner being concluded, and the table being loaded, by way of dessert, with trays of oranges, shaddocks, pine-apples, and other tropical fruits, enough to have furnished Covent-garden market, everything continued to go on calmly and with decorum till the officer

* This bird has been so often described and alluded to by travellers, that it is scarcely necessary to repeat that it is a fearful-looking species of wizzard-like gigantic crane, with a slow, measured, and melancholy step; it frequents European residences, and, proving itself an excellent scavenger, is protected by statute laws.

in command of the corps with his staff rose and departed to their country-seats in the neighbourhood. This was the signal for the party to break up, but the old hands only waited till the officers had fairly left the room, and then rising *en masse*, shouted, 'A welcome salute to the Griffins!' which was followed up by a discharge of oranges against the lower end of the table. 'Och,' cried Jerry, starting upon his legs and on his chair, 'is it an orange-fight yer after, honeys? I am up with you for that, for I am the son of a true Orange-man.' So saying, he seized, not the orange small shot, but their enormous resemblances in shape of pumblenesses, and hurled them thundering dundering down the long table against the foe, whilst his adherents supported him with a well-directed fire of small-arms below. This manoeuvre of Jerry's so amused the senior wranglers, that they shouted, 'Well done! Pat for ever! the freedom of Baraset to the Griffins! Cease firing.' The order was instantly obeyed, and Jerry, elated with victory, or at least the honour of a drawn battle on his first field, addressed the further end of the hall: 'Paice being proclaimed, and brotherhood the order of the day, be pleased, gentlemen, to resume your sates, while I trate you to an Irish song.' A peal of approbation followed Jerry's harangue, and the whole assembly having resumed their seats, Jerry stood up and made joist and rafter dirl as he shouted or sang, 'Oh, love is the soul of a tight Irishman.' The song was loudly applauded, and Jerry's health having been drunk with all the honours, the company broke up and retired.

Jerry was just preparing to repose for the first time in his life under canvass, when a deputation from the barracks arrived at his tent inviting him to supper. This Jerry most willingly accepted, and proceeded forthwith along with the deputed members to the barracks. The corps had assembled in a long open balcony, where a table had been put together, and cold meat, wine, &c., placed thereon. Jerry was warmly welcomed and invited to take the chair. This done, and supper ended, one of the corps rose, and addressing the chair in an impressive speech, set forth to Jerry the grievances under which they groaned. They had come out to India as officers, and they were reduced to the rank of privates. He then called upon Jerry for his opinion, and best mode of obtaining redress. Jerry stood up and declared in the most decided way that 'as to submitting to be degraded to the ranks, the thing was not to be thought of for a moment; and as for redress, honeys, you must take that into your own hands and redress yourselves, and, as our great big poet says, 'Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!' Choose a leader able and willing to do the needful; and never ground your arms, my lads, till the iron yoke of the dirty musket is taken from your shoulders.

Jerry's speech was received with loud plaudits. A member of the corps rose and seconded the motion, with the addition that Mr Jerry should be installed into the office of commandant of the regiment. This was carried by acclamation. It was arranged that the corps should be under arms an hour before the usual time. A suit of full regimentals, cocked hat and feather, &c., was mustered from the cadets' trunks; one of the best horses in the stable was volunteered as the charger to have the honour of bearing General Jerry; and everything being adjusted, and a bed provided for Jerry in the barracks, all retired to take some hours' sleep before entering on the arduous duties of active service.

By four o'clock the cadet corps was under arms and drawn up in front of the barracks with fixed bayonets, when Jerry was seen, mounted on a milk-white steed, riding along the line, and with brisk wit encouraging his regiment to be true to their colours. Day had just dawned on the green lawn of Baraset, and on the embattled line, when, according to custom, Sergeant Bovis, attended by a black drummer, came in front of the barracks to beat the reveille. The sergeant was not a little surprised to find the corps already under arms. 'Gemmen,' said Bovis, laughing, 'what new joke is this? We must be done with our fooleries at present, and get ready against the arrival

of the major. Unfix bayonets!' But every bayonet remained fixed, while, instead, Jerry spoke:—'Mr Bos Bovis, you will be pleased to take yourself off, or I'll send you in a way you wont relish, honey-pot.'

'Oh! gemmen, gemmen,' sighed poor Bovis, 'you'll break my old heart with grief! Oh! gemmen, think better on it, and give up this muttiny.'

'Be off!' cried Jerry, 'or I'll drive you, and make your own drummer play the Rogue's March in your rear.'

Bovis, seeing no hope of doing any good, retired with a sad heart to report the 'melancholous muttiny' to the major, who soon after made his appearance, with his staff, on the parade, and endeavoured by expostulation to persuade the young gentlemen to return to their duty; but all his attempts were in vain, Jerry assuring him, in plain terms, that nothing but their commissions, and leave to join their regiments as officers, would induce them to lay down their dirty muskets. The major and staff therefore retired to communicate the state of affairs to government, and to await its instructions; and one of the staff galloped to Calcutta with the dispatches dire.

In the mean time, the newly-arrived cadets, who had been aroused by the bustle of the early assembling of the corps, stood at their tent-doors contemplating the scene, lost in conjecture, but especially as to the position of Jerry, so soon and suddenly promoted to the command of the regiment. But Jerry's dismissal of the sergeant, and behaviour to the major, disclosed to them the true and extraordinary state of affairs; while Gregory soliloquised thus with himself—'So there stands the promise of the Bengal army beginning to learn to command by refusing to obey. *O tempora, O mores!*'

General Jerry having placed sentinels on the outskirts of the lawn to give tidings of the approach of any armed force, made his regiment pile arms, bivouack, and breakfast on the parade, ready to fall in at a moment's notice. Two hours had scarcely elapsed when the sentinels were seen retiring at full speed upon the main body, and Jerry had just time to re-form his ranks, when a squadron of cavalry, all radiant in the morning sun, wheeled in open column from the road into the lawn, and formed line. The halt was then sounded, and the commanding officer galloped up in front of the cadet corps, and exclaimed, 'Gentlemen, I have only one command for you—ground arms; or my order to the cavalry is to charge.'

Jerry attempted to speak—'Our terms of traity'—

'I have nothing to do with you, sir,' cried the officer; 'this moment, gentlemen, ground your arms, or you know the consequences.'

As there was no time to form a solid square against cavalry, even had Jerry known such a manoeuvre, and as the cadets saw that, in line, they would be no match against horsemen, forgetting their allegiance to Jerry, they thought it best to obey the command of the stern veteran, so down with a clang went gun and bayonet, and into its scabbard went Jerry's unavailing rapier. The officer now directed the major to march off his corps to the barracks, and to keep them for the present under close arrest, while poor Jerry was ordered to fall in, on his charger, in the rear of the cavalry, and was galloped off to Calcutta at railway speed. On his arrival there he was informed that his services were no longer required. A passage to England was taken for him in the first sailing ship; and we must now take farewell for ever of Jerry as a Company's officer. It is gratifying, however, to be able to state that his reverse of fortune was attended with the best effects. He returned completely changed for the better, and truly penitent, to his father's house, and took an active and zealous share in the mercantile concern, and by his good conduct and business habits advanced the interest of the firm to its highest pitch. Nor did he forget to pay Mrs M'Cutlets the principal and interest of her debt, who declared that her 'young gentleman was a real gentleman, after a.' The last time we heard of Jerry he held the high civic dignity of Mayor of Cork. We have only to mention, in conclusion, that Mr Sneak, of Calcutta, having returned with an ample fortune to his native place, in the neighbour-

hood of that city, and brought home with him Miss Sybil Sneak, still in 'single blessedness,' Jerry renewed, under more favourable circumstances, his short-lived Indian intercourse; Miss Sneak became Lady Mayoress; the tropical evening they spent together in the East often furnished subject for merriment at their home fireside; while Jerry's father was often heard to say that his son had really made his fortune by a voyage to the East Indies.

EARLY SHOP-SHUTTING.

NORMAN, we imagine, could more forcibly illustrate the busy and transitive character of the last few years than an enumeration of the various movements that have been engaged in, ostensibly for political or social amelioration. Grievances that had lain hidden for ages, and social diseases that had quietly but not the less surely carried off their hecatombs of victims, have been placed before the eyes of men, and arraigned at the bar of opinion, in rapid and multiplied succession. The arrangements of society are still, to a large extent, based upon those old notions of feudalism and caste which are in direct antagonism to the examination of principles affecting all. The circumstances that were created by force, and which affected the most numerous and important portions of the human family, were allowed to stagnate and spread according to their original impulse, until intelligence shed its light upon those who were themselves affected. The diffusion of knowledge and the impulse given to the popular mind by a more healthy literature, have recently conduced to produce an intimate examination of what more nearly concerns ourselves than was common only a short period ago. Men looked at things in the aggregate, and proposed giant nostrums for what they esteemed a complication of giant evils; but now they are analysing the internal organisation of society, and associations of infinite variety are labouring to induce what they esteem a healthier order of things. Society seems to be in a transition state, and all transition periods are necessarily active and stirring. The impulse of change appears to be almost universally diffused, but, what to some may appear a very happy circumstance, there seems to be a want of unity of purpose amongst those who desire it. Like those philosophers who have devoted themselves to the sciences, every social reformer looks upon the particular question of his love as the most vital and important, and reckons his panacea as the only effective one for the regeneration of men.

There are several movements, however, that appear to be what Tony Lumpkin would call 'concatenations accordingly;' they seem to have necessarily emanated from one another in order to impress consistency on the whole. Of these we reckon the Sanitary, Short-hour, and Education movements. It is unnecessary to premise that people must be healthy before they can cheerfully labour; health is the source and foundation of labour, and consequently, when labour is so protracted as to destroy health, it is suicidal and destructive of the very basis upon which it rests. Health, on the other hand, is not an individual quality in its relation to man; it is dual in its character, occupying distinctive inheritances in the human economy—affecting both the mind and body. If therefore the health is impaired either by the negation of sanitary care, or in consequence of the positive exhaustion of human ability, through the medium of excessive physical exertion, then the educational movement must die of inanition.

These three philanthropical ideas—Health, Leisure, and Education, are intimately connected—and they are fortunately now occupying a large amount of attention. Dr Southwood Smith, of London, has rendered himself famous, through his writings and practical exertions to ameliorate the health of the poorer and more crowded localities in cities; educational institutions are springing into life and vigour in every little village in England and Scotland; and the short-time movement is likely soon to displace every other in connexion with labour. Legislative enactments appear to us, however, unfit to accomplish the good likely to result from a diminution of the hours of

labour. Mutual agreement and kindly concession, by producing satisfactory feelings in the breasts of employers and employed, would far more effectively conduce to the elevation of the people than the niggard results that must ever flow from what one class must esteem as a triumph, the other as a compulsory defeat. In all disputes that are left to the arbitration of force, either active or implied, there is an amount of irritation engendered that renders the defeated party not an auxiliary but an enemy; consequently all questions affecting the social or moral condition of the people are best settled and promoted by the law of mutual kindness.

A mere personal inspection of the labouring population of this country will not give an adequate idea of the effects of their professions upon individuals generally. The shopman in the shop is active, smiling, and obliging; the workman at his bench is attentive and ingenious; everything looks lively and harmoniously happy in either situation; but when statistical data are produced, it is found that the scale of life is comparatively low in certain occupations, and the scale of intelligence as unsatisfactory in others.* It is from looking into the constitution of professions that men are becoming alive to the importance of preserving the healthful constitution of man, and consequently we have 'short-time' confederacies both in England and Scotland.

The Short-time Movement possesses two distinct characteristics, and is carried on under two distinct phases. One relates to actual production, the other simply to transmission. The operative portion of the short-time advocates, under the Lancashire Committee and Lord Ashley, say to society, You demand too much from our physical exertions, and you must allow us to abridge the hours of toil that we may have leisure to examine and know what and whence we are. The shopmen, who are the media of communication between the producer and consumer, state what they esteem their grievances in a very simple manner. They declare themselves to be denied the privilege of mental cultivation and healthful recreation upon caprice; for the labour of their protracted hours they warrant themselves to perform more spiritedly and effectively, in infinitely shorter time, if the public please to try them. The operative asks society to forego some of the productive power for the sake of his elevation, the shopman solicits it to render timeous purchase-making a matter of convenience. In all the large towns of England and Scotland, there are societies of shopmen established for the purpose of operating upon the public mind towards that end, and the Metropolitan Drapers' Association has collected a portion of a fund of £5000 for the purpose of distributing information relative to this question. The reasons adduced in favour of the appeal, for it cannot be called an agitation, are highly honourable to the young men, and are certainly worthy of serious attention. They ask for that leisure necessary to the exercise and cultivation of the intellect, and Dr Franklin would at once, we imagine, have termed their arguments in its favour economical. They could accomplish the weary, protracted, hanging-on labour they now perform with far more spirit, and in a materially shorter period than they now do, if those whose convenience they now wait upon would only determine to make purchases within certain stated hours. If the hours which are dissipated in that uncertainty which must ever affect the person who waits upon a customer, on whose side are all the advantages of potentiality—if those hours could be applied to the certain advantage of the shopman, who wastes precious time for a contingency—then surely it augurs a want of economy to keep him amongst bales and rolls longer than is necessary. There has been a certain improvement in the condition of various classes of shopmen within a comparatively short time, but as yet it has only reached a few, and if not now vigorously pushed upon the notice of the tardy and unwilling, matters will

* For information on this point, we refer the reader to the articles on Habitations, Light, Structure, and Internal Economy of Dwellings, Ventilation, &c., in Nos. 33, 35, 40, 47, and to those on Bazaar Societies in Nos. 48 and 49 of the INSTRUCTOR.

soon return to their former state. Shopmen now form a numerous and consequently important portion of the community, and their efforts to elevate themselves are highly commendable and gratifying, as their appeals for the shortening of the hours of labour proceed from a wish to extend their opportunities for mental culture, and not from a querulous arbitrary spirit of mere inordinate change.

In the movement now going on, however, and best understood by the term 'early shop-shutting,' we trace the remains of those antagonistic principles which have been so long the bane of society. The movement has hitherto been confined solely to the employed, as if all the advantages to be obtained by a change were to be conferred on them. The question has always been argued on the principle, that ere a limitation of the hours of labour can be gained it must be demonstrated to the shopkeeper, or employer, be he what he may, that no loss will accrue from a concession of the request, while not one word has been said to show that it is as necessary for the one party as it is for the other. Under what system has the great majority of those who are now heads of establishments, or shopkeepers, been trained, or from what class have they sprung? The time has fortunately gone by when it was reckoned a badge of disgrace for any one who had attained influence or wealth to be told that he was at one time a shopman or a mechanic; and it is unquestionable that the more enterprising and intelligent of those who are now employers have risen from the ranks of the employed. Such being the case, where is the proof that all who have acquired means to commence business for themselves, have at the same time acquired an education superior to their less fortunate brethren, or that they are now in a position where less relaxation is required. General principles or sweeping condemnation would be as inapplicable and unfair here as in other cases; but we unhesitatingly aver that a shortening of the present hours of labour is as necessary for the one party as for the other, either for the purposes of mental improvement or relaxation, and we believe as ardently desired. Of course we do not include here those who by perseverance and success in business have been placed in such circumstances as to have their time at their own disposal; but this is not the class who show disinclination to a change. The difficulty rests on the shoulders of the rising and struggling merchant, who is at the mercy of an unthinking public, and who has to contend with avaricious or underselling neighbours. The latter class, we hope, is only a small one, but, small as it may be, till the public see their duty in the matter, a few individuals of this stamp in each of our towns are sufficient to neutralise the best intentions or the most energetic measures. The *onus* has too long been thrown on those in business, and the experiment has signally failed, and we venture to predict will never be successfully carried out till assistance is obtained from the proper quarter. We have already hinted that legislative enactment on such a question is not to be desired, nor is it at all requisite. Public opinion is allowed to be all-powerful. Let the societies already formed for the shortening of the hours of labour call in the aid of the numerous class of employers favourable to their views, and put their shoulders to the wheel of this mighty engine. This done, the struggle will be a short one, all that is necessary in the compact being a resolution that no purchase shall be made after a reasonable fixed hour, nor encouragement given to those who stand in the way of an equitable arrangement for the benefit of overworked humanity. We refrain from touching on the occupations where the present system presses most grievously, merely hinting that shopkeepers as a class have most to complain of. Much, but very little to the purpose, has been said as to the inconvenience which early shop-shutting would occasion. We cannot see how the purchase of a loaf, a coat, a hat, a book, a gown-piece, a ribbon, or any other article of merchandise, cannot be effected as well at seven o'clock as at ten; nor have we been able to discover how the agreeable operation of pill-swallowing should always be performed a couple of hours after every other business is suspended. We do not suppose that apothecaries, more than

other individuals, will fly the city in which they reside the moment their shutters are put on, nor have we the slightest fear of much inconvenience or suffering on this point, any more from seven to eleven in the evening than what is now experienced during the midnight hours.

A great deal, still less to the point, has been spoken and written by those who affect a morbid dread of the use which would be made by young men of the additional leisure which would be given them. Before answering such alarmists, we think it but fair to call for their proof to show that the man who works ten hours a-day is a worse subject, than he who labours sixteen; or how they expect to educate or elevate the mind encased in that toil-worm, sickly frame, the possessor of which has no time to think of anything else than how he may be stimulated for the next sixteen or eighteen hours' labour. While on this point, we have much pleasure in recording the following gratifying proof of the desire manifested by young men to reach a higher standard of intellectuality, from an address on the 'Right Use of Leisure,' delivered by Mr George Boole (one of the vice-presidents) to the members of the Lincoln Early Closing Association: 'I have spoken of the advantages of leisure and opportunity for improvement, as of a right to which you were entitled. I must now remind you that every right involves a responsibility. The greater our freedom from external restrictions, the more do we become the rightful subjects of the moral law within us. The less our accountability to man, the greater our accountability to a higher power. Such a thing as irresponsible right has no existence in this world. Even in the formation of opinion, which is of all things the freest from human control, and for which something like irresponsible right has been claimed, we are deeply answerable for the use we make of our reason, our means of information, and our various opportunities of arriving at a correct judgment. It is true, that so long as we observe the established rules of society, we are not to be called upon before any human court to answer for the application of our leisure; but so much the more are we bound by a higher than human law to redeem to the full our opportunities. The application of this general truth to the circumstances of your present position is obvious. A limited portion of leisure in the evening of each day is allotted to you, and it is incumbent upon you to consider how you may best employ it.'

If the employment of this leisure by the young men is in accordance with the suggestions of those who possess experience and their confidence, as Mr Boole of the Lincoln Association apparently does, they must certainly gain the attention of their employers and the public; intrinsic merit seldom remains long denied its due consideration, for it is evident that while cultivating and elevating themselves individually, they are raising up their profession. The inculcation of expansive and self-sacrificing principles is ever a grateful work, and forms no unimportant feature in the teachings of divine religion; we have, therefore, much pleasure in concluding our notice of the short-time movement with the closing remarks addressed to the young men of Lincoln. They apply to all, and have relation to every man, no matter what station he occupies, or how simple are his duties: 'The last subject to which I am desirous of directing your attention, as to a means of self-improvement, is that of philanthropic exertion for the good of others. I allude here more particularly to the efforts which you may be able to make for the benefit of those whose social position is inferior to your own. It is my deliberate conviction, founded on long and anxious consideration of the subject, that not only might great positive good be effected by an association of earnest young men working together under judicious arrangements for this common end, but that its reflected advantages would overpay the toil of effort, and more than indemnify the cost of personal sacrifice. And how wide a field is open before you! It would be unjust to pass over unnoticed the shining examples of virtue that are found among the poor and indigent. There are dwellings so consecrated by patience, by self-denial, by filial piety, that it is not in the power of any physical deprivation to render them otherwise than happy. But sometimes, in

close contiguity with these, what a deep contrast of guilt and woe! On the darker features of the prospect we would not dwell; and that they are less prominent here than in large cities we would with gratitude acknowledge; but we cannot shut our eyes to their existence. We cannot put out of sight that improvidence that never looks beyond the present hour—that insensibility that deadens the heart to the claims of duty and affection—or that recklessness which, in the pursuit of some short-lived gratification, sets all regard for consequences aside. Evils such as these, although they may present themselves in any class of society, and under every variety of circumstances, are undoubtedly fostered by that ignorance to which the condition of poverty is most exposed; and of which it has been truly said, that it is the night of the spirit, and a night without moon and without stars. It is to associated efforts for its removal, and for the raising of the physical condition of its subjects, that philanthropy must henceforth direct her regards. And is not such an object great? Are not such efforts personally elevating and ennobling? Would that some part of the youthful energy of this present assembly might thus expend itself in labours of benevolence! Would that we could all feel the deep weight and truth of the divine sentiment, that 'No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself!'

MADMOISELLE RACHEL.

TWENTY or twenty-one years ago, in one of the dirtiest, dampest, and most obscure streets of Paris, a Jewish woman brought into the world a feeble and sickly girl, who seemed at her birth to have not more than a moment to live. Brothers and sisters surrounded the little Rachel, and hailed her first cry with joy. But, alas! this joy quickly disappeared; for poverty in its worst form oppressed the Jewish family: sometimes they abode in a humid cellar, through the sides of which the water filtered; sometimes in a miserable hut, open to the four winds, freezing in December, scorching in August; daily wants, never satisfied, overcame them; they lived in an atmosphere of privation, of humiliation, and of hourly suzerainty; their clothes and their furniture were wretched, their food, scanty as it was, was of the coarsest and most unwholesome description. Such permanent misery soon hollows the cheeks, wrinkles the forehead, sours the temper, destroys all sweetness of tone in the voice, all sparkle even in the youthful eyes, and all energy in the heart. The life which the little Rachel led bowed her to the earth. One of the shifts of the family of Rachel was this: the youngest born was placed in a little carriage, and the elder brothers or sisters drew it through the streets, the quays, and the boulevards, singing ill-remembered songs, and with tears in their eyes, empty stomachs, and freezing bodies, asked from the crowd that passed the moving cradle something to enable them to provide for their most pressing wants. Rachel, whom misfortune could neither vitiate nor deform, grew apace; although thin, her form was graceful; her fine eyes either sparkled with gratitude or naive pleasure, or with indignation at insult. Her father's name was Felix, and at this time he and his family were obliged to sing and play on divers musical instruments in the cafés and in the streets. An auditory was never wanting to the little singer and actress; and in the neighbourhood of the Gar. St Martin the water-carriers, the commissioners, the wandering traffickers of the boulevard, and all the idle strollers, with whom Rachel was a general favourite, always styled her the 'little George,' thus comparing her to the greatest female French tragedienne then living.

One day she purchased from a little boy, for the large sum of four pence, the famous 'Lamentation of the Wandering Jew,' and carried it into the room in which her brothers and sisters were assembled; they all snatched at the song, and began learning and repeating parts without their father or mother paying any attention to them; but when Rachel in her turn began to sing, or rather to declaim, all listened with increasing interest to a recital which soon became a drama; the family fancied they had been present at a

scenic representation, in proof of which the children many times begged their sister not to sing, but to perform, the history of the wandering Jew.

One day in the month of January, when the sky was grey, and a cold and icy wind was hardening the snow on the earth, Rachel, frozen and nearly in tears, was singing in the street, when Choron, the founder of an academy for sacred music, whose elevated mind had viewed the art in its most sublime aspect, happened to pass. The sound of a harp, followed by singing so pure, so clear, so well accented, fell upon his ear, that he first slackened his pace, and then stopped. When the song finished, Rachel came round the audience to collect a few pence; but instead of giving her a trifle, Choron took the little musician by the hand, and said, 'My child, what professor has taught you that excellent method of singing?' The girl, proud of the question, smiled; the timidity of a girl of seven years of age coloured her naturally pale face, whilst she replied that no one had ever taught her. The prolonged shivering that accompanied this answer, and the expression of a face that the cold contracted but could not render ugly, touched with pity the kind Choron, who became every instant more interested in the little prodigy. 'You are very cold,' said he, with that accent which consoles because it inspires confidence; 'well, then, follow me, and I will give you food and clothing.' The crowd, charmed with the good fortune of their little favourite, clapped their hands and thanked Choron for his goodness, who, leading Rachel by the hand, went towards the street in which his academy was established, and from whence so many excellent masters of the art have issued. When Choron became acquainted with the position of Rachel, he sent for her parents, and asked their permission to provide for and educate the little girl. This request was cheerfully granted; and now commenced a life of happiness for poor Rachel. Parental care and a good education were bestowed on her, together with the best musical instruction; and she laboured with an arduous worthy of the kindness. Her voice became developed, and her good taste gave to it freshness and expression. Choron, enchanted with the progress and good qualities of his pupil, frequently said to his friends and scholars, 'Have patience, let me work, and my poor Jewess will one day do me honour.' He did not doubt that a brilliant career was marked for his favourite pupil, but his own was nearly terminated. Death struck him, new trials were reserved for Rachel, and she then returned to her parents. Perhaps it was well that she who was hereafter to paint so many passions and feelings of the human mind should suffer some of them herself. At the time when she was deprived of her kind benefactor, Rachel was no longer a child, but a young and charming woman, and she now doubly felt the privations to which she had been habituated in her infancy; and the question had yet to be decided, what she should do, and what she should become.

One day, on account of rain, the family being unable to go forth, as had been intended, Rachel went to one of their neighbours, and asked him if he could lend her some book with which she might amuse herself. The old clothes merchant gave her the first volume of 'Racine,' at the same time saying that she would not be at all amused by the stupidities in it. Rachel took the book, and happening to alight on the tragedy of 'Andromache,' she instinctively admired the beautiful poetry. As she read on, she felt her understanding suddenly opened and her mind enlarged; and without thinking she ceased reading, and began to recite aloud the verses Racine has put in the mouth of the daughter of Hélène. Rachel went no further; she ceased, her head bent, reflecting and admiring the new world that she had discovered. When she looked up her eyes were filled with tears, but her cheek glowed with the enthusiasm that Racine had just awoke within her. Rising from her seat, she exclaimed with a trembling yet sonorous voice, 'Mother, I know the career that I must follow; I will perform tragedy; I will be an actress; the profession is not so difficult as it is thought to be.'

Rachel is now the greatest tragedienne that has ever appeared on the French stage; she has revived the classic

works of Corneille and Racine, who interested no more since the death of Talma. Wherever she performs, crowds hasten to her representations; princes have invited her to their palaces; the Emperor of Russia has offered her immense sums to attract her to his distant theatre; and the Queen of England, charmed with the talent displayed by the young actress, presented her with a bracelet, on which are these words in diamonds, 'Victoria to Rachel.'

M'KENNEY'S INDIAN SCENES AND SKETCHES.*

EVERYTHING relating to the North American Indian tribes now bears a melancholy interest—their rapid declension in numbers, their prospective extinction, and their debasement from their native freedom and nobility, investing them with the strongest claims to a sympathy not unmingled with something like respect. In the 'Memoirs' before us are contained a series of indictments against the United States government, in reference to their conduct towards the Indians, which are procreant with so much moral baseness, and cowardly, disgusting assumptions through brute force, that we could hardly credit them upon evidence less manly and explicit than that of Colonel M'Kenney. Treaties solemnly ratified and lightly broken, intrigue, falsehood, internal antagonism created through government agency, bribery, robbery, and force, seem to have been the chief elements of the government at Washington's policy towards the original possessors of the boundless continent, in which they are now treated as aliens and intruders. It is cheering to find individuals, however, who rescue our race from utter contempt by their sympathetic attachment to, and unwearied interest in, the expatriated red man. Of these is Colonel M'Kenney, who, from his long connexion with Indian affairs, is well qualified to estimate the qualities and capabilities of the Indians.

His 'Memoirs' open with personal details, and allusions to his connexion with the various administrations at Washington, which possess little interest save for his countrymen. He was appointed chief of bureau for Indian affairs in 1824, and in 1827 undertook a journey to the north-west, in order to induce the aborigines to emigrate beyond the Mississippi. We pass over his voyage to La Ford du Lac Superior, and the preliminary details of sending messengers to summon the tribes to a 'talk.' As Colonel M'Kenney proceeded to the place of meeting, he prescribed for a fine young squaw who was seriously affected with pleurisy, over whom a 'medicine man' was beating his drum and screaming. We give the sequel to the incident in his own words: 'The Indians were now pouring in—their canoes looking like fleets—some by the way of Winnebago lake, others by that of the Fox river below. I was seated in my tent-door observing these little fleets, and watching the movements of the Indians as they landed; the squaws laborious and busy, plying their paddles to reach the shore of their destination, and then foremost in the work of unloading, and conveying their poor stores and lodge-poles, and bark to cover them, their kettles, &c., to the beach—when they would take the canoe by one or more of the cross-bars, and walk with it out of the water to some secure place, where they would turn it bottom upwards, and then return for the materials for their lodges, convey them to some spot which their quick glancing eye would light upon, and then begin and end the process of putting up their place of repose during the continuance of the treaty; their lords, meantime, looking on with but seeming little concern; or, with blankets about their hips, standing or sitting, indulging in the luxury of the calmet. It was in the midst of all this that I saw a canoe coming up the river, worked by two men, the woman and two girls doing nothing. This was so new a circumstance, as to call my attention from the general movements to this

single arrival. I thought there must be a sprinkling of civilisation there; and that the men had been led by it to regard the women with a more appropriate tenderness. As soon as the canoe had approached the shore near enough for the party to step out, the men, I remarked, carried out this principle of tender regard for the sex, and were the first to step into the water, and the first to commence the process of unloading; in a word, the woman and the girls were but lookers on. All the articles, with the canoe, being disposed of, I saw the elder man stoop down and pick up a white fish of uncommon size; when he stepped forward, followed in Indian file by the rest, including some half dozen dogs. He wound round the little bluff upon which my tent was pitched, and when I saw him again rising to nearly a level with me, his eyes were in motion, looking in every direction, till presently they fell on me, when he made a short angle, followed still by his family, walked up to me, and stooping, laid the fish at my feet—then, gracefully rising, he turned and walked away to the place where his canoe and his effects had been placed, and commenced putting up his lodge. This was the family from the island, and the woman was the same I had cured; the man was her husband, and the young man and girls were her children. This offering of the white fish was an INDIAN'S GRATITUDE! Noble trait! Where this feeling has place, in no matter what bosom, whether it be red, or white, or black, all beside is apt to be right. Yes, and there is no doubt but if this poor Indian had possessed silver and gold, these richer offerings would have been as freely made, and in the same way. This was another proof, further confirming my previously conceived belief, that this noble race was never intended by their Maker to be trodden down and persecuted, after the manner in which this work of extermination has been carried on by our race.'

The meeting of civilised and savage men to negotiate, under circumstances of mutual suspicion, is described with much vigour by our author, and strikingly illustrates the evil effects of a brute force policy. After the 'talk' had ended, and the parties were separating, screams were heard, and, on proceeding to investigate their cause, it was found that a brave had stabbed a woman in both arms, and would have killed her but for the interference of an American officer. On the case being reported to Governor Case, the head of the United States' delegation, he determined to punish the offender, and summoned the Indians to witness the execution of justice. They assembled to the number of 800, and, says Colonel M'Kenney, 'never before had I witnessed in Indians a feeling so intense. Every eye of chief, half-chief, brave, and squaw, ay, and of every child, and it seemed to me of every dog also, was beaming with concentrated lustre, and every eye was upon us. They had all heard of the assault upon the woman, but to a man justified it—alleging that a woman was nobody when the power and freedom of the man were attempted to be interfered with; and that the life of any woman would be no more than a just forfeit for such intermeddling. The squaws entertained different notions, and were deeply interested, personally, in the scene before them, not one of them knowing anything farther than that some punishment was to be inflicted on the man for his conduct. The offender stood unmoved. Not a particle of interest did he seem to take in what was to befall him. If he had been there alone, listening to the rustling leaves, and the moaning of the winds, and looking upon the woods, the sky, the river, and the lake, he could not have been more unmoved. He was dressed in his best. Moccasins, ornamented, were on his feet; his leggins were of scarlet cloth, fringed and decorated besides with bits of fur, foxes' tails, and rattles. A good blanket was about his waist; his ears were ornamented with silver rings, his arms with bracelets, his face with paint, and his hair sprinkled with vermillion.' The governor explains to the natives his intention of 'making a woman' of the culprit, at which the chiefs and braves are highly indignant; the punishment was inflicted, however, in the following manner: 'Meantime, a voyager had procured of an old squaw her petticoat, stiff with the ac-

* Memoirs, Official and Personal; with Sketches of Travels among the Northern and Southern Indians; embracing a War Expedition, and Descriptions of Scenes along the Western Borders. By THOMAS L. M'KENNEY, late Chief of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, &c. New York: Paine & Burgess.

accumulated grease and dirt of many years. As he ascended the mound with this relic, another mutter of vengeance was heard from the men, whose faces were black with rage; but it was literally drowned amidst the acclamations that broke, at this moment, from the squaws. Now they saw, for the first time, new light and new hope breaking in upon their destiny. Our burdens, they seemed to say, will be lighter, our rights more respected, our security more secure. There stood the voyager, holding the petticoat. The sight of both was far more obnoxious to the culprit, than would have been the executioner, armed with his axe. But still he was unmoved. Not a muscle stirred. Around his waist was a belt, with a knife in it, such as butchers use. Taking hold of the handle, I drew it from its scabbard, thrust the blade into a crack in the flag-staff, and broke it off at the handle; then putting the handle in the culprit's hand, I raised it well and high up, and said, 'No man who employs his knife as this man employs his, has a right to carry one. Henceforth, this shall be the only knife he shall ever use. Woman, wherever she is, should be protected by man, not murdered. She is man's best friend. The Great Spirit gave her to man to be one with him, and to bless him; and man, whether red or white, should love her, and make her happy.' Then turning to the voyager, I told him to strip off his leggings and his ornaments. It was done, when the old petticoat was put on him. Being thus arrayed, two voyagers, each putting a hand upon his shoulders, ran him down the mound, amidst a storm of indignation from the men, mingled with every variety of gladsome utterance by the squaws; when, letting him go, he continued his trot, alone, to a lodge near by, rushed into it, and fell upon his face. An interpreter followed him, and reported his condition, and what he said. His first words, as he lay on his face, were—'I wish they had killed me. I went up the mound to be shot. I thought I was taken there to be shot. I'd rather be dead. I am no longer a brave; I'm a woman!' Now this mode of punishment was intended to produce moral results, and to elevate the condition of women, among the Indians. It was mild in its physical effects, but more terrible than death in its action and consequences upon the offender. Henceforth, and as long as I continued to hear of this 'brave,' he had not been admitted among his former associates, but was pushed aside as having lost the characteristics of his sex, and doomed to the performance of woman's labour, in all the drudgery to which she is subject, as well of the lodge, as of all other menial things.

The Indians are remarkably superstitious, and as attentive to omens as were the Romans in the days of the bard of Mantua, or the great Emperor of all the Russias to-day. Colonel McKenney, attended by a party of redskins, was proceeding to investigate the circumstances attending a murder which had been perpetrated on two white men by Winnebagoes at Prairie du Chien, when his further progress was for a time stopped by the following incident: 'A party of our Indians who were strolling about, had captured a rattle-snake, and found a fine bear in a trap. I had been in trouble with this part of our force, and feared we should lose it. Matters of fact with the civilised and enlightened, are made of no more stubborn materials, and have no more effect on the white man, and sometimes, indeed, not so much, as has superstition on the untutored Indian, in forming his purpose, and fixing his resolves. It was about this time that the heavens presented a remarkable phenomenon, in a belt of pure white, which crossed them from horizon to horizon. Its direction was across the line of our movements. This, the Indians, after consultation, had interpreted into a bad omen, and looked upon it as a barrier put across their path by the Great Spirit, in which they read his order, forbidding them to pass. It was in vain that I attempted to reason with them on the subject. There was the line of light, and they had seen it; its direction lay across the path of our movements, and that was clear; and what else could it mean, but a command to stop, and go no further? They augured evil results, also, upon those who should be so rash as to disregard this celestial omen. But when the

party that had taken the rattle-snake and bear came in, all this reasoning, and all these conclusions, fell to pieces, like the diamond lustre of the ice-fringed forest, when the sun pours upon it his light and heat. They were looked upon as messengers that had been sent from the land of souls, revoking the order of the Great Spirit, as read in the belt of white; and, as by this time the white belt had become well nigh blended with the ethereal, it was found to be no difficult matter to believe that the command was revoked, and permission granted them to proceed. The ceremony of taking the snake and the bear, under these circumstances, was as follows: he who had first discovered the snake, made the usual signal that he had found one. This secured it as his property; when he addressed it thus: 'You are welcome, friend, from the spirit-land. We were in trouble; our friends there knew it. The Great Spirit knew it. You are come to bring us rest. We know what your message is. Take this offering of tobacco;'—taking a pinch of fragments from his pouch, and rubbing them to powder between his finger and thumb, he sprinkled it on the snake's head—it will make you feel strong after your long journey.' Then reaching well down towards the tail, he ran his finger and thumb up the back of the snake, till they reached the neck, when, with a quick compression, he rose with the snake well secured, and giving it a jerk, broke every vertebrae in the process. The head was instantly opened, the fangs carefully taken out, the skin taken off, and the body being quickly cut up into small pieces, was distributed to the Indians for their medicine-bags—thus furnishing a new antidote against evil agencies, should any happen, during the remainder of their march. The skin of the snake was seen in a few minutes after his capture, fastened by a root of the red cedar, called watsap, to a lock of the captor's hair, the tail reaching down his back, and nearly to the ground. This was a proud trophy. While this snake capture, and what followed it, was going on, the bear was being disposed of. He who had made the discovery of the entrapped Bruin, set up his claim, in like manner, by announcing more formally his discovery of the prize. The bear was also addressed in terms of congratulation, in which he was told that his visit was one of great interest. He was questioned as to the condition of the departed whose spirits he had left upon this his errand of love, and then told that he would soon have the pleasure of going back to them with messages; that if the manner of sending him there should be harsh, he must blame the white man for it, since it was at his call they had left their squaws and papooses to come into that country, &c., &c.; so calling to him a couple of his friends, he gave the order to fire, at the same time pulling the trigger of his own rifle, when Bruin, receiving three balls, fell and died. He was soon released from the trap, skinned, quartered, cut up, and over the fires, in kettles, simmering away, preparatory to a feast, in which all joined. The obstacle to their march being now so clearly removed, and by the agency of friends from the spirit-land, and the Great Spirit himself, they announced their readiness to march on.

Arrived at the place where the deed was perpetrated, the following example of Indian outrage is detailed: 'I rode to the scene of the recent murders, attended by my companions, including Ben, who manifested great anxiety to see the place where the Indian had actually carried out upon others those plans of destruction which he had so often anticipated would be made personal to himself. The scene of these butcheries is distant from the village, in an easterly direction, about three miles. I received the whole story from the widow of one of the murdered men, Gagnier by name, who was, at the time, proprietor of the loghouse in which he was killed. Gagnier was a half-breed, his mother having been Indian and his father French. The door of this one-storey log tenement fronts east, and a window opposite, of course, west. A large tree grows near its south-western corner. Gagnier was sitting on a chest, on the left of the door. At the window, his wife was washing clothes. On her left was the bed, in which a child, eleven months old, was sleeping. On her right, and a little back of her, sat a dia-

charged soldier, named Liepcap; and this was the situation of the family, when Wan-nig-sooth-kau, the Red-Bird—We-kau, or the Sun—and a third Indian, entered. Visits of Indians being common, no particular attention was paid to them. They were, however, received with the usual civility, and asked if they would have something to eat. They said, yes, and would like some fish and milk. Gagnier had, meantime, seen something peculiar in the looks and movements of these Indians, as is supposed, which led him to reach up, and take from brackets just over his head, his rifle, which, as Mrs G. turned to get the fish and milk, she saw laying across Gagnier's lap. At the moment she heard the click caused by the cocking of the Red-Bird's rifle, which was instantly followed by its discharge. She looked, and saw her husband was shot. At the same moment, the third Indian shot old Liepcap, when Mrs G. seeing We-kau, who had lingered about the door, about to rush in, she met him, made fight, and wrested from him his rifle. He ran out, she pursuing him, employing all her energies to cock the rifle and shoot him, but, by some mysterious cause, was rendered powerless—'feeling,' as she expressed it, 'like one in a dream, trying to call, or to run, but without the ability to do either.' To save himself, We-kau kept running round the big tree at the corner of the house, well knowing if he should put off in a line, she would have better aim, and be more likely to kill him. After a few turns round the tree, and finding she had no power over the rifle, she turned short about, and made for the village, bearing the rifle with her, to give the alarm; which, being given, she returned, followed by a posse of armed men, and found her infant, which she had left covered up in the bed, on the floor, scalped, and its neck cut just below the occiput, to the bone. This was the work of We-kau, who, being intent on having a scalp—the other two having secured theirs—there being no other subject, took one from the head of the child. The knife, from the examination made of the head, was applied in front of the crown, and brought round by the right ear, and far down behind, and up again on the other side, the object seeming to be, to get as much hair as he could. In the turn of the knife, at the back of the head, the deep cut was given, which found its way to the bone. The child, when I saw it, was comfortable, and I believe it recovered—but the sight of a rifle, even at that tender age, when one might suppose it could not distinguish between a rifle and anything else, would terrify it almost into fits. Young as it was, it must, from its place in the bed, have seen a rifle, in connexion with what it was made itself so immediately after to suffer. I made the mother presents for herself and child.'

The means adopted to dispossess the Indians of their territories, according to our author, were most disgraceful, though cloaked and sanctioned by a *civilised* government. The white man's plea for these immoralities has always been the impossibility of civilising the Indian. We should like the following anomaly explained upon the unimprovable principle: 'Ti-esh-ka, an Indian, by his extraordinary natural endowments, had surrounded himself with a farm, well fenced in and well stocked. Besides his success as a farmer, he was an artist, and worked in iron and silver. His character for talents, and exemplary conduct, had combined to give him great influence. He was, in all respects, a noble specimen of man; one of whom many in civilised life might have learned, and might yet learn, virtues which are rarely excelled among the civilised. Breakfasted with this noble Indian; and, in token of my high respect for his character, left him and his family a few evidences of my regards.'

Colonel McKenney found that the Indians still remembered many incidents regarding the celebrated Chief Tecumthé, who fell on the British side in the battle of the Thames in Canada. The following is a curious method of reckoning amongst the Indians, as a sequel to which we introduce an anecdote of the daring chief: 'Both nations, the Chickasaws and Choctaws, are all agog for a ball-play that was to come off on the 17th, and fears were expressed, lest this exciting occasion might prevent them from

responding, as generally as they otherwise would, to my call. I saw a chief take from his pouch a bundle of reeds, about an inch long, very carefully and compactly tied together, draw one out, and throw it away. I asked what that meant, and received for answer, 'He is counting the time.' Each of the reeds tied up in that bundle counted a day; every morning, one was thrown away, and so continued, until the day arrived for which the reckoning had been made, and on which the duty or ceremony was to be observed, to which the reckoning referred. I asked to look at the bundles; and, on counting the remaining reeds, found the last would bring the 17th of the month, the day of the great ball-play, and to mark which, these reeds had been originally prepared. The same plan is observed to mark any future event; not the day only, but any portion of the day, is noted with the same precision, and even any given hour. It was by this mode the celebrated Tecumthé had fixed on a day for a general rising of the Indians from the lakes to Florida; and it was to secure their co-operation in this design that he left Detroit, and travelled all the way to Florida. The sticks he distributed on that occasion, being painted red, secured for those who agreed to co-operate with him, the title of 'Red-sticks.' A remarkable instance of the boldness and promptness of this chief occurred when he was engaged on this mission of combining the power of those Indians, at Tuckabatchee, then in the Creek nation. He had been south as far as Florida, and was on his return to Detroit, when he sought to enlist in his plan the Creek Indians. The chief of the Tuckabatchees was the 'Big Warrior'; so, of course, his visit was made direct to him. Like all Indian movements, Tecumthé conducted this great one with a corresponding caution—he asked the Big Warrior to go with him into the upper room, or loft, of his loghouse. When seated, Tecumthé eyed him with great keenness, for a while, in silence; then, taking from under his dress a tomahawk and a bundle of red sticks, asked if he was a brave. The Big Warrior, of course, said he was; when Tecumthé revealed his plan, telling him he had been sent on this errand by the Great Spirit, and cautioning him, meanwhile, not to let any white man know anything about it, but to tell such as might inquire what he was doing there, that he counselled them to attend to their crops, to be industrious, and sober, and live in peace. He then presented him with the tomahawk and the bundle of sticks, telling him, in substance, with a look of lightning, that he was a coward, and did not mean to do what he had promised; that he (Tecumthé) should leave Tuckabatchee forthwith for Detroit; and that he might know the Great Spirit had sent him, he would, on his arrival, stamp upon the ground, and shake down every house in Tuckabatchee. This remarkable announcement was soon noised abroad among the Indians of the village, who began making up the time, with great care, at which Tecumthé would arrive at Detroit. A certain day was fixed upon, when, sure enough, on its arrival, a rumbling was heard, and the shaking of the ground was felt, and the log tenements of the Indians began to totter and fall, and all hands were satisfied, not that Tecumthé had reached Detroit only, but that he had been sent on the mission he had announced, by the Great Spirit. The shaking of the ground and the demolition of the log cabins of the Indians at Tuckabatchee, were not, however, produced by the stamping of Tecumthé's foot, but by the earthquake which, singularly enough, happened on that very day at New Madrid.'

This colonel's mission extended over the western country of the United States, and he was also instructed to visit the Choctaws and Chickasaws in the south, that he might persuade them to strike their lodges and kindle their council fires west of the Mississippi.

Leaving the humiliating details of that political baseness, the effects of which the colonel strove to mitigate, and which, if possessed of power, he would have averted altogether, we return with him to Washington, where, after being subjected to much annoyance, by the paltry-minded officials who entertained views inimical to his own concerning the duties of the United States government to

the Indians, he was finally dismissed from office by President Jackson in 1830.

The concluding chapters of Colonel McKenney's book are filled with speculations on the origin and immigration of the Indian tribes; together with historical notices of their kindness to the early white settlers. After analysing the policy of the white men and the character of the aborigines, he says: 'Nor did the settlers seem to know that their very presence, under the circumstances, was enough to set all the machinery of this peculiar and indomitable character in motion, and keep it so. The Indian eyed the white man with distrust and jealousy—but when to this was super-added the wrongs which history has recorded as having been inflicted on his race, it ceases to be matter of surprise that the two powers should, in their manifestations, have produced just such results as have actually happened. I do not charge upon the early settlers of this country any premeditated design upon the lives of the aborigines. It formed no part of their plan, in coming here, to exterminate them. That they greatly erred in their treatment of the Indians, and themselves caused the outbreaks that succeeded one another with such fearful rapidity, involving so much suffering, and so many lives on both sides, is a truth that history has placed beyond all cavil. If there be a single conflict that did not originate with the white man, either proximately or remotely, I have yet to learn where and when it took place. Father Robinson, of the church of Plymouth, has recorded a pointed rebuke touching this matter. 'I have my doubts,' says this estimable divine, 'whether there was not wanting in the early settlers that tenderness of the life of man, made after God's own image, which was so necessary; and above all, that it would have been happy if they—the colonists—had converted some of the natives before they killed any.' The law resorted to in the beginning, and the law which has, as a general and overruling power, continued to operate to the present time, in our intercourse with the natives, is the law of force. Here was, and here is yet, the great mistake; and to this single error may be traced all that has been distressing to ourselves, and perishing to the Indians; or if not all, yet the greater portion of both. It was, and yet is, the thunderbolt that rends the sky, shivers the trees of the forest, and demolishes the labours of man in his dwellings, his temples, and his monuments, and then buries itself in the earth, and is lost—leaving upon all minds within the range of its bewildering descent, alarm, and terror, and dismay; and not the gentle, but all-pervading, and all-combining principle of gravitation, which operates alike upon the masses of the universe, the cygnet's down, and the snow-flake, gently and imperceptibly producing cohesion, union, and harmony. The law which should have obtained, and the operations of which ought never for a moment to have been relaxed, is the law of kindness. Of its power over the Indians, we have recorded many examples; not over individuals only, but entire communities. To name these would be tedious. It may suffice to make a reference or two. A beautiful illustration of the power of this law may be seen in the history of the intercourse of William Penn with the natives; and around the brow of his memory, because he loved this law, and practised it, and extended it with such gentle hand over the natives of his own Pennsylvania, and ministered to them with such mercy and justice, has posterity twined a wreath that shall be as undying as his name! Bartram, the celebrated botanist, was in the habit of traversing on foot whole states, in quest of new varieties of plants and flowers. At this time, the Indians on and along the borders were numerous and warlike, and refractory; and yet has Bartram passed through their bands from the lakes to Florida, unprotected and alone, and without arms of any sort; and never, in all of his rambles, did he receive anything at the hands of the natives but kindness. It was because he confided in, and was kind to them.'

We cannot, we think, more appropriately close our notice than with the following pathetic speech of the head Mingo of the Choctaws in reply to a United States agent:

our father, the great white chief at Washington, and my people have called upon me to speak to you. The red man has no books, and when he wishes to make known his views, like his father before him, he speaks from his mouth. He is afraid of writing. When he speaks he knows what he says; the Great Spirit hears him. Writing is the invention of the pale faces; it gives birth to error and to feuds. The Great Spirit talks—we hear him in the thunder—in the rushing winds and the mighty waters—but he never writes. Brother, when you were young we were strong, we fought by your side; but our arms are now broken. You have grown large: my people have become small. Brother, my voice is weak; you can scarcely hear me: it is not the shout of a warrior, but the wail of an infant. I have lost it in wailing over the misfortunes of my people. These are their graves, and in those aged pines you hear the ghosts of the departed. Their ashes are here, and we have been left to protect them. Our warriors are nearly all gone to the far country west; but here are our dead. Shall we go, too, and give their bones to the wolves? Brother, two sleeps have passed since we heard you talk. We have thought upon it. You ask us to leave our country, and tell us it is our father's wish. We would not desire to displease our father. We respect him, and you his child. But the Choctaw always thinks. We want time to answer. Brother, our hearts are full. Twelve winters ago our chiefs sold our country. Every warrior that you see here was opposed to the treaty. If the dead could have been counted, it could never have been made; but, alas! though they stood around, they could not be seen or heard. Their tears came in the rain-drops, and their voices in the wailing wind, but the pale-faces knew it not, and our land was taken away. Brother—We do not now complain. The Choctaw suffers, but never weeps. You have the strong arm, and we cannot resist: but the pale-face worships the Great Spirit. So does the red man. The Great Spirit loves truth. When you took our country you promised us land. There is your promise in the book. Twelve times have the trees dropped their leaves, yet we have received no land. Our houses have been taken from us. The white man's plough turns up the bones of our fathers. We dare not kindle our fires; and yet you said we might remain, and you would give us land. Brother, is this truth? But we believe now our great father knows our condition, he will listen to us. We are as mourning orphans in our country; but our father will take us by the hand. When he fulfils his promise, we will answer his talk. He means well; we know it. But we cannot think now; grief has made children of us. When our business is settled, we shall be men again, and talk to our great father about what he has proposed. Brother, you stand in the moccasins of a great chief, you speak the words of a mighty nation, and your talk was long. My people are small, their shadow scarcely reaches to your knee; they are scattered and gone; when I shout, I hear my voice in the depth of the woods, but no answering shout comes back. My words, therefore, are few. I have nothing more to say, but to request you to tell what I have said to the tall chief of the pale-faces, whose brother* stands by your side.'

* Our author adds: 'It were easy to multiply examples, not perhaps of equal capacity, or of such pathos—and, I may add, sublimity, but all going to demonstrate the truth we are aiming to establish.'

A LEOPARD STORY.

A LEOPARD's skin of extraordinary dimensions (says the *Dumfries Standard*) may be seen at the shop of our townsman, Mr Perry, saddler. It was originally twelve feet in length, but, owing to the tail having been removed, it is now less by two feet. The skin is not only notable for its size, but because 'thereby hangs a tale,' though it has lost its own. A few years ago it covered one of the fiercest

* William Tyler, of Virginia, brother to the late President of the

creatures ever cradled among the swamps of Hindostan. The dense jungle of Bengal was the place of the animal's resort, and the havoc which it committed among the cattle was prodigious. It was dreaded far and near on this account by the natives, and they scrupulously avoided their spotted enemy, knowing well that when his appetite was whetted with hunger he was not over scrupulous whether his victims were beasts or men. On one occasion the monster made a dash upon a herd of beeves, and succeeded in carrying off a large ox, and loud was the lament of the poor Hindoos that one of the sacred herd had thus unceremoniously been assailed and slaughtered before their eyes. A party of the Bengal native infantry, consisting of an officer and five others, having been informed of the circumstance, followed in the direction of the leopard's den, determined, if possible, to punish him for this and the many other depredations he had committed. Having come to an intervening ravine, they were about to cross it when they saw the object of their search on the opposite side. There he was, lying in his lair, heedless of danger, and luxuriously feasting on the carcass of his captive. It was the monster's last meal, however. The party approached with stealthy steps as near as they could without crossing the defile. 'Take your aim! fire!' cried the captain, in Hindostanee, we suppose. They did so, and four balls pierced the leopard, three in the neck, and one in a more dangerous place, through the brain. Startled by this unpleasant salute, the animal rose, gazed with glaring eyes on its enemies, at the same time pawing the earth in its pain and fury.

The sepoy were astonished that he did not roll lifeless at their feet; but instead of this, before they had time to reload, the creature, after uttering a terrific cry, sprang across the ravine and seized one of its assailants. It must have been in some degree weakened by its wounds, but its strength was yet great, for the man seemed to have no power of resistance to its attack. The leopard, having a hold of the sepoy in its mouth, darted off in the direction of a jungle close at hand, the other soldiers following up as fast as they could, but not daring to fire, lest they should injure their luckless comrade. Sometimes they lost sight of the leopard and its bleeding burden, but the blood marks on the grass or on the sand enabled them to regain the trail, and to carry on the pursuit. The animal at length came to a small river; it hesitated for a little on the brink, and then leaped in, still tenaciously retaining its prey. The stoppage thus occasioned enabled the pursuers to gain ground, and just after the leopard had emerged from the river, and was shaking its skin (this skin now before us) free from the watery drops, one of the party seized the auspicious moment and fired. The beast dropped its prey at once, howled furiously, and then fell dead. To their great surprise and joy, the soldiers found that their comrade was still in life, though he had fainted from fear, and from weakness occasioned by the loss of blood. He gradually recovered, and, under the stimulating influence of a cup of brandy, was able to proceed home with his comrades. It was many weeks, however, before he was fit for service, and he will retain till his dying day the dental marks received from the leopard by way of token what it would like to have done with him had there been none but themselves two on the desert wide.

The soldiers returned some time after, and skinned the animal, carrying home its spotted covering for a trophy; and now here it is, with the marks of the musket-balls upon it, remembrancers of the strange story we have now recounted.

IMPROVED LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE.

For some time past considerable attention has been excited among parties connected with locomotive transit, by the performance of an engine built upon a new principle by Mr Crampton, civil-engineer, and upon which very extensive experiments have lately been made on the London and North Western Railway. The engine in question, which has for some time past been taking the express, mail, and ordinary trains on that line, and performing its work

in such a manner as to effect a saving of from 26 to 30 minutes in a through distance of 50 or 60 miles, was recently tried without a train, for the purpose of testing its rate of speed, when it was found that, with Captain Coddington, inspector-general of railways, Captain Simmonds, assistant-inspector, and the patentee, Mr Crampton, on the engine, it actually attained the extraordinary speed of 75 miles per hour, on a level, immediately after surmounting a rising gradient; and that at this great rate there was a total absence of all vibration, and a steadiness of movement perfectly surprising. These great advantages are effected in Mr Crampton's engine by the centre of gravity being brought down to its lowest possible point, the boiler in fact being, in this machine, within two feet nine inches of the rails, whilst in engines of the old construction it runs, at the very least, three feet two inches above the rails. The peculiarities of this engine consist in the driving-wheels being placed at the footplate end of the boiler, by which means the boiler itself can be brought down close to the supporting axles of the engine; and from the peculiarity of form before mentioned, any size of driving-wheel may be used without interfering with the position of the boiler, so that longer boilers can be used if necessary. Another advantage secured by this method of building engines is that no part of the engine overhangs the wheels, inasmuch as the fire-box is extended under the boiler and driving-axle, by which also the distance between the extreme wheels is reduced three feet—the engine in question, the *Namur*, having only thirteen feet between them, whilst, in ordinary engines, the same amount of power would require sixteen feet. In addition to these advantages, the driver has the whole of his machinery in view at one time, and in no case is required to get under his boiler for repairs. So satisfactory have these and other trials been, that the North Western Company have ordered of the patentee an engine of a power nearly equalling that of the monster engine on the Great Western Railway, which it is thought, when completed, may perhaps by its performances tend materially to set at rest the long pending dispute as to the superior eligibility of the broad and narrow gauge.

THE USE OF TEARS.

Be not thy tears too harshly chid,
Repine not at the rising sigh:
Who, if they might, would always bid
The breast be still, the cheek be dry?
How little of ourselves we know,
Before a grief the heart has felt;
The lessons that we learn of woe
May brace the mind as well as melt.
The energy too stern for mirth,
The reach of thought, the strength of will,
'Mid cloud and tempest have their birth,
Through blight and blast their course fulfil.
Love's perfect triumph never crown'd
The hope unchequer'd by a pang;
The gaudiest wreaths with thorns are bonnet,
And Sappho wept before she sang.
Tears at each pure emotion flow:
They wait on pity's gentle claim,
On admiration's fervid glow,
On pity's seraphic flame.
'Tis only when it mourns and fears,
The loaded spirit feels forgiven;
And through the mist of falling tears
We catch the clearest glimpse of heaven.

LORD MORFET.

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Béranger

PORTRAIT GALLERY OF HOGG'S WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

PIERRE JEAN DE BERANGER.

THE subject of the present memoir is a living poet of France, great and deserved celebrity, and already not unknown to the readers of the *INSTRUCTOR*. Pierre Jean de Beranger has had the honour usually to be ranked in the list 'those writers called (*par excellence*) 'national poets,' whom Burns forms, and probably will ever form, the most perfect type. Indeed, to the claims of any and all others to such a title strong objections might be adduced, in the case of Beranger forming no perfect exception. The world of Scotland seems really to stand in a measure alone in his walk and sphere. Where shall we find elsewhere a poet so thoroughly local in the language and tone of his feelings, who, while almost exclusively absorbing the sympathies, and representing all the feelings and peculiarities of the *poor* and the *rich* at once among his own countrymen, at the same time commands the admiration of the most educated inhabitants of the entire globe? A genius of the first order, so directed and producing such results, is to be seen in perfection in no case else. The universality of Shakspeare is of a different description, and in truth a thing *per se*—the Scottish poet, with all the rest of Greece and Italy, being here alike left far behind by the immortal Englishman. But with all his vastitude of intellectual range and appreciability, does Shakspeare merit the name, strictly speaking, of a 'national' poet? In the instance of Burns, nationality was the first and dominant characteristic, the other triumphs of his mind being merely accessory; but, as regards Shakspeare, nationality was even the least marked quality. Burns, then, stands aloof here from the Swan of Avon—ay, above him, and him who is otherwise the Unapproachable. And who is to be named as a national poet in the true sense? Is it Moore, to whom the title of the Bard of Erin has been so often given? Moore is the poet of the saloons of the Irish nobility, certainly not of the cabin-homes of Ireland. When the illustrious Scotsman took up the vagrant melodies of his native land, he had the singular art to carry them to verse such as both peasant and peer at once felt and appreciated in their hearts of hearts. Can we imagine an Irish turf-burn ringing with the delicate sentimentalities of 'Love's Young Dream?' The idea is absolutely monstrous, neither the language nor the thoughts being at all compatible with such a sphere. Turn again to Germany, and what poet of that country are we to term emphatically its 'national' one? We have a large list to choose from; but no two persons would probably make the same selection. Schiller would have his advocates; Freiligrath might be the favourite of others. The young

would possibly fix on Korner; while the old might go back to Wieland or Klopstock. How different is the case as respects Burns—in naming whom on such an occasion all parties in Scotland, man, woman, and child, would be of one mind, though the room for choice cannot assuredly be called limited, when we remember what country gave birth to Ramsay, Thomson, Campbell, and Scott! Who is the national poet of Italy? It is said that the gondoliers and even the bandits of that fair clime have been wont to sing the verses of Tasso. The fact proves their appreciation of poetry and melody, but it is far from showing the 'Jerusalem Delivered' to be a national poem, in the sense in which we apply the term to 'The Cottar's Saturday Night' or 'Tam O'Shanter.' Dante and Ariosto are not less truly, and other writers perhaps much more truly, the national poets of Italy than Tasso can be properly styled. It is needless to turn in pursuit of our argument to the poets of Spain and Portugal, or indeed any other land which has really produced great poets. Such men as Herrera and Camoens were true sons of genius, and as such have been far and wide admired. But neither in them nor in others did Spain or Portugal chance to produce a poet essentially *national* like Burns.

The discussion might readily be carried further in all its bearings. But why should we attempt to demonstrate what is in truth self-evident, namely, that when compared with writers of his own lowly rank in life, in that particular also Burns stands forth without rival or parallel. The Clares and Bloomfields were men of talent, certainly, and such as their station seldom witnesses; but Burns possessed naturally a genius of the very first order, and, in all human probability, would have dazzlingly exhibited that genius as peer or as peasant, as soldier or as civilian. He was not a man only to be admired 'circumstances being considered.' Yes, Scotland has had the honour of producing a poet in his own way *unique*.

In Pierre Jean de Beranger, however, France has given forth a writer as nearly deserving of the title of a true national poet, perhaps, as any other literature than that of Scotland can boast. Like Burns, Beranger is one who has sprung from the *people*, has sung for the people, and has made his name a household word among the people. He has at the same time accomplished the difficult feat of pleasing not less fully the educated and upper orders. But he wrote not, as the Scottish bard did, in a dialect or form of language used only or chiefly among the common folks, and therefore had not the same great difficulty to overcome—namely, that of charming the higher classes with an entertainment served up more peculiarly after the fashion of the multitude. The language and style of the French poet are even singularly and fastidiously polished

and elegant, and it is one of his chiefest merits, that in his diction he has carried art to that high point where it is lost in the semblance of simplicity and ease. *Ars est celare artem* was the canon of Horace, a critic and a poet well qualified to speak on the subject; and one, besides, more alike and akin in the tone and cast of his writings to Beranger than any other among the latter's countless host of predecessors. In truth, we know not that Beranger could be better described than by terming him a 'French Horace.' He has much of the moralising sententiousness and elaborate finish of expression distinctive of the great Roman lyricist; but these characteristics are enlivened by a truly Gallic dash of sparkling gaiety, like that of Moore, and mellowed by occasional touches of profound tenderness, such as we find in Burns. Altogether, however, we can by no means say that we would elevate Beranger into so high a position as Burns holds and must ever hold. In short, we would not go so far as to place him in the foremost ranks of the privileged few deserving to be called Poets of Humanity!

But Hofers are not to be overlooked because there have been Wallaces and Tellis. Pierre Jean de Beranger, a poet well worthy of honour at all hands, was born at Paris on the 19th of August, 1780. His parents were of the humblest condition in life, and he seems even to have been indebted to his maternal grandfather, a tailor, for a home in mere infancy. So he himself tells us in an auto-biographical lyric, which will be found at length in No. 77 of the INSTRUCTOR, and which marks strongly his independence of spirit, and indeed his true character generally. We give a verse of this piece, where a fairy prognosticates the young poet's fate to the old tailor:

'With a spirit inquiet, good grandfather cried,
'Say, what fortune awaits this dear little one, when man?'
'At a wave of my wand, lo!' the fairy replied,
'You behold him a writer, a printer, and gentleman.
To my preesses you may a thunderstroke add;
By the lightning your boy shall be ready to perish;
But the heavens shall look down on the song-loving lad,
And to brave other storms his existence shall cherish.'

He dwelt, up to his ninth or tenth year, in the French capital, scarcely passing during that period through the most common initiatory steps to education, so far as we are left by his biographers to judge. But he imbibed then and there a thoroughly metropolitan—thoroughly Parisian spirit—which no after-circumstances could ever obliterate. Fortunately for him, seemingly, he was removed to Peronne in time to obtain from his father's sister, wife of an inn-keeper there, a smart impulse onwards in the path of mental culture. The good woman urged on her somewhat gay and flighty nephew to the study of Fenelon and a few other French classics; and the Primary School of Peronne completed the course of instruction which was thus begun. Beranger was never regularly introduced to the classics of Greece or Rome, though singularly enough he often appears imbued with the very inmost spirit of Anacreon and Horace. But, if he read not these authors in their original garbs, beyond all question he must at some time have prized them highly, and studied them thoroughly, in the forms in which they were to him accessible and intelligible.

It was at Peronne, as observed, that at least three of the events occurred, which are mentioned in the song already quoted. When about twelve years old, Beranger was struck accidentally by lightning, and seemed for a period to have been fatally injured. At Peronne, also, the part of *garçon* or waiting-boy must have been borne occasionally by him in his aunt's household. The second rôle performed by the young bard in life, that of *imprimeur* or printer, began also at Peronne, where the bard was apprenticed to M. Laisney, a gentleman who (as Beranger says) gave him 'his first lessons in versification, and corrected his earliest efforts in poetry.' To Paris our hero betook himself at the age of seventeen, or about the year 1798. France, it is scarcely necessary to say, was at that period the source and centre of the most singular and vivid impulses which the human mind has perhaps ever received. If our own country of Britain felt these deeply—and Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey have almost di-

rectly ascribed the stimulus respectively given to their intellects to the French Revolution—we may conceive how much more deeply a young Frenchman of genius was likely to be moved by the same potent influences. Beranger, who, before leaving Paris, had seen the fall of the Bastille, felt in reality most profoundly impressed by the position, glorious as it was perilous, of republican France. Standing alone among the nations, she was yet triumphant in arms everywhere, under the guidance of the young soldier of fortune whom Corsica had sent to her as the reward, and perhaps the punishment, of Gallic subjugation. Can we indeed wonder that the mind of the poet, throughout his whole life, should have displayed the forcible impress of this era, whether as regarded the extraordinary being who led the nation through those splendid successes, or as respected those successes themselves? The name of Napoleon became most naturally enshrined in his heart and memory as that of one who had raised France to a pitch of glory unparalleled, at a moment when she was menaced by a host of encircling enemies; and the fleeting nature of that glory was lost sight of, too easily, in the contemplation of its brilliant temporary accompaniments and effects. Such is the explanation which may be given of the intense admiration of Napoleon displayed in so many of the later lyrics of Beranger, as well as of his repeated regrets for the departed military glories of the consulate and empire—feelings embalmed in many of his most perfect pieces. A deep love of genuine liberty was however mixed up with all; and he has proved such to be the case in various fine productions of his muse, as for example in the 'Hymn to the Goddess of Liberty.' There, assuming to address a female who had personated that deity during the early revolutionary fetes, he goes over the movements of freedom in his country from that period downwards to the reign of Louis-Philippe. One verse of that address to liberty runs thus:

'Through Gothic ruins didst thou make thy way,
And our defenders on thy footsteps pressed.
Flowers crowned our brows; and mingled was the lay
Of modest maids with hymns to war addressed.
I, a poor orphan of dependent lot,
Fate-nursed, and cast upon the world's wide sea,
Exclaimed, 'Be thou the mother I have not,
Goddess of Liberty!'

Nothing could be more expressive, in our opinion, than the phrase here of 'Gothic ruins,' denoting the havoc made by the revolutionary movements among old and time-worn institutions. The period was indeed one full of charms, though they might be but specious and illusory, to a young, ardent, and patriotic mind in France.

Like almost all men of high literary genius—with the very singular exception of Walter Scott, whose strong common-sense leanings towards the more productive business of life seem long to have struggled with his lighter poetical tendencies—Beranger made various youthful attempts to put his thoughts into verse; and his latest English biographer, Mr William Anderson of Glasgow (whose memoir is excellent though perhaps over-succinct) mentions a comedy in the style of Moliere, as one of the pieces composed by the French bard ere his wings were fully fledged for his ultimate and sustained flight. He appears to have made various efforts to obtain literary employment and countenance during the first few years succeeding his return to Paris; but in all he was unsuccessful until he applied, half despairingly, to Lucien Bonaparte, and obtained at once from that eminent personage the most generous counsels and assistance. The brother of Napoleon, though at that time (in 1803) involved deeply in the public affairs of France, yet found leisure to cultivate letters, both personally and by extending patronage to others. M. Lucien Bonaparte, the only bearer of that renowned family-name who did not stoop to take a throne from the more illustrious brother of the house, was himself author of an epic poem on the subject of Charlemagne, as well as of other productions in verse. He sent for Beranger, and gave him aid of the most satisfactory description. After a period of occasional literary labour in connexion with the 'Annales de Musée,' the young poet received an appoint-

ment to a clerkship in the bureau of the University of Paris, probably through the notice taken of him by Lucien Bonaparte; and a more direct proof of the same illustrious individual's good wishes came about the same time to him in the substantial shape of a pension from the institute, of which Lucien was a member.

The pension was small, and the clerkship brought but about £80 sterling per annum, yet upon these sources of income Beranger sustained himself contentedly and happily for many years. The reader may here be disposed to inquire what his *musé* was doing all this while, and wherefore she formed to him no stable source of emolument. The fate of Beranger in this respect was singular, though not quite unprecedented—at least in some degree. Strange to say, he rose to the position of a popular poet long before he had published any number of his pieces collectively. They were for the most part shown singly to friends in manuscript, got copied, were one by one printed, and so spread gradually abroad among all classes, the highest and the lowest appreciating them equally. It was not until he had spent eighteen years in Paris, after his return thither, that his songs were first collected into a volume and published. This circumstance took place in 1815. The mighty events which signalled that year, and the three immediately preceding, drew from Beranger some of his most polished and beautiful productions, and drew them from him, moreover, in unusual numbers and with unwonted rapidity; for, like the majority of those poets whose writings read most easily, the subject of our notice composed slowly and elaborately. He himself informed Lady Morgan that he had occasionally expended a week upon one stanza, before he could turn it quite to his mind. There is no room to doubt the assertion. Our own Burns has told us, that, though he himself put down his ideas rapidly, he finished off his pieces very tardily and carefully; so that the exquisite simplicity of both bards must be largely ascribed to pains-taking study. The case of the French poet affords, in short, a fresh lesson to the 'mob of gentlemen' who boast of 'writing with ease'—forgetting that 'easy writing' 'may be,' as some one says, 'deuced hard reading.'

The songs produced by Beranger from 1812 to 1815 varied considerably in subjects and tone, according to the shifting aspects of that momentous epoch. At its commencement he was disposed bitterly to regret the pitch to which Napoleon had then carried his ambition; and, in his 'King of Yvetot,' he satirised the French Emperor on this score with great point and felicity, though the song is so far local as to be felt fully only by Frenchmen. Yvetot is the name of a petty seigniory on the Lower Seine near Havre de Grace, which actually, up to the period of the Revolution, enjoyed a complete exemption from nearly all of the ordinary burdens of the kingdom, its privileges being derived from the remote times of Clotaire I., and resembling much in absurdity those of Gretna Green and Holyrood sanctuary in our own country. A king nominally controlled this vast and independent realm of Yvetot; and the portrait drawn by the poet of his small Norman majesty dwelling in contented poverty, raised at once the intended laugh, being felt by every one to be a stroke at Bonaparte's ambitious magnificence and profuse expenditure. A free version of this piece may amuse even the English reader, the purpose being kept in view:

'Tis a mighty while ago, since there lived at Yvetot
A king but little spoken of in story, O!
Who went bedtimes to bed, and was slow to raise his head,
Nor lost a wink of sleep for lack of glory, O!
A night-cap which dame Kate made to put upon his pate,
Was all the crown, they say, of this wondrous potentate.
O la! O la! O dear! O dear!
What a funny little king was here!
O dear!

Beneath his palace-thatch, he contentedly would snatch
The bit and sup provided for him dally, O!
And, mounted on an ass, through his kingdom he would pass,
And visit all the borders of it gaily, O!
Frank, fearless, and elate—O! the dog was guard of state,
That trudged by the side of this wondrous potentate.
O la! &c.

No costly tastes had he, though his friends must all agree
That his thirst was of the strongest for the nappy, O!

But unless kings condescend to common wants to bend
How can they live to make the nations happy, O?
Yet from every butt to bote a pot by way of rate,
Was all the exciting of this wondrous potentate.
O la! &c.

He ne'er evinced a bent his dominions to augment,
Was peaceful and obliging as a neighbour, O!
And to kings a model showed, choosing pleasure for his code,
And scouting all unnecessary labour, O!
His people's tearful strait, when their king succumbed to fate,
Proved the only weeping caused by this wondrous potentate.
O la! &c.

His subjects, since he died, have his likeness kept with pride,
His name for ever down by way of handing, O!
And now that jolly face on a sign-board you may trace,
O'er an alehouse of reputable standing, O!
And when holiday and fete make the people congregate,
They will cry as they gaze on this wondrous potentate,
O la! O la! O dear! O dear!
What a funny little king was here!

Light as this piece may seem in tone, it was probably written with a grieved heart, the last years of the imperial reign having fully proved to the poet that Napoleon never could 'govern constitutionally.' 'Such was not his mission upon earth,' said Beranger, palliatively. But the Russian reverses, the abdication of 1814, and the final dethronement of the year following, awakened in the poet very different feelings, in relation to the hero and the soldiers of the empire, from those indicated in the 'King of Yvetot.' His generous mind remembered now only their toils and their glories, and in their honour he poured forth lyric upon lyric, all redundant with tender and regretful pride, or with bitter reflections on their adversaries. 'The Old Sergeant,' 'No More of Politics,' 'The Gauls and Franks,' 'The True Frenchman,' 'The Old Flag,' and many other pieces of the highest order of merit were issued at the eventful era already pointed to. An immense number of these were specially devoted, as hinted, to the commemoration in verse of the republican and imperial triumphs in arms; but not a few lyrics, also, were made the vehicle of direct and sharp satire on the restored Bourbons. But the Bourbon restoration may be said to open up a new era in the life of Beranger, and we shall accordingly pause here temporarily, as at a convenient halting-place. The event in question, in fact, commenced a new era in his poetry, or at least tended to colour peculiarly the great majority of his pieces in the time succeeding.

But, before closing, a little gay piece may be given to lighten the dryness of our autobiographical remarks. The version is one of our own humble efforts in this walk:—

THE LAST OF THE ELVES OF MONTHERY.

Straying on foot at night's dark hour,
A storm began to blow,
And, reaching Monthery's old tower,
I sheltered me below.
I sang—when sudden laughter froze
My senses with dismay,
And loudly then a cry arose—
'Our reign hath passed away!'
Wildfires ran glancing through the shade,
And then the former voice,
With cries of elves and goblins, made
A fearful mingled noise.
A mystic carnival began
Stirred by a trumpet's bray,
And still through all the same sounds ran—
'Our reign hath passed away.'

'No more of fetes!' the same voice cries,
'Ye spirits, quit your haunts,
For Reason, with her victories,
Our dungeon-troops displants.
Old oracles lie on the shelf,
Our sleights have had their day;
Man now works miracles himself—
Our reign hath passed away.'

We gave to Greece the gods she sung;
To please the senses framed;
On flowers and incense, ever young,
They lived, the many-named.
The blood of man for us hath flow'd
In Gaul's barbaric day:
Alas! with even the village crowd,
Our reign hath passed away.

When paladins and troubadours
Their gallant trophies gain'd,
The Loves, with saints and kingly powers,
At fairy feet lay chain'd.

The angry heavens by magic fell
 Themselves beneath our sway.
 Earth laughs when men of sorcerers tell—
 Our reign hath passed away—
 Reason doth spirits exorcise—
 Fly ye beyond recall!
 The voice was silent. O! surprise!
 I thought the tower would fall!
 All now from their long-loved retreat
 Have fled in swift array,
 And voices from afar repeat—
 'Our reign hath passed away!'

JUVENILE PEACE SOCIETIES.

THIRTY years ago, exclusive nationality was one of the most rampant of human passions, and political animosity one of the most virulent of antipathies. Individuals, cliques, coteries, clubs, nations, and confederacies were arrayed against each other, and organised ill-will seemed determined to drive from the earth the feeble principle of 'good-will among men.' The spirit that prevailed among our immediate ancestors was unfortunately not accidental, it was created and sustained by a long succession of causes, and often demonstrated, by periodical explosions, the intensity and vigour of its action. Moral cultivation was as little engaged in as it was little understood. Children were taught the mere symbols of sound and sense at school, and their hearts were left to grope their way through the labyrinthian mazes of a moral wilderness as they best could. In Scotland cock-fights were patronised by the parish schoolmaster, and engaged in on the school floor each Hansel Monday, to the delight and edification of the scholars and the profit of the pedagogue; and 'barring out' was as vigorously practised thirty years ago as in the days of Roderick Random. In the earlier years of this century the war spirit was strong and active, animating the hearts of grey-haired men and nerving the arms of little boys. So exuberant, in truth, was the antagonism of that period, that adult individuals possessed themselves of 'men of straw,' and like joustors of old, kept tilting at them till they grew weary; while the boys, with sling and stone, took possession of the cities, and in the strength of their licentiousness drove the civic officials before them. It was at 'bickers' that lads of spirit developed their destructiveness, and drew upon themselves the notice of men having authority; and the breach and fosse of some tower or city in the peninsula, or the sandy beach of New Orleans, became filled with the bodies and drenched with the blood of those who had led on the mimic charge and puerile squadron at home. It was reckoned a British virtue of the first water to hate the French, to despise the Spaniards, to mutter anathemas against the Yankees, to scowl upon Danes and Dutch, and to despise all the rest of the world. It is customary to sneer at the braggadocio character of Brother Jonathan, and to feel shocked at his vanity and presumption; but the egotism of the British lion is only now in its decadence, and the overweening, pugnacious conceit of the old animal is almost as vividly stamped on its crest as of old, although assuredly in its essence there is less of the haughty majesty of assumed superiority. The isolated character of our island seemed to impress the British mind with a high sense of individuality; there was a perpetual talk of our rock-bound coast, of our wooden walls, of our sea-girt shore, and of our tight little island; the changes never ceased to ring to the tune of British prowess and valour. Animosities were revived by the vain-glorious revival of battles that men dead centuries ago had fought; and suspicions and antipathies were generated which have called standing armies of trained warriors into being that they might watch each other in consequence of an idea.

It was a great moral error, which men are only now striving to expiate, to look upon the young as mere appendages to the constitution of society; they were not viewed as the elements of a future great social organisation and trained accordingly, but were left in their individuality to imbibe principles of cohesion or repulsion, according to their inclinations or the influence of accidental circum-

stances. This, however, is the beginning of an era which certainly promises to be singular in the history of the world. The young are being educated in principles as well as symbols, and healthful ideas are offered to their vigorous, active intellects instead of mere incomprehensible words. A belief in the high capabilities of humanity is extending with every aggregate demonstration of intellectuality and moral goodness, and man is at last being respected by man as the representative of all power, and as an essential atom of love's infinite unity. We can never truly seek to elevate man unless we respect the better nature of man. We can never expect a boy to emerge from tutelage and boyhood if we always talk to him the broken vocabulary of a nursery-maid. Let him be taught and talked to lovingly and respectfully, and love and respect will inevitably become elements of his own character. Let him be treated and spoken to with scrupulous consistency, and he will assuredly become consistent. This has been acknowledged, and is at last acted upon by man. One of the most truly beautiful results of the humanising spirit of this age is the creation of reciprocal love amongst the children of distant nations. The mere geography of hill and ocean is being accounted nothing in connexion with the physiology of affection, and the little men and women of the times coming, unlike the warlike, pebble-throwing generation of 'Greenbrooks,' are affectionately stretching their hands across the great waters and smiling in each other's faces. There is a movement taking place just now to render the schools of Britain and America the seminaries of a truly active Christian love; it is intended to instruct the young people of our island and the western continent to know each other, and to originate an intimacy which will only close with life. There is a religious sublimity in the very idea of international kindness which raises it prominently above from the crowd of social nostrums now offered to purify mankind, and particularly recommends it to the affections; and when we see it made the impulse of childhood and the motive of riper age, we cannot but acknowledge the probable glory and grandeur of its results upon the world. We have viewed youth and childhood under many pleasant aspects, and have had occasion to observe them in widely dissimilar circumstances and under widely different influences; but assuredly we never beheld either its collective independence so pleasantly and nobly engaged as in the diffusion of good-will and forbearance.

The peace movement has become what is now termed a 'great fact.' The most eminent of Britain and America's philanthropists have signed a bond of brotherhood, and we are perfectly warranted in stating that the members of the Peace League pledged to discountenance all war in both nations will amount to two hundred thousand persons before 1848. City is corresponding with city, congregation with congregation, society with society, school with school; and now there is not a steamer which plies between our shores and those of the western republic but bears some communication breathing international kindness and peace.

Juvenile Peace Societies form a very beautiful and an important feature of this movement. They are constituted of young persons generally, and extend through the length and breadth of the land. Friendly communications pass between these associations of young people, full of kind assurances and love-breathing Christian allusions, and a spirit of pervasive gentleness pervades all their proceedings. Edinburgh, like every city or town of any importance, possesses one of those little nurseries of brotherhood, and in its constitution and operations it may be looked upon as an example of all the others throughout Britain and America.

The associations are all based upon a pledge which was drawn out by Elihu Burritt, and is subscribed by every member. This pledge is a simple recognition of the universality and consistency of Christian love and of brotherhood of man; and all the sentiments and actions of the members must be in accordance with the spirit of this gospel. The juvenile peace societies' meetings

the most pleasant associations that possibly can be conceived; they are pleasant in purpose, pleasant in their operations, and pleasant in the very years and characters of the children composing them. The members, boys and girls, in succession read pleasant anecdotes and little tales of disinterested kindness; they repeat passages of Scripture inculcating good-will, or pieces of poetry condemnatory of the spirit and effects of war; and all these readings are culled from the exercises of their home education. There are few associations now-a-days, however small and however apparently unimportant, that do not possess an interpreter. Every sentiment and principle now finds a tongue in the press; and the juvenile peace societies have their 'Olive Leaf,' and their own column in the 'Bond of Brotherhood.' The sentiments and other original productions of young leaguers can find a vehicle in both of those little monthlies, and they also serve as a medium of general intercommunion with friends across the waters.

We may with propriety abstain from commenting upon those popular tendencies that seem to spring from the arbitrary and capricious activity of unstable minds; and we deem it no more than prudence to view with caution the reactionary movements that have scarcely passed the rubicon of impulse. Yet when we see the principles of peace entering like an indispensable element into the education of the rising generation, we cannot but view the peace question as one of the vital and elementary considerations of the future generation. And here let us inform our readers that this movement became practical in its opening dawn. One person, at least, shall have reason to bless the head that conceived and the tongue that proposed it. When on a pedestrian tour in one of the counties of England, Elihu Burritt was constrained, one day, to seek shelter from the rain in a nailmaker's smithy. The poor, emaciated, subdued-looking tenant of this dingy little workshop was busily employed making nails when the great-hearted philanthropist entered; and a little shrivelled, stunted boy, raised upon a block to a level with the anvil, was also making his little hammer click, that he might assist his father in procuring food for his brothers and sisters. Elihu Burritt, albeit he once was a toiler, had never seen such an example of precocious labour before; and this little boy exemplified so much poverty, and his pale, sharp face looked so destitute of the sunshine of youth, that the heart of our illustrious friend was touched with pity. It required but a flash of benevolent thought to determine upon a course of action, and Jammy Stubbins was destined from that day to become a famous boy. Touched with pity for the early blight that had fallen on his green, sunny years, Elihu Burritt sent an account of the poor English nailer boy to the children across the Atlantic, and suggested that they should send him money to pay for a year's schooling as a Christmas present. This call met with a prompt and warm response; fifteen hundred half-dimes (of twopence-halfpenny each) were subscribed and sent to the poor boy; and now Jammy Stubbins is well clothed, and goes to school through the bounty of the little peace-loving children of America; and his name is mentioned with anticipatory pleasure by those who sit by the hearths of New, and in the homes of Old England. Many eyes shall in future be on Jammy Stubbins, the little English nailer, whose future prosperity and intelligence will assuredly be gifts that spring from love.

We deem it important to our readers to give them an abstract of the progress of sentiments that are silently but actively incorporating themselves with the mind of the age; and as an illustration of the hope and activity that pervades the members of the league of Universal Brotherhood both in this country and America, a friend says: 'The English list of the League numbered, on the 1st of January, 1847, six thousand, embracing men and women of great worth and philanthropy. In America the work goes bravely on. Indeed, we are encouraged by past experience to hope that the League will muster a peace establishment of two hundred thousand covenants at

the commencement of 1848. These, it should be remembered, will not only have signed a declaration of a sentiment, but an instrument which makes them members of an active society, which will work for the diffusion of the principles of peace and good-will through the world, for the abolition of all restrictions on international correspondence and friendly intercourse, and of whatever else tends to make enemies of nations, or prevents their fusion into one peaceful brotherhood.'

In reference to the peace education of the young of this country and the United States, we adopt the language of Elihu Burritt. It will enable our readers to form an idea of the latent influences which are at work to perpetuate the bonds of peace: 'We would commend to the serious reflection of every Sunday-school teacher in England and America this fact of great promise. The rising generation of the English race on both sides of the ocean, upon whom will soon devolve the government of two of the greatest nations on the earth, is now in the hands of Sunday-school teachers, all of whom profess to be disciples of the Prince of Peace, and teachers of his love-breathing precepts. Every Sunday-school in either country is a separate link of human society and brotherhood. Every Sunday-school union consists of a number of those links welded together into a piece of that chain which is to bind the jarring earth into one peaceful family circle. Now is the time to gird all the world with that chain of linked hearts. The time is come for that glorious consummation. Let every Sunday-school teacher stand now to his post, and lend a hand to the work. The great American chain of Sunday-schools is ready—the great English chain is ready—everything is ready.'

To those who soberly contemplate the mammoth-like strength of the war spirit in the world, this movement may appear chimerical; but when we consider that the spirit of peace presents so few points of attack that it steals upon the hearts as well as convictions of men without producing the irritation incidental to the reprobation of other long-cherished prejudices, we cannot see how it can fail of ultimately reigning on earth. The wild briars of human nature have clung to the heart of man, and have hitherto rendered it a wilderness. May not Christian cultivation render the earth an abode of love? If these peace associations are essentially incompetent to revolutionise the war sentiments of men, they must at least be of incalculable social benefit to communities in which they exist. They will elevate the sentiments, expand the benevolence of the young, and educate that gentle kindness of deportment which is the grand requisite of reciprocal love and social harmony.

SCOTTISH SCENES.

STIRLING—FIELD OF BANNOCKBURN.

THE sail from Granton Pier to Stirling is exceedingly delightful; the wide reach of scenery on either shore being unsurpassed even in Scotland for beauty and romantic interest. The Links of Forth, between Alloa and Stirling, attract the attention of every visitor. So tortuous is the course of the river, that in the space of six miles direct measurement its channel measures at least sixteen. Sometimes the deep sluggish waters make a sweep through a half circle, at other times they complete the circle within a few yards; thus, after a considerable time's sailing, and when you have the impression that you are rapidly approaching Stirling, the startling discovery is made that, with all the puffing of steam and plashing of the paddle-wheels of the gallant boat, you have advanced only some hundred yards! You thread your course among fields in a high state of cultivation, and waving far with luxuriant crops. The valley down which the Forth meanders, in this part of its course, is bounded on the south by a gentle rising ground, finely cultivated, and beautifully diversified with thriving plantations. Near the river several private residences are observed, embosomed among thick shrubberies and wide spreading trees. On the north,

the Ochils stretch away to the east, bounding a fertile and beautiful country. The abrupt face of this range, the grey colour, the ravines like so many breaches, the peaks rising at intervals, especially those at the western extremity, suggest the idea of a mighty embattled wall, protecting the approach to the northern parts of the island. Compared with this, the famous Roman wall that joined, in olden times, the Forth and Clyde, is a thing of yesterday and a mockery. This was not reared by human hands. It is nature's workmanship, and dates deeper in the past than the times of Agricola or Cæsar. In geological language, it is older than the coal measures that fill the basin of the Forth and abut against its roots. It has obviously been pushed upwards at a very early date in the history of the revolutions of this globe; and if not equal in age to the old red sandstone, is within a trifle of it. From the river we have often watched the effect produced upon the hills by the alternate patches of sunshine and shade occasioned by the drifting clouds or the slanting sunbeams when day was drawing to a close. Here is a stripe of shadow scouring along the face of the rocks, followed by another of silvery brightness; there some deep gorge, passing far up the range, wooded in its whole extent and depth, lies in the gloom of night, while the rosy beams of the setting sun still linger on either side. Altogether, the scene is gorgeous, the sail delightful, and the many windings please rather than annoy those who are bent on pleasure.

Stirling occupies the eastern declivity of an immense bed of rock, raised to a considerable angle, with an abrupt face to the west. The castle, so famous in the wars of Scottish independence, rises proudly on the summit of this elevated mass. From all sides it is a conspicuous object, and in some directions, at a distance of many miles, its grey walls, towering high above the rich scenery of the carse, are distinctly visible. To a traveller approaching from the west, the town is almost entirely hid till he enters it; from the south and north approaches it is partially visible; but the finest view one can have of it is from the river. That from the castle is not equal to this. From the former you look *over* the town, from the latter you look *upon* it. There it lies before you, on the gentle slope, disclosing every street, and church, and public building, and inviting the courteous stranger to visit its several objects of interest. A place so situated, on the borders of the Highlands, so ancient, so frequently the abode of royalty, so often the scene of strife and intrigue, must be rich in historical reminiscences. Every street, and wynd, and lane, and court, has its tale; and every room and corner in the castle is associated with the remembrance of events, the effects of the spirit of intrigue, chivalry, and religion, which imbued the minds of our warlike ancestors. Into this most interesting subject the scope of this article forbids us to enter deeply; we are therefore under the necessity of dismissing it with a mere reference, inviting the curious reader, the meanwhile, to look into those works that treat professedly of such topics. Of all the books that supply information on the antiquities of this interesting locality, Nimmo's History of Stirlingshire is the most valuable, but it is now very scarce. The Dominicans, or Black Friars, possessed a convent in Stirling in former times. It stood on the east side of Friar's Wynd, and had a church and graveyard attached to it. In the former were buried many individuals of distinction, and in the latter the common people found their last home. The convent was founded by Alexander II., in 1233. Its foundations have long been raised, and a garden now occupies the site both of it and the graveyard. The Franciscans, or Grey Friars, also had a convent here, but its situation was in the higher parts of the town. The present church belonged to it, and indicates the locality where it stood. It was much more recent, being erected in the year 1494 by James IV. Both convents were demolished at the Reformation, but the church connected with the Grey Friars was left untouched. Near the church is a heavy unfinished building, locally called 'Mar's Work,' from the circumstance that it was commenced by Regent Mar, in 1572. As you ascend to the castle, you pass a large building on the right, entitled

'Argyle's Lodgings.' It formerly was the property of the noble family of Argyle, but now belongs to government. The residences of other noble families were scattered over different parts of the town. The old castle of Stirling seems to have been a place of great antiquity. Its origin is lost in the dimness of past ages. In the twelfth century, history speaks of it as a place of great importance—one of the most important fortresses in the country. James II. repaired and enlarged it. The parliament-house, a large and fine building, now occupied as barracks for the garrison, dates from this time. The present chapel was erected by James VI., in 1594. In the turbulent times of Scottish history, how varied were the fortunes of this stronghold. The key to the Highlands, the conquering party straining every nerve to possess it, while those in possession used every effort to retain it. It may truly be called the 'rock of strife,' as its name imports, for the din of war was scarcely ever lulled around its walls. Here kings held court and framed laws; solemn deeds were executed, and bold feats of chivalry performed. It was the birth-place of royalty; and has witnessed the ceremonies of their baptism and coronation. It has been the chosen abode of princes; and others have been compelled to sojourn for a time within its massive walls. It has witnessed many romantic love-scenes, and within it the blood of the subject has been shed in the hand of the monarch. The Castle of Stirling, as a residence, does not appear to have stood high in the estimation of the Scottish kings till about the time of the first James. James II. was born here, as was also James V. The last-named prince, and the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, were crowned here. James VI. was baptised here, and for thirteen years it was almost the constant place of his residence, under the tutorship of George Buchanan. This was also the birthplace of Frederick Henry, son of James VI. and Anna, princess of Denmark. His baptism took place on the 30th August, 1594; a most expensive and fulsome piece of pageantry. In 1451, William Earl of Douglas, was stabbed by King James II. in one of the rooms of the castle, when remonstrating with him concerning some plot against the government, in which the unfortunate earl was implicated.

The view from the castle is magnificent. From the different batteries the whole surrounding scenery is brought within the range of vision. Before we solicit attention, however, to objects at a distance, there are still some in the immediate neighbourhood of the castle walls that demand a passing remark. From one of the batteries you look down upon a small hollow in the rock, just below the esplanade, to the south-east. This is called the 'valley' and was the scene of many a game of chivalry in the olden times. A little rocky eminence on the south of the valley, called the 'ladies' rock,' is said to have been the spot from which the ladies of the court witnessed those sports. Just below this spot, encircling the base of the hill, were the royal gardens. Here there is still to be seen an artificial circular mound, surrounded by several trenches, locally called the 'king's knot.' The origin and use of this work are alike buried in the past. Of course, conjecture is rife on such a subject, and almost every authority differs from another on the point. From the battery which commands the northern approach to the town, other localities, associated with events in Scottish history, are pointed out to you. Immediately beneath is an opening in the rock down which passes a road from the higher parts of the town to Raploch, a village that sweeps round the western base of the hill. This is called 'Ballengeich,' from the circumstance that James V., who was known by the sobriquet of the *Guidman of Ballengeich*, often passed out and in by this entrance when on his well-known excursions of fun or gallantry. Beyond this opening, on the face of the rock, an inscription, now nearly defaced, indicates that this was, at the period of the Roman conquest, one of their stations. Still further north, and at the extremity of the range of the castle rock, there rises a round smooth eminence. This is called the 'moor-hill,' or, in local phrase 'hurly-hawky.' (It remains that remains artificial works. It is believed that, in barbarous times

courts for the administration of justice were held on this green knoll; and it is certain that it was the spot on which some noble persons were beheaded. The Earl of Lennox, the Duke of Albany and his two sons, Walter and Alexander, were executed here in 1425. From this spot there is a good view of the Abbey Tower, a ruin on the Forth just below Stirling. This is all that remains of the once extensive and opulent Cambuskenneth Abbey. Nothing now can be traced but the square tower, some ruined walls, a part of the ancient graveyard, and a garden. There is a landing-place here for passengers going to Bridge of Allan. This religious house was founded by David I., of pious memory, and soon became one of the wealthiest in the kingdom. Its inmates were canons-regular of the order of St Augustine. Noblemen, bishops, and barons, tied with each other in bestowing upon it valuable donations; and David granted it, besides many other things, 'half the skins and tallow of all the beasts slain for the king's use at Stirling.' At an early period, during the wars with England, it was pillaged of its most valuable contents; but was soon afterwards presented, by the bishop of St Andrews, with the vicarage of Clackmannan. Here, according to history, the Scottish barons assembled in 1308, and took a solemn oath to defend the title of Robert Bruce to the Scottish throne against every enemy. The monastery appears to have retained its influence and wealth till the time of the Reformation, when, along with many other noble specimens of architecture, it was nearly levelled with the ground. When Stirling was patronised by royalty, the abbots of Cambuskenneth were frequently employed in important state transactions; and when James V. instituted the College of Justice, Alexander Milne, the abbot of this place, was appointed President of the Court of Session. From the accession of James VI. to the throne of England till 1709, it was in possession of the family of Mar; it now belongs to Cowan's Hospital. We have dwelt quite long enough among these antiquities, and now hasten back to the castle hill, to attempt a sketch of the scenery which beneficent nature has thrown over this part of the country.

There is a splendid promenade round the face of the castle hill, called the 'back walk,' just below the upper mass of rock on which the buildings stand. The southern part of this walk is shaded by tall trees, which cover the steep declivity between the former and the king's park; the western and northern parts are perfectly open. The reader may suppose himself stationed on this walk, right beneath the castle. From this point the view is gorgeous towards the west. On the left, a low dark-coloured range of rocks, called the Tough Hills, stretches from the vicinity of the castle rock, onwards by Kippen and Fintry, to Dumbarton. On the right, the scene is bounded by the southern ridges of the Grampians. Furthest west, high above all the neighbouring peaks, towers the lofty Ben-lomond, then comes Benvenue, Benan, and Benledi. Between our eye and these last three Bens, there rises a heath-clad rocky eminence, stretching from the village of Callander onwards to Aberfoyle. To the east of Benledi, Benvoirlich and Um-amvoir rear their grey heads; while further to the east the rocky barrier passes away into low uniform heathy hills. Immediately on the right hand, and within two miles of the spot where you stand, rise the twin peaks of the western termination of the Ochils. These two ridges enclose, as with an enormous framework, a scene the most extensive and the most beautiful. Far to the west stretches what is called the carse land, and in history the vale of Monteith. The centre portion of this vast district was at one time entirely covered with moss, in many places eighteen feet deep; but by the enterprise of Lord Kaim, the late proprietor of Blair-Drummond, a great portion of it has been removed, and the space transformed into farms, on which are yearly raised superior crops. The whole district, therefore, within a range of many miles, is rich soil, and under regular cultivation; on the most enlightened principles. The remaining moss, extending to many acres, presents the idea, in the distance, of a dark pasture-land. On either side of

this central space lie extensive districts all under cultivation, and stretching away to the further extremity of the vale. These are studded all over with neat farmsteadings, thriving little villages, and numerous gentlemen's seats with their beautiful grass fields and fine wooded environs. On the south side of the valley meanders the dark waters of the Forth over its mossy bed; on the north side the beautiful Teith pours its crystal stream over a rocky channel, between banks thickly wooded, all the way from Callander to near where it falls into the Forth, two miles west from Stirling, and loses at once its waters and its name. The whole scene, composed of fertile and well-kept farms, diversified with wood and water, and hamlet, and mansion-house, and modest spire of country church, and enclosed within such a sublime framework of nature's setting, lies before you as in a picture. We have looked upon this scene in all seasons, and at all times of the day, morning, noon, and sunset. It is always delightful, and inspires the soul with pleasing and sublime emotions; but when the midday sun throws down his beams upon it in fantastic silvery patches, and especially when the last rays of his departing glory fall slanting upon its gorgeous bosom, casting over the whole a covering of purple, the beauty and grandeur of the scene defy alike the puny efforts of the pen and pencil. To be appreciated it must be seen; and once beheld, the soul that breathes a spirit true to nature can never lose the impression.

About a mile west from the castle hill an isolated rock rises from the carse, called Crag Forth. It presents an abrupt face to the west, and towards the east a gentle slope. This declivity is beautifully wooded, and in the centre nestles a sweet mansion-house. A mile to the north there occurs another rock of similar form and mineralogical character, called the Abbey Crag. The western face of this mass, being in part covered with loose earth and debris, supports a number of fine trees, while the eastern declivity was planted some years ago. The view from this crag is very extensive, especially to the east. The eye rests on the whole valley of the Forth below Stirling, and sweeps over extensive districts on either side: on the left it stretches beyond Clackmannanshire onwards to Fife and Kinross; on the right, the view is bounded only by the heights near Edinburgh. The scene is too extensive to be impressive; but to the mind that delights in vastness it is a splendid sight. The view to the west is marred, and is inferior to that from the castle. Perhaps there is no spot from which a more distinct view of what are called the 'Links of the Forth' is obtained. When standing on the summit of Abbey Crag, the numerous windings of the river lie at your feet, like the endless coils of an enormous serpent, or like a silver band with its elegant puckerings indenting the dark soil of the valley.

The geology of the district is interesting. Stirling stands upon the north-west skirts of the Forth coal-field, and these crags of which we have been speaking, together with the castle rock, rise through, or are injected among the beds of this formation. The Tough Hills are trap beds, rising like so many terraces over each other, as may be seen along their northern face, and overlies some of the members of the coal measures. The Ochils consist of red porphyry. The heights along by Keir, Doune, Callander, and Port of Monteith, are composed of the upper beds of the old red sandstone, while Benlomond is composed of gneiss, Benledi and the other mountains, of mica slate and clay slate. The vale of Monteith is occupied with a strong clay, which in all probability has taken the place of some of the older members of the coal measures, and the newer of the old red, which have been removed by water. Pity it is that scenes such as this, so rich, so suggestive of what is pleasing, lovely, and good, should ever call to our memories other associations than those of good-will to men and gratitude to God! This locality, the beauties of which have been but faintly indicated, has perhaps been witness to a greater number of bloody strifes than any other in Scotland. Here Wallace fought and conquered the proud enemies of his prostrate country; here Bruce checked the progress of the haughty Edward, beat back his large and

gallant army, and laid the foundation of Scottish independence. Whilst we weep for the shedding of so much patriotic blood, and lament the necessity that called for it, every friend of liberty must rejoice in the result.

The view from the castle includes the scene of many a battle fought in bygone times. We do not intend even to enumerate them, but simply to place before our readers a succinct account of three engagements, each of which produced a mighty influence on Scottish affairs. The chief of these is, of course, the battle of Bannockburn; but we shall refer to them in the order of time. The Forth is at present crossed by two bridges directly to the north of the town. One of these is a new and elegant structure, the other is old and incommodious. About a mile to the west of these bridges stood that across which part of the English army under Surrey, at the instigation of Cressingham, fled, to give battle to the Scots under Wallace, who occupied the left bank of the river with his poorly-disciplined but patriotic troops. The bridge was of wood and very narrow, without sides, so that the passage was both tedious and dangerous. When part of the English had passed the river, Wallace succeeded, some say by stratagem, others by throwing a detachment to take possession of the pass, in breaking up their ranks, and ultimately, as is well known, in defeating them with great slaughter. Cressingham reaped the fruit of his rash and rapacious spirit. He fell in the conflict, and so hateful was he to the Scots, that they treated his remains with a barbarity from which every sensitive mind shrinks with loathing. The Earl of Surrey, who advanced to Stirling at the head of a noble army, with difficulty made his way to England in the most abject condition. While the main body of the Scottish army was posted on the rising ground to the north of the bridge, in order to entice Surrey to risk an engagement, their sagacious leader had concealed a large detachment behind Abbey Craig, ready at a given signal to spring from their lurking-place and fall upon the unformed ranks of the English. This is called the battle of Stirling, and was fought on the 11th September, 1297. It inspired the Scots with new courage, and led them to place confidence in the abilities and experience of Wallace. The spot where the bridge spanned the Forth is some two or three hundred yards from the Raploch toll-bar, and is distinguished by the remains of building materials and a causeway.

The field of Bannockburn is about two miles south from Stirling, and a mile west from the village of that name. On the rising ground, immediately to the west of the Glasgow road, and behind the village of Milton, a flag-staff has been erected, to indicate the site of the conflict. At this spot there is an indentation in the rock, said to be the hole in which was fixed the flag-staff of Bruce's army. It is now built round, and covered with strong iron bars to preserve it from injury. The locality was exceedingly well chosen. The English, commanded by Edward II. in person, approached from the east; and the garrison in the castle, whose fate depended upon this day, had a full view of both armies. There was more in the balance that day than a paltry garrison—the independence of a country and the liberties of a people were at stake. Bruce, as every reader of history knows, met with the greatest discouragement when he first pronounced for the independence of his country. The well-sustained efforts of the English monarch, combined with the divided and dispirited state of the Scottish barons, rendered the first years of his heroic labours a period of intense struggle. Fortune, however, at length smiled upon him, and almost every undertaking to which he put his hand succeeded. Scotland was well nigh brought back to its allegiance; nearly every stronghold but the castle of Stirling had been won by the patriot king. Sir Philip de Mowbray held this important fortress for the English. It was besieged by Edward Bruce, the king's brother, but was nobly defended by the governor. At length the garrison agreed to surrender on the 24th June the following year (1314), if not relieved by that time with supplies from England. The king was displeased with the terms of the treaty, but kept them in all

honour. Both nations looked forward to this day with intense interest, and against its approach the most gigantic preparations were set on foot. Edward mustered an army of full one hundred thousand men, all well disciplined, the head of which he himself marched to the relief of the garrison, with the ulterior object of thoroughly and forever subduing the refractory Scots. Under him were some of the most distinguished generals of which England could then boast. Meanwhile, Bruce appealed to his countrymen in this hour of his country's peril. The muster arranged to be held at Torwood, a few miles from Stirling. On the appointed day the Scottish king found himself at the head of an army of nearly forty thousand men. Of these only five hundred were cavalry, whereas in the English army there were forty thousand. On the approach of the enemy, Bruce retired to the neighbourhood of Stirling, and drew up his forces on the rising ground above referred to. The line extended from south to north, and faced the east. The right wing rested on the Bannock burn, and was protected by a dangerous morass, now drained and cultivated, but still distinguishable by its colour. The left wing stretched towards Stirling, and was protected by pits three feet deep, filled with pointed stakes and covered with soot, that the deception might be the more complete. Edward Bruce commanded the right wing; the left was committed to James Douglas and Walter, the steward of Scotland, while Randolph, the king's nephew, headed the centre. The king himself commanded the reserve. On the 23rd June, Edward detached a body of eight hundred horse to turn the left wing of the Scottish army and throw themselves into the castle. This was detected by the Scottish king, and Randolph hastened to repel the attempt. The conflict was brief but sharp. Sir Robert Clifford, who led on the English, was slain, and his detachment completely routed. In the mean time Bruce himself escaped the most imminent peril. Riding in the front of the line he was espied by Sir H. de Bohun, an English knight, who immediately made an attack upon him. Bruce coolly awaited the unequal contest, and at the moment of encounter suddenly moved his horse to one side, and dealt the knight such a blow with his battle-axe as laid him lifeless at his feet. The result of these two actions produced a powerful impression upon the Scots. Early on the 24th, everything indicated a portentous day for Scotland. The two armies confronted each other. The one full of pride and hope, and revenge for the deeds of the past day, fancied they had little else to do but advance to conquer; the other full of stern, solemn resolution, awaited the onset with pious fortitude, prepared to die rather than to quit the field. Truly said Sir Ingram Umfraville, 'On that field they will win or die.' The battle joined, and raged long with doubtful success. The Scottish spearmen beat back the English horse, but were dreadfully galled by the archers. At length Bruce perceived symptoms of exhaustion in the ranks of the enemy. This was the critical moment; and fortune favouring the Scots, the camp-followers, who had till now remained behind the Gillies Hill, to the west of the Scottish line, suddenly made their appearance on the top of the hill, carrying with them banners and what weapons they could find. This cast dismay among the ranks of the English, and Bruce, improving the advantage, raised his war-cry and pushed onwards with redoubled fury. The result was that the enemy's ranks were thrown into complete confusion, the English fled in every direction, and the Scots remained in perfect and undisputed possession of the field. Thirty thousand English were left dead on the ground, among whom were many persons of note; while Edward himself escaped with difficulty to Dunbar, whence he went by sea to Berwick. The results of this well-contested engagement were of the utmost importance to Scotland: its liberties were secured, and its independence placed upon a sure foundation. Its consequences are being experienced at this hour, and the heart of every Scotsman beats proudly at the remembrance of Bruce and Bannockburn.

A mile to the south-west of the field of Bannockburn, on the banks of a little rivulet, an obstinate engagement was fought in 1488, between James III. and the disaffected

nobles under the command of his own son. The king's forces were defeated and fled. He himself had left the field before the day was decided, and in passing the village of Milbourn his horse took fright at a woman carrying water and threw him. He was so injured by the fall that he seems to have apprehended death. He was carried into the mill close by, and what assistance was within reach was provided. The character and standing of the stranger were not yet discovered, but upon those who waited upon him being asked to provide a confessor, they inquired who he was, when James replied, 'Alas! this morning I was your king.' This was immediately made known, and some of the disaffected passing at the time, one of them, on the pretence of being a priest, found admittance to where the wounded king lay. Under colour of administering spiritual consolation, he approached the unfortunate monarch and stabbed him to the heart. The remains of the mill are still pointed out, a few yards from the road. This battle, so disastrous to royalty, is called the battle of Sauchie-burn.

YEARS OF SCARCITY.

As far as we go back in the pages of history, we find the record of dearth and distress of such frequent recurrence that calamity seems almost to have been a necessary concomitant of human progress. It would be impossible now to calculate the numbers that have been swept from the face of the earth by famine; but a summary of some of the leading circumstances attendant upon its visitations may not be devoid of instruction for the existing generation, as showing how much of the evil may be set down to the charge of human folly and short-sightedness, and how much the spread of commerce has tended to mitigate its severity in recent times.

We need not seek for facts beyond the limits of our own country. To take a rapid survey, we find the old chronicles, as recorded by Maitland and others, make mention of a famine in 1257, when 20,000 persons died from starvation in London alone, and dead dogs and all kinds of carrion were fought for and greedily devoured by the survivors. Again, in 1271, wheat was £80 per quarter, present value; many poor parents ate their own children, and prisoners shut up in jails satisfied their hunger on the bodies of their companions in misfortune. The only means taken to remedy the distress appears to have been the issuing of proclamations fixing the prices at which flesh and poultry should be sold, under penalty of forfeiture to the king. Such orders, however, defeated their object, as the country people would not bring their commodities to market unless at their own prices. In 1316 the parliament passed a law against the conversion of wheat into malt, as a provision against the prevailing scarcity; and in 1335 the mayor and sheriffs of London were severely reprimanded by Edward III. for neglecting to lay up a proper store of food for the city. This monarch's reign, generally considered so glorious in its foreign triumphs, was one of severe domestic suffering and distress. During the next two centuries the same scenes were repeated: the poor, we are told, 'were fain to make bread of fern roots and ivy-berries, and many of the meaner sort were starved.' These were the days so often referred to,

'Ere England's griefs began,
When every rod of ground maintained its man.'

But the facts show that scarcity was an evil looked for periodically. Eighteen bushels of wheat to the acre were considered a fair average crop, and with the exception of a few months immediately succeeding harvest, the rest of the year was a struggle against privation. Provident measures were scarcely ever attempted; when the population of London and the principal ports became clamorous for food, ships were sent on the spur of the moment to the Hanseatic and Prussian markets for cargoes of rye; the relief thus obtained lasted till the arrival of other supplies from abroad or the next harvest. But the people in the provinces seem to have been left to take care of themselves; and no means were taken to make seasons of plenty compensate for those of scarcity, except such as might be found

in inflicting punishment on 'forestallers and regraters.' The world is slow to learn wisdom. This old law of the Plantagenets was revived during a deficiency in 1757; and coming down to more recent times, to a period within the recollection of many persons yet living, we find that although glimmerings of the truth begin to be apparent, yet the bulk of the population were as far from apprehending the real difficulty as their forefathers had been in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The harvest of 1795 was greatly below the average, and the popular discontent, aggravated by the burdens of the war, broke out in many places. Government bought up wheat wherever it could be found, and stored it up in granaries ready for use. Ships laden with grain belonging to neutral powers were seized at sea, and the captains compelled to sell the cargoes. In 1796 the crops were abundant; but in the four following years, from wet seasons and other causes, the deficit was so great that in 1801 wheat was sold at £9 the quarter, and the price of the quarter loaf rose to 1s. 10½d. Potatoes, which in '98 sold at one guinea per ton, wholesale, were retailed at eighteen guineas per ton in '99. Everything seemed to conspire to add to the prevalent distress: the coinage was in a bad state; shillings and sixpences were nothing more than thin smooth pieces of metal, not worth more than a third of the nominal value. Gold was nowhere to be seen; the principal circulating medium was paper, until the bank issued silver 'tokens' under authority, from 1s. 6d. to 5s. value. In nine years, taxes to the amount of nearly £300,000,000 were collected; the trade of several towns was diverted into other localities, or so much disturbed as hardly to admit of recovery. Norwich, for instance, lost nearly the whole of its trade in bombazeens. Alarming rumours were propagated of families starved to death by the avarice of 'forestallers;' and every one who could use a pen was ready with his scheme of relief. Yet, notwithstanding the violence of popular prejudices, the following quotation from a writer of the day shows that the truth was not altogether left without advocates: 'The time will come when our more enlightened posterity will be as much astonished that the belief in forestalling and monopolising the necessaries of life being the causes of the scarcity and high prices of provisions should prevail at the end of the eighteenth century, as we are at the grave characters who believed in ghosts and witches at the beginning of the seventeenth century.'

Societies were formed all over the kingdom to devise and execute means for mitigating the overwhelming distress, and maintain a correspondence with the central society in London. The latter published periodical reports of the proceedings, with suggestions and advice as to the best way of meeting the exigencies of the times. It is interesting to note the moral as well as the physical difficulties against which they had to contend. In many quarters the belief was entertained that 'as the human species increase beyond the proportion of subsistence, misery and vice will step forward to reduce the number of mankind.' Natural evil was said to be 'necessary to the existence of all the most excellent virtues; that without distress there could be no charity; without danger, no courage; without difficulty, no perseverance.' Those who brought forward the arguments of Adam Smith as a proof that speculators in corn were to be looked upon rather with respect than hatred, were denounced as revolutionists vile as those of France; and high prices were regarded as the effect 'of rapacity carried on by combination.' Some were for trying everything; others recommended leaving things to come round of themselves.

The distress and suffering, however, were so great that every effort was made to economise flour and grain. The supply of bread was diminished at the royal table with a view to encourage moderation in the use of an article so much required by the people. In some rich families the consumption of bread was almost entirely discontinued, the allowance for each individual being restricted to 6 oz. per day. In the Earl of Egremont's household none but barley bread was eaten; and no baker was permitted to

sell bread that had not been kept twenty-four hours from the time of baking. Committees of parliament sat for four hours daily, for seven weeks, to deliberate on measures for relieving the scarcity. Large bounties were offered for the importation of food from America and the Indies, and the salt duties were remitted, that no impediment might stand in the way of a plentiful supply of salted herrings, cod, and other fish. The manufacture of starch was prohibited, and earnest appeals from time to time appeared against that of hair-powder, as well as for discontinuing the working of distilleries. But to the latter proposition it was objected that it would be taking away 'the only remaining solace of vulgar life, and be the extreme of cruelty.'

Previous to the ripening of the harvest in 1801, such serious fears were entertained of a deficient crop, that when vessels arrived in the Thames and at other places with large cargoes of cod and herring, a feeling of gladness was diffused over the whole kingdom. The central relief society contracted for a weekly supply of these commodities, the codfish to be sold at 2d. per lb.; their first cargo of 400,000 herrings was rapidly bought up. They opened soup-houses in St Giles's and other parts of the metropolis, and during the first four months of 1801 sold prodigious quantities of rice, herrings, and potatoes, at less than prime cost. The society at the same time used every means to instruct the poor in the most economical methods of cooking, of which thousands of the population were, and still are, deplorably ignorant. A hundred years previously, they had with some difficulty accustomed themselves to the use of tea, sugar, and potatoes; and at the period in question they were reluctantly persuaded that nutritious soups could be made with but a small proportion of meat, and that fish and rice were palatable articles of food. It was a new thing for men in power to be occupying themselves with subjects so commonplace as the boiling of potatoes or the cooking of rice, but the pressure of circumstances was such as to compel active exertion in every quarter. The essays of the eccentric but benevolent Count Rumford were published at this time. His great object was to promote habits of industry among the poor, and he strongly recommended the combining of relief with useful employment, as had been so successfully accomplished under his direction at Munich. His observations on nutrition, cookery, and domestic economy, were particularly applicable to the exigencies of the times, and are still deserving of attention. The most strenuous efforts were made, by apportioning allotments of land and other means, to extend the cultivation of potatoes. The planting of four acres additional, in each of the 10,000 English parishes, it was shown, would increase the national supply of food by 200,000 tons annually. Prizes were given by the proprietors of large estates for the best cultivated cottage-gardens, and instructions for the management of bees were widely circulated among labourers, with a view to their finding a resource against privation in the sale of the honey. In the provinces, thousands of the poor were supplied with cooked rice daily, at one halfpenny per lb.; and numerous village shops opened from which rice instead of bread was distributed, with printed information as to the most 'savoury' method of cooking it; but for a long time rice was looked upon with distrust by the poor, who, it was complained, would eat none but the whitest bread whenever they were able to purchase it. Unprincipled shopkeepers made the war an excuse for demanding the most exorbitant prices, and shops were opened in many places for the sale of groceries and other necessaries at cost price, as a protection to the humbler class of buyers.

Keep down the price of bread, was the cry all over the kingdom. In some instances a community hired a mill and fitted up a bakehouse devoted solely to the preparation of barley-bread. In Christ's Hospital, the use of bread at breakfast and dinner was discontinued for three days in the week, and its place supplied by rice, barley-porridge, and potatoes; effecting a saving in the whole establishment of 3000 bushels of flour in the year. At

the Foundling Hospital, nine meals of rice per week were introduced instead of bread; the daily allowance of the latter to the officers and servants of the institution was reduced to half a pound per head, and twice a-week they ate salt herrings at dinner instead of meat. The annual saving was estimated at £800. The project was talked of, but never carried into execution, of legalising one kind of bread only, containing the whole of the bran; but, notwithstanding the publication of numerous arguments to show that complexion was no test of quality, the prejudice against brown bread continued too strong to be resisted. The general dibbling of wheat was further recommended as a saving of seed, and, as in the present emergency, supplies of Indian corn were obtained from America. Consumers, however, were enjoined to be moderate in the use of it, 'its nutritive power being very strong.' But the caution was useless, as no one appeared to relish the new grain, and it fell to the share of horses, pigs, and poultry.

In Cornwall, much distress and misery prevailed among the mining population, which were in part mitigated by the distribution of many tons of rice, and the sale of corned pilchards at 1s. 6d. per hundred. At Stockton, milk was sold to the poor at one halfpenny per pint, by order of the Bishop of Durham, who gave four fields as common pasture for the cattle of those desirous of imitating his example. Among other schemes for lessening the scarcity, it was proposed to abolish tithes and compensate the clergy with waste lands. Government was called upon to establish magazines of rice in every county, and to cause correct inventories to be kept of every kind of food in the kingdom. All pleasure grounds, beyond a certain quantity, were to be heavily taxed or cultivated for the general welfare; and by subjecting pleasure horses to a high duty, and making improvements in the draught of carriages, the whole number of horses, it was contended, would be reduced one-fourth, and thereby leave a large quantity of grain for human consumption. In various quarters, small parties combined to purchase no provisions beyond absolute necessities, except at fair and reasonable prices. One of these parties held out for three weeks against butter, for which they had resolved to give no more than 14d. per lb., but at the end of that time their 'liquorish appetites gave way,' and they paid the 22d. demanded by the dealers.

Many persons maintained that the subscriptions for the relief of the poor, by keeping up the price of bread and meat, did more harm than good; that the state of things then existing was the most likely to conduce to the real ultimate prosperity of the nation. Those who held these doctrines were found among the class whose estates had doubled in value in the course of a few years; who made use of a few showy facts as bubbles to assist in deluding the public mind. But, as has been shown, the mass of the people were suffering the greatest distress. In some few instances, skilled labour commanded higher wages than formerly, but the great body of labourers, who could perform none but the rudest kind of occupation, were severe sufferers; even in government establishments, their wages were but fifteen shillings per week. On the other hand, attempts were made to prove that luxury and refinement, by promoting over-production, were the cause of the distress; that a nation to be prosperous should produce no more of food, or any other commodity, than sufficient for the bare wants of the population.

Such were the projects and reasonings called forth by the most formidable scarcity under which this country has suffered in recent times. Where so many powerful interests are concerned, it would be vain to expect unanimity of sentiment; but from this brief statement the present generation may compare their experience with that of the past. Correct principles are better understood now than they were half a century ago; yet to education—education which shall give something more than the mere elements of knowledge—we must look for the diminution of error in the whole range of social philosophy. 'How necessary it is,' says a recent writer, 'that the masses, so greedily,

Increasingly influential, should not be suffered to remain in ignorance of their true interests. They are not jobs that they cannot be led to see wherein those true interests lie, nor to admit that they consist in upholding the laws and respecting the institutions of their country. But they are ignorant, and in this condition all manner of fallacies may be made to pass with them for truth. The true path of safety will be found in educating the people—in teaching them to discriminate between evils derivable to the imperfection of human institutions, and therefore remediable, and such as arise in the order of providence.

SKETCH ON BOARD A PACKET-SHIP.

[From the New York Commercial Advertiser.]

Permit him who takes a sea voyage for pleasure. Laying aside all tendencies to sea-sickness, which are not easily laid aside, I cannot conceive what may be the enjoyment of feeling the deck slipping from under you when you walk, and telling you about when you lie down. Perhaps, after some days, or repeated experience, you fancy you have some definite notion of the changing surface, and can adapt yourself to your ground; but the order comes to tack ship, the wind whips astern, and you must begin again; or, if you go into your state-room, after making a spasmodic effort to shut the door to windward, you find yourself suddenly landed against your washstand, one hand holding by the edge of the berth, and the other flat in the bottom of the bowl.

After reflecting a moment, with your regards downward, upon your relative situation with the ship and the small furniture of your state-room, and being well assured of the position of the various objects, you make a bold, and, for a time, successful, effort to stand erect, though the sides of your room are shifting before your eyes like the balls in the hands of a conjuror. You roll without knowing where, and only save your head from thumping into your looking-glass by catching at the curtains, which, by a strange phenomenon, are standing at right angles from your berth, straight into the middle of the room. The water, if you pour it into your bowl, is, before half-full, running over. You put a tumbler to your mouth, and a lurch brings the glass under your ear. You attempt to snuff the candle, and you have snuffed the wick, light, and all; and the hot wax is smeared over your thumb and forefinger.

In despair, you pull off your boots by dint of violent jerks between the pitches, and, when the effort at length proves successful, you find yourself at one end of the room, and the boot at the other. Finally ready, you make a plunge for your berth—at first unsuccessfully, and come heavily against the walls of the ship. Another effort, and you have laid hold of its edge, and clamber heavily in. Down goes your head, up go your feet; the dull light of night comes in at the little windows; splash and hiss rush the crowding waters; creak, creak, go the yards; flap, flap, the sails; everything is moving without rule or order, and you are moving with the mass, though you would give worlds for quiet. Thump you go, now against the wall of the ship, now against the lower rail of the berth—and half on upon the floor. You've a strange fancy that the ship is going over, and the perspiration starts at every pore.

Tired nature at length begets sleep; but, at waking, what strange metamorphoses! You are jammed like a wedge, in the farthest corner of your berth, and the ship seems to have a mad purpose of battering your head against the planks. You look out from the curtains to assure yourself that the ship is all right, and your clothes, that were hugging the wall so faithfully last night, are swinging like witches' petticoats, half over the state-room, and the pocket of your shooting-jacket threatens to dislodge your brandy-flask and ship-bread full in your face. The chair has fallen over, and landed your waistcoat, and boots, and cravat, and collar, in a pile just under your nose. You examine all in detail, to make good ground when you rise, but nausea comes over you, and you bury your faint heart in the sheets, but the clothes smell bad; you look

up, but the swinging coat-tails are frightful; you try to summon courage; you make a bold push into the state-room; you seize your pantaloons, and thrust in one leg with a cool determination that quite surprises you; you lift the other foot, you have half succeeded, when thwack you go against the berth; your hand drops the breeches and catches at the curtains, your head swims, your heart grows faint, you drop into the berth, and fall down to leeward. What hopeless wishes for quiet!

Perhaps some confounded good-natured friend puts his head into the door of your state-room, with an 'Kh, F——, ain't sick, are ye?'

'No,' you say, speaking very, very quick, 'horrible sleepy.' And you wish him anywhere but where he is, and feel thankful when he slams the door.

But it is useless to lie still. In half-an-hour's time you have on your pantaloons, waistcoat, and boots—and have half-washed, your head swimming and your stomach showing strange symptoms. You attempt to tie your cravat; the ends hang round your shoulder; it is agony to reach them; you rest a moment, things are growing worse; you seize your coat and hat, the chance is doubtful; you stagger to the door, you rush through the cabin—who cares for laughs now? you are beyond the reach of such trials—you swing yourself down to the gangway, you lean your head over the boiling and raging sea, and—you are relieved.

There is another side to the picture: The wind is not strong, but counts every whiff of it, homeward. The sun sends warm streaks over the lee quarter, and under the sail you lounge, your head shaded and pillowed upon your southwester, and your limbs stretching into the warm sunshine upon the deck. You have a book; you have ransacked the ship's library, and stumbled upon Bulwer's *Rienzi* or *Pompeii*, and, as you read of Irene or Nydia, the old houses down by the Ponto Roto, and the dirty banks of the Tiber, and the swarms of children of Roman mothers, troop in your memory; or Vesuvius and its smiling skies, and its monks' wine, and the unburied city, with its clamorous guides; or the easy luxury of the motion gets the better of your eye, and it closes, and your head yields to the woolly pillow, and dreams of the land of story come whisking and going, and, by and by, as sleep grows stronger, thoughts wander homeward, and you are putting your feet down on old doorways, and catching the smiles of old faces, and restraining the caresses of your old dog.

Tingle, tingle, goes the lunch bell, and you lift your head to see the captain shooting off for a bite at the fruit and the surdines. You fall to dozing again, when the two white puppies come frolicking and catch at your coat-tails, and bite at the tassel of your Scotch cap, and you are still playing with them when the cabin-boy comes up with a plate of boiled rice for the fowls, and the dogs rush away to dispute claims with the turkeys. The wind hauls abeam and freshens. You shift your berth to windward, and the ship lies lightly over, and the mate orders the men to the braces. 'Slack to windward!' 'Slack it is, sir!' 'Top-sail brace!' 'Top-sail brace, sir!' 'Yo-heave-o!' 'Belay!' 'Belay, sir!' And you watch the ropes traversing, crossing, and recrossing, against the deep blue sky of August. Now she parts the waters gallantly, and you look down over the lee rail into the dancing and frothing wave. As you look, a platoon of porpoises, marshalled by a heavy tumbling old sergeant, come frolicking by, whilst they out the top of the wave with their sharp black fin, and sink in line, and rise, and dive again under our keel, and reappear, and slip away, though you can see where they swim a long way on, as they toss their black backs out of the shining mass of ocean. You fall to whistling, or pace the deck, until tingle, tingle, again goes the bell, and this time it is dinner. Then you sit over the stews and roasts, and nuts and wine, and captain's jokes, till three bells strike, and the fresh air of the deck feels gratefully. The ship is scudding along under a strong breeze, now on the quarter; the ripples dance upon the waves seething in our wake; the stout old Dane bemarches the white planks, every now and then shouting to the man at the wheel, 'No iyer!' 'Keep 'er full!'

Then we sit on the green settees, as evening comes up in a grey stripe out of the eastern line of horizon. The smoke of the captain's pipe floats away in blue clouds under the crotchet, the carpenter's plane forward is whisking out shavings, and the strangers are looking or lounging over the water casks, or enjoying the last of the sun on the top of the longboat; the ducks quack, and now and then the musical laugh of the light-hearted German girls sings out over the sea.

The wind drops more astern; 'Heave up,' and a creak, and a creak, and a 'Belay, sir,' and the yards are squared to it. The sun drops into a thin haze over the horizon, that makes its disc as distinct as a blood-red moon. The wind comes in puffs, as if Æolus were hankering after the universal quiet; slap go the empty sails, and there again they fill, and again slap the masts. Now, it dies wholly. The waves have diminished to soft-sounding ripples, and the surface is smooth.

The merriest of the steerage company are gathered along the line of casks beside the longboat, and they are singing a rich, wild, German chorus. Admirably they time their voices. Hark! how it mellows as it rides off on the waves! That indescribable note of the man in the long red cap, that one hears so often in the valleys of Switzerland; how it rolls over the surface of the water, bringing back to my mind who was only a wanderer, and doubly to theirs, who call it their own, the land of the fir-tree or the glacier! Now they have changed to a soft plaintive air. You may distinguish the sound of women's voices; and the sun—for a moment before his setting—is free of the cloud, and throws a stream of crimson light over the queer-head-dresses and earnest simple faces of the German singers. Sweetly they fill the air as the sun goes down, and all becomes grey. The last trace of the red light has sunk in the western waters; so by degrees all is still, and the ship, with its crowd of living souls, as silent as the sea!

THE SCOTTISH SACRAMENTAL SABBATH.

BY JAMES HISLOP.

[For the information of some of our readers, we may explain that the ordinance of the Lord's Supper is in Scotland observed always on a Sabbath. The worship is commenced with the singing of a psalm, in which the congregation join; then prayer is offered up, which is followed by a sermon called the 'action sermon'; after which is the 'fencing of the tables'—a short discourse, in which the minister describes the character of those who are warranted to join in the observance of the ordinance.]

The Sabbath morning glides the eastern hills,
The swains its sunny dawn wi' gladness greet,
Frae heath-clad hamlets 'maug the muirland rills,
The dewy mountains climb wi' naked feet,
Skiffin' the daisies drouket i' the weat;
The nibblin' flocks come bleatin' down the brae,
To shadowy pastures, screen'd frae simmer heat,
In woods where tinklin' waters glide away,
'Mang holms o' clover red, and bright-brown rye-grass hay.

Hils ewes and lambs brought careful frae the height,
The shepherd's children watch them frae the corn;
On green sward scented lawn, wi' gowans white,
Frae page o' pocket psalm-book, soiled and torn,
The task prepare, assign'd for Sabbath morn;
The elder bairns their parents join in prayer;
One daughter dear, beneath the flowery thorn,
Kneels down apart, her spirit to prepare,
On this her first approach the sacred cup to share.

The social chat, wi' solemn converse mix'd,
At early hour, they finish their repast;
The pious sire repeats full many a text,
Of sacramental Sabbaths long gone past.
To see her little family neatly dress'd,
The careful matron feels a mother's pride,
Gies this a linen shirt—gives that a vest;
The frugal father's frowns their finery chide.
He prays that Heaven their souls may wedding robes provide.

The sisters busk'd, seek the garden-walk,
To gather flowers, and watch the warning-bell:
Sweet-william, danglin' dewy frae the stalk,
Is mix'd wi' mountain-daisies rich in smell,
Green sweetbrier sprigs, an' violets frae the dell
Where Spango shepherds pass the lane abode,
An' Wanlock miners cross the muirland fell;
Then down the sunny winding woodland road
The little pastoral band approach the house of God.

Stream of my native mountains! Oh, how oft
That Sabbath mornin' walk, in youth, was mine!
Ye fancy hears the kirk-bell, crosses an' soft,
Ring o'er the darkling woods o' dewy pine,
How oft the wood rose rich, wi' scented thyme,
I've stooped to pull, while passing on my way!
But now, in sunny regions south the lime,
Nae birks nor broom-flowers shade the simmer brae.
Alas! I can but dream o' Scotland's Sabbath-day!

But dear that cherish'd dream: I still behold
The ancient kirk, the plane-trees e'er it spread,
And seated 'mang the graves, the young, the old,
As once in simmer days for ever fled,
To deck my dream, the grave gives up its dead,
The pale precentor sings as then he sung,
The long-lost pastor wi' the hoary head,
Pours forth his pious counsels to the young,
And dear ones from the dust again to life are sprung.

Lost friends return from realms beyond the main,
And boyhood's best beloved ones all are there;
The blanks in family circles fill'd again,
No seat seems empty round the house of prayer,
The sound of psalms has vanish'd in the air,
Borne up to heaven upon the mountain breeze;
The patriarchal priest, wi' silvery hair,
In tent erected, 'neath the fresh green trees,
Spreads forth the Book of God, with holy pride and seas

The eyes of circling thousands on him fix'd.
The kirk-yard scarce contains the mingling mass
Of kindred congregations round him mix'd,
Close seated on the grave-stones and the grass—
Some crowd the garden-walls—a wealthier class.
On chairs and benches, round the tent draw near—
The poor man prays far distant—and, alas!
Some seated by the graves of parents dear,
Among the fresh green flowers, let fall the silent tear.

Sublime the text he chooses—'Who is this,
From Edom comes, with garments dyed in blood,
Travelling in greatness of his strength to bless,
Treading the wine-press of Almighty God?'
Perchance the theme, that mighty One who rode
Forth leader of the armies, clothed in light:
Around whose fiery forehead rainbows glow'd,
Beneath whose tread heaven trembled, angels bright
Their shining ranks arranged around his head of white.

Behold the contrast! Christ, the King of kings,
A houseless wand'rer in a world below—
Faint, fasting, weary by the desert springs—
From youth a man of mourning and of woe:
The birds have nests on simmer's blooming bough,
The foxes in the mountains find a bed;
But mankind's Friend found every man his foe;
His heart with anguish in the garden bled;
He peaceful, like a lamb, was to the slaughter led.

The action sermon ended, tables fenced,
While elders forth the sacred symbols bring,
The day's more solemn services now commenced.
To heaven is wafted, on devotion's wing,
The psalm those entering to the altar sing:
'I'll of salvation take the cup; I'll call,
With trembling, on the name of Zion's King;
His courts I'll enter, at his footstool fall,
And pay mine early vows before his people all.'

Behold the crowded tables clad in white,
Extending far above the flowery graves;
A blessing on the bread and wine-cups bright,
With lifted hands, the holy pastor craves:
The simmer's sunny breeze his white hair waves,
His soul is with his Saviour in the sky;
The hallow'd wheat-loaf he breaks, and gives
The symbols to the elders seated nigh—
'Take, eat the bread of life, sent down from heaven on high.'

He, in like manner, also lifted up
The flagon fill'd with consecrated wine—
'Drink—drink ye all of it—salvation's cup,
Memorial mournful of His love divine.'
Then solemn pause. Save the rustling pine
Or plane-tree boughs, no sound salutes mine ears
In silence pass'd, the silver vesels shine;
Devotion's Sabbath dreams from bygone years
Return, till many an eye is moist with springing tears.

Again, the preacher breaks the solemn pause:—
Lift up your eyes to Calvary's mountain; see,
In mourning veil'd, the midday sun withdraws,
While dies the Saviour, bleeding on the tree.
But, hark! again the stars sing jubilee:
With anthems, heaven's armies hail their King
Ascend in glory, from the grave set free—
Triumphant see him soar on seraph's wing.
To meet his angel hosts around the clouds of spring!

Behold his radiant robes of fleecy light,
Melt into sunny ether soft and blue;
Then, in this gloomy world of tears and night,
Behold the table he hath spread for you.

What though you tread affliction's path; a few—
A few short years, your toils will all be o'er;
From Pisgah's top, the promised country view—
The happy land beyond immanuel's shore—
Where Eden's blissful bower blooms green for evermore.

Come here, ye houseless wanderers, soothe your grief,
While faith presents your Father's bliss'd abode;
And here, ye friendless mourners, find relief,
And dry your tears, in drawing near to God.
The poor may here lay down oppression's load,
The rich forget his crosses and his care,
Youth enter on religion's narrow road,
The old for his eternal change prepare,
And whosoever will, life's waters freely share.

How bless'd are they who in thy courts abide,
Whose strength, whose trust, upon Jehovah stays!
For he in his pavilion shall them hide,
In covert safe, when come the evil days.
Though shadowy darkness compasseth his ways,
And thick clouds, like a curtain, hide his throne,
Not even through a glass our eyes shall gaze—
In brighter worlds his wisdom shall be shown,
And all things work for good to those that are his own.

And blessed are the young, to God who bring
The morning of their days in sacrifice;
The heart's unfriest flowers, yet fresh with spring,
Send forth an incense pleasing in his eyes.
To me, ye children, hearken and be wise!
The prophets died; our fathers where are they?
Alas! this fleeting world's delusive joys,
Like morning clouds and early dews, decay:
Be yours that better part that fadeeth not away.

Walk round these walls—and o'er the yet green graves
Of friends whom you have loved, let fall the tear;
On many dresses dark deep mourning waves,
For some, in summer past, who worshipp'd here.
Around these tables, each revolving year,
What fleeting generations I have seen!
Where, where my youthful friends and comrades dear?
Fled, fled away, as they had never been—
All sleeping in the dust, beneath these plane-trees green!

And some are seated here, mine aged friends,
Who round this table never more shall meet;
For him who bow'd with age before you stands
The mourners soon shall go about the street.
Beneath these green boughs, shadow'd from the heat,
I've bless'd the bread of life for threescore years;
And shall not many moulder 'neath my feet,
And some who sit around me now in tears,
To me be for a crown of joy when Christ appears?
Behold He comes with clouds—a kindling flood
Of fiery flame before his chariot flees—
The sun in sackcloth veild, the moon in blood.
All kindreds of the earth dismay shall seize;
Like figs untimely shaken by the breeze
The fix'd stars fall; amid the thunder's roar
The buried spring to life beneath these trees;
A mighty angel standing on the shore,
With arm stretch'd forth to heaven, swears time shall be no more.

The hour is near, your robes unspotted keep;
The vows you now have sworn are seal'd on high.
—Hark, hark! God's answering voice in thunders deep,
'Midst waters dark, and thick clouds of the sky!
And what if now, to judgment, on your eye
He burst, where yonder livid lightnings play,
His chariot of salvation passing by—
The great white throne, the terrible array
Of Him before whose frown the heavens shall flee away?

My friends, how dreadful is this holy place,
Where rolls the muttering thunder! God is near;
And though we cannot see him face to face,
Yet, as from Horeb's mount, his voice we hear;
The angel armies of the upper sphere,
Down from these clouds, on your communion gaze;
The spirits of the dead, who once were dear,
Are viewless witnesses of all our ways.
Go from His table, then—with trembling tune his praise.

AGATHA DE COLOBRIERES.

In the bright and sunny land of Provence, not far from the Italian frontier, on a wild-looking hill whose base is washed by the Var, stand the ruins of an old castle, in which, a hundred years ago, lived the poor and proud Baron Mathien de Colobrières, who boasted among his ancestors, on the female side, a score of cardinals and one pope; while in the paternal line the aristocratic blood could be traced back beyond the reach of history. With all their nobility the baron's ancestry had not been wise enough to retain what was their own; little by little had they transferred their seigniorial rights, and sold portions

of their fair domain, as from time to time the knightly exchequer showed symptoms of exhaustion; and so barren were the remaining lands, that hardly one among the simple farmers of the neighbourhood could have been found willing to exchange with their lordly possessor.

The baron's lady was as poor and noble as himself; her dower consisted of toys and jewels, worth a few hundred crowns. To atone for the scantiness of her portion, she brought her husband a family of fourteen children, who, notwithstanding the poverty of their daily fare, and their garments made of old curtains and tapestry, grew up cheerful of heart and comely of form. Prevented by pride from devoting themselves to any useful or profitable employment, seven of the sons became monks or soldiers, and five of the daughters took the vows in a convent of our Lady of Mercy. Two only of this numerous family, Gaston and Anastasie, a son and a daughter, remained at home with their parents.

The castle of Colobrières was in a very dilapidated condition, for the revenues of its owner barely sufficed to provide food and clothing for its inmates, and the ruinous state of the chapel was a constant grief to the baroness, as it placed her under the necessity of attending mass in a neighbouring village, instead of hearing it under her own roof. However, to mass the whole family regularly went on Sundays and holidays; and returning from this ceremony one Whitsunday the baron lingered for a time in the village market-place, where the periodical fair had assembled the usual concourse of itinerant merchants, who were driving a brisk business with the rustics, tempting them with displays of gaudy ribbons and chintzes, and crosses, rings, and rosaries for devotional purposes. The same day, instead of falling asleep after dinner, as was his wont, the baron sat wrapped in deep thought, now and then giving a half-whistle, or playing with his empty glass. The baroness, after trying in vain to guess the cause of her lord's wakefulness, went off into her usual dose, from which, half an hour later, she was roused by a sound very much like a groan. She started up, and, with a bewildered look at the baron, inquired if he had spoken.

'I have heard news,' answered her husband. 'A pedlar in the fair spoke to me of Agatha de Colobrières.'

'Ah! what was it he told you?' inquired the baroness. The baron then related that Pierre Maragnon, the husband of the female whose name he had mentioned, was dead, leaving a large fortune and one child. The widow, so the pedlar stated, would, had she dared, have sent her compliments to the baron, whose ire seemed to be greatly excited by this communication: striking the table with his fist, he exclaimed—'Compliments, indeed! She, Madame Maragnon—vile creature—dare to speak the name of Colobrières.'

'She remembers, and loves us still,' softly interposed the lady.

'Does that concern you, madame?' answered her husband, who rose in great indignation and left the apartment. The baroness sat silently thinking of the events recalled by the unexpected intelligence. The name of Agatha de Colobrières had not been spoken in the castle for thirty years; neither Gaston nor his fair sister knew of her existence, and yet she was the only sister of their father.

Gaston was now five-and-twenty. Five years prior to his birth, a maiden of noble carriage and mature beauty might have been seen among the inmates of the castle. This was Mademoiselle Agatha de Colobrières, whom her poor and proud relatives destined for a convent; but feeling no inclination for the life of a nun, the beautiful girl found means to defer her departure, and was still living in the castle at the death of her parents, and the baron's marriage. A nun, however, she was to be—a thought that often filled her with melancholy, and caused her to weep in silent sorrow; yet the idea of saying 'No' never once occurred to her. Already the baroness had presented her husband six children, and Agatha felt, although neither her brother nor his wife importuned her on the subject, that she must soon depart, to make room for the

increasing family; and her entrance into a convent formed a daily subject of conversation.

Such was the state of affairs, when one fearfully stormy night some belated travelling merchants applied for shelter at the gate of the castle. They were readily admitted, and, after attending to their baggage-mules in the stable, took up their own quarters in an empty hall close by. A short time afterwards, the baroness, who had witnessed their arrival from her window, expressed a wish to her sister-in-law to lay out a few francs in the purchase of some trifling but ornamental articles of dress. Agatha answered with a sigh that such things were of little use, as she would soon need them no longer; but the baroness rose, and stealing a glance at her husband, who was dosing over an old book on noble families, went to a closet, from which she fetched a little purse and gave it to Mademoiselle de Colobrières, desiring her to expend the contents—six livres fifteen sous—discreetly. Agatha took the purse; the baron and his wife retired to their chamber, and she, in turn, withdrew to her own little apartment. It was at the very extremity of one of the wings, and had formerly been an oratory, and was still adorned with carvings of saints and cherubim, about a cross of elegant workmanship. She sat down, and said to herself with a sigh, as she shook the little purse, 'Ah, how happy should we all be if I had twenty or thirty thousand of these pieces! The castle should be repaired; I would fill all the store-rooms; and we should have dresses every season; and something over for the poor, and no need for me to go to the convent. But I have nothing—nothing, and cannot work for bread. I must go somewhere, and trust to the goodness of God for food and raiment.' At this moment the clock struck nine. Too well bred to enter alone into the presence of the merchants, Agatha went to the children's room and woke the eldest girl, who was soon ready to accompany her, and they stole silently down the stairs to the hall, where the travellers had bestowed themselves as snugly as the scanty accommodation would afford. Two chests, placed side by side, and covered with a green cloth, were no bad substitute for a table, the smaller bales served as seats, and the light from one of the large canvass lanterns, such as are used by wagoners, sufficiently illuminated the apartment.

Mademoiselle de Colobrières knocked at the door, and as she entered, leading her niece by the hand, said—'Good evening; may I ask to see your goods?' Although dressed in a shabby gown of coarse woollen, Agatha's appearance bore testimony to her rank and noble extraction. The trader started in surprise, bowed respectfully, and pushing forward a bale as a seat, proceeded to unpack his goods. The lady looked round; at the further end of the hall, behind a pile of bales, another man was asleep, wrapped in his travelling cloak. Upon the table lay an account-book filled with figures, and a valise full of six-livre pieces and louis-d'or. The young and good-looking owner of this wealth thrust it aside, and unfolded his handkerchiefs and ribbons, the sight of which so bewildered Agatha that she knew not what to select. Mistaking the cause of her hesitation, the merchant offered goods still more beautiful, on which the little girl exclaimed—'Oh, aunt, we ought to buy these things, and then Nanon, the excise-man's daughter, would not be so proud at mass, with her gingham frock and head-dress à papillon. If we had new clothes, we should not be obliged to mend our Sunday clothes on Saturday.'

Agatha blushed, and checking her niece, laid the purse upon the table, saying in a dignified and mournful tone—'We are not rich: at present I have no more than this to lay out with you.'

The merchant urged her to select whatever she required, declaring eagerly that he would wait a year for payment. Mademoiselle de Colobrières, however, replied that finery would be useless in a convent where she would have to wear nothing but a black gown and veil. This remark excited the young trader's interest; he went to a bale at the end of the room, and while he was unpacking

her. Among pastoral subjects, cupids, shepherdesses with their silvan lovers, was one that deeply impressed the lady. It was a scene of monastic life: a dying nun lay on her bed of straw, in a damp and dimly-lit cell; an indescribable expression shone from her half-closed eyes, as she raised her wasted hands to heaven. All Agatha's repugnance to the life of the cloister came upon her with renewed horror at the sight; she let the engraving fall, and burst into tears. The merchant, who at this moment returned from the other end of the hall, said with much feeling—'You are going to a convent, mademoiselle. It is a dreadful venture, unless you greatly desire it. Pardon me if I say the time will come, perhaps, when you will bitterly regret it.'

'I regret it already,' replied the lady, in uncontrollable emotion; 'I detest a nun's life. The future fills me with dread, but I must yield to my fate.'

While Agatha spoke, the stranger gazed on her with a countenance expressive of some deep-working feeling. Pierre Maragnon was superior to his condition; possessing much shrewdness and decision of character, he had already realised a fortune. While he looked on the tearful and high-born lady before him, the thought flashed upon him that a moment had come on which the future destiny of both might depend: with ready wit he believed in the possibility of making Mademoiselle de Colobrières his wife. Cautiously avoiding whatever might alarm her innate pride, he hoped by an adroit attack to disarm her prejudices:—'You will think me presumptuous, mademoiselle,' he said, 'but, having already spoken, I consider it a duty to give you further advice. Determine to endure anything rather than go into a convent. Work, if it must be so—it is not a disgrace nor a misfortune. Is not work better with liberty than an idle life between stone walls, whence you never come out alive or dead?'

'If I could renounce my rank,' answered Agatha, surprised but not offended—'my name, I would go at once, and live anywhere by my own labour, rather than become a nun.'

'And what hinders you, mademoiselle?' said Pierre Maragnon, confidently; 'a little courage and you may come down from that lofty position in which you must make such a frightful sacrifice, and be the wife of an honest citizen. Because you are not rich enough to marry a nobleman you must go to a convent; a merchant would think himself lucky to wed you without a portion.'

'Such a one would never dare to ask me in marriage,' said Agatha, innocently.

'Your present position may lead some one to dare it,' answered the trader, in a tone that conveyed much meaning, as he looked her steadily in the face.

He was understood. The blood rushed into the lady's cheeks, her eyes sparkled with pride and indignation; but the emotion passed away, and she sat thoughtful. Pierre Maragnon could scarcely conceal his joy: repressing all idle inducements, he sought to prove the possibility of an alliance between a wealthy merchant, *roturier*, and a descendant of a noble but ruined family. He spoke of himself: an early orphan, he had gained a fortune sufficient to buy the Colobrières estates ten times over. Agatha's heart was silent, but her reason told her it was better to be the wife of a trader than to weary out her days in a nunnery. The little girl had fallen asleep; all was still in the old castle. There was nothing to interrupt the conference; the clock struck midnight, and it had not yet ended. The longer Agatha reflected the greater appeared the importance of her decision. Pierre, however, found that he had made progress. The lady insensibly began to treat him as an equal; she had called him *monsieur*. At last, in reply to his pressing arguments, she said—'My mind is too much troubled, monsieur, to come to any decision. I must be alone, and pray to God, before I can answer you. It is now late, and you depart in the morning—my resolution will be taken by the first appearance of dawn. If I return not to meet you, leave the castle without delay, for I shall have resigned myself to my lot.'

Pierre Maragnon smiled triumphantly as she retired.

Your fate is in your own hands, mademoiselle. Heaven guide you, and bring you again here in the morning!"

Agatha slowly withdrew with the sleeping child. Sad thoughts crowded on her mind as she passed along the gloomy and dilapidated corridors to her own apartment. She laid the child on the bed, and sat down before her prayer-desk absorbed in reflection. The gloom and melancholy of the place, the sighing of a chilly October wind, increased the perturbation of her mind. She fell on her knees and tried to pray, but the thought of her position came too vividly before her. The poor girl remembered that she was regarded as an intruder, whose departure would be a great relief; no memory of warm affection came to restrain her from bringing shame and grief on a noble house. The first rays of dawn stole up in the east, and she was still vacillating in doubt and uncertainty. The child, disturbed by a passing dream, at this moment moved restlessly, and awoke with Agatha's attempts to compose her. Placing her arm round her aunt's neck, she muttered—"Show me the things you bought last night of the merchant."

"I bought none," answered mademoiselle; "go to sleep, dear, or will you go to your brothers and sisters in the other room?"

"No, I will stay here," replied the child, looking round: mamma promised to let me have this room, because I am the eldest."

"And when did she say you should have it?"

"As soon as you are gone to the nunnery," answered the little girl, with all the unconcern of a child intent on its own schemes.

Mademoiselle de Colobrières started up—"I leave you my chamber, Euphémie," she said; "I will not go to a nunnery."

In another minute the child was again asleep. Agatha took her little cross and prayer-book from a drawer, opened her door quietly, and descended to the court-yard. Pierre Maragnon had been watching the great door since the first streak of daybreak; his pale features betokened the anxious moments he had passed. He became still paler at the sight of the lady, and felt giddy with pleasurable emotions. Advancing to meet her, he said in a quiet tone and with profound respect, "Mademoiselle, we are, if you please, ready to start. In four hours you will be in Antibes, and may then declare your further wishes."

"I am ready, monsieur," said the lady; "but before going to Antibes, we must stop for an hour at the village of St. Peyre."

The mules stood ready with their loads, under the care of a tall young man—he whom Agatha had seen asleep in the hall on the preceding evening. At a sign from Pierre Maragnon he began his march. A heap of silks, laces, and other stuffs, laid in one of the windows of the hall attracted Agatha's attention; the little purse with the six livres fifteen sous lay at the top, and a paper on which was written "From Mademoiselle de Colobrières." It was Pierre Maragnon's wedding present to the family. "For once in their lives," said Agatha, thanking him with a look, "the poor children will have new clothes;" then added hurriedly, "let us depart." Pierre led up his powerful saddle-horse, placed the lady on the croupe, mounted, and set off at a trot. At the foot of the hill Agatha turned to take a last look of the abode of her ancestors; sorrow and affection were mingled in her gaze. "Farewell," she sighed—"farewell, noble house, whose poverty drives me forth! Had a place been left for me at my father's hearth and table, I could not have renounced my family and name." Tears came to her relief; she lunged firmly but timidly to Pierre Maragnon's arm, who, proud and glad, put his horse to a walk when out of sight of the castle, and inquired of Agatha what was her object in going to St. Peyre.

"To be married to you this very day," was her answer. Pierre's heart leaped for joy; he felt tempted to press his lips to the small and fair hand that grasped his sleeve, but replied respectfully—"I could not press the subject on you, mademoiselle, but you have chosen the proper course,

and delighted me with your determination." So saying, he set spurs to his horse, and, leaving the mules to proceed slowly, turned into a by-road, and arrived at St. Peyre just as the sacristan was ringing the first matin-bell. All the inhabitants, save two or three old men, were in the fields, and Pierre, fastening his horse to the fence of the priest's garden, led Mademoiselle de Colobrières to the church, where, making a sign to him to wait for her, she went into the sacristy, and found the curé, to whom she was well known, putting on his robes.

"Heaven's blessing be with you, mademoiselle," he said, perceiving her agitation. "What evil has happened at Colobrières?"

"None, Monsieur le Curé," she answered; "I beg you to hear my confession without delay; my visit to you concerns myself alone." Agatha knelt down before the astonished priest, related the occurrences of the preceding night, and her determination to marry. The priest, much embarrassed, endeavoured to dissuade her from her purpose, and pointing out the danger of a misalliance, hoped she would permit him to reconduct her to the castle. But the lady was firm; her age gave her the power to dispose of her hand as she pleased. "No, Monsieur le Curé," she answered, rising, "I have no intention of receding. Wherever it shall please Pierre Maragnon to conduct me, I will go with him; and when he pleases he will marry me; but will your conscience suffer you to let me depart in this manner? I am resolved to go with him; would it not be better as his wife than otherwise? Ah! it would sorely grieve us to commit such a fault."

Alarmed at this view of the question, the curé consented to perform the ceremony, and promised to go afterwards to the castle and explain the circumstances to the baron, whose family were doubtless in great uneasiness at the absence of their relative. To his concluding appeal even yet to change her resolution, Agatha replied—"I hope they may forgive me, Monsieur le Curé; but I have left Colobrières for ever." The good priest bade her kneel again, and, after preparing her for the religious ceremony, told her to wait in the church, and send Pierre Maragnon to him. Meantime the clerk was sent to bring two of the old men as witnesses; and a quarter of an hour afterwards Pierre and Agatha were husband and wife. Just as they left the church, the train of mules came up, and Pierre, whose countenance was radiant with happiness, said to the young man who conducted them, and to whom he bore a strong resemblance, "Salute her, Jacques; she is your sister."

The wedding-party took the road to Marseilles, while the priest went up to the castle. He found the family full of vague conjectures, and perplexed with the presents left in the window. When the baron heard the truth he burst into an ungovernable rage; he renounced his sister Agatha, cursed her, and forbade all future mention of her name; then causing a large bonfire to be lighted, he threw into it all the beautiful presents. The baroness shed tears as she saw the material for so many new dresses shrink into ashes. She could understand Agatha's loving Pierre Maragnon, but not her venturing to marry him; and looked upon her own wish to spend her savings as the cause of all the trouble. With a heavy heart she again locked up the little purse, vowing to be wiser in future. Her daughters felt the consequences of the vow: before their eighteenth year, the first five were safely immured in a nunnery; and long before the age at which their aunt chose to marry an itinerant trader, the young ladies had passed their novitiate and taken the veil.

MICE.

[From Miller's Boy's Autumn Book]

THE nest of the harvest-mouse, which is the smallest of all known British quadrupeds, is only one-sixth of the size of the common house-mouse; for two harvest-mice placed in a scale will not do more than weigh down a single halfpenny—its little nest is beautifully constructed of leaves, and sometimes the softer portion of reeds. About the middle

there is a small hole, just large enough to admit the point of the little finger; this is the entrance to the nest, which the mouse closes up when it goes in quest of food; and yet this fairy structure, which a man might enclose in the palm of his hand, and which might be tumbled across the table like a ball, without disarranging it, often contains as many as eight or nine little naked blind mice; for even when full grown the whole length of the head and body scarcely exceeds two inches. During the winter months it retires to its burrow under the ground, unless it should be fortunate enough to get into a corn-stack. It is one of the prettiest of our English animals, and may be kept in a cage, like white mice, where it will amuse itself for several minutes at a time by turning round a wire wheel; its chief food is corn, although it will occasionally feed upon insects. How the harvest-mouse contrives to give nourishment to eight or nine young ones in that round and confined little nest was a puzzle to that clever naturalist, Gilbert White; and as he could not resolve so difficult a question; he imagined that she must make holes in different parts of the nest, and so feed one at a time. It is very amusing to watch the habits of this beautiful little creature in a cage—to see how she will twine her tail around the wires, clean herself with her paws, and lap water like a dog: it is the little tomtit of animals. Even the common mouse, which is so great a pest to our houses, is an elegantly shaped little animal, although it is such a plague in the cupboard and the larder. Wherever man goes, it follows him; let him build ever so princely a mansion, he is sure to have the little mouse for a tenant; he walks in, we cannot tell how, and when he has once obtained possession, he is in no hurry to start again; he helps himself to whatever he can get at, without asking any one's permission; and he never saw a carpet in his life that he ever thought was too good for himself and his little companions to play upon. He is a capital judge of cheese; and were half a dozen sorts placed upon the shelf, he would be sure to help himself to the very best. Now I will tell you a story about three blind mice:

There were three blind mice
All sat on a shelf eating rice:
'I say,' said one, 'oh, isn't it nice?'
'I think,' said another, 'it wants a little spice,'
'My dear sir,' said the third, 'you are rather too precise;
Eat more and talk a little less,
Was our poor pa's advice—
A truth he often tried to impress
On his little brown blind mice.'

The old grey cat
Sat on the thick rope mat,
Washing her face and head,
And listening to what they said,
'Stop,' said she, 'till I've wiped me dry,
And I'll be with you by and by;
And if I'm not mistaken,
Unless you save your bacon,
My boys, I'll make you fly.'

She pricks up her ears,
'And to the cupboard goes,
Saying, 'Wait a bit, my dears,
'Till I hook you with my toes,
For, as I haven't dined to-day,
I'll just take lunch, then go away.'
And as she walked quite perpendicular,
Said, 'I'm not at all particular.'

Without any further talk,
She made a sudden spring,
And, like many clever folk
Who aim at everything,
She overleap'd her mark.
And in their hole so dark
The mice got safe away.
Said the cat, 'This is notorious!'
And she mewed out quite uproariously.

RAILWAY TRAVELLING, AND ITS EFFECTS ON THE HUMAN SYSTEM.

The very important question of the medicinal effect of travelling by railway has lately engaged the attention of the most eminent physicians; and it is some satisfaction to know that those who are said proverbially to disagree are at least in this respect unanimous. Even to the passengers

of the third-class, exposed to all the elements, railway travelling has been pronounced the harbinger of health, and the greatest opponent to disease. Dr James Johnson, no mean authority in these matters, has written in glowing terms of the advantages to be derived; as 'if it be a dead calm, we cleave through the air as though we were running against a brisk gale—and if the breeze be adverse, we are sailing right in the wind's eye against a hurricane. This is the way to undergo a thorough ventilation—a sanitary purification from the mephitic atmosphere of London, impregnated with all the poisons issuing from Pandora's box. It is in the 'maintop' of a flying train like this that we can most effectually take *pratique* from a London lazaretto, and disengage from our persons and clothes those noxious vapours that have emanated from at least one hundred millions of living things, besides the incalculable masses of dead animal and vegetable matter in the train of decomposition from a solid to a gaseous form of existence.' Rather strong language this: but the assertions are confirmed by every-day experience. He further adds, that the oscillatory motion of the railway-carriage is not only more salutary than the swinging, jolting motion of a stage-coach, but that 'it bids fair to be a powerful remedial agent in many ailments to which the metropolitan and civic inhabitants are subject; and that to thousands of valetudinarians a railway ride of twenty miles would prove a means of preserving health and prolonging life more powerful and effectual than all the drugs in Apothecaries' Hall.'

DISCOVERY OF A SINGULAR RACE OF PEOPLE.

A recent number of the *Calcutta Christian Observer* contains the following account of a singular race of people called the Kathies, who inhabit a part of Guzerat:—'These people are supposed by some to be the ancient Cathie, who in the time of Alexander's invasion occupied a portion of the Punjab, near the confluence of the five rivers. Among the Kathies there are no distinctions of caste. Besides priests, they have an official class of persons called bards, who possess authority almost equal to that of the Druids. They become security for the payment of debts, the conduct of individuals who have misbehaved, and the appearance of persons in pending actions, either civil or criminal. On the same terms they conduct travellers and caravans through districts infested with robbers, or in a state of war. If a troop of predatory horse appear, the bard commands them to retire, and brandishing his dagger takes a solemn oath, that, if they plunder the persons under his protection, he will stab himself to the heart, and bring upon their heads the guilt of shedding his blood. Such is the veneration in which he is held as a person of celestial origin, and such is the horror at being the cause of his death, that the threat in almost every instance deters them from making the meditated attack, and the party is allowed to pass on unmolested. The religion of these people consists of little else than adoration of the sun. They invoke this object of their worship before commencing any great undertaking, and if a plundering expedition be successful, a portion of the money stolen is consecrated to the service of religion. The only functions of the priests are to celebrate marriages and funeral solemnities. They have but one sacred building—a temple—situated near Thum, dedicated to the sun, and containing an image of that luminary. The size of the Kathies is above the average, often exceeding six feet. The women are tall and often handsome; generally speaking, modest, and faithful to their lords. The Kathies have no restrictions of any sort regarding food or drink.'

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CLASSES: IN RELATION TO MODERN TENDENCIES.

INTRODUCTORY PAPER.

THE age in which we live is more remarkable for its promise than for its fulfilment—for what it seems about to do than for what it is doing. New and old tendencies have met half way, neither evincing predominance; although it is impossible not to observe that everything is shifting off its former ground of reception, and is being either finally dismissed, as no longer available, or so permeated by modern views as virtually to exhibit a new and peculiar character. What may eventually evolve out of all this shaking and change, the wisest heads have failed to indicate by the utterance of any distinct and articulate oracle. Change, however, is marked on everything; old institutions are being remodelled or abandoned, old politics and literatures are becoming effete; a new framework of society seems to be demanded by the necessities of fresh impulses which have arisen, somehow or other, in the hearts of the present generation; a cycle, in short, of human history appears about to terminate and another about to begin. In this moment of transition, this pause of adjustment between received and originated opinions, this lapse of the past and rise of the future, all centring in the age of the present, it may be interesting to take note, as from a common point of view, of the different parties at work in the accomplishment of this change, and how those classes which constitute society stand related to the movement. The subject of classes, however, as one curious in itself, and intimately affected by the tendencies which have their seat in the modern intellect, may appropriately occupy our attention for a little, and serve as an introduction to those general reflections on classes in particular to which the present short series of articles will be devoted.

Change, indeed, may be scarcely considered to be characteristic of any one age but rather of all ages. Why do we speak of ages at all, since society is one great web, having a few threads added to its history at every throw of the shuttle? Time never ceases, nor are the contents of time ever in a state of permanency. Each individual, even the most stereotyped in his habits, is undergoing some change upon a scale larger or smaller. Communities are changing, and so are states and empires. Decay and renovation, action and reaction, contests between the old and the new, are always operative in the heart of society, giving form to life, and altering the circumstances of man in every respect in which he can be viewed as a person or as a race. The principle to which we refer is not dependent upon will: it acts oftentimes in spite of the will, overthrowing all conventional forces, and pouring discontent

with existing arrangements into the cup of the happiest. It is not a principle of disorganisation, unless when resisted beyond the point of safe antagonism; on the contrary, it is the only law of organisation, reorganising society which is perpetually tending to destruction, and infusing life at that moment, a moment ever coming and going, when decay threatens to become annihilation. Change, then, in itself, owing to this element of subtle vitality which it carries within it, is not necessarily to be dreaded, if it be found to belong to our age, although it should be denied that it essentially characterises it. So much, therefore, we have gained in finding the stamp of eternity marked upon this feature of the present era. If we indeed live in a period of change, the period is not on that account a bad one. Life is in it: the pulse which transmits the arterial in the room of the venous blood is heard yet to beat. The sounds will not start us, as if the world had never heard them before. Change, it is admitted, belongs to every age, and in belonging to ours it simply announces that the last chapter in human history has not yet been accomplished.

But life is ever oscillating between the tropics: as much dying out at the one as is entering in at the other; and when life has reached the extreme point in either direction, we speak of change as then more emphatically betokened than it is at any point intermediate between these terms. Every day effects a change upon the condition of nature, but a mark is put upon those hours when the first buddings of spring announce the departure of winter and the incoming of a fresh year. In this sense it is that we speak of the present time as one of change. Forms, ceremonies, institutions, literatures, economics, laws, and customs are not so much being improved as altered; their period of culmination is imagined to have been long since over, their period of decline to be growing near its close in extinction. Any reactions of the day in behalf of the old and the conventional evince the presence of this new life, which they may retard but cannot destroy, rather than invalidate the description of our age as one of change and unanticipated development. Men, whether looking on this feature from a distance, or mixed up in the movements which give form and character to it, cannot feel indifferent to its tendencies; nor can classes, as such, whatever share they are taking in the contest, be otherwise than importantly affected by a method of activity which must alter their internal conditions, and modify, in some essential respects, their relations to one another. The phenomenon of classes, however, was to form the subject of this paper, and to it therefore we shall now briefly allude.

Classes may be said in general to have their origin in two sources; and, according as they are to be referred to the one or the other of these, are they describable as volun-

as sympathetic in their formation. One of these exists in the associative principle of man, under action of which he unites with his fellows for the frequent attainment of some common end. Union is his; not only inasmuch as many forces joined together are efficient for a purpose than any one of them separately, but because a division of labour secures objects that would otherwise be unattainable if men laboured apart and without a common design, even though each man would work as vigorously as it is possible for them to do. For example, if each man were his own cobbler, carpenter, builder, baker, writer of books, legislator, judge, physician, brief, his own purveyor for all wants whatsoever, he would not emerge out of the simplest condition of life; a life that could scarcely be thrown up; implements for production; and joining would be wanting; a covering also for protection from the weather. Combination is requisite to elicit skill in any department of labour; for man's thoughts are distracted by a multiplicity of occupations as numerous and miscellaneous as his wants, and he leaves many of his wants unsupplied, and supply of them in a very inferior manner. But if one man of work receives his time and attention, his resources are concentrated; the result is a greater intensity of effort and direction, and consequently a greater completeness. He gives of his better workmanship to all the rest; and all come into receipt of a commodity more excellent than it could have been if each had laboured to produce it, or a commodity which could not have been gained upon the principle of single unassociated occupation. Society enlarges, however, a greater number will be added for each department of labour; and as each department must include many processes of work differing more or less from one another, more especially as skill and genuineness of workmanship increase, the principle of division of labour will admit of yet more minute application. By this division of labour and hands for the preparation of any one important article of use will have waxed so numerous as to give rise to a feeling of community. Society, therefore, is no longer a corporation of individuals, but a corporation in which its members are included under some definite community or class; one class being represented in the society in one way, another in another, but having objects, laws, tendencies, and arrangements common to all in some measure to itself. Thus the printers, the blacksmiths, cabinetmakers, paper manufacturers, the trades, have their unions and associations, each have a set of interests proper to themselves, over which they watch with jealous attention. Classes formed in this way, although more or less instinctive in their origin, are voluntary associations founded upon an obvious practical necessity, and pursuing a policy which binds members more closely to each other than to general interests of society.

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that classes are no other form than this of recognised organisation, or are having no organ or common voice. Literature is a class as well as manufactures or commerce. Causes are busily at work among the cultivators of literature, tending to isolate them from the rest of society, as at least as other professions. Common pursuits, when these are prosecuted by individuals without joint effort, call into exercise a profound sympathy. With other elements, this sympathy creates a class—significantly indicating a class. Thus in one way, and in another, classes are formed—a feature in society of great interest, and one never to be lost sight of in any study of the tendencies of an age.

Since the sources of classes are permanent in society, having place in it, not as accidents which have originated in temporary impulse, but as elements always at work, we calculate that, amid the changes of the future, whatever may be, classes, in some shape or other, will continue to exist in the world. Ever will those nearest one another in aim, employment, sympathy, having the same reasons of hope and fear, of encouragement and opposition, be found gathering for mutual support and recognition. Classes,

therefore, are not in themselves an evil; on the contrary, as a form of social arrangement emerging naturally and inevitably out of the very circumstances in which man finds himself placed here, they must be regarded as a valuable means for educating the race—for fitting man to develop his whole humanity. So much as this, at least, must be granted. Labour would, indeed, be heavy and wearisome if unassisted by a sense of fellowship. Yet community of occupation cannot exist without evoking special attachments; and these will be proportionally strong and reciprocal as that community approaches to sameness.

But, notwithstanding the obvious benefits of association, and the unavoidable existence of classes in society, it is yet impossible to overlook their tendency to degenerate, so as to become eventually a curse instead of a blessing. Man is essentially a solitary being as well as a social; between himself and society, between what is proper to him as a person and what is common to him as a member of the human race, his nature oscillates; in one case tending towards this side, in another towards that; now becoming too individual, then too general; at this time obeying the private impulse, at another the gregarious. Curiously enough, classes tend to nourish selfishness in their members, without developing the self; to give a one-sidedness and partialness to the thought, feeling, range of life, and general humanity, through the operation of that sympathy which seemed to point to a wide universality of experience as its natural and appropriate consummation. Paradoxical as these statements may appear, their proof is found ready in the history of every class, and more especially in the history of those classes which have given the associative principle the greatest prominence. The spirit and vital power of this principle consist in the sympathy and assistance accorded by its members to one another. Now, consider how this must operate towards the repression of personality as well as of a large and cosmopolitan feeling. In the first place, the habit of being regulated by the conventions of the body, rather than by self-originated laws, is, after the conventions have become old, liable to be induced upon the character of the general mass of its members. The class gives law to the individual, who, as a return for the sympathy accorded, yields, almost as a matter of course. In this way the ideas of one or a few persons, embodied in forms at the origin of the association, are more or less influential in forestalling individual enterprise. Time confers a species of consecration on the form; while a member, in yielding to it, imagines he has come into the possession of the accumulated wisdom of the past—a wisdom greater than his own; without perceiving that he only who reforms for himself what has been, by dropping the accidental and adding the new and spontaneous, wins the treasures of time, together with the multiplied interest which is due along with them.

Society, indeed, is valuable, chiefly as it assists the individual to develop himself, to unfold his personal resources, to exercise self-trust and self-help. By this test we may estimate the value of classes. If they do not bring more out of their members, than the members in their separate condition would have done, they do not achieve their ostensible object. Amount of work is of no importance; or, relative to human education at least, it can scarcely be taken into any account. It is the multiplying of kinds of work by the evolution of personal energy, so that each member becomes enriched by possessing something which he could not himself have produced, even though he had had all the external means and appliances for the purpose, that is, in truth, the object of society. So far as classes succeed in securing this idiosyncratic manifestation of its members, this intensely marked individuality of their contributions, to that extent are they serviceable. But so soon as they repress personality, or cease to encourage its development, their chief use is gone, and the increase of mere means of activity, giving addition but no variety of result, is but a poor compensation for the loss of that alone which is worthy of man as a being of expanding powers and infinite destiny.

In the second place, classes tend to become exclusive.

to foster a spirit of partizanship, and to absorb the entire sympathies of their members in advancing their class interests. Protection to themselves against the other forces in society seems to be about the sum of their endeavours. If a measure be proposed in the legislature, by which to render all parties more equal in their rights and privileges, each class looks out from its own centre of operations, and blames or praises, not as the measure is or is not according to a theory of justice to all, but as it restricts or widens their class advantages. Patriotism and cosmopolitanism thus find their antagonists in partyism. Each class looks after itself, and itself only. It may be imagined that since all persons have a party to watch over their interests, the interests of all will be attended to. But were this even true, yet at what a sacrifice the wheels of society are kept in motion! The individual has his material interests attended to, but his spiritual nature is foiled in its development. The body must be fed and clothed, wholesome water must be got, houses built economically, representation in the government secured; all this must be done and much more, for its own sake. But its chief value lies in its being the preliminary means to mental culture. But what sort of culture can that be from which a large and unlimited sympathy is excluded; which points to local rather than to universal good; which recognises in the accidents of a profession the principle of benevolent activity! Limited attachments are indeed necessary for a foundation to more general ones. The family affections precede the social, and the social affections a love for the race. In the same way we might suppose the class feeling to be a germ from which nationalism might spring; that is, an attention to the interests of the whole, and the endeavour to realise a universal well-being. Experience, however, scarcely verifies this anticipation. Classes, in general, have stopped short with themselves, and sought a party good instead of a common one. History is composed of the feuds and fierce conflicts of parties.

A change, nevertheless, is coming over the condition of parties. The whole subject of classes, in their origin, morality, value, is being discussed. What is really advantageous in the associative principle is beginning to embody itself in purer forms. What has hitherto most characteristically marked the proceedings of classes is in course of disappearing from their history. Omens of this sort are worthy of special notice. Corporations, as they have been, are already in disrepute; the rotten aims they sought to realise are now arranging themselves, in general opinion, among the false, immoral, impolitic schemes of a lower civilisation. No feature in modern society is more conspicuous than this loosening or breaking up of organisations long sanctioned by conventional acquiescence. What the issues may be we cannot of course say. Meanwhile, the relation of different parties to this tendency is a subject of interesting remark and speculation. Although all classes are more or less impregnated with the spirit of change, they are not so in equal measure, nor are they manifesting change after one and the same fashion. Origin and historical position have exerted their influence so as to modify any power working at present among them. But no class is remaining unaffected by the general movement. One is rising, another is falling; one coming for the first time into view, another disappearing never to be seen again. Labour, religion, politics, literature, law, legislation, medicine, and economics, are all occupying a new place in society, being reorganised according to a new idea of each. A few of the more conspicuous classes, in their relation to modern tendencies, will be considered in one or two subsequent papers, and from the condition of these we may be able to infer something respecting the condition of the rest.

GREGORY'S GONG.

TOLL THE SEVENTH.

SUBORDINATION and discipline having been restored to Baraset, everything went on smoothly; and Serjeant Bovis looked magnificent while superintending the goose-

step. We alluded in the Fifth Toll of the Gong to a cadet who had particularly attached himself to Gregory during the voyage—Frank Frolick, the son of the lady—personating general of that name. Nothing could be more in contrast than Frank and Gregory. Frank was of patrician descent, and had a happy, engaging, and expressive countenance, a handsome person, an easy and elegant address. As yet in the hey-day of youth, his ruling passion was innocent drollery, played off with the most insinuating and unoffending tact. He was a fund of amusement to the idlers on board. But he had, along with his love of humour and fun, a mind capable of better things, and often, dismissing all his farce and pantomime, and composing his features to a becoming gravity, he sought Gregory's retreat, and there delighted to discuss with him subjects connected with literature, men, and manners. Gregory was won by his ingenuous, affectionate, and confiding disposition, and delighted to yield himself to the lively emotions which these interviews never failed to excite; while Frank was no less pleased to have found one to whom, in his more serious moods, he could unreservedly unbosom his thoughts and feelings, and meet with a sympathising return; and thus two minds so very differently constituted became, in the course of the voyage, greatly endeared to each other.

It was about a month after their sojourn at Baraset that Frank one evening entered Gregory's tent with an open letter in his hand, when the following dialogue ensued:—

Frank.—And now, Gregory, that we have had some trial of this land of exile and the sun, tell me candidly what you think of it.

Gregory.—Why, Frank, not much, I must confess; complaining, however, will not mend the matter, but only make bad worse; so, my friend, the best thing we can do to alleviate and cheer the many long prison hours in which we must be shut up from sunrise to sunset in our tents or barracks, is to stir up and cultivate all our mental resources, and discharge with alacrity our professional duties.

Frank.—Not so, say I; no, Gregory. In such a melancholy land, and with such a miserable prospect before me, I will never consent to remain cut off from all that endears and enlivens existence; banished from the bright charms of our fair countrywomen, which lend to life its enchantment, from 'the smile from partial beauty won'—the purest and dearest meed that this world has to bestow; shut out from the hopes of dear domestic bliss, without even the solace (enjoyed by the wretched and worn at home) of revelling in the fresh-blowing breezes, and wandering at will amid the varied scenery of hill and dale—'the warbling woodland, the resounding shore.' No, Gregory, I am just starting in life's career—'the world is all before me where to choose'—and certainly I shall never choose this sultry, listless, and dismal country as the stage for the performance of my part in the great drama. Oh, no—never! I am off.

Gregory.—I see and feel the force of all you say; but, my dear Frank, do not yield so hastily to first impressions; you may yet come to like India.

Frank.—Never; nor will I even condescend to the degrading task of testing it further. I see enough; I can fancy all. And as well might a fish learn to live out of water as Frank Frolick learn to live in Bengal.

Gregory.—Do not deny me one request. You have an elder brother in the upper stations; he has had longer experience, and is entitled to be heard.

Frank.—That is just what has brought me here, my friend; here is a letter from him just received, so listen to what he says: 'It is true this is a wretched country, but, now we are here, we must just make the best of a bad bargain.' Now, mark, he admits it to be a bad bargain; and with a *bad bargain* I will have nothing to do. I am off this very evening; but, wherever my lot may lead me, you, Gregory, will ever be present in my heart's affections. Yours is the first real friendship I have ever enjoyed, and its delightful glow will cease only with existence. Would that you went with me as my mentor and friend!

Gregory—"That may not be. I have happily, however, none of your home regrets to increase the misery of exile; and I have no friends that would assist me to begin a new career; but I can no longer offer any objection to your desire and determination to lay the scene of your future life in a more congenial land. The interest I have taken in you since we first met has given me the experience of a joy to which I had before been a stranger—the delightful feeling of reciprocal friendship. I am proud to think I shall be affectionately remembered when we are far apart; and I ask, as a parting favour, that you will promise to communicate to me the adventures of your future pilgrimage. Though it is not likely that the dull monotony of an Indian life will afford any scope for interesting details, you shall at least hear from time to time from me, while I am spared to be a spectator in the upper gallery of its theatre; and perhaps we may yet meet on some future day in our native land to cultivate a friendship so pleasantly begun."

There was then a painful pause—that choking sensation which takes place when hearts endeared become fully aware of their before unavowed depth of affection—aware of what they possessed by the withering conviction that it is on the eve of being lost perhaps for ever. It is too overpowering for words. The hands are held out in silence, and retained in the firm grasp; the eyes meet in that devoted, sorrowful intensity that speaks the sincerity of the inmost soul; while the full heart is burning with unalterable affection, and the starting tear ratifies the pledge, and consummates the purest, the saddest, and the most impassioned of earthly solemnities. Another firmer pressure of the hand, and the friends have parted.

Frank having made up his mind to leave the service, and being perfectly unaware that any form was required to enable him to follow up his determination, he ordered his palanquin, and having directed his servants to follow with his baggage, set out without delay, and proceeded straightway, under the light of a lovely moonlight sky, to the presidency; and if he carried none of the wealth of India with him, he felt himself rich in the affection of a devoted friend.

On the following morning when the roll was called, no Francis Frolick answered to his name. Inquiry was made at his tent, but it was a mere vacuum. It therefore only remained for the commanding officer to report him to headquarters as deserted. Frank's father had been a personal friend of the commander-in-chief, and had introduced his son to him before leaving India. His excellency was therefore surprised and grieved at his mysterious disappearance; but what was his astonishment when, at an evening ball given on his approaching departure for Europe, he saw young Frolick gliding through the mazy dance 'on light fantastic toe,' 'the gayest of the gay!' He ordered the youth to be called, and addressed him as follows:—"What are you doing here, sir?"

Frank, making his most graceful bow, replied—"Please your excellency, the air and climate of Baraset did not agree with my constitution."

'A chip of the old block,' thought his honour, but putting on a stern frown, he said—"Stuff! This will never do. Subordination is the first duty of a soldier; and you must instantly comply with its demand. Return immediately to Baraset, and do your duty faithfully; and if at any time you wish to visit Calcutta, either for health or amusement, make the prescribed application through your commanding officer, and, if reasonable, it will be complied with."

"Thanks, your excellency," said Frank, and, bowing again, he retired.

Unwilling needlessly to give offence to his father's illustrious friend, Frank next day retraced his steps to Baraset, and, without even thinking it necessary either to apologise for his absence or to announce his return, the first thing he did was to pen an application for leave to visit Calcutta; and then shouldering his musket, took his place in the ranks at the evening parade. The commanding officer had received his presumptuous letter on his way to

the barracks, and, on his arrival in front of the line, was naturally indignant at seeing Mr Frolick standing in the front rank as if nothing had happened. He instantly gave an order for the offender to be marched to his tent, and kept under close arrest with a couple of sentries. This was a situation not at all to the mind of the thoughtless boy, and seeing that his endeavour to remedy his error only placed him in a worse condition, he merely waited the approaching shades of evening, and then quietly taking out two of the pins that held the curtain of his tent in contact with the ground, at a place unobserved by the sentries, he crept out on all-fours, and was soon again on the highway to Calcutta. When the relief of sentries took place, it was found that a vacant tent was all that was to be handed over. It therefore remained for the commanding officer to report Mr Frolick as having again deserted. The commander-in-chief soon after recognised the young offender at a public assembly, and again calling him to his presence, said—"I have now but one word to say to you, sir, and that is, as you prefer the service of *Mischief* to that of the Company, I am done with you." Frank bowed and retired. His name was next day erased from the army-list, and Cadet Frolick ceased to be a Company's officer.

Frank's difficulty now was to get to England. 'He could not pay his passage;' but hearing that a frigate was about to sail for Europe, he went in a sailor's dress, and offered himself as an able-bodied seaman, and was readily entertained. Having amused himself on the voyage out with acquiring all the knowledge of a sailor's duty, he was quite at home among the rigging, and gave great satisfaction in his new situation. He had no intention, however, of following his present calling any longer than was absolutely necessary, so, as soon as the vessel was fairly at sea, he walked aft to the quarter-deck one day when the captain was there, and respectfully taking off his glazed hat, held it suspended in his hand.

'What do you want, my lad?' said the captain.

'Merely,' said Frank, 'to tell your honour that I am, or at least was lately, Cadet Frolick in the Honourable East India Company's service, and son of General Frolick, who perhaps is not unknown to your worship; and now, having said this, I leave it with your honour to treat me during the voyage as shall appear befitting in your eyes.'

'Oh, I heard of your pranks when in Calcutta!' said the captain. 'You have been very imprudent, to say the least of it; but, finding you thus on board of my ship, you shall be treated like a gentleman;' he then ordered a cabin for his accommodation, and a cover to be laid for him at his own table. And thus Frank had the honour of returning home on board of a seventy-gun frigate.

General Frolick, on his arrival in London, had established himself in a splendid mansion in Grosvenor Square, and was sitting one forenoon in his magnificent library, in a kind of 'brown study.' A large pier-glass opposite him reflected his sunburned and weather-beaten countenance; above it hung his likeness, done for his parents when he was leaving home as a cadet. General Frolick's imagination wandered back to those days, then to his Indian career, with all its scenes and actions; and again looking at his youthful resemblance, and then at his own in the mirror, 'Surely life is a dream,' thought he, 'could I ever resemble that blooming, smiling youth?' At that moment he saw in the reflection a door behind him slowly open, and the very image of the portrait, with a smile on the countenance, stealing softly in. The general was not superstitious, but this was somewhat startling. Springing to his feet, and wheeling round, he saw before him, in *propria persona*, his son Frank. Both stood for some seconds regarding each other in silence. The general, recovering from his surprise, at last sternly spoke—"How is this, sir? What brings you here? Why did you leave India?"

Frank—"I did not like India, sir."

General—"You shall go back to it, however."

Frank—"Begging your pardon, sir, I will rather work for my daily bread or enlist as a private soldier."

General—'Pshaw! I was happy in India; what was there to prevent you being so likewise?'

Frank—'You went to India, sir, to please yourself, I want to please you. I find that, in pleasing you, I must make myself miserable for life; you would not wish me to please you at such an expense?'

General—'Certainly not, my dear boy. What then are your own wishes?'

Frank—'To serve in the king's army. I am willing to go with my regiment all over the world; but to think of India as a home, I could never endure.'

General—'You shall have a commission. But I must go and prepare your mother for this most unexpected meeting. Remain here; and when you hear the gong, repair immediately to the drawing-room.'

General Frolick having given his Bengal servant, Mirza, the necessary instructions, and placed him at his post in the lobby with the gong-mallet in his hand, entered the drawing-room, where his lady sat alone, and said, 'My dear, I am writing to India, is there anything I can order you from thence?'

'Yes,' said she, with a mournful smile; 'give me at least the solace, in my old age, of having one of my children near me—recall my Benjamin!'

'It shall be done,' said the general, at the same time touching the bell.

The gong sounded through the echoing mansion, and the next moment Frank was in his mother's arms.

Hushed are the Tolls. Gregory is now on the Ganges, proceeding to join his regiment; and if his Gong has not been discordant to the ears of the readers, they may hear it again, on some future day, resounding from the towers of imperial Delhi and Agra, or mingling with the roll of the drum on the battle-field.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

PIERRE JEAN DE BERANGER.

It was mentioned in the preceding portion of this memoir, that Pierre Jean de Beranger, the living poet of France, who forms the subject of our notice, had poured forth many of his finest lyrics in consequence of the reverses of Napoleon in 1814, and his final fall in the year following. It was at the same time attempted to account truly for the tone pervading these pieces, usually that of fond regret for the departed military glories of the empire, which, in the eyes of most men, and even of the majority of right-thinking Frenchmen, were at all times to be viewed but as splendid and transitory illusions. Nevertheless, the early days of Napoleon's reign were still days of triumph to France; and it is neither remarkable nor unnatural that a man of ardent and patriotic spirit, born and bred in the heart of a people who then laughed universally at regal legitimacy, should have preferred the rule of one capable of placing the country at the head of the nations of Europe, to the sway of those whom he held to be mere imbecile despots. One incident, however, which occurred during the hundred days of the imperial restoration—that event which will be as memorable in history as the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks—showed fully that Beranger was not prepared to sacrifice his opinions to interest, or allow his personal predilections to outweigh in the balance his general love of liberty. Feeling it necessary to have the press completely under his guidance during the trying period just mentioned, Napoleon proffered the office of censor thereof to Beranger. But the poet refused it plainly and unreservedly. He was destined to be himself the victim of literary censorships, not to aid in making victims of others.

It was in 1815 that the works of Beranger first issued from the press collectively. They had long before been circulated extensively, as already said, though individually, among all classes of the French people; yet the new collection, produced with all the advantages of the author's personal supervision, was hailed with universal delight

Beranger modestly applied to his pieces, on this and all other occasions, the simple and single title of '*Chansons*' (songs), and called himself a 'song-writer' (*chansonnier*). 'It pleases Pierre de Beranger to term himself *le Chansonnier*,' said Chateaubriand in reference to this trait of humility, 'and, like Jean de la Fontaine under the title of the Fabulist, he has taken rank amongst our popular immortalities.' The restored Bourbon government found nothing positively justifying a special and immediate prosecution in the volume published by Beranger; but they speedily gave him a hint that such books were not to be repeated with impunity by one holding an official appointment. In fact, he was from that time a suspected person, and had his name marked, we have no doubt, with a cross (black or red) in the private books of Fouché's successor in the bureau of police. The volume being published in the month of November, it is to be understood that several of the songs which, in the last edition, we find headed by the emphatic date of 'July, 1815,' appeared in the collection of the winter following. How much of covert mischief to them the Bourbons were content to overlook, on account of the precariousness of their new, recovered position, the fine lyrics of 'No More of Politics' and 'The Old Flag,' would of themselves prove. The first of these pieces is filled to the core with disgust at the changing politics of the time; and Beranger, according to his fashion, pours out his mind in an address to his supposed sweetheart. He begins—

O! sweet one, so by me adored,
Why ever thus complain,
That in the heart where thou art lord,
My country too should reign?
If politics offend thine ear
When I our wrongs deplore,
Resume thy wonted smile, my dear,
I'll speak of them no more.

Well I remember by thy side,
Whilst rivals press'd around,
How of our arts I spoke with pride,
Still fruits of glory found.
Upon our France, then high in sphere,
Their tributes fell in store;
Resume thy wonted smile, my dear,
I'll speak of them no more.

Though all unwearied of thy chains,
On freedom would I call,
And Rome and Athens in my strains
Oft caused thy mirth to fall.
Though modern patriots may appear
All worthless at the core,
Resume thy wonted smile, my dear,
I'll speak of them no more.

By France, our own unequal'd France,
The envy of the world,
Couldst thou alone, by any chance,
Have from thy throne been hurl'd.
But, ah! my fate it has been here
Vain vows for her to pour:
Resume thy wonted smile, my dear,
I'll speak of this no more.

In this touching manner—for in the original, at least, the strain is affecting—Beranger runs over the departed triumphs of his country. In no other class of his songs, saving in those which touch on purely personal themes, as on the recollections of his youth, or the sense of advancing years, has he so strikingly displayed his powers of pathos. On another variety of themes he has also written very tender pieces, it is true; namely, on births, birthdays, and marriages. One of the first species may be given as a further specimen of his pathetic style:

SONG OVER THE CRADLE OF A NEW-BORN CHILD.

Behold, my friends, this small and slender boat,
Essaying now of life the troubled sea:
How gentle is the passenger aloft!
Its foremost band of mariners be we.
Already do the billows bear it hence,
Far from the shore it never may regain.
And, as we see the voyage thus commence,
Friends, hail its progress with a cheerful strain.

Already destiny hath swell'd the sails,
And hope a beauteous perspective prepares,
With promise, while a starry sky prevails,
Of sunnier seas and sweeter refreshing airs.

Fly, birds of evil omen, fly far hence!
 This little bark doth to the Loves pertain;
 And, as we see the voyage thus commence,
 Friends, hail its progress with a cheerful strain.
 Stringing their garlands to the goodly mast,
 Yes! see the Loves take part in this emprise!
 To the chaste Graces offerings have been cast,
 And Friendship at the helm its office piles.
 Bacchus himself his favours doth dispense,
 And summon'd pleasure smiles upon the train:
 As we behold the voyage thus commence,
 Friends, hail its progress with a cheerful strain.
 Who cometh to salute the vessel now?
 Misfortune, blessing Virtue, lo! appears,
 And prays that Fate this young one would endow
 With every joy that to the good adheres.
 Assured that Heav'n will, in their fullest senses,
 Accept these prayers, re-echoed by the main,
 As we behold the voyage thus commence,
 Friends, hail its progress with a cheerful strain.

Though Beranger had many a tender lay at command thus to commemorate his personal feelings and friendly affections, as well as to develop his patriotic regrets, the reader is not to suppose that he excelled not equally in other phases of lyrical literature. Many of his pieces are imbued with a spirit philosophic as that of Horace, combined often, too, with the Roman's polished and epigrammatic vein of satire. Other lyrics of Beranger show an overflowing warmth of heart, and unbounded good-will to all his kind; and indeed his philosophy is still more frequently of a genial than of a severe and sarcastic description. He has, in truth, displayed the social propensity too strongly in many compositions, emulating the convivial tone of Anacreon, and dwelling with gusto on the delights of wine and love. As regards the latter subject particularly, Beranger has indulged himself much too liberally, and merits even more than that amount of condemnation which Thomas Moore has received for the errors of Thomas Little. In the case of the Anglo-Irish bard, it is true, we can only plead the excuse of youth and inexperience; whereas in the instance of Beranger, we might further beg English, or rather British, readers to call to mind, that Parisian morality is not so strict as our own generally, and that it was almost inevitable that the subject of the present memoir should partake so far of the cast of sentiment prevalent around him. He sung many songs to his 'Lisette,' and not a few of them reprehensible ones; but we are by no means aware that any real charge of practical licentiousness can be brought against him in consequence, his 'Lisette,' according to all accounts, being a mere creature of the fancy. With regard to his convivial pieces, also, we have the best authority for believing that he has there again drawn largely upon his imagination, and that, in point of fact, he has through life been a lover and practiser of temperance. His healthy old age is strongly confirmatory of this view of matters. Stand the truth as it may, however, his reputation will certainly not be advanced in the future by the license in which he has at times unfortunately permitted his muse to indulge.

For some time we have departed, in our memoir, from the course of events marking the life of Beranger. He occupied his office in the Parisian University for a few years after the fall of Napoleon; but the movements of the restored Bourbon government pleased him not at all. After his volume of 1815 had been published, he became still more intimately connected than before with many of the most important members of the opposition party in the French capital, and was associated with them in the public eye in all their projects and doings. The senator Manuel, and others noted for their dislike or distrust of the restored family, found in him an attached brother and staunch associate; and, by means of various lyrics, at first circulated (as usual) privately, he did his best to advance the principles of these his political friends. In 1821, a general subscription was entered into for the republication of his former collection of songs, with considerable additions. The new work came out accordingly; and then, indeed, burst the full storm of Bourbon wrath upon the head of Beranger. He was summoned before the courts of justice in Paris, and accused at once

of libelling his sovereign, and violating the laws of morality. The first of these offences was of course the real one which brought him before the judgment-seat; and the gist of it lay mainly in a song upon the Bourbons, called, *La Gerontocratie, ou les Infiniment Petits* (The Dotards, or the Inconceivably Little). The poet here satirised the Bourbons under the slightly covert name of *Barbons*. This word Barbons (Greybeards) has not the resemblance, when Englished, to Bourbons, which constitutes the punning point of the piece; and yet we shall give one or two verses, in which Beranger indicates the pitch of degradation to which a continuation of Bourbon reigns would bring France in his view of the matter. Dean Swift calls the Bourbons the 'Baboons,' and we take his pun as the best English substitute for Barbons:

I have some faith in witchcraft's power;
 And lately, in a wizard's glass,
 I look'd and saw, in mystic hour,
 All that in France shall come to pass.
 The sad show lies before my eye!
 Paris is here—each street and lane:
 It is the twentieth century,
 And the Baboons for ever reign.
 In room of us a dwarf breed struts;
 Our grandsons are so small, that I
 The creatures squatting in their huts
 Can scarcely in this glass espay.
 Of France, the France of my young day,
 Scarce doth a shadow's shade remain;
 The realm hath dwindled all away;
 But what of that? the Baboons reign!

So on goes the poet in this piece, painting France and Frenchmen as in every way *dwarfed* and sunken beneath contempt; while at the same time always assigning as the cause, under the sly pretence of deriving consolation therefrom, the continued rule of the Bourbons. The government of Louis XVIII., as stated, paid him for this unpleasant and uncalled-for assumption of the post of laureate by a trial, which was followed by an imprisonment of three months, and the imposition of a fine of three hundred francs. Beranger's incarceration was to him in every respect a triumph. The 'wit in his dungeon' was visited and condoled with by the first men in France and such strangers of note as he would receive; and the nation at large expressed a strong desire to pay his fine by subscription. He would not assent, however, to the reception of this token of public esteem, his spirit of manly independence leading him rather to place his trust on the continuous sale of his poems. His clerical office, held for twelve years, was now gone; for, though not a ministerial appointment, the members of the Council of the University, under whose control it was, were so much at the beck of the government of the day, that they took the post from the poet when desired. He himself relates, *que ce fut le ministre qui forca les membres de conseil* (that it was the minister who forced his ejection on the members of council), thus apologising, as it were, good-naturedly for the subservience of the university functionaries to government. He had composed some few pieces with his imprisonment in view, and one of them, termed 'Adieu to the Country,' is very beautiful. It was written in November, 1821, and, as he tells us, was 'copied and distributed in court on the day of his condemnation.' He begins with expressions of regret for his prospects:

O! sun, so sweet at autumn's slow decline,
 Ye brown-hued trees, I gaze on you once more!
 That hate will pardon these rash songs of mine,
 I hope no longer, if I hoped before.
 In this retreat, where zephyrs still will play,
 How oft on fame, bright fame, I dared to muse:
 Thou vast, pure sky, send down a smiling ray,
 Repeat, ye woodland echoes, my adieus!
 Bird-like, when free within the leafy shade,
 I should have let my strains sound there and die!
 But, rob'd of all her greatness, France was made
 With bended neck beneath the yoke to lie,
 My satire I could not restrain the while;
 And love, while blessing me, but fired my muse.
 Sky, vast and pure, deign yet so me to smile,
 Repeat, ye woodland echoes, my adieus!

But, as he proceeds with this piece, his spirit rises, and he looks forward to his prison as merely a scene, where,

a sufferer in the cause of liberty, he might the better sound its praises in song. He acted here up to his word, as the lyrics entitled 'Liberty,' 'The Shade of Anacreon,' 'My Carnival,' and others composed in confinement, amply prove. In yet other songs produced at that time, we find ample evidence of the sympathy felt for the poet over entire France. 'My Recovery' and 'La Chasse' are pieces which he wrote to express his gratitude for presents of wine of the first quality from admirers in the provinces. In every way, we repeat, the incarceration of Beranger proved a term of triumph.

The bard had no sooner been liberated than his friends seem to have gathered around him to consult upon the best means of re-establishing him in a fixed situation in life. M. J. Lafitte, afterwards premier of France, offered a place in his banking-house to Beranger; but though the latter had already proved that, like Charles Lamb in the India-house, he was by no means above earning his bread honestly by the labours of his pen in figuring or transcribing, he declined the favour proffered by M. Lafitte. The desire to maintain a complete independence, even of the favours of friendship, was the motive assigned by him for so acting; and he continued to rest his hope of obtaining a sufficient maintenance upon his poems, past and to come. Nor was he here building on a sandy foundation. While the second volume or collection of his poems continued to sell largely, his muse did not remain inactive; and, in 1825, a third volume was published, still containing 'chansons' alone. His friends seem to have, at this period, advised him strongly to try some other form of writing, and to have especially directed his attention to the theatre. In a semi-serious piece of date 1822, however, he, in response, declares and defends his resolve of adhering to the walk of song. The mention of this matter leads us to notice a very striking feature in the lyrics of Beranger. These have in almost every instance a well-defined theme—a plot or plan thoroughly matured and systematically developed. Our own Burns, fertile as his mind was in images of beauty, seldom composed a love-song without having an actual living and breathing heroine in his thoughts at the moment; but the Scottish poet resorted not to a setting—a regular and compact frame—in which to place his portraits. Merely to meet the lass of Ballechmyre on a morning was enough to incite his muse to an improvisatory burst of warm description. On the contrary, whether Beranger sings of love or of liberty, of war or of wine, he appears to find it indispensable to sketch an outline in the first place, filling in the body of the work carefully afterwards. This is the case even where he cannot be said to tell a distinct tale, or verify some specific incident, though he does so in most instances. To give the Scottish reader a better idea of our meaning, we would point to one of the songs in which Burns has adopted the plan of Beranger, and has told a continuous story from beginning to end—namely, the song of the 'Soldier's Return.' 'Lucy's Flitting,' by William Laidlaw, and the whole of the lyrics of Hector Macneil may also be cited in illustration. The pieces of our French bard are all more or less thus peculiarly constituted. Accordingly they have a certain unity and completeness as regards the sense, ranking among their highest qualities, and causing them to grow upon the reader's liking at every re-perusal. They give one something to be remembered in addition to the poetry—a theme to move laughter or tears, as well as beauty of language or elegance of description to gratify the taste for perfection in verse.

In 1825, Beranger was prepared with a fresh addition to his published collection of songs, and it had the good fortune to issue from the press without implicating the author in any new mishaps. Not that the poet had in any respects changed his tone, or adopted new subjects; the degraded state of France under the Bourbons was still alluded to in many pieces, and in no unintelligible language. But Louis XVIII. possessed, on the whole, a fair share of good sense, and had observed that the previous prosecution had only done harm to the author of it, and come to the victim. Charles X., however, did not display

the same discretion as his predecessor. He occupied the throne in 1828, when Beranger published his fourth collection of songs, and he prosecuted the bard anew. A second time was the latter imprisoned and fined, the imprisonment being on this occasion for the term of nine months, and the fine being fixed at the comparatively large amount of ten thousand francs, or £450 sterling. On this event taking place, the general people of France again rallied around the captive, and he was now induced to permit his fine to be liquidated by friendly aid. During his confinement, he was visited daily by the most illustrious of his countrymen and cotemporaries; and from Lady Morgan's account of a visit to him given in her work on France, it may be readily seen that, while suffering no real inconvenience save the loss for the time of personal liberty, the incarceration of Beranger only added to his other honours and merits that of being a martyr in the cause of freedom, at least in the eyes of the people at large. How the more educated portion of the community specially viewed the case, appears strikingly from the language of one of his advocates, M. Berville. 'Beranger, of all the writers of this age perhaps, has made the greatest advances in the walk of literature which he has cultivated; an ingenious poet, an amiable philosopher, dignified in poverty, and bearing renown with modesty. Say, is it not an act of barbarism to torment such chosen spirits—men to whom we owe so many enjoyments, to whom France may yet be indebted for no small share of her glory? Prompted by a nobler spirit than ours, the men of old revered great poets; they styled them divine; they viewed them as sacred beings; and they devoted to the tortures of the furies all who dared to injure these favourites of the gods. Let us, too, respect these precious personages; let us respect them because nature produces them sparingly; let us respect them for that they are the lords of the future; they dispose of posterity, and with them in all things will posterity take part. One day that posterity will ask how France treated this poet of hers, what honours she paid, what rewards accorded, what crowns decreed to the rival of Anacreon. What shall be the reply?'

The imprisonment which Beranger endured in despite of this eloquent appeal, came to a close at last. He had not enjoyed his liberty for many months, when a great event occurred, in which he could not but feel an absorbing interest. We allude to the overturn in 1830 of the older and reigning branch of the Bourbon family. The Three Days of July saw the fall of Charles X., and were followed by the elevation to the French throne of the representative of the younger Bourbons, Louis-Philippe, duke of Orleans, now king of the French. This important change in public affairs pleased at the outset all the personal and political friends of the poet, and he himself seems to have been led at the period to cherish in consequence warm hopes for the future. But he very soon exhibited symptoms of displeasure with the new state of things. It was not because he was individually neglected, certainly; since we have the best reasons for believing that the honours of senatorship, and all the rewards of office, were open to his acceptance immediately after the accession of the Orleans dynasty. There would have been nothing to wonder at, had he, a literary man, availed himself of these tendered opportunities. Thiers and Guizot were once but laborious newspaper drudges; and even when called to the first offices of state in France they held the position merely of newspaper editors. But it was not power for himself that the high-minded Beranger coveted. The happiness of his fellow-countrymen was what he held in view; and to make himself rich, like Thiers, by using official opportunities so as to build up a personal fortune on funded speculations, would have been an act utterly repugnant to all his feelings and principles. He therefore remained contented in his poverty, and retained the privilege to grumble at what he conceived to be the disappointment of popular hopes by Louis-Philippe. So deeply was he impressed by this feeling, that it was a main cause of his retirement from Parisian and public life, which he announced his in-

tention to do on publishing his fifth and final volume of songs in 1833. He then bade adieu affectingly to the busy world, pointing to his advanced years, and declaring his wish—not in the words of Shakespeare or John Kemble, but in terms conveying the same meaning—to have some space to 'adjust his mantle ere he fell.' He at the same time indicated his intention of composing the annals of his own eventful era; and we believe he has also other works on hand, either left incomplete in earlier days or wholly the fruits of his retirement. His personal intimacy with all the great men of his time would undoubtedly render such a work as that first mentioned very valuable and interesting, but it is possible, even probable, that he designs its publication to be posthumous. Some of his remarks on quitting the bustle of active life are touching in the last degree. 'He goes,' he says, 'while he has the strength to go, and leaves the field to younger men, ere they shall push him aside as worn out and useless;' and he smiles at the possibility that he, the gay songster, may yet be mentioned by posterity as the 'grave and judicious annalist, Beranger.'

The first chosen retreat of Beranger was in the neighbourhood of Tours, and here he spent several successive years. But whether the spot was inconveniently far from his friends of the capital, or whether any other cause intervened, is not known to us. However, certain it is, that the poet has more lately been located at the village of Plassy, within a few miles of Paris. So the recent memoir of Mr Anderson informs us. That gentleman visited the poet in 1844, and found him inhabiting a neat little mansion, altogether such as might have been supposed congenial to his tastes. The personal manner of Beranger, it is stated, is full of unaffected urbanity. In person the poet is 'a little man,' continues his Scottish visitor, 'not more, I should say, than five feet five inches in height, of a firm make, and apparently robust and healthy. He has a high, intellectual forehead, regular and rather handsome features, and a quick sparkling eye. The principal expression of his face is, I think, that of kindness combined with shrewdness. He talks rapidly and earnestly, pouring a flood of information upon whatever subject occupies his attention, be it political, biographical, or literary; and possesses in an eminent degree the power of commanding the attention of his auditory.' He is well acquainted, it appears, with the works of Walter Scott (through versions); and he knows enough of our true Scottish national poet to prize highly the title of a 'French Burns.'

Thus quietly, in a pleasant retreat, are passed and passing the advanced years of Pierre Jean de Beranger. To relieve the present memoir of the dryness which would inevitably have resulted from its division into separate sections, biographical and critical, we have so intermingled our remarks of the latter description with the other matter, that we feel our labours to be ended when we have brought his life up to the present point, and have seen him safely lodged in rural retirement. We have also endeavoured, to a slight extent, to illustrate this sketch by characteristic quotations from his varied classes of lyrics. In conclusion we would but express a hope, that, as the reading public of this country are now beginning to appreciate and admire Beranger, the biographical notice now before the reader may tend further to advance and facilitate an object in many respects desirable.

SUNBEAM.

A TALE OF WHITES AND INDIANS.

MAJOR ROMILY, the commandant of Fort Lille, looked perplexed and disappointed as he swept the expanse of the Prairie du Chien with his prospect, or steadily gazed upon the Mississippi, where its bend first allowed of a view of the voyagers from the Wisconsin. It was only in the major's eye, however, and in an almost imperceptible motion of the muscles of his grave face, that you could discover any emotion; for he was commandant of a lonely frontier fort, and he knew that the preservation of the con-

fidence and discipline of the troops depended upon his own apparent confidence, and so he subdued the expression of his feelings. He was perplexed, however; and those well acquainted with his habits and character could also discover he was uneasy. Major Romily's fears were not of a personal character, nor did they refer in any way to the situation of his command, for hunters clad in their half-civilised, half-Indian costume, and soldiers in their light easy undress, lounged within and around the stockade of the fort in the perfect indifference and listlessness of safety, which, had there been danger, would have been exchanged for the marked and regulated movements of courageous caution. Beside the major were clustered the few officers of the fort and a peculiarly graceful and handsome Indian, who, as the old man turned ever and anon to him, answered him with a few expressive words and graceful unstudied gestures, and then gazed with his burning black eyes upon the river and prairie.

'You brought this missive from Fort Winnebago, and are certain that the delegation promised to be in Fort Lille at yesterday's sundown?' said the commandant anxiously to the native.

'Weekau saw the canoes ready to dance on the waters and the chiefs shaking hands, two days ago,' said the redskin.

'Then canst thou tell me why they tarry?'

'The Chippewa and Nacotah young men are out looking for scalps,' said the native, coldly; 'perhaps they have been so blind that they did not see the difference between a Longknife's and a Paunt's.'

'The old chief of the Nacotahs, and the Whitebear of the Ojibewas, who smokes his pipe by the waters of the Great Lake, shall cut their hair and send their squaws to weep, if such is the case,' said the major, warmly, betrayed into a momentary forgetfulness by his feelings. 'But Weekau knows that his Indian brothers love Dr Wilman. They will not take his scalp,' he continued, checking himself, and smiling at his own vehemence.

'The Green Maple is good,' said Weekau, gravely: 'he drives away the sick spirit from the redskin, and the redskin loves him; but he sits in the canoe with Whiteblanket, and Whiteblanket is a liar.'

There was no extraordinary vehemence observable in the tones or gestures of the native as he delivered the last words, but the vivid and marked expression of contempt that overspread his beautiful and manly face struck Major Romily and his officers with awe.

'Then you consider the doctor to be in danger from his companionship with this Whiteblanket?' said the major, gravely.

'There is a village upon the banks of the Wisconsin,' said Weekau, in a low, impressive tone, 'where flowers and rocks and tall green trees wave over the wigwams of a tribe. Whiteblanket will visit it, as he did seventeen suns since, and Redbird is neither blind nor weak yet.' As he spoke, the native seated himself, and drew his buffalo-robe over his head as a sign that he did not wish to be interrogated any farther. There was some recollection of the past over which he wished to brood, and the white officers were not slow to observe that his ruminations had some reference to Whiteblanket.

Major Romily did not feel easy under the circumstances which his conversation with Weekau had elicited. The fact of Chippewas and Nacotahs being on the war path was sufficiently embarrassing without the equivocal companionship of a man who was evidently an object of dislike to the Winnebagoes and Sioux, and he consequently determined to make an effort to rescue the government commissioner on Indian affairs, Dr Wilman, from his perilous situation.

'I do not like this delay in a man who is proverbially punctual, nor these hints from an Indian who is also proverbially cautious and taciturn,' said Major Romily, turning to a manly-looking youth, who with folded arms and grave face had listened to the preceding conversation.

'Nor I, major,' said the young man, quietly. 'Dr Wilman knows the temper and character of the natives too well to provoke their passions knowingly; but this White-

blanket seems to have purchased backwood outlawry long ago. I fear for the good old man through this voyager, not from any personal cause.'

'We must try and protect his person, then, Mr Parkes,' said the major, emphatically; 'and as I know none so competent as you are to undertake the mission, I contemplate I shall feel obliged by your acceptance of the hazardous duty.'

Charles Parkes bowed at the conclusion of the major's complimentary request, and undertook the commission of anything likely to conduce to Dr Wilman's safety. In a short time, accompanied by Weekau and an old weather-beaten wiry Canadian named Bonbouche, the young adventurer skimmed over the waters of the Mississippi, and, reaching the confluence of the Wisconsin, began to pull along the margin of its dark brown waters.

The scenery on the Wisconsin is extremely irregular—sometimes stretching up into high green bluffs, sometimes lowering into broken rocky tree-clad promontories, and sometimes sloping away in undulating low sandy banks. Bonbouche and Weekau were both adepts at the use of the paddles, and Charles Parkes was second to none in Indian accomplishments. As they danced along the waters with a soft and measured motion, the young man took every opportunity of making himself familiar with the Indian, and the free and open advances of one so warm and earnest in his nature soon produced a corresponding sympathy in Weekau. Weekau was a perfect Apollo in form and feature; the symmetry and beauty of his person were so striking that nature seemed to have produced him for an Indian chief. All his movements were regulated by a perfection of easy dignity that long study in kingly palace and lordly hall could never have attained, and his beautiful and handsome garments were arranged with an elegant negligence that would have defied Parisian competition. He was nearly forty years of age, and yet he would have passed for quite a youth had it not been for the matured dignity that enshrined his thoughtful, handsome face. It was said amongst the Nacotahs who brought peltries to Fort Lille, that he was head chief of the Howchungerahs, or Winnebagoes, who dwelt by the waters of Fox River; that he had rescued a white man seventeen suns ago from their young men, who had caught him trapping on their hunting-grounds, and that the white man had stung him like an ingrate viper, and that a cloud had passed over his brow since that time. It is true that Weekau was an anomaly as an Indian chief—he had no squaw, no wigwam, no ties that bound him to his tribe beyond those which had existed independent of himself. He was constantly roaming from fort to fort, manifesting a marked preference for the haunts of white men, yet exhibiting a taciturn, calm demeanour, and at the same time restlessness of scrutiny in his observation of strangers, that it was hard to reconcile in one character. In his youth he had often visited the village of Redbird, and it was whispered that Wah-to-wah, Redbird's daughter, was the star that attracted him to the chief's wigwam. But years had passed since then, Wah-to-wah was dead, and it was observed that Weekau would rather ride for a long summer's day over the arid prairie than pass her father's village on the river, until now, when his repugnance at once seemed to have vanished.

The bark canoe skimmed over the water like an aquatic bird, as the regular strokes of Bonbouche and Weekau fell simultaneously on the dark river, and flocks of fowls rose screaming in the silent solitude as it swept along. Charles Parkes was young and hopeful, and his heart was open to every beautiful impression in nature—the trees and balmy air, the rippling waters, and the silence, only broken by the scream of the startled birds, subdued his spirit to that species of repose which tropical luxury and associations cause to fall on a sensitive temperament; he floated over the face of the Wisconsin unconscious of his mission, forgetful of caution or its ministrant danger, and alive to nothing save a sense of undefinable felicity, when the shrill boding scream of Indian women startled him from his reverie. In a moment the young man had aroused himself to a consciousness of his position and a recollection of

the responsibility involved in his conduct, and commanding Bonbouche to resume his fear-suspended paddles, he urged him to pull for his life.

'Pull *pour la mort*, dat is for de scalp-knife and tom-hack,' muttered the Canadian between his teeth. 'Dem *enfants du diable*, dat is dem redskins, hold carnival at de stake jus now, and perhaps old Bonbouche he broiled.'

'You would not make a very delightful bonbouche in that case,' said Charles, with a smile, for he knew that the querulous old man was as brave as General Jackson, and had every confidence in his fidelity; 'so, if you fear the torch and an angry squaw, we'll push to the shore and you may take to the woods, while Weekau and I push on for the village of Redbird.'

A vigorous stroke and a grunt was all the Canadian vouchsafed for answer, and in a few seconds after, the village, with its wigwams shaded with the pine and red beech, was before them. Weekau laid his paddle in the bottom of the canoe and drew his buffalo-robe over his head, while Charles, seizing some drooping festoons of sassafras, steadied the bark and leaped on shore.

'Remain in the canoe, Bonbouche,' said the young man, as he possessed himself of a few trinkets, and turned towards the village. 'If the Indians are hostile and detain me, pull for Fort Winnebago, and rouse old Hickory—the Redbird shall rue if he is false.' The voyager nodded his head, and Weekau smiled, as Charles walked boldly up the slope from the river.

Charles Parkes was one whose warm imagination, generous sympathies, and dauntless courage, conjoined with a vigorous and well-knit form, was peculiarly fitted for the life of adventure in which he had embarked; and his talents, which were of a high order, and his acquirements, which, though comparatively unseen, were extensive, would have done honour to any practitioner in the settlements. The young surgeon's dress was almost as picturesque as an Indian's; for his outer garment was a shirt of white linen ornamented with gay tambooured work, his nether habiliments were of a clear beautiful blue, his brown moccasins were spangled with parti-coloured beads and wampum, and around his gay cap of crimson was circled a golden band. He knew that the natives set more account upon the toilet than civilised men would suppose, and he had never intermitted any opportunity of ingratiating himself with them. He was known for many miles around Fort Lille, for he had been the means of curing some of the aborigines, by prescribing to them in defiance of the anger of the drum-beating 'medicine men'; and wherever he appeared he was respectfully treated, save by his impostor rivals.

Charles Parkes walked up the slope with a bold confident step, and an elastic springy motion, that foretold a mind at ease or careless upon his own account. Before and around him were the wigwams of the village, and old women and children peered with their keen dark eyes at him from all quarters, but they turned away with a snort of recognition as he passed on. Beyond the village, on the prairie, Charles saw the dusky circle of warriors and squaws, which he knew formed the high council of the nation; but he turned to his right hand, and walking towards a solitary wigwam, which stood beneath a beautiful green spreading chestnut, he drew from his breast a flagolet, and began to play a soft and gentle air. The young man looked impatiently towards the door of the dwelling when he had finished the air. It was evident that he was well acquainted with the locality where he now was, and that some of its inhabitants were not unknown to him; but that his mind was not satisfied with the result of his musical effort was also apparent. 'Sunbeam was not wont to linger thus,' he muttered; 'I'll try again.' Again the low mellifluous cadence of the clear-toned instrument rose and fell as if it wailed in sorrow, and scarcely had the performer executed the first bar, when a girl of surpassing beauty walked with a light but timid motion towards the young man, and seated herself, with her face turned away from him, on a flowery bank at his side.

If Weekau was a faultless specimen of manly Indian beauty, she did not seem so silent and motionless beside

the handsome young surgeon was as rare an example of feminine grace and loveliness. Her robes, which were as much inclined to the fashion of those worn by Major Romily's lady as Charles's were to Weekau's, were of beautiful texture. Bracelets encircled her finely rounded arms, long pendants of gold hung from her small ears, and her luxuriant hair was braided with a silken band. It was beautiful and smoothly-braided hair that fell around the neck and shoulders of the maiden, and that hair and neck were very fair. There was a tinge of warm rich red pervading the beautifully chiselled face of the girl, and glowing in her arms and neck, but her looks floated like liquid gold, and her eyes were blue.

Charles Parkes gazed for a few moments in admiration upon her soft retiring form, then a serious expression passed over his face, and he seated himself at her side. 'Sunbeam was wont to smile when Bluebird played,' he said, gently; 'to-day she turns from Bluebird, and he is sad.'

'When Bluebird is sad,' said the girl, in soft musical tones, but without altering her position, 'it is winter; there is a cloud over Sunbeam, and her heart is cold.'

'Has Bluebird brought winter, or does the cloud pass from the dark eyes of Shonka?' asked the youth eagerly.

'Sunbeam loves to hear the voice of the Bluebird,' replied the maiden, with an almost imperceptible smile; 'and Shonka is a dog; but the council has met, and a white man sits bound in the circle.'

Charles sprung to his feet, recalled to his duty by these words, and eagerly laying his hand on Sunbeam's shoulder, while her large liquid eyes now met his ardent gaze, he said, 'Tell me, my own desert queen, is it the Green Maple?'

The girl raised her eyes to the sun, which was now considerably below the zenith, and pointing to a bluff near the point, where it would set, answered, 'When the last streak of day lingered on the peak of yon bluff, Green Maple and his people pulled up the river; he would not sleep in Redbird's lodge, for he was angry because Redbird had seized upon one of his friends; he would not pull towards Fort Lille, because he wanted many warriors to punish Redbird; and Sunbeam's gladness went away with him.'

'But your grandfather will not slay this man?' said Charles. 'Redbird has not a wolf's heart?'

'But he has a red man's memory and a cougar's courage,' said the maiden, and a sigh stole from her as she spoke.

'Will Sunbeam listen to the voice of Bluebird when the stars are out?' asked the youth, as he seized her hand.

She bent her head as if she were considering, and beat for a few seconds with her little foot on the ground; then rising and smiling, without uttering a word, she tripped towards the wigwam and left her white lover alone.

Charles Parkes loved this fair young girl as fondly, purely, and exaltedly as if she had been bred in the most accomplished circles. From the day that he had visited her grandfather, and had administered to him for a virulent disease, he had found the chain tightening that bound him to the lovely young Indian, and as he now hurried towards the council he felt that he must soon provide for her a home. Charles strode with a bold and easy carriage into the centre of the circle of dusky warriors, and, walking towards the prisoner, he first bowed respectfully to the chiefs and aged braves and then confronted the unfortunate man.

The prisoner was a tall athletic white man, whose muscular strength, daring blue eye, and compressed lips, gave index of a prompt and hardy hunter; his shirt and leggings of brown leather fitted closely to his powerful frame, and his moccasins of untanned buffalo hide were bound by thongs above his ankles; his brown hair was streaked with grey, and curled round his massive head; and although his hands were tied behind his back, he maintained a daring and audacious look. He took no notice of the young surgeon farther than a half-astonished stare, and confronted the old chief, Redbird, with a dauntless eye. 'I tell ye, chiefs and warriors of the Winnebagoes,' he said, with a curl on his lip, 'that Redbird is losing his cunning.

I am not Whiteblanket. The redskins on the lakes call me Bigbeaver, because I am industrious; and I am called John among my people.'

'Redbird is not a mole,' said the old chief, calmly; 'I see Whiteblanket before me.'

'This springald,' said the prisoner, nodding his head towards Charles, 'will tell you that one man's word is as good as another's, and that if Redbird will not consent to let me go he is worse than a thieving Ojibewa.'

'Redbird never tells lies,' said Charles, sternly, for he was offended at the tone and manner of the prisoner; 'and if you have broken Indian laws you are amenable to Indian justice.' A grunt of approbation from the red men, who understood him, followed the young man's words, and he perceived that unless he could influence Redbird to let him be conveyed to Fort Lille the prisoner's doom was sealed.

'Redbird had once a child,' said the old chief, in a sad low tone, in answer to the young man's appeals, 'and she was beautiful, and her voice was so soft that her name was Wah-to-wah. Redbird had a friend, a young and beautiful chief, whose lodge is on Fox river, and he came again and again to my lodge, for the voice of Wah-to-wah was sweeter to him than the west wind that blows over the prairie in summer. One day my young men caught a white man trapping on our hunting grounds, and when they would have taken his scalp he slew two of them, but the others brought him to our village a prisoner. The kindred of Hawkeye and Antelope would have slain him at the stake, but Weekau cut his bonds and pointed to a canoe on the river. The white man went away, but my lodge was no more glad, for he had stolen Wah-to-wah. Twelve moons after she came to me again, weak and weary, for she had travelled across the prairie without parched corn, dried flesh, or water, and she laid the little Sunbeam at my feet and died. Whiteblanket killed Wah-to-wah, for he did not bring her back to Redbird, but sent her, without a guide and tailworn, to be buried among her people; therefore Whiteblanket must die.'

The young man had listened with various emotions to the words of the aged Indian, and now, when the prisoner before him was identified as the ingrate white, he forgot that he was anything but the father of Sunbeam. Urging upon the chiefs the necessity of farther investigation, he could produce no commutation save the delay necessary to prepare for Whiteblanket's immolation, and accordingly the prisoner was removed bound to a solitary lodge.

It was night, and the canoe with Bonbouche and Weekau, sitting like listening statues, lay close to the shores of the Wisconsin. At the same time Charles Parkes and Sunbeam were conversing beneath the trusty chebecat tree. He had apprised the gentle girl of her relationship to the prisoner, and urged the necessity of some means of rescue, and they were anxiously debating upon the probability of saving him. Before the lodge where he was confined, Shonka, a reputed lover of Sunbeam, stood a watchful sentinel. The girl walked towards the young Indian with graceful steps, and speaking to him in her blindest accents soon distracted his thoughts from the object of his guard. It was but the work of a few minutes for Charles Parkes to cut a large opening in the bark wall of the lodge, towards which he had stealthily crawled, and to burst the prisoner's bonds. The white man, who seemed well acquainted with Indian life and habits, silently followed his young deliverer. They reached the bank over where the canoe lay, and the young surgeon, imitating the scream of a startled whip-poor-will as a signal to announce his safety to Sunbeam, seated himself in the canoe, followed by Whiteblanket. They pulled with slow and measured strokes down the dark stream, for the way was not so plain as at midday, and the sun was just rising when they left the Wisconsin and turned up the stream of the Mississippi.

Weekau and Whiteblanket had never spoken a syllable during the night, but when the morning dawned they confronted each other, and the involuntary start of the white man, and the deep guttural 'hugh' of the redskins showed

that this was not their first meeting. Scarcely had the recognition taken place, when, by a sudden and powerful stranger, Weekau threw the canoe over, and clinging to the stranger, while Bonbouche and Charles swam to the shore, detained him in the stream. Whiteblanket was courageous and powerful, and he struck at the Indian with fearful force and energy in the water, but he was unarmed and his foe was implacable. In a short time after the catastrophe Weekau leaped with a yell from the blood-stained water, and shook aloft a bloody scalp. He planted his bow on the grave of Wah-to-wah, and hung the white man's scalp upon it to dry. And when the vengeance of the States government pursued Redbird for the detention of their agent, Weekau and his band journeyed with him beyond the Mississippi.

There was one, however, who did not go with the old man, for her heart was with the Bluebird. The young man bore her with him when he removed from the fort to the rising settlement, and often, in after times, would sheep when her husband would discourse of her father's faith and the deathless devotion of Weekau, and when his eyes would flash at the white man's disregard for the sacredness of the Indian's home.

THIRD YEAR'S SERIES OF THE CHEAP PUBLICATION SCHEME.*

His works now issuing under the title of the 'Cheap Publication Scheme' are powerful corroborations of an opinion which we have often previously expressed, and they are unmistakable demonstrations of a reaction which we have formerly noticed in the mind of the reading public. The lighter creations of idealism, and the exciting narrations of adventure and human collision which formed the staple literature of the proximate bygone years, are being shelved, and the stronger mental appetite of the present time demands stronger food for digestion. Works treating of the grave and important subjects of religion and morality are now bidding fair to supplant the writings of our cold, sneering, breeches-pocket moralists (some of whom, by the way, we rejoice to perceive are now occasionally enunciating sentiments which, so far as their writings testify, for many long years formed no part of their mental furniture), and in answer to the economic demand, the Cheap Publication Scheme has risen into being as an agent of supply. The four handsome volumes on our table are four witnesses of the unexampled cheapness which book-making has attained lately in all its branches, being Year's issue, costing only four shillings sterling; and the subjects of which they treat indicate a revival of the mind which almost universally existed in Scotland in bygone years.

'Haliburton's Memoirs' will be especially esteemed at this time by those more particularly interested in the publication of the works in question. They portray most vividly, in the strong masculine idiom of the 'trying times,' the formation of a character which shone with peculiar lustre during the persecution; and they prove that although impatience and natural vehemence might drive men to acts inimical to the spirit of Him who was essentially love and forgiveness, yet there were many who could bend their heads beneath the sword, and could pray, 'Father forgive them.' As a work upon practical theology, it will be variously estimated; but as an example of the courage, vigour, and almost rude strength of the stern manly intellect of the Covenanters, it cannot fail to be interesting to Episcopalian as well as Presbyterian. There are some historical prejudices, however, which it would be of infinite advantage both to the religion and morality of society to see perish. There are asperities and personal animosities engendered in controversial eras which should never find their way into life-preserving books. We fear that the decidedly

expressed feelings of the author of 'Sketches of Church History' will, to some extent, confine the circulation of his graphic and interesting work to the limits of the Presbyterian body. The covenanting times are times regarding which Mr Mc'Crie, in common with almost every Scotchman, yet feels keenly. The memories of Bullion Green and Bothwell Brig are as fresh in the national bosom as is the moss which clings to the martyrs' moorland cairns; and the vividness with which Scotchmen can idealise and embody the deeds and sufferings of the oppressor and oppressed, yet impart to their tongues, when speaking of 'Claverhouse and his men,' a portion of their ancestral sternness of phraseology. Persecution, however, is neither consistent with, nor an emanation of, the spirit of any Christian body. It has almost always been the result of political designs to selfishly aggrandise or arrogantly subdue, and consequently the persecutions of our forefathers are not to be attributed to Episcopalianism, but to men who were renegade Presbyterians and bad Episcopalians. The influence of these works upon the young mind must be very powerful—the style is clear, vigorous, and almost conversationally familiar, and the incidents treated of embrace the most striking and interesting in Scottish history from the Reformation. No one with warm sensibilities can read the 'Sketches' without having his sympathies warmly enlisted in the cause of the 'Hill-folks;' and it will be well if he can escape a contagious antipathy to those who represent their 'hunters.' Every reader will sympathise with the more than Roman courage and firmness evidenced in the following anecdote by the daughter of John Knox, while soliciting from King James liberty for her husband to return to Scotland: 'Having lost his health, and the physicians having informed him that his only chance of recovery was to return to his native country, Mr Welch ventured, in the year 1622, to come to London; and his wife, who was a daughter of the celebrated John Knox, having obtained access to James, petitioned him to allow her husband to return to Scotland. On this occasion, the following singular colloquy took place: The king asked her who was her father. She replied, 'John Knox.' 'Knox and Welch!' exclaimed he, 'the devil never made such a match as that.' 'It's right like, sir,' said Mrs Welch; 'for we never spaired (asked) his advice.' He then asked her how many children John Knox had left, and if they were lads or lassies. She said, three, and they were *all lasses*. 'God be thanked!' cried the king, lifting up both his hands; 'for an they had been *three lads*, I had never *bruked* (enjoyed) my three kingdoms in peace!' She again urged her request that he would give her husband his native air. 'Give him his native air!' replied the king, 'give him the devil!' 'Give that to your hungry courtiers,' said she, offended at his profaneness. He told her, at last, that if she would persuade her husband to submit to the bishops, he would allow him to return to Scotland. Mrs Welch, lifting up her apron, and holding it towards the king, replied, in the true spirit of her father, 'Please your majesty, I'd rather keep (catch) his head there!' Welch languished a very short time in London, having been released by death in May, 1622.

We extract the following graphic anecdotes, descriptive of those peaceful pastoral meetings into which the dogs of war were too often wont to be let loose: 'In our last chapter we noticed the commencement, in 1663, of those field-meetings, or *conventicles*, as they were called by their enemies, which gave so much offence to the prelates. At first these meetings were very rare, being held chiefly in the west and south country. The people, having been secretly apprised of the place of meeting, assembled in some remote sequestered glen, unarmed and unoffending, and after hearing the gospel from the lips of their beloved pastors—endeared to them the more by their having suffered for the truth which they preached—peaceably dispersed, and returned to their homes. One of these sacred 'trying-places,' celebrated for many meetings of this nature, was Gleavale, a beautiful sequestered valley in Fife, lying between West Lomond and Bishophill, and opening to the west. About the middle of the valley it

* Comprising 'Haliburton's Memoirs, with a Sketch of his times,' 'Sketches of Church History,' in 2 vols.; and 'Revolutions of the Eighteenth Century, with Sermons by Whitefield.' Issued under the Committee of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland. Edinburgh: John Johnston.

expands into a fine amphitheatre on the south, capable of containing many thousand persons; on the north side is a large projecting rock, which is said to have been occupied by the ejected ministers as a pulpit. In this splendid temple, 'not made with hands,' many assembled from the surrounding country to worship the God of their fathers; and anecdotes connected with these scenes are still preserved by the older natives of the district. On one occasion, it is said, they were surprised by a small party of the king's troops, who came upon them from the west, and, looking down, saw the whole congregation lying in the valley below, hanging entranced on the lips of the minister, who was then in the midst of his sermon, and unconscious of the approach of the enemy. The soldiers were preparing to attack them when they were dissuaded from the attempt by Crawford of Powmill, who observed, 'Take care what ye do—I see Bilton among them (a famous marksman); if you meddle with them, he is certain to make some of you sleep in your shoes.' On another occasion, when a meeting was held in the parish of Kinglassie, a gentleman of the name of Baleddie came upon them with a few followers. But they observed him at a distance, and before his arrival they had the minister concealed among them in disguise. When Baleddie came and found himself disappointed in his object, which was to apprehend the minister, he rode around the multitude in high wrath, cursing and threatening to fine the whole of them. While thus employed, one of his aunts, who was present, a woman of determined spirit, and possessed of great influence in the countryside, rose up and said, 'Baleddie, begone, and do not molest these honest people, who are met peaceably to hear the gospel; or, if you do not, I will lay you by the heels.' 'Oh, aunt Mary,' said Baleddie, 'are you there?' and turning his horse's head, he rode off. After this the minister resumed his place, and the people separated without further molestation.

Viewed as historical landmarks and causes of humiliation, the following anecdotes, which are too vividly indicative of the sufferings of our poor country, will be read by every Christian with pious aspirations that such scenes and passions may never again disfigure the aspect of a nation nor distort the heart of man, but that peace and good-will will actuate all Christian men. In the beautiful language of the Rev. Thomas Guthrie, all Christian bodies are like distinct globules of quicksilver, identical in their essence, and all possessing strongly the principle of cohesion; they are merely separated by a little dust which mars but does not destroy the aptency for affinity; blow away that dust, and they will form a unity on which God will love to look; for in that unity of love he will behold the reflection of his own identity and glory. We would fain forget the wrongs of the past, or remember them with less asperity than sorrow. 'A lieutenant and three soldiers, passing along the road, found a poor man sleeping on a bank with a small pocket Bible lying near him. This circumstance having roused their suspicions, they awoke the man, and asked him if he would pray for the king. He replied that he would, with all his heart. The lieutenant was about to let him go, when one of the soldiers said, 'But, sir, will you renounce the covenant?' The man hesitated a moment; but, on the question being repeated, he firmly replied, 'Indeed, sir, I'll as soon renounce my baptism.' Upon this, without further ceremony, they shot the poor man on the spot. On another occasion, some soldiers perceived a countryman lying in a field engaged in reading. They called to him, but the man being deaf, and not making any reply, they fired at him, on which he started to his feet. Again they cried to him, and before he could recover from his amazement, a second shot laid him dead on the field. Five of the wanderers had taken refuge in a cave near Ingliston, in the parish of Glencairn. Their place of concealment was discovered to the enemy by a base 'intelligencer,' who had formerly associated with them, pretending to be one of the sufferers. When the soldiers came up, they first fired into the cave, and then rushing in, brought them forth to execution. Without

question put, or offer of mercy, the whole five were immediately shot, by orders of the commanding officer. One of them being observed to be still alive, a wretch drew his sword and thrust him through the body. The dying man raised himself, and, weltering in his own blood and that of his companions, cried out with his last breath, 'Though every hair of my head were a man, I would die all those deaths for Christ and his cause!'

The 'Sketches of Church History' were originally delivered in the form of lectures, and they yet retain the ease and fluency of their primitive character, although they have been considerably extended and somewhat more elaborated. The 'Revivals of Religion during the Eighteenth Century,' edited by Dr Macfarlan of Renfrew, give a most minute and interesting detail of the resuscitation of the religious spirit of Scotland from the lassitude and carelessness which had crept over the land during the active and virulent broils springing from political contentions and animosities. Three sermons by Whitefield form an appendix to this work, which give a clear and striking illustration of the simple yet forcible style of this eminent preacher, and of his habits of thought and expression. We have seldom seen works, on the whole, which so completely fulfilled their pretensions as those of the 'Cheap Publication Scheme;' they are excellent in their manual as well as mental constitutions.

A VISIT TO HOLLAND.

FOURTH ARTICLE.

THE PASSPORT SYSTEM—ROUTE TO ARNHEM—MILITARY MEMORIALS—THE RHINE—ARNHEM—A MISADVENTURE—A BOOBS' FETE—CONCLUSION.

NONE is more troublesome to a British traveller on the Continent than the passport system. It meets and annoys him everywhere. No sooner does he enter a continental country than he must provide himself with a passport; have all his features, dimensions, and personal defects (if he have any) therein noted down; he must tell his age (ladies sometimes vehemently object to this), his vocation, his object in travelling, the town he is bound for; all of which are duly entered in the passport. His features are described in the most matter-of-fact style—there is no flattery in the passport. The traveller may flatter himself that his hair is auburn, but in his passport he finds it entered 'red.' One English dandy we have heard of, who conceived himself so egregiously insulted by finding his nose set down as 'pug,' whereas he had persuaded himself it was 'Grecian,' that he returned to the police-office to give the passport-clerk a 'thorough blowing-up.' But, notwithstanding all he could say, in his furious expostulation of broken German, bad French, and Cockney English, the clerk would not alter the description, and he had the mortification of carrying about and exhibiting (for he was obliged by the system to do so), in every town he came to, a definition of his nose which he considered as at once scandalous and disgraceful. He set it all down to national antipathy to him as an Englishman!

On entering an inn, one of the first things required is to produce your passport (the innkeeper must do this under fear of a heavy penalty if he neglects), and the passport is sent off directly to the police-office, to remain there while you reside in the place; and if you remain there longer than a week, a permit from the police-office must be obtained, called a *charte de sureté*. There is often considerable delay in obtaining the passport again, previous to setting out on your journey, which is annoying. At Utrecht, I had almost lost the stage on this account, and the 'boots' came hurrying up with it only at the last moment. When you have reached the town named in the passport as that for which you are bound, you must appear in person at the police-office, and have the passport *visited* or examined, and all the items of complexion, colour of hair, shape of nose, stature, profession, and object in travelling gone over again. Then your further destination must be stated and set down in the pas-

port. For this visit the traveller has to pay a fee to the office. And so on, during the whole period of your tour, until you have quitted the continental shores for Great Britain, where no such nuisance prevails.

The route from Utrecht to Arnheim being rather uninteresting, I took the diligence, a heavy vehicle dragged by three horses harnessed abreast. We passed numerous substantial-looking houses on the road, ornamented in the usual Dutch style. The country seemed finely wooded, and we drove along many noble avenues of trees. The flowers were in full bloom, and for six miles, till we reached Zeist, the roadside seemed one succession of gardens. Many families were enjoying themselves in the open air, and an occasional Dutch patriarch might be seen smoking his long pipe, the picture of placidity and contentment.

A huge mound near to Zeist arrested our attention. It was the mound thrown up by the whole French army under Marmont, when the intelligence reached them that Napoleon was made emperor. The Dutch laugh at it and call it 'The Folly.' So will all memorials of war and warriors be styled when men reduce Christianity to practice in the laws of nations. Zeist contains a thriving colony of Moravian brethren, the Hernhutters, who live in the communitarian style, and labour together for their common benefit. Their establishment is large, and the building in which they reside is very capacious, situated in the midst of a wood of noble beech and lime trees. The residence of one of the princes of Holland, near Zeist, is finely wooded, the villa itself being a handsome and substantial structure.

The country gradually becomes more uneven, but less fertile. Extensive plantations of tobacco are observed as we proceed; and huge ugly buildings of wood occur at intervals, in which the tobacco leaves are dried when gathered. The country partakes less and less of the Dutch character. There are no canals nor bridges to be seen; the peculiar Dutch build of the houses is also disappearing. The people seem less Dutch than German. Dirt begins to assert its sway, and foul children are visible at the cottage-doors as we pass.

Near Rhenen are observed the remains of the fortifications thrown up by the Duke of York's army when in Holland. But though they could fortify themselves against the French, they could not against the pestilence, which here broke out and carried away thousands of men. Near the road-side, beneath some willow-trees, are seen the mounds under which so many English bones lie mouldering. That spot was the cemetery of the hospital, which was situated in the town of Rhenen, close by. The plains of the Netherlands have been well fattened by French and English corpses. Many are the battle-fields throughout the country where their armies have met in the clash of battle, and, after reddening the earth with their blood, left thousands behind them to rot for their country's 'glory.'

We now approach the Rhine, here a broad rolling stream, before it has given off its main body of water to the Leck. On its south side the country is still a dead level, and requires to be protected from the inroads of the ocean-tides as well as the inundations of the river. The road from Wageningen, which we had now reached, to Arnheim, is for the greater part carried along an elevated terrace, which protects the country behind it, until we reach the higher ground, when it is no longer required. The approach to Arnheim is very beautiful, fine rows of trees skirting the roads leading into it for miles in all directions. The undulatory nature of the country also affords opportunities for occasional views of the noble Rhine, now close at hand. On coming in sight of a fine reach of the river, a German fellow-traveller, quite rising up in his seat, and throwing his gaze around him, exclaimed, with sparkling eye and enthusiastic action, 'La Rhine! La Rhine magnifique!' This German, I found, had fought at Waterloo, as captain in a Prussian regiment, and he spoke in raptures of my countrymen. 'Les Ecosais sont braves gens' (the Scotch are brave people), said

'glory' of that field. This German wore in his button-hole the bit of ribbon which distinguishes the official in Prussia; and though now travelling on commercial business, he still cherished the decoration. This is common all over the Continent. You will find the ribbon alike ornamenting the general, the commercial traveller, the shopkeeper, and the penny shaver.

Arnheim, though a fine town, is not to be compared with Utrecht. It is neither so Dutch nor so beautiful. The fortifications, which were designed by the celebrated Cohorn, have been converted into walks nearly all round the town. The place, however, is still capable of being fortified and defended. The country round Arnheim is named the Dutch Paradise; and it is worthy the designation. There are several fine country seats in the neighbourhood, the grounds and gardens of which are open to visitors. One of these, Sonsbeck, the seat of Baron de Hackeren, is much resorted to. After the country seats of the English and Scotch nobles, the place appears small and uninteresting. The chief attractions of the grounds are the beautiful views of the Rhine and the surrounding country which they present; the domes and towers of Arnheim peeping out from among the trees, and the country to the south of the river appearing studded with towns, marked by their lofty spires, as far as the eye can reach.

After resting at Arnheim, I started on the following morning for the Prussian border. The morning was beautiful, and the road fine, shaded by lofty trees on either side. By some mistake, I took the road for Zutphen, lying to the north-east, instead of for the Rhine, in the direction of Elten. I had trudged some five miles out of my way, and was proceeding onwards at a merry pace, when I perceived a soldier stretched by the road-side, regaling himself with bread and cheese out of his kit. The prospect of company on the road he was himself about to travel, induced him to fasten his traps together and hurry after me. After he had exhausted my few words of Dutch, and I had learned sufficient from him to ascertain that he was an artilleryman on furlough, and that he was returning from a visit to his friends at Arnheim to Zutphen, where his regiment was quartered, I inquired what distance I might be from Elten, on the Prussian border. 'Elten!' he exclaimed, 'you are quite out of the road; this is the highroad to Zutphen!' But how to be put into the right road, that was now the question with me. As we were jabbering together, the soldier labouring to inform me and I to understand him, we perceived advancing along the road a military-looking gentleman, whom my companion, when he saw, recognised as a landed proprietor in the neighbourhood; one that could speak 'Francözish' or French, and could therefore give me the information I sought for. Not that the soldier wished to part with me, for he did what he could to induce me to go forward with him to Zutphen, and there start for Wesel on the following day. This, however, would have been a very long roundabout. On the gentleman above alluded to coming up, I stated to him in French that I had gone out of my route, and inquired of him the necessary information. He interrupted me with, 'You are not a Frenchman, I think; are you English?' I assented; and he at once proceeded, in very good English, to inform me of the route I must take. In order I suppose to show his proficiency in the English language, he commenced his explanation with a good round English oath. This was the more singular in a Dutchman, since the people are very little given to swearing; but they have the notion that it is quite indispensable in the English language, and many, who cannot speak English at all, have nevertheless taken the pains to learn our oaths. We must, however, do our people the justice to state in what school this gentleman had learned his art of swearing. It was while serving together with the British army in the brief campaign which ended with the battle of Waterloo. He had been an officer in the Dutch cavalry; of which he informed me in the course of our subsequent conversation.

of whom wished me a pleasant journey, I struck across the country towards the south, through field-roads, something like those one meets with in the south of England—pleasant green lanes, shady and cool, birds singing on every side, larks carolling in mid-heaven, cattle browsing idly under-deep in the rich pasture—a lovely picture of rural peace and fertility.

About noon, near the little village of Dinsburg, on the Issel (which river I had to cross in order to get more to the south), I entered an humble cottage, over which were the usual signs of 'entertainment for men and horses.' There I inquired for *bootram*. This is a magical word throughout Holland, and better than any passport to a hungry traveller. When I left Rotterdam, a countryman said to me, 'If you are at any loss on entering a house of entertainment, ask for *bootram*.' I noted down the word, and frequently made use of it in the course of my walks. Here it brought out bread and butter and Dutch cheese, which, seasoned by hunger, 'the best kitchen,' enabled me to make a delicious repast. After resting a while I again set forth, and this time soon lost all track of a road. There seemed to be little commerce, or intercourse between districts, in this part of the country. The spire of Zevenaar, the village to which I was bound, was, however, pointed out to me, far off in the distance, a wide extent of pasture-land intervening, and I made straight for it, leaping ditches when not too broad and deep, scrambling through hedges, and often obliged to make a considerable detour in order to get safe and dry into the field beyond. After a long and fatiguing walk, keeping before me the spire of Zevenaar church, I reached the village and passed through it, intending, if possible, to reach Elten that night. But after walking about two miles further, I felt so much fatigued, that I resolved to take up my quarters for the night at the first road-side inn I came to.

Shortly, my attention was attracted by the sound of music proceeding from a cottage close at hand, and on reaching it I heard that dancing was going on within. I entered, and found the floor covered with dancers; and an orchestra, consisting of two elderly men, perched on a temporary platform, which seemed to have done considerable service as a door, discoursing vehement music from a fiddle and a clarionet. The dancers were all *bauern* or peasant labourers, some of them pretty well dressed, but most in their daily working clothes. There were also a number of female peasants among them, their partners in the dance, all coarsely dressed, though substantially. The dancers beat time to the music on the clay-floor, and seemed to enter heartily into the spirit of the thing. The figures reminded me of the Scotch reels and strathspeys, and there was no want of shouting in the careerings and whirlings of the dance. On inquiry, I ascertained that this was the season of the *karamus* or fair of the neighbourhood, and hence this festival of the *bauern*. As the gin and brandywine, which they drank in the intervals of dancing and smoking, began to operate, the noise considerably increased. The kicking and plunging waxed furious, and the hallooing became hideous. How they stuck to their pipes! dancing with them in their mouths, and puffing forth clouds of smoke while they wheeled about with their partners. And so the night went on—occasional quarrelling, a little sparring, a good deal of singing, a great deal of jumping, all seasoned with schnaps of Geneva and brandywine—and thus this rollicking Dutch boors' feast went on and ended about one o'clock in the morning, the last detachment of the party rolling away homeward, through the fields, singing together a chorus from Masaniello in very good tune and harmony. The whole affair reminded me of the Dutch boor scenes painted with so much truth and nature by Teniers and Ostade. Next morning I was up betimes, and after less than an hour's walking reached the post with the double eagle on it, the Prussian emblem, and crossed the border into Rhenish Prussia.

Such is a brief outline of my experience of a visit to Holland, afterwards enlarged by a visit to the Hague,

Amsterdam, and other intervening towns. The general impression left on my mind as to the Dutch nation, was that of an elderly people, enjoying themselves on the accumulated fruits of their labour—a comparatively staid, sober, and diligent race, reclining at their ease on the industry of the past—a people whose general lot seemed to be a practical fulfilment of Agar's prayer—like other elderly folks, making no bold or energetic efforts in the direction of progress, but prudently and judiciously devoting themselves to the economising of their means, and adopting the most salutary measures for diffusing the benefits of civilisation throughout their entire community. The meritorious efforts which the Dutch have made since the commencement of the present century to extend the blessings of education to all, to elevate the moral and social condition of the poor (of which their self-supporting pauper colonies are a striking proof), and to establish an efficient system of prison discipline and correctional police, show them to be very greatly in advance of the other nations of Europe in these respects. Their persevering efforts to achieve rational freedom, their patient and untiring industry, their habitual cleanliness and love of order, which extend to all things, point them out as a remarkable people, whose example is worthy of general praise and imitation.

CLOCKS.

If our senses alone were to be admitted as evidence upon the question of horological invention, we should decidedly set it down as a truth that clocks are but modern substitutes for the crow of chanticleer and the shadowed indications of the sun-dial. In every cottage that was wont to be recalled from the dominion of Somnolus by a 'rookin' crow,' the click of the cuckoo-clock is now heard; and the horologes that used to stand in paved courtyards and high-walled gardens lie broken and ruined, while the deep-toned chimes from some high steeple seem to exult over them. These changes are but modern, and the circumstance of sun-dials yet facing the sun bravely, and still occupying their accustomed nooks in solemn old garden walks, is demonstrative of the fact. But the adage of 'There's nothing new under the sun' holds true in the case of clocks as well as everything else; and although the wise, erudite, and 'cute Mr Slick himself were to dispute the antiquity of his favourite articles of merchandise, the following notices of several of that gentleman's operative predecessors will be sufficient to establish the fact:

Platon, the most celebrated disciple of Socrates, had a clock (water clepsidra) which marked the division of time by the sounding or chiming of a species of flute. It is the most ancient monument of this kind of human ingenuity that history has preserved, and furnishes us with an important datum from whence to trace the progress of chronometry, as it sufficiently attests that the clepsidra was in use about four hundred years before Christ; but the invention is attributed to the Egyptians; and some traditions put it back to the fabulous time of Hermes. Vitruvius has preserved the name and description of many different instruments employed for the measurement of time, from the school of Alexandria; and among them the celebrated clepsidra of Ctesibus, in which toothed wheels are introduced, and which is regarded as the first of the kind; this was constructed two hundred and fifty years before Christ. About the year 1120, clocks, without the aid of water or sand, are mentioned by some writers of that period, but learned men are not agreed about the invention. Some suppose Pacificus, archdeacon of Verona, and a most excellent mathematician, to be the first inventor: he died in 849. Others affirm that it was one Gerbert, and suppose him to be the same who afterwards was pope, under the name of Silvester III.; others, again, that it was Wallingford, an English benedictine; others, that it was Regiomontanus, who was born in the year 1436. In the 13th century Sultan Saladin is said to have presented a clock to the Emperor Frederick II.,

which was evidently put in motion by springs and wheels. It not only marked the hours, but also the course of the sun, of the moon, and of the planets in the zodiac. The Saracens of that age were a most ingenious people, and it is not altogether improbable that they were the real inventors of clock-making, which afterwards found its way to Europe through means of the Crusades. The 14th century, however, affords the most distinct traces of the rise of the present system of clock-making. One of the most celebrated clocks is that which Richard Wallingford invented, and caused to be made for the convent of Benedictines of St Albans. It was a wonder, for it showed not only the hours, but the course of the sun and moon, the tides of the ocean, and a great many other things. He wrote a work upon this clock which is supposed to exist still in manuscript in the Bodleian Library. He flourished in 1326, and was the son of a blacksmith. It is, therefore, an error to assert that the clock at Hampton Court was the first ever made in England; it was erected in 1510, as we learn from the inscription upon it. Jacques de Dondis, citizen of Padua, who was, for his time, an eminent philosopher, doctor, astronomer, and mathematician, made a similar clock in 1344. It was he who was first honoured with the title of *Horologius*, and his family, which still exists at Florence, consider that name as a high distinction. His son John was also an astronomer and mechanic, and made a clock still more curious for Pavia. Galeas, duke of Milan, caused that clock to be repaired by a mechanic named William Zelandin, supposed by his name to be a Dutchman from the province of Zealand. Charles V. caused another reparation to be made by Janellus Turanus, and with him employed the last years of his life in mechanical pursuits, tired of all the troubles caused in Europe by his ambition. The celebrated clock of Strasburg is supposed to be the work of Gurrard Danypodius, who wrote a description of it in 1580. (Melchior Adam, *Vitæ Germ. Philos.*) The clock of St John of Lyons was built in 1598, by Nicholas Lippius of Basle, and was altered in 1680, by William Nourisson, clockmaker of that city. These and many other famous clocks, as those of Nuremberg, Medina del Campo, Augsburg, &c., were originally made with the *crane wheel* escapement and balance. They were of enormous construction, but became progressively smaller, until they admitted of being made to adorn the apartments of the rich.

It does not appear that the spring motor of watches was formerly invented for a clock. The first watch mentioned in history is the one presented to Charles V. about the year 1550. It is believed it was only a clock which could be carried and placed upon a table, and then had a spring for motor. The watches worn at the court of Charles IX. and Henry III. were very well made, and of all dimensions. Some were of the size of a snuff-box, others of an egg, some very flat, and others so small as to be worn in a ring. Others were made to go a long time. Derham is said to have seen one which belonged to Henry VIII. that was made to go an entire week, once being wound up. But while the clocks of former ages were admirable on account of their magnitude, ornaments, and singularity, they were not fit for those exact measurements required by astronomers. Tycho Brahe had four which marked the minutes and the seconds. The largest was with three wheels only; the first wheel was three feet in diameter, and had 1200 teeth; however, all we know of it is, that the time marked by them was nearly that calculated in comparison with the sun; but in astronomy they used a sand-glass as in chemistry, and in some trades, as dyers, not for their cheapness, but for their superior accuracy.

Two very extraordinary clocks were some time since presented by the East India Company to the Emperor of China, being entirely manufactured by English artists. They were in the form of chariots, each of which contained a lady seated, leaning her right hand on a part of the chariot, under which was a clock, little larger than a shilling, that struck, repeated, and went for eight days

without requiring to be wound up. A bird was on the lady's finger, finely modelled, and set with diamonds and rubies, with its wings expanded as if to fly, and which was made to flutter for a considerable time on touching a diamond button. The body of this curious bird, in which were the wheels that animated it, was less than the sixteenth part of an inch. In the lady's left hand was a golden tube with a small round box on the top, to which was fixed a circular ornament set in diamonds, which went round in three hours. A double umbrella was over the lady's head, supported by a small fluted pillar, and under which was a bell that struck the hour, though apparently unconnected with the clock; and at the lady's feet was a golden dog, before which were two birds set with precious stones, and apparently flying away with the chariot, which, from another secret motion, is contrived to run in any direction, while a boy appears to push it forward. There were also flowers, ornaments, and a flying dragon, all set with precious stones, or formed of them, and the rest was made of gold, most curiously executed, and presented a wonderful specimen of ingenuity and talent.

THE VESTIGES OF CREATION.

AFTER making herself very agreeable, Lady Constance took up a book which was at hand, and said, 'Do you know this?'

Tancred, opening a volume which he had never seen, and then turning to its title-page, found it was 'The Revelations of Chaos,' a startling work just published, and of which a rumour had reached him. 'No,' he replied, 'I have not seen it.'

'I will lend it to you if you like; it is one of those books one must read. It explains everything, and is written in a very agreeable style.'

'It explains everything!' said Tancred; 'it must indeed be a very remarkable book.'

'I think it will just suit you,' said Lady Constance. 'Do you know, I thought so several times while I was reading it.'

'To judge from the title, the subject is rather obscure,' said Tancred.

'No longer so,' said Lady Constance; 'it is treated scientifically; everything is explained by geology and astronomy, and in that way. It shows you exactly how a star is formed; nothing can be so pretty! A cluster of vapour—the cream of the milky way—a sort of celestial cheese—churned into light—you must read it, 'tis charming.'

'Nobody ever saw a star formed,' said Tancred.

'Perhaps not. You must read the 'Revelations;' it is all explained. But what is most interesting is the way in which man is developed. You know all is development. The principle is perpetually going on. First there was nothing, then there was something; then—I forget the next—I think there were shells, then fishes; then we came—let me see—did we come next? Never mind that; we came at last. And the next change there will be something very superior to us—something with wings. Ah! that's it; we were fishes, and I believe we shall be crows. But you must read it.'

'I do not believe I was ever a fish,' said Tancred.

'Oh! but it is all proved; you must not argue on my rapid sketch; read the book. It is impossible to contradict anything in it. You understand it is all science; it is not like those books in which one says one thing and another the contrary, and both may be wrong. Everything is proved by geology, you know. You see exactly how everything is made; how many worlds there have been; how long they lasted; what went before; what comes next. We are a link in the chain, as inferior animals that preceded us; we in turn shall be inferior; all that will remain of us will be some relics in a new red sandstone. This is development. We had fins—we may have wings.'

Tancred grew silent and very thoughtful; Lady Brancepeth moved, and he rose at the same time. Lady Char-

mouth looked as if it were by no means necessary for him to depart; but he bowed very low, and then bade farewell to Lady Constance, who said, 'We shall meet to-night.'

'I was a fish, and I shall be a crow,' said Tancred to himself. 'What a spiritual mistress! And yesterday, for a moment, I almost dreamed of kneeling with her at the Holy Sepulchre! I must get out of this city as quickly as possible—I cannot cope with its corruption.'
—*D'Israeli's Tancred.*

A NURSERY RHYME—THE CANARY.

(Written for the Instructor.)

O, sing away thy pretty lay,
My beautiful Canary—
No song of mine so sweet as thine,
My beautiful Canary!
What though thou hast no myrtle bowers,
Perfumed with Afric's tropic flowers,
Thy song is sweet as their sunny hours,
My beautiful Canary!

Then warble on thy pretty song,
My beautiful Canary;
Nor stop, or fear a rival here,
My beautiful Canary!
Though far from where thy kindred rove
By bosky brook or orange grove,
And sing their wild-wood notes of love,
My beautiful Canary!

Yet here thy gay and pretty lay,
My beautiful Canary,
Is ever heard, my captive bird,
My beautiful Canary,
As if thy song were wild and free,
From laurel foll or cypress-tree,
In thine own islands of the sea,
My beautiful Canary!

No vine-clad hills with gurgling rills,
My beautiful Canary!
No silvan shades or lemon glades,
My beautiful Canary!
Nor freedom hast thou ever known
But in thy little cage alone—
A captive, yet a happy one,
My beautiful Canary!

Then warble on, for truly none,
My beautiful Canary,
Could blither sing on freedom's wing,
My beautiful Canary!
Then shall I for thee well provide—
Thy little wants shall be supplied,
And nothing good will be denied,
My beautiful Canary!

With water, seed, and green chickweed,
My beautiful Canary,
And cream-soak'd bread, and sugar, feed
My beautiful Canary.
Whate'er the seasons may produce,
Design'd for luxury or use,
Thou shalt have plenty and profuse,
My beautiful Canary!

Then sing, sing on, for there is none,
My beautiful Canary,
Of nature's choir could more desire,
My beautiful Canary!
When storms lash ocean waves to foam,
And thunders rend the starry dome,
O, safe and calm shall be thy home,
My beautiful Canary!

Oh, still prolong thy grateful song,
My beautiful Canary,
'Mid smiles from all within our hall,
My beautiful Canary!
May He who tuned thy song of praise,
Teach me, like thine, my voice to raise,
In loftier strains than thy sweet lays,
My beautiful Canary!

W. CAMERON.

EFFECTS OF FLIES ON CLIMATE!

They sting, bite, and torment the wild animals to such a degree that, especially in summer, the poor creatures, like those in Abyssinia, described by Bruce, become almost in a state of distraction, and to get rid of their assailants, wherever the forest happened to be on fire, they rushed to the smoke instinctively, knowing quite well that the flies would be unable to follow them *there*. The wily Indian, observing these movements, shrewdly perceived that, by setting fire to the forest, the flies would drive to him his

game, instead of his being obliged to trail in search of it; and the experiment having proved eminently successful, the Indians for many years have been, and still are, in the habit of burning tracts of wood so immense, that from very high and scientific authority I have been informed that the amount of land thus burned under the influence of the flies has exceeded many millions of acres; and that it has been, and still is, materially changing the climate of North America! But, besides the effect it is producing on the thermometer, it is simultaneously working out another great operation of nature. Although the game, to avoid the stings of their tiny assailants, come from distant regions to the smoke, and therein fall from the arrows and rides of their human foes, yet this burning of the forest destroys the rabbits and small game, as well as the young of the larger game, and, therefore, just as brandy and whisky for a short time raise the spirits of the drunkard, but eventually leave him pale, melancholy, and dejected, so does this vicious improvident mode of poaching game for a short time fatten, but eventually afflict with famine, all those who have engaged in it; and thus, for instance, the Beaver Indians, who forty years ago were a powerful and numerous tribe, are now reduced to less than one hundred men, who can scarcely find wild animals enough to keep themselves alive; in short, the red population is diminishing in the same ratio as the destruction of the moose and wood buffalo, on which their forefathers had subsisted: and as every traveller, as well as trader, in those various regions confirms these statements, how wonderful is the dispensation of the Almighty, under which, by the simple agency of little flies, not only is the American continent gradually undergoing a process which, with other causes, will assimilate its climate to that of Europe, but that the Indians themselves are clearing and preparing their own country for the reception of another race, who will hereafter gaze at the remains of the elk, the bear, and the beaver, with the same feelings of astonishment with which similar vestiges are discovered in Europe—the monuments of a state of existence that has passed away.—*Sir F. B. Head.*

CHRISTIANITY THE TRUE CIVILISER.

The impetuous conquests of Alexander, the more politic and deliberate extension of the Roman dominion, the savagely cruel wars of the Mexicans, and the despotic territorial acquisitions of the Incas of Peru, have contributed in both hemispheres to terminate the segregation of nations, and to form extensive societies. Men of great and powerful minds, as well as whole nations, acted under the dominion of an idea, to which, nevertheless, in its moral purity, they were entire strangers. Christianity first made known its true significance and profound charity; and even from her voice it has obtained but a slow and gradual reception. Until that voice had spoken, a few solitary accents alone foreshadowed this great truth. In modern times an increased impulse has been given to the idea of civilisation; and the desire of extending more widely friendly relations between nations, as well as the benefits of intellectual and moral culture, is increasingly felt. Even selfishness begins to perceive that its interests are thus better served, than by forcibly maintaining a constrained and hostile isolation. Language, more than any other faculty, binds mankind together. Diversities of idiom produce, indeed, to a certain extent, separation between nations; but the necessity of mutual understanding occasions the acquirement of foreign languages, and reunites men without destroying national peculiarity.—*Wilhelm von Humboldt.*

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ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

WITHOUT falling into partisanship, either for or against the Church of England, we must avow that she has had, in all her gradations of office, the most eminent men, and that her high places have often been adorned by genius, and accomplishments of the first quality. The name *clergy*, by which her ministers have long been called, specifically denotes their *learning*. The episcopal bench, if it seem a too unequal and isolated elevation from the common platform of the clergy, can boast of past occupants, whose mental superiority would have given them a singular and lofty station, even though they had been confined to the perfect level of Presbyterianism, and had wanted the steps and rank of ecclesiastical promotion. Jeremy Taylor and Joseph Butler would have been conspicuous in Christendom though they had not been prelates. Scotchmen as we are, we cannot forget how much of our religious knowledge and cultivation we owe to the dignitaries of the English Church. If the two divines just mentioned, along with Barrow, Horsley, Paley, &c., had never written, how meagre might have been our theological literature! Our country may now trust and be satisfied with *natives* preaching, but, for some preceding generations, the Churchmen and the Puritans of England gave us the best supply, and their works have never been equalled there nor here. Coleridge was entitled to affirm: 'It is my conviction, that in any half-dozen sermons of Donne or Taylor, there are more thoughts, more facts and images, more excitements to inquiry and intellectual effort, than are presented to the congregations of the present day in as many churches or meetings during twice as many months. On the single shelf which held these sermons and theological works, we should find almost every possible question that could interest or instruct a reader whose whole heart was in his religion, discussed with a command of intellect that seems to exhaust all the learning and logic, all the historical and moral relations of each several subject.'

More recently the Church of England has not exhibited such commanding talent in her posts of dignity and influence. Bishop Heber, with his respectable achievements in poetry and criticism, and with his amiable and Christian qualities, was no fit successor to the '*princes of Israel*' whom we have named. Bishop Watson, though the author of an '*Apology for the Bible*' and an '*Apology for Christianity*', is of a still lower grade; and his contributions to the defence of our holy faith, though earnest and pious, and quite decisive against the gross ribaldry and blasphemy of his opponent, Thomas Paine, should be placed

on the lowest shelf of the library which contains the '*Analogy of Religion*.' Heber had a fine fancy which formed pleasing day-dreams of Christianity; and Watson was endowed with common sense, which took a strong hold of his creed, and made him a good soldier against such an infidel as Paine, but which would have left him helpless against the sophist Hume.

In our own times much of the ancient glory of the Episcopal bench has been revived, only, however, to be concentrated in the person of one dignitary; we mean in the *Archbishop of Dublin*. It were folly to compare him with Jeremy Taylor, Barrow, or Butler; for, with all the aids of the nineteenth century, he could not do what they did; but it is honour enough that he should stand side by side with Paley, though we are inclined to think that it is severe and thorough cultivation which has raised Whately to the intellectual rank which Paley natively and easily gained and held. If Isaac Taylor had been in holy orders, and with equal chances of ecclesiastical preferment, the subject of our sketch would have had a formidable rival candidate for the mitre, and we believe that the author of the '*Natural History of Enthusiasm*' would have been seconded by a vast majority of the intelligent Christians throughout the land. However, since Dr Arnold of Rugby died, the archbishop has the indisputable precedence of all his brethren both in talents and fame. He has seldom increased the lawn, or lengthened out the spiritual oratory of the House of Lords, yet the public are as familiar with his name as if he spoke daily in Parliament, and imitated him of Exeter. 'To sit with' our upper legislators he 'shuns;' and so little is he a church or state zealot, that his purple and fine linen would not have been stained by the indelible ink of Cobbett's pen, which was exceedingly mischievous, as all know, with bishops. The arrows of O'Connell's wit, which have sped in all directions, and never fallen unflashed (because, whether the infliction was deserved or not, it came from the strong arm, guided by the cunning eye of a man of rare genius for the political arena, as all must admit, whether they reckon him a patriot or a knave)—these arrows have kept far away from the archbishop. Indeed, judging from the past, we should as soon have expected O'Connell to attack the treatise on '*Logic*,' as anything that is the prelate's. This indifference to partisanship is highly becoming and honourable to his sacred functions; and the name of Whately will go down to posterity, its glory quite free from the heat and flames of bigotry and intolerance. Unlike that of Horsley, it will be national and Christian. When we reflect how serviceable for party purposes, both in church and state, would have been his singular faculty of investing obnoxious principles and measures with fatal ridicule, that poisoned shirt, and how

quickly it would have been appreciated and rewarded by party-men, we cannot refrain from giving our tribute of cordial approbation to the unsectarian, pure, and generous character of his public life. He has been the calm student and the earnest teacher, when he might have been the fierce 'spiritual lord.' Worthy Thomas Scott, the commentator, was not more inoffensive and liberal to all good men of every denomination than is Richard Whately, archbishop of Dublin. Follow him through his diocese, and you are in the track of a kindly and humble pastor; you do not even hear the sound of his chariot-wheels. Examine his writings, and you find none of those fulminations which have so often been levelled at the simple flocks that have left the fold of the 'true and only church.' Of Horsley the spirit is extinct, but the talent revived—in all that Whately says or does.

Whether on good grounds or not, the occupants of the episcopal bench have been frequently accused of indolence and pride, but the subject of our sketch is an illustrious exception, for he has written carefully and largely, if not exhaustively, on almost every theme, and in almost every form, from the halfpenny tract up to the half-guinea volume, and contributed alike to the pages of weekly and of quarterly periodicals. His life has been one of hard and varied labour, and he has not been nice or fastidious about the manner of it. He has risen early, eagerly sought and patiently sat at his desk—and not his breakfast-table—and then dragged his lawn through many a printing-office, from which, by and by, issued a goodly octavo or a diminutive pamphlet. As if he were obliged to write for daily bread, he is both diligent and humble, though the independence of his views and sentiments proclaims him to be no hireling of the press. We have gone over the list of his acknowledged publications (apart from his numerous articles in reviews and magazines), and find them to be twenty-two in number, but we could not detail their different shapes and prices. Some divines whom we know give to the world all that they produce; every manuscript—the merest mental shred—must be set up in type, just as if it were a sin to commit it to the flames ere our globe itself be ready for the same fate; and sometimes we fancy that before they die they will have their schoolboy copy-books also lithographed for a distant posterity; but our archbishop, whilst he is not so lavish to the winds of his oracular leaves as was Virgil's sybil, yet takes care that all presented by him to be read by the public, shall be truly worthy of attention and study, and he has a distinct meaning in and an important object throughout every piece, be it a tract or a treatise.

Not having been privileged to see this distinguished man, we cannot describe his personal appearance. From a friend, who obtained a glimpse of him at the Philosophical soirée held half a year ago in Edinburgh, we learned little more than that he is hale and healthy in his looks, not quite a Samson for muscular development, or, alas! for waving locks of strength, as he is very bald. Our informant had made but a slight scrutiny, there being a far more noble incarnation of a far more noble soul, near to the archbishop—the person of Christopher North—the 'observed of all observers.' 'Prominent,' says he, 'above all the brilliant congregation of talent which the front rank of the platform exhibited, was the glorious head of Apollo, fulgent in its fiery tresses as a summer sun.' We do not wonder that all that was noticed of Whately's head, when beside Wilson's, was that it was bald. However, we know well, that it is not bald within. Moreover, we must confess a partiality for a finely polished scalp; it shines in a room like a gas-lustre.

We shall only mention the general incidents of this prelate's life. William Whately, one of whose sermons is eulogised by the quaint Fuller in his 'Worthies,' as an appeal 'addressed with great solidity of reasoning and embroidery of rhetoric' to his people, that after a good bargain they should devote sixpence or fourpence in the pound to charity, was an ancestor of the author of 'Logic' and 'Rhetoric.' He died in 1689, after having laid (so says Wood) 'such a foundation of faction in Stratford-

upon-Avon as will not be easily removed.' The archbishop's father was Dr Joseph Whately, prebendary Bristol. His uncle was Thomas Whately, Esq., private secretary to Lord Suffolk, and author of 'Remarks some of the Characters of Shakspeare,' and of a well-known book on 'Modern Gardening,' on which he was more qualified to write, as indeed most people would find it easier to explain gardening than to criticise Shakspeare. Our prelate's youth gave no promise of the subsequent growth of his talents, or of the distinction which was awaiting him. He took his degree, but not a first-class one, in the University of Oxford, and remained for a considerable time in obscurity, until he gained a prize awarded for an English essay 'In what arts the ancients excelled the moderns.' Henceforth, he gradually came into notice, and being appointed to the situation of *select preacher* before the university, his sermons won him a high reputation. The substance of these has since been published, and constitutes the three volumes entitled 'Essays on some of the Peculiarities of the Christian Religion,' 'Essays on some of the Difficulties in the Writings of the Apostle Paul' and in other parts of the New Testament,' and 'The Errors of Romanism traced to their Origin in Human Nature.' He was brought into intimate fellowship with several young men of like ability and industry, who have since become noted—among others Arnold and Taylor, Keble and Newman. All who have enjoyed his friendship, confess that his private conversation was of more essential service than the college training through which they passed. It had the happiest influence upon their minds, in imbuing them with a love of truth, in teaching and exemplifying a logical method of acquiring it, and in inuring them to habits of severe study. Many valuable books, from different authors, may be considered as the direct produce of Whately's conversations. Their substance, and, frequently, their very arrangement, had been supplied to him at a time when he was ignorant that they should ever be elaborated and laid before the public. We are warranted to conclude, from the prefaces to these works, that they are indebted to the archbishop for something more than mere hints and suggestions, and to infer that his familiar expositions of the subjects which came before the genial company must have been luminous, scientific, and exhaustive. His friends acknowledge to be under great obligations to him, as if their own labour had consisted in recording what he spoke. Voluntarily, they assume the character of so many *Roscelis*, treating the public with specimens of the archbishop's views upon some important themes. We are far, however, from imagining that the archbishop, either for the range, the character, or the influence of his social converse, is to be classed with the 'old man eloquent,' the wonderful Coleridge, whose talk is affirmed, by the most competent judges, to have been more worthy of his universal genius and knowledge than are any of his compositions, and that he has assimilated with the thoughts and opinions of the many eminent men who were privileged to listen to him. The prelate, we believe, could not give life to other minds, for he himself only possesses *talent*, though of a high order, and talent is but the *imitation of life*. He has not established either a school of thinkers or of writers. He has no such disciples as Coleridge, Carlyle, Foster, and Chalmers can boast of. All that we can say is that he has given to many able and accomplished men, who were familiar with him in private life, very definite and satisfactory views upon the subjects which they discussed together, and that the men have since published the views. Talent communicates its *creed*, but genius its *soul*; and Whately could only do the first.

He became an author on varied subjects of a select and important character. Of his mode of composition, it is stated that, when at Oxford, he formed his plan and arranged his thoughts in his solitary walks, and afterwards clothed them in language with the utmost ease. Hence his style, with all its precision, has about it an air of carelessness and extemporising. It is not like a glowing picture, or a fine statue, embodying his ideas. It is indeed

parent; but this quality belongs to rags as well as garment of delicate texture.

1831, he was appointed by the Whig government to succeed Dr Magee as Archbishop of Dublin, and though clergy of the diocese were at first a little reluctant dissatisfied under his sway, he has since, by his strict utility and constant endeavours to promote their welfare, risen rapidly into popularity with them.

It has been justly remarked that the archbishop owes much of his fame to the eulogies or censures of reviews and magazines, which have never deigned to notice any of his works. The 'North British,' at its commencement, aimed this strange neglect shown to a great man, and endeavoured to make amends for its undutiful and disrespectful treatment of brethren and cousins of the press. The criticism was distinguished by intelligence concerning the prelate's life and history, but applied no rigorous test to his merits. A reader could have learned in what class of eminent writers Whately should be placed. It is indeed absurd to thrust the temple of fame into a parish-school, where every desert is indicated by the particular 'place' which it occupies; and it is offensive to see a critic, with the pen in his hand, marching through among great men, and arbitrarily saying, 'Stand you here, a little farther on, please; and you there—yes, that will do now; come on, my man; and go you up, sir.' Yet the other extreme, that of vagueness, if not quite so offensive, is more common, and when we hear a critic pronounce his verdict, 'very good,' we are led to ask, *but what kind of good?* In the public mind, there is a fixed and definite idea of Whately, but there is no reflection of it in the pages of our literary or theological criticism.

We shall sketch the prominent characteristics of his mind, before proceeding to mention his principal productions. And the first which we would notice, is its rare power and versatility. It has formed comprehensive and distinct ideas upon many and diverse subjects, cleared by the mists of ignorance and prejudice from opposite sides of a very wide horizon of truth, and given a lucid arrangement to things which had been previously confused. Large as his *study* is, it is methodically neat and cleanly, indicating his mental activity. He has been often with full knowledge and scientific orderliness upon the subjects of rhetoric, political economy, and theology, not to speak of the general topics of education and national polity, on which he has issued some effective pamphlets. He does not discuss any of these, in the way that a dictionary compiler, by bringing together and harmonising the materials which books furnish; his induction of facts is not mere transcription or borrowing of these from records, and his conclusions are not a simple *yes, yea*, to the remarks of other students, but the whole process of elaboration is native; he observes, collects, interprets, judges, and systematises all for himself, and if there be a defect in the process, it is that he takes too little assistance from previous writers, and is rather wilful and obstinate in his own views. His mind is ever moving and turning in all directions, upon some principles, the existence and relation of which he has determined; and, accordingly, you will find in all his books, quotations from his chief treatise (*Logic*) as axioms fit for a great variety of points. He rides through every science on one of these principles, and this shows how extensive and thorough must have been his first study of that principle in all its bearings. It is not only in his mental activity displayed in the range of his topics, but also in the uniformly energetic manner in which he treats them from beginning to end. He is never impassioned, never writes himself into a glow and vehement animation, but, neither does he 'nod,' like Horace, occasionally, for all his faculties are in full and vigorous though calm exercise. If his compositions be cold, at least the coldness keeps himself awake and vigilant. He pushes on his arguments with straightforward unabated force to the point which he proposes to prove, and along the line his quick mind contrives to lay hold of every appropriate and striking illustration—analogies, figures of art, which strongly second his object.

Another distinction of his mind is its *practical* character. His activity is not spent upon the *luxuries* but the *bare necessities* of thought and speculation. He would prefer Ireland in its present miserable and famished condition—Ireland, the country of rotten potatoes, to any Utopia flowing with milk and honey and fertile in tithes. He lives, moves, and has his being in *actual* things, and is guided by utility. This we regard more as a defect than an advantage. If it keep him from delusion, so does it from the highest circle of truth. If it disqualify him, to his great comfort, for being a foolish visionary, so does it, to his great mortification, for being a poet. It makes him a master of science, but a stranger to what is far higher—philosophy. If it imply the absence of all silly dreams, so does it the absence of all glorious imaginations, which form the truest essence of reality. The noblest functions of the mind are not those which can be called *practical*; neither are the fitting objects in the external world, on which these are exercised, *practical*. The archbishop hates mysticism. All oracles to him must say *yea, yea, nay, nay*, otherwise he scouts them, shutting his ears against them, or opening his lips to improve them. There is throughout all his writings a considerable quantity of presumption, and he too uniformly makes his own capacity the measure and test of truth. What he fails to see—is hopelessly and absolutely unintelligible; and what he does not see the value and use of—may be buried in a dunghill. He would put a note of interrogation or of exclamation after the whole German philosophy, and satisfy himself that he had refuted and discarded it for ever. We can imagine the cool and contemptuous manner in which he would deal with Thomas Carlyle, applying his '*logic*' to the process and results of those faculties of genius, of which, though he be an archbishop, he has neither the possession nor the perception, and complacently unfolding his syllogisms, and stretching out these compasses of Aristotle, to span and rectify the heavens and the earth of transcendentalism. We can fancy the curl of scorn upon the prelate's lips as he proceeded, until the sturdy Scotchman tore him in pieces. Whately's judgment exercised upon Carlyle would be the microscope held up to sweep and read the sky. In none of his works can we see any appreciation of the innermost and the most unchangeable element of truth, viz., the poetic or ideal. Conversant as he invariably is with principles, these are of the secondary class and the grosser kind. He is a master in science, but a babe in philosophy. So much for the *practical* character of his mind.

We might next have adverted to the honesty and fearlessness by which Archbishop Whately is distinguished. He does not shrink from publishing opinions which are directly at variance with those entertained by all parties in his own church, and his conscience is under neither the fear nor the favour of man. He perhaps carries this to recklessness, for he evidently has no great ambition to be reckoned orthodox. To differ from the vast majority of theologians and Christians upon the doctrine of *justification by faith* is quite a trifle to his courage. He has no more timidity in denying Divine predestination than Lord Brougham would feel. Any esoteric view which he may have he proclaims upon '*the house-top*.' Most frankly, though courteously, will he speak out his convictions—now against some views of the Evangelicals of his own denomination, and now against some dogmas of the High Churchmen—contradicting with equal plainness and pointedness an humble and zealous curate and a fiery bishop. To be sure, being a dignitary, and therefore placed above injury, he deserves less praise for his boldness than if he belonged to the inferior clergy, and were liable to be challenged, arraigned, and broken for several items of his creed. Had he been under a rector and a bishop, and written his able book upon '*The Kingdom of Christ*,' he would have been worthy of a name among the martyrs for truth.

We shall now very briefly refer to the principal writings by which he is known. His book on '*Logic*' is commonly regarded as his master-piece. We hold it to be far

inferior, in views of the *science*, to the treatise by Mill, though it is as much superior in its rules of the *art*. Whately, indeed, has not considered at all in what relation logic stands to the faculties of the mind, and to the data of all mental and physical science, and, consequently, no one question of philosophy which could be started about it is answered. Moreover, when unfolding the *art* of logic, he has placed it upon foundations which Locke, Campbell, Stewart, and Brown, have completely destroyed—the principle of the *sylogism*, which he maintains to be the universal principle of reasoning. Should any of our readers wish to have this point finally settled, we beg to refer them to Mill's work, in which, too, they will find the place and use of the *sylogism* for the first time stated and fixed. In rules for the practice of the art, however, Whately is unsurpassed, and the occasional examples which he gives of the best mode of detecting and exposing fallacies, display a singular skill in dialectics. His first glance is upon the vulnerable point, as if the whole complicated argument were a mathematical figure, with an inaccuracy standing plainly out; and he strikes home with unerring aim. The directions which he lays down for others guide himself; and he is a quick and sure debater, as well as an able teacher of the art of reasoning.

His treatise on 'Rhetoric' is deficient, owing to the exclusively *practical* cast of his mind. Next to poetry, eloquence is the noblest gift, and, as an art, should be genially and comprehensively treated. Mere intellect, however strong, cultivated, and discriminating, can neither appreciate nor unfold it. What gives the highest species of rhetoric all its magic is genius, and genius is, therefore, required to discuss it. The archbishop has furnished many shrewd and sagacious remarks, but the whole substance of the book should have been a very subordinate chapter in a proper exposition of the subject, and, indeed, might have been a common-sense appendix, like the historical notes frequently added to a poem. He treats rhetoric as precisely as if it had been gunpowder, and affords minute directions about the charge and the aim. Out of it, a wag might compound a ludicrous disquisition on the art of shooting. Of what an inferior order is this volume to the short series of papers which Mr De Quincey contributed to 'Blackwood,' some years ago, upon 'Style.' In the one, a quick and far-reaching insight into the principles of the art, a full survey of its range, a masterly summary of the indications of its progress among civilised nations, and a true perception of the grandeur and importance of its functions, are displayed; whilst in the other you have a narrow and formal system stretching only over some of the lowest departments of the art. We back De Quincey, as an original, profound, and genial writer on rhetoric, against Whately, Brougham, Macaulay, and a thousand more. The archbishop's work is extremely deficient, even in many *practical* points. The rules of composition are entirely passed over. Too much space is occupied with lectures to barristers about the most effective modes of cross-examining witnesses. The archbishop lays down no hints for those who follow his own profession, and pulpit eloquence is barely mentioned. Perhaps he thought that, concerning a clergyman,

Not his
To win the sense by words of rhetoric,
Lip-blossoms breathing perishable sweets;
But, by the power of the informing word,
Roll sounding onward through a thousand years
His deep prophetic bodements.'

The great excellence of the book is in those chapters which treat of what may be termed the rhetoric of logic. To state, support, and conduct an argument, Whately gives valuable directions; but to incarnate and clothe it so as to touch, and command, and absorb the passions and sympathies is beyond his rule. His pupil might become a Peel, but never a Chatham, a Burke, or a Fox. We may adduce one or two admirable specimens of his shrewdness and sagacity on this subject. 'A moderate charge of powder will have more effect in splitting a rock, if we begin by *deep boring*, and introducing the charge into the

the surface.' 'The censure of frequent parentheses leads into the preposterous expedient of leaving out the mar () by which they are indicated. It is no cure to a large man to take away his crutches.' 'It is remarked by anatomists, that the nutritive quality is not the only requisite in food; that a certain degree of *distention* of the stomach is required to enable it to act with its full power, and that it is for this reason hay or straw must be given to horses, as well as corn, in order to supply the necessary bulk. Something analogous to this takes place with respect to the generality of minds, which are incapable of thoroughly digesting and assimilating what is presented to them, however clearly, in a very small compass. Many a one is capable of deriving that instruction from a moderate-sized volume which he could not receive from a very small pamphlet, even more perspicuously written, and containing everything that is to the purpose. It is necessary that the attention should be detained for a certain time on the subject.' Throughout the treatise, the author expresses the proper contempt for Dr Blair as an authority in the art; but if any of our readers wish to see Blair exhibited in his cold, stiff, and mummy-like character, we refer them to Foster's critique, lately republished in two volumes entitled 'Contributions to the Eclectic.'

We must glance rapidly at a few of his other productions. Several of these are on the evidences of Christianity. Whilst we cordially approve both of his object and method, we cannot forget the earnest apostrophe of Coleridge: 'Evidences of Christianity! I am weary of the word. Make a man feel the *want* of it; rouse him, if you can, to the self-knowledge of the *need* of it; and you may safely trust it to its own evidence, remembering only the expressive declaration of Christ, 'No man cometh unto me, except the Father, who hath sent me, draw him.'

The archbishop has a most ingenious volume—'Historical Doubts concerning Napoleon'—the object of which is to show that if infidel reasoning be correct, the evidence that such a man as Napoleon ever existed, is worthless. The arguments are unanswerable, and the work is the finest specimen of the '*reductio ad absurdum*' which we know. Yet the abrupt close of the induction at this point makes the defence of Christianity unsatisfactory; for let it be granted that the proofs for the Bible history are as strong as the proofs for Napoleon's existence, still the sceptic might maintain that these proofs should be of a very different order, and that as no man would be held *morally* guilty for doubting Napoleon's existence, so neither should he be held *morally* guilty for scepticism about Christianity. He might never raise the cry 'Vive l'Empereur!' and still claim the liberty of treating the Christian religion in the same way, without incurring any very serious responsibility; and at this extremity the archbishop does not meet him. It is plain that our author had not (to use his own simile) *bored* deep enough, and, therefore, a large quantity of powder has blazed away without doing much execution.

The treatise entitled 'A View of the Scripture Revelations concerning a Future State,' carries to a dangerous length the statement of Warburton—that the immortality of the soul was not involved as a truth in the Mosaic economy. He maintains that Christ was the first propounder of a life beyond the grave. This position he defends with an ingenuity which any humble Christian might nullify. When Enoch's translation opened a radiant door into another state, to which his prophetic finger had long pointed, Elijah's departure was a signal proof both of the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body; and as men were falling into the grave, the chariot of fire which moved him threw a strong light over human destiny. We could easily show that the pilgrim-character of the patriarchs was formed by their faith in the doctrine of a future state. By the inspired pen, they are attested to have known themselves to be *strangers on the earth*. When they died, they died not as creatures for ever extinct, who had gone through and exhausted all their destiny. Their bearing was wonderful, and they made it manifest that the universe had not seen all of them that it *would* see, and

in a grand aspect. They gave not up their hold of existence in the future—they resigned not their confidence in the unfulfilled promises of Jehovah. They felt that they were yet to tread upon land—firm, everlasting land, though here in a few days their bodies were only to move where they should be carried; that they were yet, though on the borders of the grave, to enter a building not made with hands, far less a cave formed by the hands of mourners for the dead; that they were yet to be settled in a place whence they should no more go out; and that they were yet to unfold a bright history of greatness and happiness. They were content to have been without any property, and to have dwelt without any fixed habitation in this vale of tears; they were not disappointed in being without a foot of ground to call their own, and they murmured not on account of their tents. They even rejoiced that *all* the covenant good was *before* them, and that it would fall to their lot as a *whole* property, no jot or tittle of which had been wasted. Thus they died in FAITH, leaving this confession, that their ties to earth were few and feeble—that of it they had known little and loved less—that they had sojourned on it as strangers and pilgrims. *Strangers!* and not to the state on which they were about to enter, but to that which they were abandoning—not to the *next* world, but to *this*! And shall we be told by an archbishop that these men had never received the doctrine of the soul's immortality? The treatise is something worse than a wanton speculation which rejects the sacred materials furnished, and trusts to its own vain independence; it is a theory formed in express contradiction to the spirit of the Old Testament, though, doubtless, the author meant nothing so flagrantly wicked.

We must pass over the mass of his theological productions, with this general remark, that upon sublime subjects his mental vision is very circumscribed. We do not know any divine of equal reputation who has done so little justice to the native grandeur of Christianity. Mysteries he will not acknowledge; predestination he conceives to be a mere childish puzzle. He seems incapable of being impressed either by the heathen idea of *fate*, or by the Christian one of *God's decree*. On the whole, Archbishop Whately has given Christianity, in many respects, a more latitudinarian character, without making it in these respects a whit more philosophical, than it wears in the books of our common theologians. What a contrast in freshness of spirit and breadth of view do we find in the fragmentary disquisitions of Coleridge (even when he is erroneous) upon the religion of Jesus!

Archbishop Whately's 'Lectures upon Political Economy' were, he informs us, occasioned by a popular impression which he wished to remove, that the conclusions of that science were hostile to the doctrines of Christianity. The various objections he meets and disposes of most admirably. He does not enter fully into the science itself, but he furnishes the most thorough introduction to it which a student could desire. With characteristic fineness of touch does he lay down important distinctions, and, as in all his works, the similes which he introduces for the illustration of his statements are complete; as Coleridge would say, they *run on all their four legs*. When speaking of Bacon's complaints that dialectics spoil philosophy, he remarks—'To guard now against the evils prevalent in his time, would be to fortify a town against battering-rams instead of cannon.' When showing the hopelessness of endeavouring to remedy the defects of those persons who cannot discriminate or select, by giving them more knowledge, he says—'It is to attempt enlarging the prospect to a short-sighted man, by bringing him to the top of a hill.' His sarcasm against the folly of aiming at *fine writing* in a scientific discussion, is just, and is pithily expressed, though we apprehend that in his own practice he goes to the opposite extreme, when he might have remembered the glowing poetry which runs, as from his chemical furnace, through the works of Sir Humphry Davy, and of a few more of our eminent *scavans*: 'There is a neatness, indeed, and a sort of beauty, resulting from the appearance of healthful vigour in a well tilled corn-field; but one which

is overspread with blue and red flowers, gives no great promise of a crop.' Mere '*neatness*' of style we should imagine to be a somewhat poor exemplification of the art of rhetoric. It happens singularly enough, that all the men of our day who are distinguished for scientific attainments, write in the most fascinating manner—the graces of which are not exactly either *red* or *blue woods*. Herschell, Brewster, and Nichol might be mentioned, and also one greater far than them all in genius, either for science or literature—the chemist, Dr Samuel Brown.

Archbishop Whately has written some articles on light literature, and far more genially and gracefully than could have been expected. One of these—upon Miss Austen's novels—appeared in the '*Quarterly*,' and, by mistake, was republished in the collection of Sir Walter Scott's miscellaneous works, as one of Scott's pieces. Mr Lockhart thought that the style was not that of his great father-in-law, but imagined that Gifford, the editor, might have *doctored* it a little. The reviewer in the '*North British*' thinks it far superior to any similar production of Scott's, and grounds this opinion on the slender and impertinent fact, that the archbishop quotes *Homer in the original*. We invite any judge to compare Sir Walter's notice of Miss Edgeworth's novels with the archbishop's notice of Miss Austen's, and we are confident of the conclusion to which he will come—that the great novelist had an insight into the principles of his own art, and the merits of those who followed it, far more true than has the theologian.

PRECIPITANCY; OR, THE EXPERIENCES OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

THERE are few things connected with themselves upon which people have so highly exaggerated notions as upon their physical activity. To be accounted wise and ingenious is something, to be sure; to be considered acute and talented is a matter of some pride; but to be reckoned extremely active is a source of superlative beatitude. Dr Leyden would rather have worn the laurel as the best leaper in Liddesdale, and the stoutest wrestler on the Border, than have carried off the palm from Elihu Burritt as a linguist; and Christopher North, we are credibly informed, reflects with more pride upon his pedestrian excursions, than those of his sunny fancy. The young lords of England have a larger proportion of medals for excellence at cricket than for exercising their talents on Cicero, and we hear of more of them damaging their heads from falls on the turf than from studying Seneca.

There are two principles of human nature which sustain its durability and comprehend its essential unity; and which, moreover, are the illustrations of its incarnate spirituality, we mean thought and action. Now, it is very easy for thought to construct for itself wings, and to fly away into incomprehensible individuality, and it is easy for action to despise the government of rational thought, and, like Michael Scott's imp, set itself to the unprofitable employment of making ropes of sand. I have always looked upon thought and action as Siamese twins, conjoined by a principle of vitality, the maintenance of which is essential to the existence of each. Is it practicable? is a very good clog to the wheel of speculation, and abstract demonstration has often prevented an amount of labour in vain. Balanced one against the other, we believe that thought and action contain the elements of a rational and useful equilibrium, but let either have the pull all its own way and then there is something to talk about. Modern ethical philosophers would attribute exaggerations of thought to the over activity of some inherent principle of human nature, and exaggerations of action as results springing from the innate propulsion of those principles. They would say that active self-esteem induced Icarus, the daring boy, to drive his father Phœbus' steeds, and destructiveness and love of approbation caused John, the slayer of giants, to encounter Blunderbore and Dynabub, &c.; and, arguing from these premises, they would seek to deprive the querulous of all causes of censure, and the laudatory of all grounds for praise. I am neither an ancient

nor modern philosopher, being in truth no philosopher at all, but I would undertake to tackle any metaphysician who would seek to deprive me of the wand of Censor.

Various causes, which have long been developing themselves and successively multiplying, have induced me to detest precipitancy, which is nothing but exaggerated activity, and to protest against it most vehemently and fearlessly. It may be supposed that the reflective character of my nation, and the bias of my education, which was to 'steek the stable-door when the steed was stown,' may have induced my antipathy; but I beg to assure the courteous reader that the causes are more familiar and particular than national. It is true that I have no high opinion of the goat that foolishly allowed itself to be persuaded to leap into the pit without seeing how it could get out again, and I consider the advice of the dervise, 'begin nothing before thou hast well considered the end,' as worth all the rupees of the King of Bokhara; yet I repeat it, I do not condemn precipitancy from any notions deducible from mere erudition. I have always treated as passing accidents the various violent ejections which I have suffered from the pavement by those gentlemen with portmanteaus who rush frantically along to coach-offices and railway-stations; and the applications of lamplighters' ladders I have always received with forbearing courtesy. I never felt any desire to implicate a cab-driver for furious driving, nor the proprietors of a steam-ship for starting prior to time; although my watch can describe the beautiful mathematical process of a circle some three or four times oftener in an hour than is required, I feel no abatement in my affection for it; and although my old blind horse, Chance, has stumbled with me two or three times a-day in his endeavours to get quickly home to dinner, I have never entertained an idea of parting with him; yet precipitancy both in the concrete and abstract has always been my aversion. I have been its victim and scape-goat, and I would assuredly quarrel with any one who would deprive me of the privilege of condemning it. I do not wish to impose upon the reader with false pretences, nor to assume the right to ostracise precipitancy because it is called so; my reasons for voting for its proscription may be less classical than the former, but they are at least as true.

There is Aunt Bridget, who rules my household and occupies the opposite corner of my parlour-chimney, a better maker of raspberry jam could scarcely be found in the parish, and, according to her own opinion, few could yet take the palm from her at dancing 'Shantroos'; but I can scarcely venture to tell her an affecting story or read anything in her presence in a pathetic tone, for she is so precipitate a fainter that she never waits for the denouement, but falls back in her arm-chair and turns up her eyes by anticipation. I have ventured to remonstrate and to characterise as 'folly' what Aunt Bridget calls her 'exquisite sensibility'; but she declares that she has been gifted with so vivid an appreciation of pathos since she read the 'Babes in the Wood' that it is now natural to her; and I, who have a great love and respect for Aunt Bridget, am constrained to let her faint in peace. I may as well premise that she does not stand in the relation to me that her name implies, but I have adopted the phraseology of our nephew Archie, and applied to my sister a name less endearing, perhaps, although the person may not be the less dear on that account.

Archie is one of the most precipitate young men whom it has been my fortune to call nephew; in truth, I believe that the serious *man* with which he is afflicted has been caused by a precipitate attempt to talk. Archie never does anything like anybody that I am acquainted with out of my own house, and there he is the most accomplished precipitant. He always tumbles down stairs when required to descend, and may be seen bounding along the road after me of a wet morning, without his hat, and carrying a rolled-up umbrella to shield me from the shower which is just falling.

Betty the cook is one of the most precipitate fat women that I ever saw, being always giving orders to Nelly which

she is immediately constrained to countermand; and Nelly is always rushing in a perspiration to Betty with utensils and condiments which, had she been less precipitate, she would have discovered immediately were not required. In short, my household, not excepting the cat, which has several times sprung through panes of glass to gain an entrance, and the dog, which has often been so foolish as to come bounding home with a pan tied to his tail, are pervaded by a mercurial excitability which keeps me in a perpetual fever.

My domicile is situated in one of the wings of the city, possessing all the conveniences and advantages of a town residence, and all the healthful qualifications of the country. The cadence of the scavenger's-bell may be occasionally heard enlivening the silence of the night, and the twinkle of the watchman's lantern may sometimes be seen in our vicinity; at the same time we have green trees, and flowers, and the pure breath of heaven to waft a rustic incense into our open casements. I could be said to enjoy life were it not for the volcanic tendencies of my domestic circle, but I have five or six demonstrations daily of the horrors of precipitancy. The reader will excuse me if I relate the last important occurrence.

You must know that Aunt Bridget prides herself upon the celerity with which she gives her orders, and Betty and Nelly are no less vain of the promptitude with which they execute them, while Archie assuredly considers himself no laggard in any respect. If everybody was as satisfied of the superlative physical activity of my household, as they are each and all of themselves individually, I should certainly possess a house the centre of tremendous admiration. I was sitting the other day reading Mrs Dods' treatise upon gastronomy, and, while impressed with its beauties, inadvertently expressed a desire for fresh-butter fritters. I continued to read, almost unconscious that I had spoken, when I heard Aunt Bridget shout to Betty, and Betty echo the call to Nelly, till I knew the whole of the women folks to be in a state of violent excitement. It is almost a natural consequence of excitement to reproduce itself, and now I had an exemplification of this truth. Betty communicated the rapid action of her aspirations to her elbows, and they again sent the frying-pan dancing, which, in accordance with a law in physics, capsized, when, true to the law of chemical affinities, up went the blaze into the vent, and fire, smoke, and sound mingled in a roaring conflagration. Without waiting to consider the nature or extent of the damage done, Betty precipitately bounded to the foot of the stair which leads to my room, and shouted, 'Fire! fire! the house is on fire!' with a vehemence that caused Aunt Bridget to flit right away, and Archie, who was reading beside me, to precipitately throw away his book and bound down stairs minus coat and hat, where, throwing down and trampling over the cause of all the hubbub, he sprang out of the street-door, and tore along the road for the centre of the city like a deer. I have sometimes heard milk-maids and other feminine critics, especially, refer to the length of Archie's limbs as a marked characteristic in his personal appearance; indeed, length is his chief physical attribute, and upon this occasion he manifested the most unbounded desire to exercise himself to the fullest extent. The fiery cross never passed so rapidly up a Highland glen as did Archie along the highway. He shook his hands aloft and tried to gasp out the word 'fire,' and then snorted on with the speed of the iron horse. In the incredibly short space of fifteen minutes, he had alarmed fifty fire-engines, whose apprehensions were raised to a dreadful extent in consequence of the lingual defect which they believed the awful conflagration he had seen had superinduced, and thousands of witnesses could be produced to aver that few fire-engines have gone over the ground with the rapidity which marked the career of that which Archie led. He ran in front with the constancy and agility of an ostrich, and in half an hour had marshalled some thousands of gaping people round my door.

Aunt Bridget's nerves suffered the most severe and constant succession of attacks, Betty's voice had realised to

me what a woman's tongue can do when put to it, and Nelly had demonstrated so marked an affinity to the electric eel, that I expected her every moment to throw me over with a shock of her elbows, when in rushed Archie with his red-helmeted myrmidons at his back.

'Where is the fire?' cried the eager band, looking somewhat amazed.

'We drowned it out,' cried I, in alarm.

'You declared that the street was on fire,' cried the captain, turning fiercely to my nephew.

'I saw the *sa-a-mes* coming out of the *ro-of*,' gasped Archie.

The women now struck in; and what with vehemence of expression and wildness of gesture, the mingled clatter of feet and blending of costumes, the effect in my kitchen was most melo-dramatic. I need hardly mention the ten pounds that, after sober reflection, the judge of police recommended me to disburse, as an equivalent for the trouble and excitement caused by my precipitate domestics; but surely no lady or gentleman with one spark of feeling or judgment will now refuse to sympathise with me in my condemnation of precipitancy.

INTERMENT IN TOWNS.

We believe we are correct in stating that a bill in all likelihood will be shortly brought before Parliament, the provisions of which will have the effect of completely shutting up all existing burying-grounds which may be situated in the midst of, or are not distant from, populous localities. That some such measure is needed, every one who has paid the least attention to the progress of the sanitary movement must be fully aware. Intra-mural burials we look upon as one of the greatest nuisances of modern times, and as such therefore they ought to be put down. We have had our bath movements, our musical movements, our educational movements, and various minor kinds of movements, all of which have issued in good, and are still doing good. The fruit may not in every instance have proved so abundant as might have been expected from the quantity and quality of the seed sown; but it has been good of its kind, and we have had all reasonable encouragement to go forward in the good work of improvement.

It is certainly not a matter by any means to be wondered at, that in so many of our country towns, and even in our cities, grave-yards are to be found in the vicinity, and occasionally in the very heart, of a crowded population. It was natural for our ancestors, who had so frequently to defend, during the silent watches of the night, the bodies of departed relatives from the sacrilegious assaults of a class of men, styled in common parlance *Resurrectionists*, to have their places of burial as near to their own residences as was convenient, partly because the abstracting of bodies was not likely to be carried to such an extent as it would be were the places of interment at a distance from the town, partly because defence was thereby rendered easier, and partly, we may add, because it was in harmony with the kindlier feelings of human nature to have the graves of departed friends close at hand as it were, rather than to have them removed to a considerable distance 'out of their sight.'

The same feelings which prompted our forefathers to have their grave-yards in the heart of the particular town in which they lived, likewise prompted them to have them immediately contiguous to their place of worship. Hence there is scarcely to be seen a parish church, in Scotland especially, from one end of the country to the other, which has not its burying-ground adjacent, and in which, for centuries, generation after generation have been solemnly interred. The practice in 'the good old times' was universal, and it prevails still, for the living to spend a short time previous and subsequent to divine service on the Lord's Day, in contemplating the various tombstones, the inscriptions thereon, and in recounting the peculiarities, the virtues, and the failings of the deceased. Many a tear has been shed in the grave-yard during the interval betwixt the forenoon and afternoon Sabbath services, and many who are now alive, especially the older portion of

the community, would no doubt shudder at the contemplation of the removal of the burying-ground from the vicinity of the revered place of worship. The grave-yard, say they, has been planted there from time immemorial, and let it remain there still. Generation after generation have been interred in it, and the generation which now lives may surely submit to the same! The ancestors of the living are interred there, and why separate beloved relatives from each other? Let their ashes mingle together in the same sepulchre, let them sleep in the same tomb, so that when the last trumpet shall sound, when the dead shall arise from those graves in which for centuries they may have slept, those who lived together on earth shall not be parted when called to meet their Lord in the air.

Such may be looked upon as some of the leading objections which are urged against the removal of places of interment from populous districts. But they are utterly futile, and will not stand the test of candid investigation. The amiable yearnings of human nature—the desire to be interred in the identical narrow house into which our forebears were consigned—is very natural, and the desire is not one to be lightly discarded. But when we find that compliance with that request endangers the health of a community, when we find that surcharged burial-grounds are a most prolific source of disease, and when we consider that in by far too many instances our existing modes and places of burial are not only injurious to the living but are an insult to the dead—when we see and reflect on these things, the propriety of a total abandonment of intra-mural burials becomes palpable to the dullest comprehension.

We confess we have a somewhat powerful liking to visit places of interment. There is not, we think, a city, town, or village, which was ever visited by us, in which we did not make it a point of duty to visit the grave-yards. We like to read the tombstones, and we like to see whether there is much respect paid to the remains of the departed. Being so disposed, we have visited a very considerable number indeed of the Scottish church-yards, and while it is freely and gladly admitted that many of these are models of neatness, taste, and elegance, yet we must also aver that such are only the exception to the rule.

We shall here furnish a description of the condition in which we found a country church-yard in Scotland, only a few weeks ago. We give it, not that it is the worst which we could instance, but because it is one with which we are most familiar, and it may be safely taken as an average sample. We think it expedient to withhold the name of the place, not that it ought not to be exposed, but as we are mentioning only one, it might seem invidious to particularise it.

The ground is one acre in extent, and the population of the parish is fully 8000—but, restricting the population to the town, say 6000. There is only one place of burial then, and not more than an acre of it, for a town with 6000 inhabitants. The population has doubled itself 'within the memory of the oldest inhabitant,' but the burial-ground, which was in use when the town had only 3000 inhabitants, is still made to accommodate a doubled population. Taking the entire year, never does a day elapse without the funeral-bell being tolled. Of course, when the inhabitants insist that they shall bury their dead in the same miserable plot of ground which served for the use of their forefathers for centuries bygone, the sextons comply. They dig the graves, and though they are many a time and oft driven to their wit's end to accommodate their customers, they have, as yet at least, always managed to meet their demands. But what is the consequence? In the grave-yard to which we allude there is not, in any part of it, the slightest trace of a *walk*; every available inch of ground is taken advantage of for the purposes of interment; nothing is to be seen but mounds of accumulated remains, as often without a 'head-stone' as with it. As might be expected from such an unseemly state of matters, nothing can be more difficult than to effect an interment decently. If the place of sepulture happens to be at the extreme end of the burying-ground, then those who bear the coffin have no alternative, in the utter absence of walks, but to step or leap over graves and grave-stones

with their sacred burden. While doing so, that burden is frequently in jeopardy, from the impossibility of the bearers of it being able to keep step with each other. The position of those who are intrusted with the carrying of the remains of the departed to the narrow house, is thus painfully embarrassing, and especially so to the relatives of the deceased.

But that is not by any means the worst of the evil. It is pretty well known that the lowest period possible that should be allowed for the destruction of the human body in graves is five years. But we know that bodies are disturbed long before the lapse of that time. In the graveyard to which we refer, it is certain that bodies have been hastily destroyed before they were (in the language of the sextons) 'fully ripe.' This is wholly owing to the urgent demand for lairs. We have seen portions of coffins, apparently quite fresh, pieces of coffin furniture, and relics of the dead, all kicked and knocked about as so much ordinary rubbish, and some of the coffin shells actually made firewood of! Such impiety ill comports with the boasted civilisation and refinement of the nineteenth century—ill comports with the character of Christians, whose very religion teaches them to respect the remains of departed friends.

Another unseemly practice is, that, in order to meet the demand for graves, the sextons contrive to place coffins above coffins, to place them side by side, and to pack them as closely as if they were so many bales of merchandise. Nay, we have known coffins removed, after having lain perhaps a twelvemonth in the earth, and thrown aside until the grave-diggers deepened the grave, that room might be afforded for the remains of others! This packing system has become so prevalent, that, in many instances which we could point out, the coffins of individuals, especially of those in the humbler ranks of life, have not been favoured with more than a very few inches of earth—rendering the abstraction of the bodies the simplest matter possible to parties so disposed.

A grave-yard such as we have been describing presents no attractions to any one. It is the last place in the world one would think of paying a visit to. It is, in every sense of the word, repulsive—it is utterly destitute of charm. Instead of it being a place to which one could occasionally retire on a Sabbath or week-day evening for meditation, for solitude, or in company with a friend, one no sooner enters it than he is glad to be away from it. He has no place to walk on, unless he feels disposed to trample on the graves! It is not entitled to a higher name than a mere receptacle for the dead. Grave-diggers may be daily seen toiling away in it with spade in hand, as if they were working in a common quarry. Rough work truly they have of it, and rough work they make of it. None know so well as the grave-diggers that the grave-yard is too confined—that it is surcharged; but they wink at the evil, knowing that they would be none the better for an outcry against it.

But we must now more particularly advert to the evils attending intra-mural interment. And we would remark at once, that we look upon all sanctuaries of the dead which may be planted in the heart of populous localities as being nothing else than so many centres of infection. Of all kinds of malaria that which arises from putrid human bodies is by far the most virulent; and wherever there is a surcharged place of sepulture, there will be found a continually ascending effluvia of the most deadly and offensive compounds. More nourishing food for fever could not be found, or suggested, than the gaseous products of human putrefaction. This gas is ascending from our grave-yards night and day. Its power is such that neither coffin, nor safe, nor earth, will secure against its egress; it forces its way out, and diffuses itself with the surrounding atmosphere; it must be prejudicial to the health of all by whom it is inhaled, and act, according to circumstances, either as a slow or powerful poison. It so happens, too, that in the vicinity of grave-yards the population will generally be found to be composed of the humblest ranks—by a class predisposed to fever—and therefore we find that when fever first indicates its existence it is in these humble districts, and there, too, it is that its ravages are most

serious. Individuals whose dwellings are ill-ventilated and ill-kept; densely-populated districts where intemperance and wretchedness abound; and neighbourhoods contiguous to a receptacle of the dead, from which, especially in warm weather, putrescent matter is interminably sending forth its noxious effluvia, cannot be other than perfect nurseries for fever; and while the health of the poorer classes is thus in jeopardy, the health of those in the better ranks of society cannot be safe, because if fever attacks the former, its ravages, though greater certainly in the district where encouragement is given, will not be confined to them. The interest in this subject is a universal one. All of us are to a certain extent dependent upon each other, and the present is an opportunity for all endeavouring to effect a salutary change.

It is not easy sometimes to rouse the public to a sense of their duty. The public is a very fastidious gentleman: he will never give his consent to erect a new bridge till the tottering old one falls, and some lives are lost; he will not erect a fence at a dangerous precipice till some one falls and breaks his neck; he will not build a new boat till some sad calamity befalls the old one; and so we are somewhat afraid he may decline interfering with the old established burying-grounds, until cholera morbus, or some other virulent and fatal malady pay us a visit, and repeat the ravages of 1832. But we have great hope that the matter may be taken out of the hands of the public altogether. The Government must interfere; it falls most properly under their province; and we entertain not the slightest doubt that, if they set vigorously about it, the present system of interring the dead, with all its attendant injurious consequences, will be abolished and averted. A Committee of the House of Commons, indeed, have already expressed their opinion on the matter. In a report given in by them they state that, 'after a long and patient investigation, your committee cannot arrive at any other conclusion than that the nuisance of interment in large towns, and the injury arising to the health of the community from the practice, are fully proved.' We cannot imagine that the committee, having returned such a report, will allow so important a matter as that to which it refers to be 'shelved.'

We trust we have said enough to show that the burying of the dead in the midst of a crowded population is injurious to the public health, and, to say the least of it, dishonouring to the dead as well as to the living. But while it is, beyond question, an evil to have places of burial in populous neighbourhoods, the evil is increased when we find a place of worship planted in the very heart of the grave-yard. On this view of the question we have the following graphic and powerful language of Dr Adam Clarke in his commentary on the seventh chapter of Luke:—'No burying-places should be tolerated within cities or towns, much less in or about churches and chapels. This custom is excessively injurious to the inhabitants, and especially to those who frequent public worship in such chapels and churches. God, decency, and health, forbid this shocking abomination. . . . From long observation I can attest that churches and chapels situated in grave-yards, and those especially within whose walls the dead are interred, are perfectly unwholesome; and many, by attending such places, are shortening their passage to the house appointed for all living. What increases the iniquity of this abominable and deadly work is, that the burying-grounds attached to many churches and chapels are made a source of private gain. The whole of this preposterous conduct is as indecorous and unhealthy as it is profane. Every man should know that the gas which is disengaged from putrid flesh, and particularly from a human body, is not only unfriendly to, but destructive of animal life. Superstition first introduced a practice which self-interest and covetousness continue to maintain.'

We fear to add a single word, lest we may unwittingly detract from the powerful, expressive, and explicit language of Dr Clarke. It is the language of a man who feels and understands the vital importance of the subject on which he is writing. May his words sink deep into the hearts of all!

It was our wish in the present paper to have contrasted

ancient with modern modes of burial. From this contrast both interest and instruction might be gathered: interest, because it is always pleasing to know the rites and ceremonies of those who have for centuries preceded us on the theatre of life; instruction, because we are confident of this, that were the contrast betwixt the ancient and the modern modes of burial faithfully drawn, the 'benighted' heathen would merit an honourable meed of praise totally undeserved by the 'enlightened' Christian. We had also intended to say a few words in regard to those elegant cemeteries with which some of our cities have been of late so tastefully adorned. The doing so might have incited our friends, in country districts especially, to set themselves to establish Cemetery Companies, with a view to the abandonment of old, ill-situated, and overcharged burying-grounds, and to substitute in their stead those cities of the dead which are honouring to the living and which decency and Christianity demand for the departed. But for the present we must pause.

TO ALFRED TENNYSON.

(For the Instructor.)

Poet tender, Truest blender Of the changeful hues of song; Heart-entwining, Us inclining Still the measure to prolong:	When stars glisten, Deeply listen! Hear the people's prayer sublime: Purpose give us, Strains to outlive us, Thoughts that overmaster time!
Tripping lightly, Jocund, sprightly, O'er many a pleasant range; Then how weary, Sad and dreary, In the lonely moated grange.	Sympathetic, Energetic, Concentrate the people's cry; Be their leader, Spirit-feeder, Struggling with their destiny.
River's motion, Surging ocean Rolling proudly to the shore, Thou portrayest; Then delayest By the dark lake spell'd of yore.	See them straying, Life gainsaying, Darkly conscious o'er their stage; All-unheeding What their leading, Barren in a pregnant age.
Amon changing, Thou art ranging— From rude ore extracting gold; Finding treasures, Meet for measures, On the melancholy wold.	While they linger Points a finger, Dread, mysterious, to a goal— Stirs the curtain, Dim, uncertain, Drawn before the time-fled soul.
Death thou meetest— Bravely greetest— Onward them to better cheer, Where the meadows Teem with shadows In the sunlight far and near.	See them rising, Falling—praising, Playing with a truth a while, Slumbering leaven From the heaven, Yet they leave it with a smile.
Dreamland, cloudland, Breezy woodland, Humblest nature doest thou bring: Reeds that quiver, Leaves that shiver, Fragrant with the breath of spring.	Who shall presage What thy message? Rouse thee, girl thee for the True: Will obeying; He, men saying, Knew his work, and did it too.
Most I love thee, That above thee Hope thou seekest for thy kind; And of duty Makest beauty— Thrasher of the maze of mind.	Of a chorus Full, sonorous, Thrills the nations with its swell— May'st thou capture The great rapture, Write it, till the days excel.
Promise-bearing Fests of daring, Summer-like, hast thou essay'd; Let no slumbers Waste thy numbers, For Progress claims thy aid.	Aspiration, Exultation, Sighing, endeth oft in joy: If thou grieve not, And achieve not, Time shall hold thee but a toy.
Not in dreaming, Nor in seeming, May a fairer wreath be won: Who aspreth, Never tireth Doing greater yet than done.	Wake! oh, waken! Thought is shaken; Onward, hopeful in the van; Gain Truth's portal, High, immortal, Hold it ever wide to man. W.

THE HIGHLANDER'S FUNERAL.

A TRAVELLER'S TALE.

In a wild and gloomy vale which skirts the base of a line of dark mountains in the district of Lorn in Argyleshire, and not far distant from the famous pass of Glencoe, with whose fearful tragedy every historical reader must be acquainted, stands, or rather stood—for its ruins only now remain—an humble shieling built of stone and turf,

the only building materials which the valley afforded. If solitude or a sense of the sublime had been an object to its inhabitant, his gratification must have been complete, for a wilder or more romantic site for human habitation could not well be conceived. Reared upon a gentle acclivity, with which the equality of the vale is now and again disturbed, it looks out upon a sheet of water some two miles in breadth, which bears the local name of Loch Lual. A rapid-running stream dashes past it on the north, while, at some distance behind, the bare crags shoot up above the looming mists, assuming the most fantastic forms, and their singularity is increased by the rugged furrows cut out by the winter torrents, which have their origin in the top of the mountains. Unlike the principle generally observed in the construction of similar dwellings, it was void of natural shelter, unless the few stunted trees that straggled around it were considered a protection; and when the tempest raged along the vale, the rude structure was wholly unfit to resist its effects, as was amply testified by the rain that oozed through its penetrable roof. Exposed to the piercing winds that blew fitfully from the mountain gorges, it was cradled in the howling blast, and soaked with heavy rains, and, although it outlived their violence, their ravages left impressions of speedy decay. The glen could have no inducements as a residence to any other than the heedless mountaineer, for the stillness and solitude which prevail, instil feelings wide at war with all sociality, and exclude any cheer or comfort which might otherwise exist; and saving an occasional visit from a passing sea-bird, or the sheep that graze upon the hill pastures, there are no indications of life, or the progress of civilisation. The dreariness of the dell may be sometimes broken by the scream of some solitary eagle, as it continues its sweeping flight to its eyry among the rocks.

In this rude hut, along with his aged sister, resided Ewan Macgregor, the only shepherd on his side of the loch within a circle of twelve Highland miles. Many years ago, when our eye less lacked lustre, and our tread upon the heath was less feeble and more manly than it now is, we had occasion to pass over this tract of country on a pedestrian tour through the Highlands; and we then met Macgregor for the first time, but his husky voice and stooping gait showed that he was then beyond his prime. It was drawing towards the close of a dark louring day about the latter end of autumn, when the sere and yellow leaf was twirling from the bough; and though the farmer of the Lothians had his crops safely secured under 'thack and raip,' the ungenial climate of the west prevented the cottar's husbandry being finished until the season was farther advanced. When we halted, the shepherd was putting up his scanty crop into stooks, and from the rank and green appearance of the stalks, our limited knowledge of agriculture gave us reason to fear that his labour would be but sadly requited in its fruits. Taking a seat upon a rough piece of crag which had rolled down into the valley from its more primitive repose, we saluted the outlaw of Glen Lual, and thereafter entered into conversation with him regarding the objects of interest in that part of the country, and the extreme loneliness of the life he led; and so rarely did he receive a visit from a traveller, that he eagerly indulged in a privilege which seldom occurred with him—a chat with a citizen. An hour or more had thus passed very pleasantly to both—to him on account of the idle gossip which he got about the doings of a world to which he was so great a stranger, and to us because our limbs required some cessation from the incessant tramp with which we had prosecuted our toilsome pleasures for some days previous—when the sky, which had been foreboding a storm throughout the day, was suddenly overcast, and the rain began to descend. We rose to resume our journey, when the warm-hearted Celt anxiously pressed us to remain with him for the night, and promised that the rudeness of an unkindly couch, and the homeliness of our mountain fare, would be compensated by a hospitable welcome. But few pressing invitations were necessary to induce us to accept of his kindness, for the misty day was merging into a stormy night,

and what little of our strength remained would have barely seen us to a more comfortable halting-place; so, following our host, we were soon seated on a rough oak-root around the red embers of his faggot-fire. When we entered, his sister was away spoiling the errant poultry's nests of the day's eggs; for her domestic brood, wooing even deeper solitude than reigned within her house, sought the fern or the heath for the purposes of incubation. She was a little surprised, on her return, to find her fireside companions, which usually consisted of her brother and his sheep-dog Oscar, so unexpectedly increased; but, the usual salutations over, and a few mysterious words in their native tongue from our landlord, she hastened to prepare a homely repast to refresh us after our fatiguing march. 'Hunger is good kitchen' is an old Scotch saying, and never was its truthfulness so forcibly felt as when we were seated at that rude table in the wilds of Lorn.

Our appetitive wants being satisfied, we then got an outline of his life from the grey-haired Gael, and the cause of his having chosen that solitary glen for his abode. His father was a small farmer in one of the Hebridean islands, and by industry and frugality had managed to bring up a family of seven children. His lot had been like that of many others of his race; able to maintain himself and offspring beyond, although not far above, the reach of want, but never realising that position in life which is generally understood by the name of independence. The subject of our tale was but eighteen years of age when the death of his father scattered a helpless family upon the wide world in search of a livelihood, and, after many migrations, Ewan ultimately settled in the northern extremity of Ross-shire, in the capacity of a farm-servant. Here he remained a good number of years in Arcadian bliss, until well on in man's estate, when he got himself involved in the intricacies of that passion whose feelings are much more ardent than those of friendship. The object of his love was a cottar's only daughter, and, if Ewan's delineations of feminine beauty and innocence were correct, she must at least have been worthy of the purest affection. But Shakespeare says that 'the course of true love never did run smooth,' and so it seems to have been with Ewan Macgregor. Despite all the troth that was plighted, and the vows that were solemnly made, the fair maiden proved faithless, and slighting her betrothed, she chose a neighbouring rustic for the partner of her joys and cares. When love is suffered to go unrequited, and laughed at with a sneer of falsity by her who was once all that truth could desire, it speedily evaporates, and is immediately succeeded by a deadlier passion, which changes a man from a loving friend to a dreaded foe. The rejected suitor could ill brook such neglect, and, after combating the throbbings of a broken heart for a considerable time, his suppressed troubles burst forth, and in a fit of mad revenge he played the part of an incendiary, by setting fire to their dwelling one night when the newly wedded pair were absent on a visit to the young wife's parents; and steeling his heart against society and its kindred feelings and desires, the love-lorn Ewan fled from the scenes of his mingled joys and griefs, and ultimately located himself in the vale where we found him, and made it the land of his adoption. He built his own house, and brought in the patches of land to a state of semi-cultivation, without deigning to ask the consent of the proprietor, presuming that the barren heath was as free to the alien as to the scion of the rightful lord; and he was suffered to remain unmolested in the enjoyment of his self-made possessions. After he had outlived the objects of his malice, or considered himself secure from their retaliation, he invited his sister, the only surviving member of the family besides himself, to reside with him; and, uniting the occupation of a shepherd of the flocks which grazed upon the mountains belonging to a neighbouring laird, with the tilling of his cot-land, he lived as when we first met him, 'unknown and unknown.' Now that the feverish impetuosity of youth had died away, he regretted that he had ever allowed himself to commit such an outrage against one who had shared so largely of his youthful love.

Our host's fireside biography having brought on the hour for retiring to rest, he led us up a rude ladder, into the garret overhead the apartment which had served us for a dining-room, where we found a clean heather bed, upon which we very soon sought repose for our wearied frame; and, despite its ungrateful tendencies, and the storm that now battled around us with all its native wildness, we sprang as lightly from it on the return of daylight as if it had been of fleece or feathers. The poor man's hospitality having been again exercised in purveying for our morning meal, and which had nearly been the cause of offence because of our proffering recompense in return, we bade him and his aged relative an affectionate adieu, with a promise to see him again, should we ever be in that district, and resolutely betook ourselves to our journey along the beaten sheep-track that wound through the glen. The last time we saw him was standing on an eminence a little distance behind his house, waving his hand, and signaling a long and last farewell.

A considerable interval elapses at this part of our narrative, for a dozen winters and as many summers had fled from the future to the past ere we again visited that lonely glen, and, among the many changes which had taken place during that period, the cottage had become a ruin. When we again came within sight of it, part of its walls were a heap of rubbish, and part stood tottering in the blast, while the rotten rafters reared their fragments to the sky. Notwithstanding the short time we had been within its walls in earlier days, and the length of time which had elapsed since then, we recognised familiarities, which, though in ruins, told a tale more impressive than the best woven woof of romance or reality. The cot, ever friendly as a shelter, was now, in its decay, the habitat of some wood-birds who flew away seemingly deprived of a prescriptive right by our intrusion on the unbroken silence of their home. Some few days afterwards, when at a small hamlet on the opposite shore, we learned the subsequent history of our aged friend. The winter after our visit had been too great a trial for old Alice's frame, and after a short illness, she ceased to suffer, by the intervention of death. Two winters more saw the old man's end too. For some days after his death, the villagers on the other side of the loch had not observed any smoke rising from his dwelling, or other indications of things as they used to be, and judging that there must be something wrong or unusual, two men took a boat and pulled across to satisfy their misgivings. On entering the house, the door being only on the latch, they were greeted by the Highlander's sheep-dog, which, on hearing the sound of footsteps, wagged his tail and looked imploringly in the men's faces, as if he wished their assistance in an emergency, of which by the way there was much need. The poor animal was spent with hunger, watching his master, who was found stretched upon his lonely death-bed. Without any friendly hand to smooth his dying pillow, he breathed his last untended and uncomfortable. After a little consultation, one of the men rowed home again, to return with some friends the next day and bury the deceased; while the other, with the dog for his companion, remained with the corpse during his absence—a self-imposed task, which, considering the superstition that exists amongst the 'sons of the mist,' might be deemed too much for one man's courage. Three boats containing twelve individuals arrived next day, and the coffin, which they had brought along with them, having received its tenant, it was laid athwart the stern of the first boat, which was manned with four rowers, and a fifth took his seat beside the remains. A newly cut sapling, with a black rag fluttering at the top, was placed in the bow, as a befitting accompaniment to the whole. Taking the poor dog as a passenger, the boat thus freighted formed the van, the others following in the rear; and in this order they continued for the half of the voyage, till, owing to the heavy swell upon the loch at the time, all the boats were driven to a distance at different points below their intended landing-place, where they were obliged to get ashore as they best could, as it was impossible to row against the gale. When

the party in the first boat were landing, by some unfortunate circumstance, or the negligence of the man at the stern, to whose care the remains were intrusted, the coffin slipped over the side of the boat, and, floating out a short distance, suddenly disappeared, and leaving nothing but the surge and the rolling wave, found a grave beneath the tidal waters of a Highland loch. The moment the boat lost its inanimate cargo, the dog nobly plunged into the water to the rescue, but his howling and his efforts were alike unavailing, and, before the rowers could again put off, the funeral obsequies of the voluntary exile were finished.

For many a day after, the dog visited the resting-place of his old master, mingling his cries with the whistling winds; and now he rests beneath a green sward on the verge of the loch, with the native rock for his headstone, upon which some untutored hand has chiselled the simple word 'Oscar.'

THE HYDRA OR WATER POLYPE.

The water polype or hydra is perhaps the most singular of animals, both from the extreme simplicity of its structure and its other peculiar properties. When first discovered, in the year 1703, by Trembley, a naturalist of Geneva, it excited the curiosity of the whole of Europe. Philosophers busied themselves in experimenting upon its wonderful powers of reproduction; specimens of the animals were carefully transmitted from distant provinces as most rare and precious gifts; and even ambassadors interested themselves in sending early intelligence of the engrossing theme to their respective courts. There are several species to be found in this country, attached to reeds and leaves, in our ditches and slow running streams.* The body when at rest and contracted appears a small gelatinous mass or globule, when extended it exhibits a cylindrical tube; at one end is the mouth, surrounded by a row of arms or tentacula; this opens into the stomach, which is the cavity in the centre of the body, from whence a narrow canal is continued to the lower extremity or sucker. The whole animal is composed of a homogeneous mass of pellucid grains, cohering by means of a transparent jelly, but exhibiting no traces of vessels or fibres of any kind. The body tapers gradually from the head to the other extremity, having here a flat surface or foot, by which the animal generally adheres to plants or other bodies. The number of arms or tentacula varies from six to twelve; they are minute hollow tubes with cup-like depressions on their surface; they are highly extensible, and can be stretched from a line to several inches in length at the pleasure of the animal. Any one or more of the arms can thus be extended without the others; they can also be partially extended either at the point or base, and thus the shape is continually varied. In this way they can quickly surround and grasp any small object, and when ever irritated they instantly retreat so as hardly to be visible. The body of the animal is also equally elastic, and may be bent or extended while the arms remain contracted. The hydra, though usually found attached to a stationary plant or leaf, can yet move about with considerable agility. It accomplishes this motion in several ways—either by gliding with imperceptible slowness along the base of its stem, or by bending its body downwards till its arms are fixed on the support below, and then slowly drawing its foot towards its mouth. The foot is then again fixed, the head is stretched forwards and downwards, and a new step is thus repeated as before. The progress made by these efforts is slow, the animal often pausing in the middle of a step as if deliberating whether it shall proceed, so that a distance of seven or eight inches may be reckoned a good journey even in a long summer's day. But it sometimes adopts a mode of travelling more expe-

ditions. This consists of a succession of somersets. The hydra, while adhering firmly by the mouth, detaches its foot, and making it describe a semicircle, throws it over its head and places it foremost in the line of progression. Having attained this situation the foot is then fixed and a similar revolution is performed by the head, the body continuing all the while stretched out. The position in which they appear to take most delight is that of remaining suspended from the surface of the water by means of the foot alone, and this they effect in the following manner. When the flat surface of the foot is exposed for a short time to the air above the surface of the water it becomes dry, and in this state exerts a repulsive action on the fluid, so that when dragged below the level of the surface by the weight of the body it still remains uncovered, and occupies the bottom of a cup-shaped hollow in the fluid, thereby receiving a degree of buoyancy sufficient to suspend it at the surface. The principle is the same as that by which a dry needle is supported on water in the boat-like hollow which is formed by the cohesive force of the liquid, if care be taken to lay the needle down very gently on the surface. If while the hydra is floating in this manner, suspended by the extremity of the foot, a drop of water be made to fall upon that part so as to wet it, this hydrostatic power will be destroyed, and the animal will immediately sink to the bottom. These animals are dull and inactive in the dark, but light awakens them to activity, and hence they are usually found near the surface in shallow water.

They are very voracious, feeding in their natural haunts on living animals only, although in confinement they will devour minced beef, mutton, or fish. They will sustain a fast of several weeks, however, without any apparent loss except a slight change of colour. Worms and small insects seem to be their favourite food, and to entrap these they expand their arms to the utmost, spreading them out in every direction and waving them about as if groping for their prey. When a worm comes within reach it is immediately seized with as much eagerness as a cat pounces on a mouse, and is conveyed to the mouth and swallowed. 'It is a fine entertainment,' says Baker, 'to behold the dexterity with which a polype masters its prey, and to observe with what art it evades and overcomes the superior strength and agility of its victim. Many times, by way of experiment, I have put a large worm to the very extremity of a single arm, which has instantly fastened on it with its little invisible claspers. Then it has afforded me inexpressible pleasure to see the polype poisoning and balancing the worm with no less seeming caution and judgment than a skilful angler shows when he perceives a heavy fish at the end of a single hair line and fears that it should break away; contracting the arm that holds it by very slow degrees, he brings it within reach of his other arms, which eagerly clasping round it, and the danger of losing it being over, all the former caution and gentleness is laid aside, and it is pulled to the polype's mouth with a surprising violence. Sometimes two polypes seize upon the same worm, and a struggle for the prey ensues, when of course the strongest gains the victory, or each polype begins quietly to swallow its portion, and they thus continue to gulp down until their mouths come into contact. If at its final tug the worm does not break, the hydra with the strongest stomach and the largest mouth engulphs both his opponent and the worm! But a polype is no proper food for a brother polype, so after a time, when the worm is sucked out of him and digested, he is vomited forth alive and unhurt, with no other damage than the loss of his dinner.' This fact is the more remarkable when it is contrasted with the almost instantaneous death that inevitably awaits the worms on which the hydra feeds. 'I have sometimes,' says Baker, 'forced a worm from a polype the instant it has been bitten, at the expense of breaking off the polype's arms, and have always observed it to die very soon afterwards, without a single instance of recovery; yet worms are very tenacious of life, and may, like the polype itself, be cut into several pieces and yet survive as long as the whole.' Some imitating and whimsical matter

* *Hydra viridis*, grass green, body cylindrical or insensibly narrowed downwards, tentacula 6 to 10, shorter than the body. *Hydra rubra*, orange brown or sometimes oil green, body cylindrical, tentacula 7 to 12, as long or longer than the body; both species common.—Dr Johnstone's *British Zoophytes*. The name *Hydra* is

must be contained in the polype, and the fact that fishes avoid swallowing them must also be confirmatory of this supposition.' Dr Johnstone has seen the minute shell animals, which are also the prey of the hydra, escape its bite with apparent impunity, probably from their protecting shelly coats. The grosser parts of the food, which remain undigested, are ejected by the mouth, although a portion of the digested matter passes by the small opening to the tail, and thus conveys, as Trembley supposes, a mucous or slimy matter to the foot, for its more ready adhesion to sticks, stalks, or other bodies.

The young of the hydra are produced by buds or slips which grow out from all parts of its body except the arms. During the summer season a small tubercle rises on the surface, which gradually enlarging in a day or two, presents a succession of arms, and becomes in all respects, except size, an animal similar to its parent. It remains attached for some time, and grows and feeds, and contracts and expands exactly as this parent, until it is at last thrown off and becomes an independent animal. Very often two, three, or four young may be seen depending at one time from the sides of the fruitful mother, in different stages of growth, every one playing its part independent of the others.

'Where some are in the bud,
Some green, and ripening some, while others fall.'

In warm weather, they are evolved with great rapidity, one no sooner dropping off than another begins to germinate. What is most extraordinary, the young ones themselves often breed others, and those others sometimes push out a third or fourth generation before the first fall off from the original parent. One parent will thus produce on an average twenty young in a month, and as each of these young, after four or five days, begins also to throw off germs, the whole produce of a season is immense. No sooner is a young one furnished with arms than it seizes and devours worms with all possible eagerness, nor is it an unusual thing to behold the young one and the old struggling for and gorging different ends of the same worm together. Before the arms come out, and sometimes afterwards, a communication continues between the bodies of the old and young, as appears beyond dispute by the swelling of either when the other is fed. But a little before the young one separates, when its tail-end begins to look white, transparent, and slender, the passage between them is closed; and when the young one comes away there remains not the least mark where it had been protruded. The hydra, however, towards the close of the season, produces ova or eggs which lie dormant during the cold of the winter months, and spring into life with the return of the warmth of summer. This is a singular provision of nature to preserve the species during winter, when the cold and absence of food are both unfavourable for the production of living young in the usual manner.

The hydra may also be multiplied by cuttings or slips from its body, like many plants. If the body is halved in any direction, each half in a short time grows up a perfect hydra, nay, if it be cut into four or eight, or minced into many parts, each becomes a new animal, which is itself again capable of being multiplied in the same manner. If it is cut lengthways, so as to divide the body into two or more slips, connected merely by the tail, they are speedily, like the heroes of a fairy tale, reunited into one perfect whole. Or if the pieces are kept asunder, each will become a polype, and thus we may have two or more animals with only one tail amongst them; but if the sections are made in the contrary direction, from the tail towards the arms, you produce a monster with two or more bodies and one head. If the arms are cut away they are speedily reproduced, and the lopped off parts remain not long without a new body. If only two or three arms are cut off the result is the same, and from a single arm a complete creature will speedily grow. When a piece is cut out of the body the wound directly heals, and, as if excited by the stimulus of the knife, young polypes sprout out from the wound more abundantly. When a polype is introduced by the tail into another's body the two unite

and form one individual, and when a head is lopped off it may be readily engrafted on the body of another that may chance to want one. You may slit the animal up and lay it out flat like a membrane with impunity, nay, it may be turned inside out, and thus the stomach and skin be completely reversed, and yet the animal will continue to live and enjoy itself. These operations would appear cruel and severe, yet the creature seems 'scarce to feel or know its wound,' for after a few minutes the upper half of an animal thus divided will expand its tentacula and set to breakfast with 'what appetite it may,' while the lower half loses no time, after it has acquired a new mouth and arms, in commencing to forage for its dinner. A polype cut across into three parts requires four or five days in summer, and a longer period in cold weather, for the middle piece to produce a head and tail, and the tail part to get a body and arms, which they both do in much the same time. The head part always appears a perfect animal sooner than the rest. So far from being a cruel operation, this cutting and dividing seems to improve the breed, for polypes produced in this manner grow much larger, and are far more prolific than those that were never cut. It is very common, when a polype is divided across, to see a young one push out from one or other of the parts, and sometimes from both of them, in the course of a few hours; and particularly from the tail part, two or three are protruded in different places, and at different times, long before that part acquires a new head, and consequently whilst it can take in no fresh nourishment to supply them with; and yet the young ones proceeding from it under these disadvantages grow as fast and seem as vigorous as those produced by perfect polypes.

How wonderful it is that these, the simplest of all animal structures, should yet be endowed with the attributes which the poet, in the fullest stretch of his imagination, invented for his angelic beings:

'For spirits that live throughout,
Vital in every part, not as frail man,
In entrails, heart or head, liver or veins,
Cannot but by annihilation die;
Nor, in their liquid texture, mortal wound
Receive no more than can the fluid air;
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear;
and as they please

They limb themselves, and colour, shape, or size
Assume as likes them best.'

MILTON'S *Par. Lost*, Book vi.

To those unacquainted with the singular diversities of animal life it requires the testimony of accurate and undoubted observers such as Trembley, Baker, Reaumur, and Johnstone, to assure them that the foregoing statements are strictly and faithfully correct.

AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.

ONE of the cheering and characteristic features of our times is an extensive application of the abstruse sciences to the everyday purposes of life. The old philosophers multiplied experiments and constituted theories, which it was reserved for the practical men of this age to apply. It is but a short time since popular ideas of chemistry were of a very questionable character—people had confused conceptions of thin shrivelled men crouching over fires, and eagerly watching crucibles teeming with acids, alkalies, metals, and salts—they had vague notions of caverned laboratories, the black art, and cabalistic operations—and even intelligent people believed this science to be more curious than useful. The chief object of chemistry is to ascertain the simple elements which constitute all things, and to determine the laws by which they are governed; the laboratory has only been the medium through which the philosophic analyst has looked through nature, dividing one homogeneous thing from another, and then ascertaining their principles of affinity. It is true that chemistry is one of the most abstruse and particular of the physical sciences; at the same time it is one which is more universal in its operation, intimate in its relation to every-day life, and, consequently, more intrinsically popular, than any other with which we are acquainted. It is applicable to

almost every subject involving the melioration of man's physical condition, and enters intimately into a majority of the manufacturing processes of our own and all other countries.

In Dr R. W. Young's (president of the Royal Medical Society) masterly observations on the report published by the Health of Towns Commission, it will be seen, from that talented and philanthropic gentleman's experience, based upon extensive practical observation, that in localities where the fetid, putrid miasma arising from putrescent matter is allowed to deteriorate the atmosphere, there fever and other malignant diseases rage with ruthless vigour; but where due regard is had to healthy ventilation and the absence of decomposing substances, there reigns a comparatively high state of health. This is what we would term the application of chemistry to the sanitary question, as the observations of Liebig and Johnson apply to agriculture. Science enveloped in mysticism, and rendered obscure by technicalities, is capacitated only for the schools; rendered recondite and elaborate by the pride of learning, it occupies but a limited sphere of action, and consequently an inferior degree of usefulness; but when led forth into nature, in its simplicity and transparency, it enlightens the intellect, renders distinct the relation each thing bears to another in the beautiful and ordinate works of creation, and becomes a prime agent in human advancement. There is a language in all things, and an innate evidence of regulated intelligent creation pervading universal nature, which only require development and interpretation to render them a physical revelation of God—from contemplating the simple particles of earth beneath our feet, to considering the grand and sublime ordination of the starry spheres, we are led through the regulated cycle of nature, beyond physics, to the adoration of Him from whom are all things.

One of the most interesting of the late applications of science to the ordinary operations of man is that of experimental chemistry to agriculture. Liebig, in his observations on the food of plants, demonstrated the affinities which exist between particular grains and particular soils, and showed to the husbandman the laws which ought to govern him in the manuring and cropping of land. Professor Johnston wedded the theories of the German philosopher to practical agriculture in Britain, and now we have schools where popular chemistry is being instilled into the minds of the future farmers of our country as an essential part of an agricultural education. We shall present the reader with a few suggestions illustrative of the benefits of such an education, and of the subserviency of science to manual labour, and would refer to Professor Griffith's 'Chemistry of the Four Seasons,' as a clear and minute elucidation of experimental chemistry as applied to agriculture, through all its gradations and in all its operations.

The first and most important of the agriculturist's duties is the choice of soil. Plants, which are stationary, and only can affiliate with proximate substances, require to be placed in a position where they will readily obtain a plentiful supply of nutriment, and that nutriment must of necessity bear an intimate relation to the essence of the particular plants which are sought to be cultivated. It will easily be perceived that a regular succession of identical crops must of necessity exhaust the fertility of the richest soil, unless some means of feeding the soil is adopted; so that the next important point in an agriculturist's duties is to be able to determine what manures will supply the alimental constitutives of vegetables. 'The chemist, by his knowledge of the habitudes of substances with water and more powerful solvents, is enabled by analysis to separate and determine the components of soil; he finds, therefore, that the earths, as lime, sand, clay, and magnesia, are not simple elementary substances, but compounds of oxygen with the oxides or rusts of calcium, silicium, aluminum, and magnesium, and these again are presented in nature in combination with acids containing the inflammable elements of carbon, sulphur, and phosphorus.' A general

matters are mingled with water to form a soil may be gathered from the following statement (upon the authority of Professor Griffiths), which supposes that 1000 parts by weight of a soil have been submitted to proximate analysis:

1000 PARTS OF SOIL.	PARTS.
Large loose stones and silicious gravel.....	143.0
Fine silicious sand.....	572.0
Aluminous earth.....	75.0
Carbonate of lime.....	47.5
Carbonate of magnesia.....	7.5
Sulphate of lime.....	5.0
Oxide of iron.....	12.5
Salts of sodium and potassium.....	10.0
Phosphate of lime.....	2.5
Vegetable and animal manure.....	72.5
Water.....	52.5
1000.0	

It will easily be perceived, without much reflection, that the agriculturist who is able to resolve the components of his soil in the above manner, and to determine the relative constituents of grains contained in its composition, will be able to materially increase the autumnal crops. The savage can tear up the ground and cultivate his maize and scanty corn patches, but he soon destroys the fertility of the earth he batters on, being alike ignorant of its elements and the principles of reproduction; it is reserved for intelligent man to perpetuate the procreative ability of soils by the supply of that enriching nutriment which, in the shape of decayed vegetable or excremental animal matter, enters into the formation of vegetables, which in their turn assimilate with animals, which again die and become decomposed and are buried in the earth, thus producing a regular cycle, which is beautifully symmetrical in arrangement and ordinately perfect.

As an illustration of the composition of some soils, fitted for the production of certain vegetables, we subjoin the following chemical analysis upon the authority of the fore-mentioned gentleman:—'A good turnip soil, for instance, afforded eight parts out of nine of silicious sand, and the finely divided matter of the one part, which remained suspended upon the water, yielded 63 parts of carbonate of lime, 15 silica, 11 alumina, 8 oxide of iron, 5 vegetable and saline matter, and 3 of water.' A soil remarkable for producing flourishing oaks afforded 3 parts carbonate of lime, 54 silica, 28 alumina, 5 oxide of iron, 4 decomposing vegetable matter, and 3 of moisture. An excellent wheat soil gave three parts in five of silicious sand, and the finely divided matter consisted of 28 parts of carbonate of lime, 32 silica, 29 alumina, 11 organic matter and moisture. Of these soils the last was by far the most, and the first the least, coherent in texture; in all cases the constituent parts of the soil, which give tenacity and coherence, are the finely divided matters, and they possess the power of giving those qualities in the highest degree when they contain much alumina.'

A small quantity of finely divided matter is sufficient to fit a soil for the production of turnips and barley; and a crop of turnips has been grown on a soil containing eleven parts out of twelve sand; a greater proportion of sand, however, causes sterility. It must be observed that the constituents of vegetables do not form the whole substance of soil; there are certain component parts which invest it with softness and penetrability, and these qualities are essential to the absorption of moisture and the growth of plants. 'Water and the decomposing animal and vegetable matter existing in the soil constitute the true nourishment of plants, and as the earthy parts of the soil are useful in retaining water, so as to supply it in the proper proportions to the roots of vegetables, so they are likewise efficacious in producing the proper distribution of the animal and vegetable matter of manure; when equally mixed with it they prevent it from decomposing too rapidly, and by their capillary attraction the soluble parts are supplied in due proportions.' These facts relative to the constitution and nature of soils have been deduced by the experimental chemist, and there can be little doubt that the agriculturist, who knows and acts upon principles

soil more productive and continuously germinative than the mere practical farmer who applies the same kind of tillage and manuring to all soils. It may be imagined that the purely inorganic portions of earth do not exercise any material influence over vegetation, but it must be remembered that its attractive or absorbent power is dependent upon its comparative penetrability or cohesion, and water being the chief agent upon which plants depend for existence, it is of vital importance that it should be what is termed open; because it is an established fact that soils which most readily attract aerial moisture are always the most vegetative. Accurate experiments of this nature furnished a celebrated agricultural chemist with the following data:—One thousand parts of a celebrated soil, from Ormiston, in East Lothian, which contained more than half its weight of finely divided matter, of which 11 parts were carbonate of lime and 9 parts vegetable matter, when dried at 212 degrees, gained by exposure for an hour to air saturated with moisture, at a temperature of 62 degrees, 18 grains. One thousand parts of a very fertile soil, from the banks of the river Parret, in Somersetshire, under the same circumstances gained 16 grains. One thousand parts of a soil from Mersea, in Essex, worth 45s. an acre, gained 18 grains. One thousand parts of a fine sand, from Essex, worth 28s. an acre, gained 11 grains. One thousand parts of a coarse sand, worth 15s. an acre, gained only 8 grains. And one thousand parts of the soil of Bagshot Heath gained only 3 grains.

It will be seen from these facts that, in proportion as the fertility or land value of each soil mentioned decreases, so does the power of absorbing moisture from the air diminish, until it reaches almost sterility on the one hand and inaction on the other. It is a demonstrable truth then, that water enters largely into the composition of plants, and it was anciently believed that it supplied the whole alimentary support of vegetables; but a more extended knowledge of the economy of nature has dispelled that illusion, and now it is known that the air supplies a large proportion of the solid constitutives of the vegetable kingdom. In lignin or woody fibre, sugar, and starch, it is found that nearly half of their parts are supplied by oxygen and hydrogen in the proportions requisite for the constitution of water, and nearly half by carbon; now the air we breathe contains carbonic acid, being a compound of 714 parts oxygen and 286 parts by weight of carbon. Carbonic acid gas is of itself a deadly poison, and its excess in the atmosphere would produce the most direful consequences to the animal creation; but it is the food of vegetables, they absorb and retain it in their essence, and while doing so emit oxygen, and thus while adding to their own health and strength they purify the atmosphere for animals by a beautiful and wise arrangement. Every agriculturist knows that to excite the germinative properties of seeds there is yet another agent required in addition to soil, air, and moisture, and that is solar heat; and this last, as an emanation from a cloudless sun, is also essential for the growth and fruition of plants. The end and object of all man's physical labours, and the end and object of many of his intellectual ones, are his own physical sustentation or elevation; all our extensive manufactures, buildings, mines, and agricultural operations and improvements are engaged in simply for the comfort and support of the human family.

The most important of all productions to man is that of corn; the irremediable destruction of one universal crop of this invaluable aliment would all but depopulate the earth, and the recent failure of the potato crops demonstrates our dependence upon, and impresses us with the necessity of, bringing all available appliances of science and practice to bear upon agriculture. We have referred to the character and qualities of soil at some length, and have shown how chemistry may be applied in the adaptation of particular grains to particular soils; we shall now refer to the nature and essence of grains, from the analysis of which it will be seen that the elements of animal and vegetable sustentation are in their ultimate characters identical.

beneath a stream of pure water, the aqueous fluid will for some time flow from the dough with a milky whiteness, and then gradually losing its borrowed hue will come away in its native purity, leaving a grey tough elastic substance, very like bird-lime, in the place of the dough; this substance is called gluten. Gluten, when submitted to ultimate analysis, yields the elements of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, and is therefore nearly identical with the fibrin and albumen of the animal body. Gluten is frequently called a *vegeto-animal* principle, for it gives to articles of diet in which it exists a nutritive power nearly equal to that of animal food. Wheat flour contains more gluten than any other farinaceous substance, and is consequently the most nutritive of all grains; it is superior to rye, barley, or oatmeal bread, added to which it is more digestible than either. The formation of gluten in wheat is found to be much dependent upon warmth; and for this reason the wheats of southern climates are preferred to those of the north in the manufacture of vermicelli and macaroni, which are highly nutritious preparations of wheaten flour. The whole constitutives of wheat are gluten, starch, sugar, albumen, and the inorganic compounds called phosphate of lime and phosphate of magnesia; the first four principles enter largely into the muscular and visceral composition of mammalia, and the two last into the constitution of the bones of man and all the higher orders of animals. It will be seen from this that a regulated system of manuring is of high importance to the agriculturist. The utility of using bone-dust in the preparation of land for wheat will be apparent from the fact that the organic or tough matter of the bone, called albumen, is extremely prone to putrefy, and thus render soluble the phosphates of lime and magnesia with which it is associated; these are accordingly rendered into a state suitable for absorption by the rootlets of the growing grain, and are chiefly transferred to the ear whilst the other components of silica and potash are arrested to form the glistening straw. The use of quick-lime as a manure is on account of its causticity, soon rendering dead organic matters soluble and fit for the nutrition of growing vegetables; having performed this office, it gradually absorbs carbonic acid from the atmosphere, reverts to the state of neutral carbonate of lime, and then sustains the office of absorbing the water which falls in showers or is retained in the air, thus preserving, through the power of capillary attraction, a reservoir of nutriment for the plant it supports. The offal of the stable and cowhouse is of the first importance as manure, because it returns to the soil the very elements which were educed from it by the growth of corn and hay, and that too in a state fitted to enter immediately into the composition of similar crops. There are other substances which form excellent manures from the identity of their elements with those of the common productions of our soil; we can, however, do no more at present than notice the fact. It is to the analytic acumen and indefatigable research of Liebig that we are chiefly indebted for the elucidation of this beautiful and striking relationship amongst the components of animal and vegetable existence, and for the establishment of an intimate connexion between high science and simple labour. We have a sufficient respect for the ornate and beautiful, and willingly acknowledge even the abstract importance to the mind of syllogistic argumentation, but still we are utilitarian enough to believe that the application of the abstruse sciences to purposes of common utility, with which they may be compatible, would materially add to man's happiness and elevation, mentally, morally, and religiously, and would add materially to the dignity of knowledge.

We have thus shortly shown the intimate relationship which exists amongst the air, earth, and water, amongst the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, and the subserviency and necessity of each to the existence of the other; and we need hardly further apprise the youthful and inquiring of the utility and pleasure derivable from the study of the interesting and valuable affinities which

A GERMAN GRAND DUCAL CITY.

[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

Above the miracles of things infinitesimally small, a German Grand Ducal City enjoys a proud pre-eminence! It is not only little in its proportions, but it is so in its interests, its tastes, its habits, and its ambitions; presenting a microscopic view of society so terribly minute, that humanity itself seems shrunk into something like insect vitality.

There is a little court and a little army, a little aristocracy and a little bourgeoisie, a little diplomatic circle, and a little ministerial clique, a little city with little shops, and very, very little money! But in compensation for these 'petitesse,' there is abundance of gossip, and any amount of etiquette. So narrowed are the interests of the people, who have neither commerce nor manufactures, who neither lend, nor borrow, nor carry, that from sheer *ennui* they fall back upon the pleasures of a ceremonial existence for occupation; and, for amusement, seek relief in discussing the affairs of their neighbours.

Their little monarch is the sun in their system, round which they revolve, in circles more or less remote, as rank or court favour may determine. From the highest to the lowest, they are officers of his household, and, if not on actual duty, at least by style and title acknowledge a position of dependence; none are exempt from this feudalism, from the Hof Marschal, who leads the procession at a court dinner, to the Hof Musicus, who leads the orchestra in the theatre. The result is palpable; society does not exist, the tableland of equality is here represented by a staircase, with step above step, and, in lieu of easy intercourse, there is substituted a little code of observances, to which the manners of China are a mercy. If the gradations to foreign eyes be small, even imperceptible, to the native they are clear and unmistakable; the rank of each individual, stamped on him by office, not only clings to himself as he smokes in his bureau, but envelops his wife as she stands cooking in the kitchen, and the Wohlgeborner has no monopoly of official dignity, for the lady enjoys reflected brightness, and peels her onions with a conscious pride of being the Gnadige Frau of a government *employé*.

If, then, littleness be stamped on every pursuit and every thought of a people thus circumstanced, there is an *omnium* in the far-reaching greatness of their self-esteem, for of a verity the world had never yet seen their equal in this amiable quality.

If the government be absolute, this Grand Duke is a greater monarch than the Czar. If they have a constitution, the English Parliament is a base counterfeit compared to their Legislative Assembly; and so, with a battalion of foot and forty dragoons, they talk of continental wars; so with a roomful of their petty notoriety—heads of departments, and small secretaries of small legations—they fancy they are rivalling the *salons* of Paris and London.

Littleness one might pardon, and even pity; the dwarfs of the social, like those of the physical world, are objects of painful charity; but the compassion becomes contempt when they affect to be normal, and when they tell you that they are the standard size. Such is the case here; these people sneer at all outside their little territory, Hock Higmaringen. They rave about their influence on the great powers of Europe; Peel cannot alter a tariff, nor Guizot sign a treaty, that the stroke is not levelled at them; and they actually believe that half the warlike preparations of real nations are undertaken from covert designs against the integrity of their own dominions. So magnificent are all their notions about government, so vast and all-reaching their legislative ambition, that they pay no attention whatever to the actual administration, which is a series of blunders that would be farcical, if they were not actually annoying.

Imagine a series of rectangular streets, at each end opening on a flat country, the sides formed of two-storeyed

grass grown, the flagway silent; not an equipage to be seen, nor a horseman, save some unhappy dragoon riding away his *omnibus* at the cost of his charger's fore-legs; a sad-looking school-boy with a knapsack, upon his way to school; a servant-maid with a tin bucket of vegetables, returning from the market;—nothing else breaks the stillness; no one is about; nothing is stirring;—a heavy tramp of heels, as some solitary soldier treads along in a neighbouring street, and wakens the echoes; or the notes of the bellman proclaiming a reward for a lost ornament at a ball at the Museum; but, as the jewellery was brass, and the recompense twelve kreutzers, we won't stop for that. Oh! the dreary, heart-wearing monotony of such a scene! Oh, for the laugh of merry childhood to break the stillness, or the fitting forms of graceful beauty to cut those deep shadows that lie sleeping on the path! Oh, for the neighing steed, the crush of multitudes, the stirring signs of life and manhood, to wake up this tiresome lethargy into some semblance of vitality!

In the shops all is equally torpid. The dark eye of an Israelite peering, indeed, sometimes sharply from behind the hanging draperies of his window, seems to vouch for the pleasure with which he could 'cheat the Christian;' but even he seems to feel his natural instincts tempered by tobacco and the place. But hark! what is this—I hear the crash of wheels. It is the Grand Duke's equipage!—an old carriage, with two older horses, and the livery is scarlet. How rumbling the sound is over the heavy pavement. There goes another court carriage—no, it is the same—I'd know the horses among a thousand; they have only turned the corner to appear there again suddenly—and there they are a third time. Bless his heart for it at all events—the sounds were pleasant though fleeting. Ha! but what is this—whence came this fossil of another world—this chariot of Mount Ararat? It is the Herr ober Stall Meister von Blumerkohl training six of the duke's horses, and though he has a postilion on each, and holds a whip himself, the direction seems by no means to be a matter predetermined on. The beasts have a Germanic dignity in their heavy faces, and their club tails tied over the back; they lift their legs with the ponderous gravity of burgomasters, and they scorn to step together, doubtless to assert their individualisms.

What is the little old man in the spectacles performing these courteous antics at? To the old lady in the flannel bed-gown at that window yonder: for all that yellow indescribable, and the strange poultice-looking envelop of her nether jaw, she's a countess! That is she, a kind of Hoch Deutsch Lady Jersey, who sits in high places, and takes the wall of the Free Frau von Donnerstadt.

Over all this dreary platitude there is an atmosphere of stagnant sewers, stale tobacco smoke, and sour cabbage, fertilising the field in its richness, but scarcely grateful to the human nose. Such is the external sign of a *Hersogliches Residentz*; the life within is even worse.

It would be ungenerous to reproach people with poverty, and the habits which poverty enforces. Small economics and house-thrift are not things to sneer at, neither are simple tastes and unostentatious pleasures, and such are the features travellers are so fond of attributing to Germany. The country has been a stock theme for years, for tourists to expatiate on in praise of its primitive simplicity, its unaffected good-nature, its cordial hospitality, all heightened by the cultivation of mind and the diffusion of intellectual tastes and pleasures. Now, of all the romances in one volume or three, there never was such absurdity as this. The simplicity is mere coarseness; the good-nature vulgarity; the politeness is pretension suing 'in *forma pauperis*;' and as for the hospitality, it is difficult to characterise, for the same reason, that Von Troil did not discuss the snakes of Iceland, because 'there were none there.' It is true there are ceremonial observances without end, forms, and outward shows of social intercourse; but all the state is expended on the vestibule of the temple—the worshipper gets no farther. There is plenty of gold leaf over the statue, but it is mere clay within. An

a heavy odour of the kitchen, and a harsh, grating crash of rude gutturals, are the ideas that make up a German soirée. This imaginative people discuss nought but *casernes* and *cuisine*, how to dress corporals and cutlets. This musical nation has scarcely an amateur performer worth listening to. The statesmen are the routine clerks of a dull 'Bureaucratie'—are either the besotted worshippers of absolute monarchy, or the violent partisans of French Jacobinism.

It is a country with little to suggest hope, and still less to create esteem. Flat, stale, and unprofitable as a residence, dull to live in, and only delightful to leave.

'KENNST DU DAS LAND,' &c.

'Away with all jesting, sit proci! ye scorners,
I sing the Land of Tobacco about!—
Of Gnädige Frauen, and Hoch Wohlgebornen,
Of Hamels Coteletten, and eke sauer kraut.
Where even the language can interdict joking,
Ner gleam of bright fancy can ever arouse
The brains that are torpid by hourly smoking,
Or inventing flat phrases to flatter flat fraus.
Where men have no higher enjoyment than spitting,
Or lounging in gardens to sip sour wine;
And laly-like pastimes are centred in knitting,
Or cooking fat messes adapted for swine.
Where age is like childhood, and childhood old fashion'd,
Where proeing and twaddle are taken for sense;
Where even young manhood is never impassion'd,
And the semblance of pleasant deam'd an offence.
The fancy-struck maiden—I hope I shan't kill her,
By letting such treason escape from my hand;
But such is the country of Goethe and Schiller,
And such are the types of the famed Fatherland.'

STORY OF A DESERTED LOG-HUT.

In riding through the midland district I passed a log-hut which stood about one hundred yards from the road, in the centre of a clearance of about four acres. As it had evidently been deserted many years, I inquired, as usual, of the person belonging to the township, who happened to be riding nearest to me, to whom it belonged? In reply to which I received the following little story, which has since very often flitted across my mind. The British emigrant who had reared this humble shanty was one day engaged in a remote part of his two-hundred-acre lot in ploughing a small space of ground which he had but partially cleared, and he was proceeding without his coat close to his plough, driving a yoke of oxen, when the animals, starting at some wild beast or other object which they saw in the forest, suddenly dragged the plough between an immense fallen tree and a stump, by which the driver's right foot and ankle were so firmly jammed, that the plough was not only completely stopped, but immovably fixed. For a considerable time the poor fellow, standing with his left leg on his plough, suffered excruciating agony, from which he saw not the slightest chance of release. At times he almost fainted; but on recovering from his miserable dreams he always found himself in the same position—in the same agony—in the same writhing attitude of despair. In a fit of desperation he drew his knife from his belt, and for a few seconds meditated on endeavouring to release himself by cutting off his own foot; but reflection again plunged him into despair, and in this agony he remained until he bethought himself of the following plan:—Stooping forwards, he cut the band that connected his oxen to the plough. As soon as they were at liberty he drew the patient animals towards him by the rope-reins he had continued to hold, and when their heads were close to him, he passed his hands down his naked arms, which for some time had been bleeding from the mosquitoes that had been assailing them, and then daubing the points of the horns of both his bullocks with his blood, he cut their reins short off, and striking the animals with their reins they immediately left him, and, just as he had intended that they should, they proceeded homewards. On their arrival at his log-hut the blood on their horns instantly attracted the attention of a labourer who lived with him, and who, fancying that the animals must have gored their master, hastened to the clearance, where they found him, like Milo, fixed in the cleft oak, in the dreadful predicament I have described, and from which it was with the utmost difficulty that he could be released.

I cannot accurately recollect whether or not the poor fellow suffered amputation; but his deserted log-hut, as I trotted by it, bore melancholy evidence that he had been unable to continue to labour as a backwoodsman, and that accordingly he had deserted it.—*The Emigrant.*

H O P E.

(For the Instructor.)

Hope's a bird that's plumed for flight—
A bird of wanton wing;
Hope is the nurse of young delight,
To whom we fondly cling.

She is the guiding star through life—
The beacon of life's sea;
Beaming 'midst storms of deepest strife,
Or cold adversity.

T. H. COMPTON.

S O N N E T.

(For the Instructor.)

Like Icarus, how many heavenward soar,
Affront the sun, and lose their waxen wings:
Fond aspirants, who quit old proven things,
Rise up, and fall disabled evermore.
O, Britain bless'd! on many a foreign shore
Thy sons learn wisdom at a serious cost,
'Midst faded sunbows, patrimonies lost,
And golden years, not gods may back restore.
Yet good is everywhere through earth and skies—
Unnoticed good, least valued nigh at hand!
Who knows his fitting station is most wise,
Talents and means, and can himself command—
Can roam or rest. Each several land who tries,
Learns, or, wise soon, confides in his own land!

RICHARD HOWITT.

OUR COMMON HUMANITY.

If we would point to an idea which all history throughout its course discloses as ever establishing more firmly and extending more widely its salutary empire—if there be one idea which contributes more than any other to the often contested, but still more often misunderstood, perfectibility of the whole human species, it is the idea of our common humanity; tending to remove the hostile barriers which prejudices and partial views of every kind have raised between men; and to cause all mankind, without distinction of religion, nation, or colour, to be regarded as one great fraternity, aspiring towards one common aim—the free development of their moral faculties. This is the ultimate and highest object of society; it is also the direction implanted in man's nature, leading towards the indefinite expansion of his inner being. He regards the earth and starry heavens as inwardly his own, given to him for the exercise of his intellectual and physical activity. The child longs to pass the hills or the waters which surround his native dwelling; and, his wish indulged, as the bent tree springs back to its first form of growth, he longs to return to the home which he had left; for by a double aspiration after the unknown future and the forgotten past—after that which he desires and that which he has lost—man is preserved by a beautiful and touching instinct, from exclusive attachment to that which is present. Deeply rooted in man's inmost nature, as well as commanded by his highest tendencies, the full recognition of the bond of humanity, the community of the whole human race, with the sentiments and sympathies which spring therefrom, becomes the leading principle in the history of man.—*Wilhelm von Humboldt.*

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WEEKLY HOGG'S INSTRUCTOR

No. 124.

EDINBURGH, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1847.

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NEW METHOD OF BREAD-MAKING.

THE subject of the manufacture of bread is one now attracting a large amount of public attention. This circumstance is little to be wondered at, since the mode of preparing the article in question, in a proper and digestible form, is in truth second only in importance to the question of the procurement of materials. The enjoyment of free and cheap imports of grain would even be in a certain degree ineffective, if we knew not how to turn the substance so obtained to due account in supporting ourselves and others *healthily*. Far be it from us here to assert or insinuate that the flour-bread used by the people of this country is bad or badly manufactured generally; but there are few persons of experience who will be disposed to deny, that the article as ordinarily supplied is, to say the very least of it, extremely variable in quality, both as regards consistence and taste. It is well-raised and properly porous at one time, and at another it is imperfectly raised and doughy; on one occasion it may be sweet, and on another sourish and unpalatable. All this uncertainty hangs on the process of fermentation, by which the bread used among us has long been habitually *raised*, as it is called, or in other words rendered duly light and spongy. The baker himself finds this process to be one as delicate and difficult, as his customer discovers it often to be unproductive of the right results. The slightest error in management destroys at once an oven-full of bread. In reality, the process of fermentation is merely the first step in vegetable decomposition; and, in turning that step to account in making bread, we positively resort to a *corruptive* tendency in nature for preparing our daily food! A new process, however, has been suggested for effecting all the ends which fermentation answers; and it is to this subject that we would now call the serious attention of our readers. A pamphlet having been lately published by Dr Darling of London, which has arrested much notice, and wherein a process for preparing bread without fermentation has been proposed, we made application to parties whom we knew to have before published a similar proposition, and, by their liberality and kindness, are enabled to give to our readers the information that follows on this important subject.

In the *Scotman* newspaper, several years since, Messrs F. and H. Smith of Edinburgh, practical chemists (and the parties of whose kindness we have spoken), proposed a method of making an unfermented bread, sweet to the taste and wholesome in its qualities; while raised at the same time as well, under proper management, as fermented bread of the very finest description. That method was founded on the fact, that common culinary or table

salt, a substance indispensable to all forms of healthy and palatable bread, is so constituted, that, while serving its ordinary and direct purposes in the composition of the article, may also be made the means of raising bread by a comparatively simple alteration in the mode of use, and may thus be rendered, in short, a perfect substitute for the agency of fermentation. It is requisite here that the composition of common salt should be somewhat fully explained, before the proposed bread-making process can be understood by the public.

Muriate of soda, or common salt, is composed of nearly equal proportions of muriatic acid (vulgarly called spirit of salt) and soda. Sixty grains of salt (with nine additional grains of water) produce on decomposition 37 grains of muriatic acid and 32 grains of soda. The reason why water is taken into the account is, that its presence is unavoidable, generally speaking, in common salt. Unmixed with water that salt is properly chloride of sodium, in chemical language; or a compound of the metal sodium and the chlorine gas so much used in bleaching. When water, a body composed proportionally of 1 part of hydrogen to 8 of oxygen, is added to chloride of sodium, its presence gives the exact elements requisite to convert that body into muriate of soda or common salt; for muriatic acid is a compound of 36 parts of chlorine and 1 of hydrogen, and soda a compound of 24 parts of sodium and 8 of oxygen; and 9 parts of water, accordingly, exactly convert 60 of chloride of sodium into 69 of muriate of soda or common salt. We have spoken of water as existing always in the constitution of salt. Though it be a superfluity, and even so far changes chemically the chloride of sodium, making it a hydro-chloride, yet from the salt of daily use its presence cannot be averted. The ordinary name of muriate of soda, depending on that union, may therefore be retained in speaking of it.

Such, then, is the constitution of muriate of soda or culinary salt, a clear comprehension of which is not only desirable, but essential, in attempting to manufacture bread in the new way without fermentation. The component numbers given above never vary; soda is always formed of 24 parts of sodium and 8 of oxygen, or three to one; and muriatic acid has the fixed proportions of 36 of chlorine to 1 of hydrogen. So formed, 37 parts of muriatic acid, and 32 of soda, make 69 parts of salt or muriate of soda. Both the acid and the soda can be individually procured by the decomposition of the same salt, through the agency of a high temperature and another acid of stronger powers of affinity. In like manner, muriatic acid and soda, when severally brought together, unite and form salt; and indeed they cannot approach each other without that combination instantly taking place. For

example, if 32 grains of soda be dissolved in water, and 37 grains of muriatic acid be gradually added to the solution, it will at once be found, by the mere taste, that the water is simply a solution of common salt; and analysis will prove the quantity of that salt to be 69 grains precisely. If the acid be added in a less proportion than the one mentioned, the solution will retain the savour of soda; if in a greater proportion, the sour or acid taste will be assumed.

Were a supply of common salt in a new form, then, the grand desideratum in manufacturing an improved or novel kind of bread, we have here such a mode of procuring it at once. For, if the soda, instead of being dissolved in water, be mixed with flour, and the muriatic acid be added to the water used for kneading that flour into dough, the latter substance, from the union of the acid and the soda, will have the exact taste of dough made with flour, salt, and water in the like proportions. But salt, though indispensable to good bread, is not all that is required, even if there were any deficiency of it in its ordinary shape. The bread containing salt alone, procured in any way, would have nothing of the light, spongy, or porous texture of good bread—in short, it would want the necessary raising now effected habitually by fermentation. During that fermentation a gas is produced in the dough by the decomposition of the saccharine or sugary part of the flour; and this gas, well known in chemistry as carbonic acid gas, causes by its disengagement the raising of the doughy mass, or the swelling out of it into those innumerable pores or cells which bread must always display when well prepared. This acid gas is indispensable; but, let this be marked, it is of no consequence *how* or *whence* it is procured. Fermentation, excepting in generating the gas, is a process of no value or importance; in fact, as already hinted, it is in every respect a precarious and ambiguous road to the desired end. Its being the first step in the corruptive decomposition of the vegetable materials is no recommendation, certainly; and, besides, it is so difficult of management as to require the most earnest and painful attention, at all times, on the part of the baker. Moreover, it is a process involving a slight loss of materials. Cannot chemical art, then, keeping in view the substances conjointly used in bread-making, discover a mode of obtaining this important carbonic acid gas without resorting to fermentation? Art *does* step in here, and *can* point out such a method—and this without rendering it necessary to employ one single new substance, properly speaking, in the bread manufacture. The constitution of muriate of soda or common salt, which has been explained so fully by way of introduction, is such as to render the procurement of the gas in an available form one of the simplest matters imaginable. On this fact hangs the principle of the process of bread-making without fermentation.

Carbonic acid gas is about one half heavier than common atmospheric air under ordinary circumstances, though, when subjected to great atmospheric pressure, it becomes a liquid and can even be frozen. Happily for the present as well as other purposes, it also quits the gaseous for the solid form when in combination with numerous and various bodies or bases. Still more happily for the present end, one of the bodies with which it does readily so enter into solid combination is soda. That body, by union with carbonic acid, becomes carbonate of soda (termed bi-carbonate scientifically), a substance well known as one of the components in effervescing powders, and also often used for medicinal and household purposes. The phenomenon of effervescence in the case of a soda-powder draught arises from the carbonic acid being displaced from its combination and ejected, flying off in the gaseous form, by the addition of another acid (the tartaric) having a stronger attraction for the soda than the carbonic possesses. Here is an important step indicated, to bring us towards our present goal. Apply the same gas-disengaging process to bread-making, and the same results will follow. Let the carbonate of soda be intimately and uniformly incorporated with the flour, and muriatic acid, mixed with a proper quantity of water, be kneaded up with the mass, then, on

the subjection of the latter to heat in an oven, the consequent operation will be twofold,—the one result being the proper raising of the bread, by the disengagement of carbonic acid gas, as in the case of soda-powders or of fermentation, and the other the formation of salt or muriate of soda, in consequence of the muriatic acid uniting with the soda in the room of the displaced carbonic acid, which has a much weaker affinity for that substance. The bread is thus *salted* and *raised*—both of them indispensable parts of the process—at one and the same time, and by one and the same agency. The glutinous and adhesive character of the dough, in the centre of which the carbonic acid gas is disengaged, prevents its free escape as in the case of effervescing powders; and the consequence of necessity is, the expansion of the dough into those multitudinous pores on which the edible quality of the bread so largely depends. In this way bread is obtained, not to be distinguished, when the process is rightly conducted, from the best fermented bread.

This explanation of the *rationale* of the recently proposed method of bread-making can scarcely fail, we imagine, to be perfectly intelligible to every reader, and must strike the mind forcibly by its simplicity and practicability. But, to enable parties (whether bakers or housekeepers) to turn the process to proper account, the question of *quantities* has yet to be fully considered; and on this point, one of the most important connected with the process, it gives us satisfaction to think that it has been put in our power to give ample and simple directions to the public, by the kindness of the same gentlemen, to whom we have already expressed our gratitude. Before recurring to figures, as is necessary in speaking of quantities, it is proper to remark that these figures merely represent the *relative* weights of the substances spoken of. These weights may individually be grains, ounces, pounds, or even hundred-weights; the matter remains the same so long as the stated proportions are preserved.

When muriatic acid (of the ordinary strength as used commercially, or rather as it *ought* to be used) is mixed with carbonate of soda (dissolved in a little water), in the proportion of 100 grains of the acid to 85 of the carbonate, the double result is, the disengagement of carbonic acid gas, and the formation of salt or muriate of soda in a state of solution. The gas, on being measured, would be found to amount to 98 cubic inches, or would fill a space equal to the calibre of about three imperial pints; and the dry salt, procured by the evaporation of the water, would weigh 60 grains. (To make this explanation of service to practical people, we must point merely to the main results, without dwelling on the minor fruits and phenomena of these chemical combinations. Water, for example, is extensively mixed with the best commercial muriatic acid, and of course affects its powers; but we can only allude here to such of the effects of that commercial muriatic acid as bear *practically* on the present process.) Treated as above, then, 85 grains of carbonate of soda give 60 grains of salt. Accordingly, 386 grains of the carbonate, as will be found by a very simple arithmetical calculation, are required to give 273 grains of salt. Now, as 373 grains of salt, or fully 4½ drachms troy, are requisite for half a peck flour, these stated proportions would give us the exact necessary quantities for making so much bread—and the bread thus made would be essentially wholesome, and sweet as a nut—*provided* that the muriatic acid and carbonate of soda of the shops were always of the strength which they ought to possess, and on which this calculation is founded. But such is *not* the case; and it is necessary, therefore, to render the bread manufactured in this way at all equal and uniform in its quality, that a mode of remedying the inconvenient variations alluded to should be pointed out. Fortunately, that mode is simple and practicable; but, such as it is, the following explanation of it here remedies a defect in the essays and projects of all who have yet turned their attention to the subject. They invariably prescribe to practical parties the use of fixed proportions and quantities. From the uncertain strength of the articles employed, such instructions, if

acted on, must obviously be ruinous to the chances of continued and regular success. The strength of the acid and soda used must always be tested and understood; and happily they can be tested by any one in the easiest way.

All the apparatus necessary is at almost every one's command. It is merely requisite to dissolve a drachm or 60 grains of carbonate of soda in about a gill of cold water in a tumbler; and having weighed 100 grains, or a drachm and two scruples, of muriatic acid into a phial (for which scales and weights are all that is needed), let that muriatic acid be added to the solution by degrees, and even freely, so long as a brisk effervescence continues. When this begins to slacken, the acid must be dropped in very carefully, and a silver spoon, or stirrer of wood or glass, must every now and then be applied, when dampened with the solution, to a piece of *litmus* test-paper—the only out-of-the-way article yet named, and still one easily procured. But even a piece of common coloured cloth—a scrap, say, of an old black coat—will supply the place of the litmus-paper; because, the object being to detect the point at which enough of acid has been added, the passage of that point will instantly be made apparent by a *red stain* when the stirring-rod is applied; and that stain will be seen nearly as well on the cloth as on the paper. When this said point of neutralisation, as it is termed, has been attained to a nicety, the liquid will be found to have the exact taste of a solution of pure salt, which it really is. Indeed, a delicate sense of taste, especially with the advantage of practice, might and will enable parties to dispense with any tests whatever in the case; but it is right, nevertheless, to lay down clear directions. Having thus treated 60 grains of the carbonate of soda with the muriatic acid, or converted the carbonate into a muriate, it will be easy to find out how much of the acid has been expended on this object. In the phial, at first, were 100 grains. Let it be weighed anew, and, if 10 grains are found remaining, then 90 have proved to be necessary for the conversion of 60 grains of the carbonate of soda into the muriate, or common salt. We have thus at command a simple process, which enables us to determine the relative strengths of the muriatic acid and carbonate of soda purchased for bread-making, and the exact proportions in which they must be used. Even where the tests are resorted to, the process deserves to be called *simple*; and much more simple would it be still, where a practised taste could effect everything necessary. But, in reality, the process is not one requiring in all cases to be repeated constantly or even frequently. If a baker buys a quantity of carbonate of soda and muriatic acid, one single testing will tell him the relative proportions in which these must be mixed, and he needs no further inquiry till the store or stock is done. It is only on each trial of new articles that he must anew inform himself of their proportionate strengths.

We have now pointed out the amount of carbonate of soda and muriatic acid required by their junction to *salt* and to *raise* a given quantity of flour; and we have also indicated the mode of so testing these two articles as to prevent mischances from their variable strengths, and render their results uniform. A further illustration will be of service. Half a peck of flour is to be made into bread. The quantity of carbonate of soda here required, as before stated, is 386 grains; and as 60 grains of soda were found, according to the immediately preceding calculation, to neutralise 90 grains of acid, we will find by the rule of proportion the quantity of acid required for the half peck of flour. As 60 gives 90, so does 386 give 579; that is to say, we must add to 386 a half of itself, which is the proportion of the first two figures. Accordingly, 579 grains of acid is the quantity necessary to form 386 grains of the carbonate of soda into 273 grains of the muriate or common salt—or, in other words, to raise and salt half a peck of flour, with acid and soda of the strength computed. Suppose, however, that a specimen of muriatic acid is tried, which proves to be stronger, only 75 grains out of 100 being required in place of 90, we shall say, to neutralise 60 grains of soda. That such is the case will be proved by 25 of the 100 grains remaining in the phial after the

testing experiment in neutralisation has been performed as pointed out. The arrangement of proportions is here still easy. The calculation would then run thus: As 60 gives 75, so does 386 give 482½. The latter number, 482½ grains, would be the required amount of this stronger acid for the half peck of flour. If a whole peck be baked, the quantities but need to be doubled, and so on. Experience and custom would make all this easy, and more especially where baking is conducted on a considerable scale, and the articles used are bought in large quantities. In such cases, as already mentioned, calculations and tests could only be called for at intervals. Besides, such a process as that of repeatedly weighing the acid in a phial might be superseded by marking, with a slip of paper, the exact level at which the liquid stood on a first careful weighing. Till the stock was changed this mark would serve the purpose. A marked *minim* measure, such as druggists use, would do still better. But if even with all these facilities, the testing of the acid and soda should be found inconvenient, any respectable chemist will readily perform the experiment if desired; and all then required is, to purchase a smaller or larger store of the ingredients, taking care to use them to the last in proportions corresponding with the strength originally indicated.

It was already mentioned, that we here used the term grains merely for convenience, and that ounce or pound might have been employed as well, the only matter of importance being attention to the preservation of *relative* proportions. It may be noticed, however, that the avoirdupois ounce contains 487½ grains, and the pound 7000; while the troy ounce contains 480 grains and the pound 5760. The quantities before named in grains can easily be calculated in ounces or pounds and their fractions.

Where a perfectly neutral bread is not desired, by using equal weights and measures of the acid and the soda no great error can occur. The bread so made will have a slightly alkaline or soda taste, which is frequently held an advantage. If the acid be used in decided excess, however, the bread will have a sourness rendering it uneatable. In all cases where the process now laid down is followed, one rule should be observed strictly; and that is, to mix together the flour and soda in the first place most intimately. This may be best done by passing them several times together through a baker's sieve. Unless this rule is attended to, the bread when baked will not have a uniform hue. Yellow spots will appear here and there, indicating an excess of the soda, while other parts necessarily will have a superfluity of the acid.

We may repeat, in conclusion, that while we have here given directions so minute that the most inexperienced private housekeepers, we imagine, may adopt the new bread-making process with perfect success, a great deal even of the seeming nicety of the various parts of the process described would certainly disappear were it habitually followed by practical men in the baking trade. Experience tells them now how to overcome for the most part all the difficulties, great as they are, of the fermenting process; and experience would soon tell them how to guide themselves easily through all the incomparably smaller difficulties of bread-making without fermentation. By private parties the new process may be tried alike easily and usefully in the case of dumplings for table.

LITERATURE OF THE SCOTTISH BAR.

NO. I.—LORD PATRICK ROBERTSON.

LOCKHART, in his 'Matthew Wald,' makes a shrewd remark to the following effect—that whilst the clergyman sees, in exaggeration, the *best*, and the lawyer the *worst* features of human character, the doctor sees the *real*. He alone obtains a true view of men, for in his presence they are not tempted to a conscious display of greater virtue than they possess, nor to an unconscious manifestation of greater moral obliquity than commonly marks them, and he is privileged to notice and study them in their everyday lights and shades. His profession does not evoke the hypocrisy of goodness which greets the clergy when they

make a call; nor does it tend to develop and harden the many repulsive forms of injustice with which lawyers become conversant and on which they practise. On his appearance, he does not find faces lengthening themselves as if they were yard-measures of the Ten Commandments, nor contracting themselves and wrinkling as if they were legal quirks and snares; but they simply wear their own natural expression. When he enters, a large Bible will not be ostentatiously open on the table, as it would be in expectation of a clerical visit; neither will he behold the disagreeable indications of a wish to gain by all means a cause, be it right or wrong, with which a lawyer is but too familiar. The medical man sees the character of his patients, as the pastor does not that of his people, nor the advocate that of his clients, for he has not to pierce through the elaborate assumption, and annihilate the various parade of goodness, or to make an exact allowance for the casual predominance of evil—evil which litigation is sure to excite irregularly and to excess.

Lockhart's observation is not more shrewd than it is correct, and the fact might easily be traced to its principles. But how does it happen that the doctor, having the best opportunities of acquainting himself with the realities of character in men and women, should so very seldom have put these into a *literary form*, whilst, strangely enough, at the same time, both the clergyman and the lawyer, with the serious disadvantages to which we have referred, have become distinguished artists? Is it because realities are tame, unromantic, and incapable of being set in interesting sketches, or of being embodied in fine poetry? Does a true insight into human character paralyse the functions of literature, and must we be deceived about men and women ere we can portray them? Be the cause what it may, it is certain that doctors have contributed little—almost nothing—to literature, so exclusively loyal have they been to Esculapius. They would not acknowledge John Keats as a brother, though he stood in an apothecary's shop, for he was also the author of 'Endymion.' Whatever valuable services they may have rendered to human life, they have at least given no representation of that life; and they have even originated a resurrection-system without a 'flourish of trumpets.' The world might have been nothing save a large hospital and mankind a race of patients. They have strictly kept to their own profession and have chosen no other subject than the human body. Neither by poetry nor prose have they sought to

* Minister to a mind diseased,

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the full bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart,'

for mental health and vigour have been beyond their care. We do not know a learned class out of which have sprung so few cultivators of, or at least contributors to, literature.

On the other hand, clergymen, and especially lawyers, have, in spite of the heavy and unremitting labours of their proper calling, devoted themselves to all the different departments of British literature. We propose to direct attention to a few eminent authors belonging to the legal profession, and shall preface our first sketch, that of Lord Patrick Robertson, with a few additional remarks bearing directly upon the short series intended.

During the last forty years many lawyers have been distinguished as literary men. The ENGLISH BAR can boast of Talfourd, who has found leisure to produce some classic tragedies, and is understood to have written largely for various periodicals; of Warren, whose fictions, published originally in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' have excited general interest and admiration; and of a far greater man than either of the two just mentioned, Bailey, the author of 'Festus,' a poem, which by competent judges has been pronounced the masterpiece of the present generation. The IRISH BAR can boast of Shiel, whose genius has shone forth more fully in his dramas, tales, and sketches, than in his speeches either as an advocate or a senator. We might also name several young aspirants to the bar, at

the head of whom is Duffy, who promise to gain literary honours if they could but discard the extravagant and factious politics of 'Young Ireland' and sing of other themes than a Parliament in College Green. Apart from the spirit of hatred for the 'Saxon,' which is breathed in the lays of Duffy, many of them are more than equal to the finest of our Jacobite songs, or the most plaintive of Moore's Melodies, though the pervading sentiment of a sort of sexual love for Ireland is evidently borrowed, and, besides, is far inferior to the manly patriotism which glows in the lyrics of Robert Burns, when he refers to Scotia, his 'auld respektit mither.' It is noticeable that English and Irish barristers have but recently, and that not very widely, given themselves to literature. We cannot speak of this happy era as being forty years old with them, though we can truly affirm that it is so in the case of their SCOTTISH brethren, for the lawyers of our own country have not only surpassed those of the two sister-lands in point of devotion to and success in literature, and been a far more numerous band, but their labours, also, have been much more ancient. For well nigh half a century, our poetry, fiction, criticism, and philosophy have been produced by those who occupied situations in the Civil Courts of Edinburgh, or at least had been trained for these. Sir Walter Scott, Mr Lockhart, Professor Wilson, Sir William Hamilton, and Lords Brougham, Campbell, and Jeffrey, where can these be matched? and they are not names of yesterday, though they are still present and influential with us. Burn the works of these men, and what a sad blank you would make even in British literature; whilst in destroying all that English and Irish lawyers have ever written, you would not cause a perceptible loss, and the calamity would scarcely amount to a provincial one in the world of letters. To be sure, if from the fact that Dickens was once a clerk in a court of police, you were to include his productions in the small heap to be swept away, you would take a source of amusement from our nation and a few others; many thousands throughout the limits of civilisation would cry 'Alas, poor Yorick!' circulating libraries would become dull, and smart youths would receive no fresh importation of clever slang into their conversation; yet whilst all men would regret the vanished chapters of fun, and say 'we could have better spared a better man,' the glory of our literature would not be much diminished—the illumination-candles and fantastic fireworks of a merry night in the city would be extinguished, but the grand luminaries of the sky would still remain. Our readers, on a moment's reflection, will acknowledge that we are advancing no absurd or extravagant claims for the superiority of the Scottish Bar in this most important respect.

How has such a strange yet old concatenation of *scribes and lawyers* been effected? For some time previous, there had been in Scotland a signal revival of literature through Ramsay and Burns; and the personal introduction of these poets, especially of the last, to the Edinburgh circles of fashion, in which lawyers moved, must have tended strongly to imbue them with a more poetic taste than was to be inspired from dry parchments and dull records. By and by, young men of education and talent, with enough of leisure on their hands as barristers, gave those energies to literature which were not immediately required or tasked in the practice of their own profession. Scott had few causes to plead, and, without laying aside his gown, he took to minstrelsy until the bard's mantle concealed his legal garb. Jeffrey's ambition was not satisfied with the brilliant success of his forensic efforts, and he sought and gained equal celebrity as a critic. When Brougham wanted clients, he volunteered to the reading public discussions upon science, politics, and the whole range of the fine arts. The example and fame of these men could not fail to give a bias and impulse to their cotemporaries, and especially to their juniors. Wilson and Lockhart, fresh from the studies and honours of Oxford, began to make a noise as literary men, and they joined the bar. A new school of poetry had been opened; the 'Edinburgh Review' and 'Blackwood's Magazine' had been started and maintained by lawyers; and was it likely that influences which

told mightily upon the whole country would have no effect upon the very class within which they had originated and by which almost exclusively they were fed? We cannot conceive of more potent causes being at work to foster and bring out the literature of our Scottish lawyers, and therefore we do not wonder at the result. Some, doubtless (and among these perhaps Lord Robertson should be numbered), were prevented from engaging in the labours and courting the honours of literature by the fear that thus they might alienate future clients, for these too generally had an absurd prejudice against such lawyers as did not confine themselves to the legal profession. Sir Walter Scott declares that then 'a barrister, who really possessed any turn for lighter literature, was at as much pains to conceal it as if it had in reality been something to be ashamed of; and I could mention more than one instance in which literature and science have suffered much less that jurisprudence might be enriched. The goddess Themis is, at Edinburgh and I suppose everywhere else, of a peculiarly jealous disposition. She sternly demands from her votaries, not only that real duty be carefully attended to and discharged, but that a certain air of business shall be observed even in the midst of total idleness. It is prudent, if not absolutely necessary, in a young barrister to appear completely engrossed by his profession; however destitute of employment he may in reality be, he ought to preserve, if possible, the appearance of full occupation. He should therefore seem perpetually engaged among his law-papers, dusting them as it were.' Mr Patrick Robertson seems to have exemplified the sagacity of these remarks; and, verily, his far-famed humour in itself was enough to detract from the demure gravity and the profound absorption in law which procure clients and multiply briefs and fees, without still more damaging his reputation and darkening his prospects by literary studies and enterprises. As soon as he was upon the judicial bench, however, and free to disregard weak prejudices, he became an author.

It is easy to see that literature must exercise a salutary influence upon law. Not only does it refine and elevate the taste of legal functionaries, but, also, whilst it abates the rigour of the *forms* of justice, it brings out and maintains more fully the *spirit* of justice. By enlarging and quickening the sense and sympathies of humanity, it tends materially, on the one hand, to preserve society from outrages; and, on the other, to guard culprits against an extreme severity of sentence, and to accommodate the punishment more exactly to all the circumstances of the crime, for it is not abstract or uniform crime which the law has to recognise and deal with. Justice, within which there is the heart of humanity, becomes more swift to prosecute and yet more slow to judge. Yet it may be said that literature has often furnished very strange moral verdicts, and, therefore, that its influence upon law is extremely questionable, if not positively bad. For example, in Ainsworth's 'Jack Sheppard' admiration for that atrocious villain and his associates is excited, a regret is communicated that he did not escape the arm of the law, and the direct tendency of the whole novel is to traverse and counteract all the ends of jurisprudence. Some of the works of Dickens and Bulwer are similarly obnoxious, and if their spirit were largely infused into society and its legal protectors, there would be far more crimes and fewer punishments. Now, if these books furnished real specimens of the moral verdicts of literature, we should be compelled to pronounce emphatically that literature is a bane to law, and that the two should for ever be divorced; but they are *not* specimens.

The public had no idea that Lord Robertson would ever become a contributor of poetry, though his extensive acquaintance and genuine sympathies with literature and the fine arts were well known. They had witnessed no signs that for years he had been swelling with a Pythonic inspiration which kept him voiceless—that he had been labouring under a prophetic burden which his lips in vain sought to utter. No, no; the boisterous, jovial, and witty Patrick betrayed no symptoms that the divine gift was

accumulating within him, possessing him, mastering him, in painful silence, ere he was ready for oracles. Who could have mistaken the hearty wag for a bard, unable throughout youth, manhood, and maturity to express his life-tale, and quivering like the broken pulses of a song too full, too deep? The stillness of poetry within him did not appear to be caused by its over-presence, but by its complete absence. If he be a poet now, he is in the strictest sense a *new creature*. Nothing less than supernatural power would convert a fifty years' humourist into a poet. We know well that wit and imagination are most closely allied, but it is a very peculiar modification of the first, and a very strong predominance of the last, which form the elements of the poetic nature; and there was no ground for suspecting that Lord Robertson was endowed with this mental economy. Thomas Hood's case was altogether different, for his imagination was developed before his wit, and his 'Comic Annuals' were preceded by his serious poems. It could, we think, be easily established that where there are the faculties of imagination and wit, the imagination is the first to manifest itself. Dickens began with humour, and it requires small foresight to declare that he will never display a lofty imagination. Hitherto all his attempts to be poetic, either in his descriptions or reflections, are miserable failures. A poet is, potentially at least, a wit; but the converse is not true that a wit is a poet. Let the earliest blossoms or the first fruits of genius be examined, and they will show imagination rather than wit. Now, so far as the muses were concerned, Lord Robertson was an old and confirmed bachelor, and people never apprehended that when he was invested with the dignity of the judicial bench he would begin a flirtation much less a serious wooing of them. But before noticing him as a poet, we must speak of him as a man and an advocate.

Lord Robertson's appearance is considerably of the Falstaff order, and he has an exuberant corporation to support the dignity of the bench. It would require the tape of Puck to 'girdle' this thick folio of the law. He is far from being like a piece of dingy, shrivelled, and moth-eaten parchment, for he is fresh and fat as his own jokes. Take a side-view of him, from the neck downwards, and he presents the shape of a P, the initial of his own Christian name. His large and ruddy face radiates comedy and farce through the dew of copious perspiration. When we have gazed on other occupants of the bench, so thin and pale, we have thought of *abstract* justice brought out into faint and delicate yet venerable personifications; but his lordship conveys no such unearthly idea. What a contrast does he exhibit, both in feature and form, to the small and attenuated but exceedingly viracious person of Jeffrey! Yet, corpulent as Lord Robertson is, his temperament is not in the least lymphatic, for his overgrown bulk is brisk—almost mercurial—with energy both physical and mental, and we should dread his blow as well as his fall. If there be not the calmness of high intellect resting on his face to prove him to be a great man, even in the midst of a sound sleep, yet there is all its agitation, its action, coming ever and anon to the surface to quicken the otherwise heavy features. His intellectual character could not be brought out in a statue, for that would only give a configuration of solid flesh petrified into marble; but it could be strikingly exhibited in a painting. To have seen him as counsel plodding, would have effectually removed the impression left by a glance cast upon his massive appearance in repose. All indications of indolence were away, the clay was living and impassioned, and whatever faults might be found in his oratory, it was perfectly free from tameness or coldness. His declamation was tempestuous in its ideas, articulation, and pantomime; his narrative of facts had the raciness and interest of felicitous anecdote; and his jokes rolled out from sides more easy than he allowed his audience to keep. The most dry legal discussions which he presented to the court he took care should be washed down with floods of fun. The 'learned friend' who conducted the case against him was pretty sure of an unmerciful quizzing, and prepared himself for

the trying pillory like a very unsteady martyr. He was overwhelmed with no fierce invective, he was pierced with no keen sarcasm, he was 'nailed' by no pithy argument, but he was caught in a storm of boisterous humour, and held down by a merry imp not the less tricky and mischievous because he was large as an elephant. Or to change the simile, if any of our readers are familiar with the Scotch penalty (now obsolete it is to be hoped) of '*riding the stang*,' that was the ludicrous yet painful mode of punishment which Patrick's opponent was destined to receive in full measure.

As an advocate, Lord Robertson might be called a *Scotch O'Connell*, being possessed largely of the Irishman's power of demolishing the plea of the opposite counsel, of soothing or torturing a witness, and of cajoling a jury, but deficient in the quick and potent witchery of pathos by which O'Connell could gain a verdict. Let not his lordship's admirers imagine that we are degrading and underrating him when we compare him with O'Connell, for in the judgment of men who belong to all political parties, O'Connell, for general qualifications as a barrister, was unrivalled. When he appeared, many years ago, before the House of Lords, as counsel in some very important and difficult case of a disputed will, Lord Chancellor Eldon could not conceal his admiration of the knowledge, the dexterity, the ease, and yet the commanding power which were displayed by the man whom he had hitherto regarded as only a sharp attorney and a crafty and vulgar declaimer; he even forgot his proprieties, and with his fists on the bench drummed approbation; and though remarkable for his common inattention to the pleadings urged before him, he sat completely fascinated, and eagerly caught each word; and Lord Brougham, no very favourable critic of the 'demagogue,' records the fact, that all who 'heard the argument admitted it to be a masterpiece.' Upon a jury, O'Connell's pathos is declared to have been irresistible, and we readily believe it. As an instance of how simple yet subtle and fine this quality of his speaking was, we may repeat the first sentence which he uttered to the vast multitude which had accompanied him to his house in Dublin on his release from prison. Stepping out upon the balcony, he said, '*So you are glad to see me at home again.*' No rhetorical combination of words could have matched that brief appeal to the excited feelings of the crowd, and we have heard it quoted by a competent judge as one of the master-touches of oratorical genius. It is a pity that the barrister should have been so much mixed up with the politician that men cannot be calm and unprejudiced in describing the characteristics of his eloquence. Lord Robertson, with comparatively little of O'Connell's pathos, has much of his genial humour and legal knowledge and tact. His is, indisputably, a more severe and correct taste, which avoids the extravagances natural to O'Connell both as an Irishman and an individual; though in this respect Lord Robertson is decidedly inferior to Lord Jeffrey, all of whose speeches at the bar, even when unpremeditated, were classic and polished as compositions, his rapid voice unconsciously adjusting and smoothing every sentence, as his hand would have done in the leisure of writing. Lord Robertson's language, though not invariably felicitous, is uniformly choice, and gives at all times a proper if not a symmetrical incarnation of his ideas. Frequently the connexion in which he introduces a quotation of poetry invests the lines, however serious or sublime they may have been originally, with an exquisite air of parody. The quickness, too, with which he passes from the grave to the gay, or from the stern to the playful mood, is quite electric on his audience. In this respect, he may again be compared with O'Connell, who, three years ago, in the Dublin Exchange, gave a specimen which has certainly never been surpassed. The Irish orator struck a very solemn key on starting, and declared that being an old man he must soon appear before God in judgment. A hearer very kindly cried out, 'Och! why should you be afraid? Yer honor's life has been a good one.' O'Connell, clasping his hands together and looking up reverently, said, 'Oh, may that great God say so!' and

immediately added, pointing to the man who had interrupted him, '*and may you hold your tongue!*'

Lord Robertson's voice is stentorian—rather indeed like a voice at a large and jovial dinner-party, than a piercing and mysterious voice in the wilderness. It is both fitted for setting the table in a roar and for impassioned declamation. It can equally well discourse farce or tragedy. No speech which he makes, whether at the bar or elsewhere, can be called common-place, and never is it a failure through tameness of delivery. Some years back, in the trial of the Glasgow cotton-spinners, he distinguished himself by a most admirable defence of the prisoners, and immediately after this tragedy he was engaged in a further trial of a few students, who had been apprehended at parties in a snow-ball riot, which had occurred that winter. Lord Robertson was their counsel, and he kept the court convulsed with laughter at the petty judicial case which, instead of being thrown out summarily, had lasted a whole week. Most ludicrous was his description of the attack made by the mob and the police upon the students which ended in inglorious flight. He represented them taking farewell of the academic groves, within which they had met with severe blows—'Adieu! they cried, and wave their *lily hands!*'

Since his elevation to the bench, he has very properly remitted in public all the fun with which he previously abounded. Some entertained doubts as to whether he would maintain due gravity and decorum, and expected that, occasionally, his wit would flash forth, and cause a pleasant interruption to the prosing statements and arguments of counsel pleading before him; but he sits a patient and demure fixture, until the moment for judgment arrives. We may add to this part of the sketch, that he has the reputation of great conversational powers, and frequent and keen has been the encounter of wit between him and Professor Wilson. There are more jokes of his floating among the circles of society in Edinburgh, than there are of all his fellow-citizens put together. One of his reputed jokes of a practical kind, is very amusing, and worthy of more than a local currency. Through legal business, he has become acquainted with a retired spirit-merchant, who has made a considerable fortune, and who was now ambitious of an introduction to higher circles of society than he had been accessible to him from his shop-door. Patrick Robertson was the *Beau Brummell* to whom he looked for the favour; but the advocate scarcely felt himself at liberty to take up such a case, though several jolly feasts had been given as fees, and many direct petitions had been urged. He was afraid that the worthy man's appearance, which was marked a little by the vulgarity of wealth, would astonish the *élite*, and that his conversation about 'pipes' and 'dozens,' if not even about 'pints' and 'gills,' would have a disagreeable flavour amid literary or fashionable gossip, and he was reluctant to lead forth the new lion. The merchant, however, was importunate to be admitted to those tables, where, of old, his wines had been honoured to circulate. Patrick's procrastination, which might easily have been construed into a polite 'Nay, nay,' only made his client more troublesome. One morning, at length, he wag communicated the good news that he would take him to a splendid entertainment in the evening. The hour came, and Patrick, arm in arm with his pompous and elated friend, who now felt that this was the crisis of his existence, was ushered into the receiving-room—the jolly voice of the former announcing the latter, amid great sensation, to the hostess, host, and guests, as Count Cackorvick (cask of whisky). For a short time very marked and grateful attentions were shown to the reputed *Pinkie nobleman* (what's in a name, indeed!), but, alas! his speech and manners soon 'bewrayed' him, and the spirit-merchant returned home grievously mortified, and it is to be hoped, profitably corrected and admonished. The anecdote authenticates itself.

But we come now to speak of Lord Robertson as a literary man. His early and close associates at the bar and in private life, could not fail to give a stimulus to his mind in that direction. Scott, Jeffrey, Wilson, and Lockhart

were enough to fire him with ambition. We believe, indeed, that if the writings of these men had been exclusively or principally serious, and not been liberally mixed with all the ingredients of wit, humour, and drollery, their influence upon him would not have been great. But the 'Waverley Novels' and the 'Noctes' of 'Blackwood' abounded with the richest essence of excitement to him. From a passage in Lockhart's 'Life of Scott,' it may be inferred that Lord Robertson assisted in preparing the many Tory squibs which exploded monthly in 'Blackwood,' with brilliant mischief. By the by, the casual notice taken of him in that 'Life' is familiar and unreverent enough. Indeed, the biographer, with his quiet and sly humour, makes all Scott's contemporaries look more or less ridiculous. Byron's deformed foot is more prominently shown than is Sir Walter's. The subject of our sketch occasionally figures as 'Peter,' and 'Peter o' the painsh' (paunch). It would have been as seemly had these jokes been left out, especially when it is known that the biographer did not afterwards decline being indebted to 'Peter' for overhauling the large pamphlet entitled 'The Ballantyne Humburg Handled,' and of modifying considerably its offensive matter. We conceive, however, that the publication of Sir Walter Scott's Life has acted as a stimulus to the literary propensities of Lord Robertson. This circumstance taken in connexion with his elevation to the bench, when he was privileged with greater leisure, and could disregard the very prevalent reluctance to employ an advocate who may devote much of his time to literature, must have strengthened, if it did not originate, the resolution to seek honours as an author.

What kind of production might have been expected from him? Not surely a volume of fragments of sentimental poetry, 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.' The public would not have been surprised had chapters of rich humour been laid before them. How gladly they would have welcomed THIS 'Parnassus' Letters to his Kinsfolk,' upon the men and things of the age! He would have proved himself mentally, as he is physically, a *corpulent Horace*, altogether unctuous with fun. The fabulous 'Peter,' informed as he was with Lockhart's satire, is nothing to what the real 'Peter' would have been. The former is but a clever quiz, with a quick eye for surface-comicalities, and a glib tongue for rehearsing them, and a sufficient capacity in the features of his face for sneers—as a by-play; but the latter would have been a laughing philosopher, with wisdom in the attractive guise of mirth. The old yet genial wag of an advocate would have defied all comparison with the smart and piquant Lockhart, just fresh from Oxford. It is a pity that Jerrold, Dickens, Thackeray, and Beckett, far inferior as they are in humour to the subject of our sketch, should have been allowed by him to monopolise the trade of public amusement. He could easily throw off chapters of fun, which all the elaboration of these writers would fail to match. We are aware that spoken wit derives much of its effect from the manner and occasion; but Lord Robertson's jokes indicate a faculty which could produce a telling and lengthy composition. In dialogue, after the style of the 'Noctes,' he would have stood by the side of Wilson—a place which no other living man is qualified to take and hold. In familiar epistles, he could have been the mirror of all the oddities of the age. Or had he, like Lord Brougham, furnished sketches of his eminent contemporaries and predecessors, how admirable would they have been! How he would have flurried over a description of the famous John Clerk—Lord Eldon! The jokes of the living and the dead lawyer would have made a rare dish of entertainment. But Lord Robertson is wilful and perverse, and would not gratify the desires and expectations of the public. They have piped unto him, and he will not dance; they have called for fun, and he gives them plaintive and sentimental rhymes; they sought the bubbling and sparkling streams of comedy, and lo! these are turned into the blood of tragedy. But worse than all this disappointment, he plainly demonstrates that he does not know where his strength lies, for he has left departments of literature in

which he would have been unrivalled, for others where he will never rise above mediocrity. We regret exceedingly that he has assumed the poetic character, for it is not native to him, and it will never be pervaded by his own energy, do what he will. Let him rhyme on through twenty volumes, and he will not give much less leave, any impression of himself. Some influential friend should honestly tell his lordship what every literary man keeps whispering—that his poems are 'naught,' and that he has sadly mistaken his function.

When Lord Robertson published serious blank verse, he took Edinburgh by surprise, fully as much as if he had become a drummer-boy to some regiment—in which case the 'pains' would have had a strange and rather formidable appearance. He gave an account of a tour to Italy, and people were astonished that, with his corpulency, he had become wildly locomotive; but far more astonished were they that the account should be in mystic 'leaves'—as if the Sybil had acted as his clerk. When a poet appears for his first trial, we picture to ourselves a pale and sensitive youth trembling before the public, and especially before the critics; and, certainly, somewhat of the ludicrous is excited, when a stout and elderly judge, long famous for his thousand jests, descends from the bench to begin a fervent courtship of the muse, and doffs his wig that he may be crowned with laurels. We are led to recall the scene, where the huge and overgrown Gibbon prostrated himself, in love's worship, at the feet of a lady, who, alas! was obliged to procure assistance to lift him up again. And, verily, it would take all the nine muses to lift up Lord Patrick Robertson.

(To be concluded in next Number.)

TOM BENSON'S NOTES.

A BRUSH WITH A PIRATE.

It matters not why I went to sea, and it is almost as immaterial to say when, but to sea I did go like many foolish lads, and like the majority of those who have been guilty of the same folly I have paid for it. It is true that I have seen the world, but I have also felt it, and the one advantage has been more than overbalanced by the counter accident. I know the temperature of the waters of Cape Horn, and my body has had several experiences of the indurate character of the rocks of Penguin Island. I have crossed the line in a fever, and have sailed from Pernambuco to Havre upon nothing but salt rations, although loaded with a full cargo of scurvy; I have felt the edge of a New Orleans bowie-knife, and I have had my pocket picked on the Rialta of Lisbon; I have been bled for pleurisy in Liverpool, and I have had a tooth extracted in Canton; I have knocked down a lazy lascar in Calcutta, and I have been knocked down by an Irishman's shillelah on the quay of Dublin. The alternations of climate and aspect are familiar to me, from the wild luxuriance of the palm clad shores of Cuba to the bare and gloomy promontories of Terra del Fuego. I have been in the California hide trade, where work was more familiar than eatable junk, and I have packed spices in Batavia while cholera was creeping into the bedchambers of the proudest mynheers in the island; and, lastly, I have been rated carpenter, and have worn a stripe, on board of a man-of-war. I have always managed to keep myself in burgo, and to be passably rigged, but the savings of eighteen years are either in Davy Jones's locker or clinking in the purse of old Isaac Solomons in Liverpool, and all that is chalked up on my side of the log, after a lifetime of toil and danger, is a few pages of experiences.

When I was a boy at school, I used to read of a Greek called Alcibiades, who was blessed with a wonderful aptitude for adaptation. I have often thought since that time that he must have been a sailor, and I have no doubt that, if I had time to study his history in the original, I should find that he had often grasped a clewline. I have always been remarkable myself for a certain facility of adaptation, which has been of infinite advantage to me. When cast away on the shores of Patagonia, and con-

strained to live on penguins' livers, I shipped a good cargo of fat while my companions sickened and died, poor fellows. I was esteemed by all the Portuguese loafers in Pernambuco, from having merely muttered the word *aquedante* and thrown a few rials among them, and with the French-Canadians I was once likely to have been made a leader of rebellion from giving a few cuts in the air with a walking-stick, and grimacing. I felt quite at home, then, when after shipping my tool-chest and slop-box, and examining the den which was dignified with the name of my cabin, I went on deck in order to become visually acquainted with the men with whom I was to sojourn on the deep for the three succeeding years. The United States frigate Ohio was one of the most beautiful and handy crafts that ever sailor reefed topsail on board of, and as she lay in the bay, with the sunbeams streaming over her clean brightly painted hull and tall symmetrical spars, veined and arteried by span new cordage, and her pure white sails reefed and tightly brailed to the yards, I thought that the good folks of Boston might well come dancing round her in their gigs and yachts and seem loathe to leave her. There was a smile on the face of the commander, as he cast his little grey eyes over every part of the vessel, that denoted perfect satisfaction, and it seemed quite evident that he was wondering what the foreign captains would think when he came amongst them, with his taut and peerless frigate. There had been considerable handsome Yankee frigates in the Mediterranean already, it is true, but the Ohio hadn't been, and all creation could not fix her no how. The beautiful trim of our really gallant bark made my duties easy; it is true that the lieutenants were always having alterations in their berths, which my mates executed, and as I had nothing to do 'aloft,' and just about as little 'alow,' I spent my time, while crossing the Atlantic, principally in tattooing the 'greenhorns' and teaching the 'reefers' sword play. My superior intelligence (pardon, gentle reader) and my excellence at handling a cutlass, were the means of ingratiating me with the officers, and although the fat burly old commander would familiarly call me 'Chips,' and rate me soundly when he saw fit, yet, from the first lieutenant to the junior mid, I was always called Benson or Mr Benson, and treated with something like respect. Our crew of four hundred sturdy fellows was composed of all maritime nations, and it was nothing rare to hear Danish, Dutch, and French, together with English, talked in the same mess. It is wonderful how powerful the principle of affinity is on board a ship; we were not three days at sea until Scotchman had discovered Scot, the Connemara fisherman clasped hands with an old Mayo wrecker, and a Rotterdam boatman had found a countryman in a weatherbeaten tar of Nantucket whose father belonged to the Hague. Friendships were soon contracted, and the Babel that might have been anticipated from such a seemingly incongruous assemblage of men was quickly transmuted into a concatenation of clubs.

We began our cruise in the Mediterranean on the 14th of May, 184—, having passed the commodore's inspection at Gibraltar on the 13th, and landed a little bustling official called consul beneath the yawning embrasures of the impregnable pillars of Hercules. Captain Van Worres seemed to consider it the principal part of his duty, for the first few weeks of European service, merely to visit the ports of the Mediterranean and show off his frigate. We gazed upon the towers of Algiers and the minarets of Tunis and Barca, and exchanged salutes with the crack crafts of England and France. Many of our shipmates felt for the first time the effects of the enervating sirocco, and learned to speculate on carpentry, by contrasting our frigate with the feluccas which crawled like snakes along the Moorish coast, with their patched particoloured swallow-tailed sails, and their cargoes of fish and corn; and I now gazed for the first time upon the flames of Stromboli, which sailors call the lighthouse of the Mediterranean, and feasted my eyes on the magnificent scenery of the bay of Naples. They say that a Newcastle grindstone and a Scotchman are all over the world, and I think they may

add a consul, for we never visited a port but the 'old man' manned his gig and pulled ashore to have a talk with one of them longhore gentry. It was after a parley with the American consul at Naples, that old Van Worres came on board with a nor-wester in his fat cheeks, a thunder-storm in his gaze, and lightning in his eyes. The capstan was shortly after manned, and we stood out to sea, and then it began to circulate amongst the officers and crew that a merchant brig, called the Ann Bradshaw, of Boston, had been boarded by a pirate schooner, on her passage from Smyrna, and her crew murdered; the daring buccaneers plying their trade with impunity on account of the weakness of the Greek and Turkish marines, and their knowledge of the hiding-places in the Archipelago.

The old man had riled up considerable when he had been informed of this circumstance; the flag of his country had been dishonoured, and the malevolent might by implication construe this outrage to his disadvantage, so that from patriotic and personal considerations, two most important ones to a citizen of our free republic, he felt very wolfish, and stumped along the quarter-deck like a large jar full of lightning. Every ship we hailed added to his ire, for it had something to say concerning the buccaneers; one had passed within a few knots of a Levantine trader, running large before the wind, and rocking like a Mississippi dugout in the trough of the sea, without a hand to guide her; a Greek prow had seen the keel of a large ship two days after leaving Yanina for Corinth; and a steamer from the Black Sea informed us, that a low, black-hulled, thievish-looking schooner had kept in her wake during a whole night, but finding that she carried carronades and a strong crew she had reluctantly sheered off. All the information we received only tended to quicken the appetites of our captain, and to heighten the anxiety of all on board; and assuredly the beauty and trim of our frigate were soon sacrificed to considerations of capture. Every disguise that paint and ingenuity could devise was laid upon our floating home, and bales and the other adjuncts of a merchantman were piled upon the deck. We entered in this trim the classic *Ægean*, and passed, on our seeming mission of peace, many of the arid and rocky isles that dot its sunny waters, but neither pirate nor sleepy Greek seemed to notice us. I had seen the famous island of Lemnos, and the calcareous shores of Antiparos, and had looked for the twentieth time on the gorgeous sunset of the Mediterranean, but all other causes for excitement were now dying away, and I turned into my berth with perfect indifference as we left the waters of the Archipelago for the green shores of its mother sea.

'Wheep, wheep, wheep—thump, thump, thump! Turn out, you lubbers—tumble up, tumble up!'

In an instant the dull hold was full of active men. The long deep breathing and sonorous snoring which a moment before had alone broken the silence below, was now exchanged for the hurried exclamations of men, who thrust themselves rapidly into their garments and scrambled up the companion-ladders as thick as bees. The night was one of the most magnificently beautiful I had seen in any latitude. The full moon was smiling aloft like a new dollar, and the distant shores to leeward loomed in distinct outlines. When the men had taken their stations, and I had got fixed in the starboard chains, I soon perceived the cause of our turn out. On the quarter-deck, and surrounded by marines, stood a group of picturesque-looking men, whom I took to be Greek sailors, until I perceived that their hands were bound, and that they maintained a dogged silence to the interrogatory of the captain. 'You are in the wrong craft, my messmates,' said I, as I became alive to their character, and at last discovered a low black-hulled schooner, whose spars and rigging were jiggling to the tune of the long carronade which was ever and anon brought to bear on her as she was running on a dead track before our gallant ship. She did not forget to return our salutes, however, but kept answering our shot in a manner that kept me and my mates in active employment for hours. I believe that old Van Worres could have pistolled the boat's-crew we had captured himself, as they

grimly smiled at our protracted chase, and calmly and confidently contemplated the fate of their craft, which they seemed certain would escape, despite the condition of her rigging, which prevented her from rapidly tacking, and the manifest disadvantage she had in position. She had neither the creeks nor the rocky caverns of Scio to afford an asylum for her crew now, and the bulldogs of England kept too good watch for her safety by the Ionian shores.

Nine days and nights we followed in her wake without changing our relative positions, until at last we brought her to in the Bay of Tunis, where the loss of her mainmast and a dead calm held her as firmly to her station as ever the best bower anchor on a muddy bottom could have done.

'Boards away!' shouted the old commander, in a voice that he had been keeping up for the last nine days, as if he intended to give it nine voices' power at last; and the sound had scarcely left his lips when the officers were at their stations in the boats, and the crews tumbling into them armed to the teeth.

My station was in the chains, and all that I could do was to gaze upon the prize and bite my lips to cool the excitement which I insensibly felt agitating every nerve in my frame. There is a fascination in adventurous danger which those who have never felt it can hardly estimate. My comrades were taking their positions in the barge which the first lieutenant commanded, and he, with a flushed cheek and beaming eye, was giving his orders with a calmness that almost maddened me, as I hung from the ship's side holding on by the chains and looking into the boat at my feet which was soon to push off, leaving me to excited inaction. I believe that Mr Bates saw the struggle of my feelings in my face, and was unable to resist the appeal which my eyes made when they met his, for, without apparent thought, he exclaimed, 'Tumble in, Benson,' and in less than a minute I was beside him armed only with a cutlass, and the barge, in company with six other boats, was pulling towards the schooner. Ah! she was an ugly alligator-looking thing, with her low dark hull and her black tapering spars, and every man felt it would be a work of retributive justice to raze her wicked proportions to the keel. Every boat had her allotted quarter by which to board, and our Rhode Island coxswain had hardly fixed his boat-hook in her larboard bow, when I, all impatience, clambered up her side, with the first lieutenant and his sea-dogs at my back. It was the work of a moment to throw my left leg over the bulwark and to gather myself together for the leap on her deck, but before I had time to execute this preliminary manoeuvre a pistol-bullet had grazed my skull, my awkward guard was beaten down by a fierce-eyed black-bearded pirate, and I fell forward insensible as the yells of my infuriated comrades died on my ears.

When I recovered from my stupor and opened my eyes, the first impulse that actuated me was to spring to my feet, but I seemed to be battered to the deck by some superincumbent weight, from which a warm fluid was welling and soaking into my clothes. By an almost expiring effort I managed to throw the burden off my shoulders and stagger to my feet, when the corpse of the fellow who had cut me down and the slashed and torn hat I had worn met my view at the same moment, recalling me to thought and action. Our people had driven the enemy forward, and both were plying the work of death with furious energy. The bodies of several already strewed the deck, and the blood was gushing out of the lee-scuppers and tinging the peaceful waters of the bay. I did not moralise then, however, for battle is not the place in which morality may germinate. I felt thirsty for water, but as that I could not have I grew wolfish for blood. Only three boats' crews had yet boarded, and as there was still a great disparity in numbers to our disadvantage, the fight was protracted with the expiring fury of despairing tigers. I rushed madly forward amongst our men, and, shouting furiously, singled out a foe.

I stand six feet one in my stockings, and was reckoned

dent of my man; but I found the blood which was flowing from my head into my left eye and down my cheek was likely to deprive me of seeing either Anapolis or Baltimore again. My antagonist made his cutlass whisk about my ears like a streak of lightning, and as it hissed like a serpent with the rapidity of its motion, I believed it charged with poison, as I parried each stroke and slowly retired before the scoundrel who so gallantly wielded it. 'Good-by, Tom Benson,' I muttered, as my back struck the capstan and further retreat was vain, 'this rascal will soon finish you now.' Determined to defend myself to the last, I continued to ward off his furious blows, until with a gush of hope and joy I remarked that his strokes began to fall less thick and far more feebly than at first. I made a feint, he threw up his guard, and my anxieties for my safety were soon dispelled. I was scarcely freed from my antagonist when the remaining boats' crews threw themselves over the starboard bulwark and rushed shouting forward, but they were only in time to behold some of the pirates throw themselves into the sea, while about forty threw down their arms and squatted in a circle on the bloody deck.

I have seldom looked upon a band of so heartless-looking men. They wore white peaked caps, with the black skull and cross-bones, like a phylactery, in front, and their beards and moustaches were of unusual length in all except one lad, who looked with a longing, sorrowful expression at our first lieutenant, which subsequent events taught me to comprehend too well. Their wide white trousers were bound round their waists by red sashes, and their striped shirts hung in shipshape, loosely and gracefully from their shoulders.

'Which of you is commander here?' said Mr Bates, in a stern voice; but his eye rolled round the silent circle without eliciting an answer. The same question was put in French and received in silence. 'Here, Diego,' he shouted to one of our crew, whose fine form and graceful head and neck were an honour to his Andalusian race, 'ask these rascals in Spanish to point out their chief.'

The young man obeyed with no better success than his officer, whose lip at last began to curl with angry impatience, and he turned to our Rhode Island coxswain, exclaiming, 'Pattison!'

'Ay, ay, sir,' said the cool hardy New-Englander.

'Cock your pistol and put it to this man's ear,' and he singled out the largest and fiercest-looking of the band; 'and if he or any man moves shoot him.'

'Ay, ay,' was the ready response to the murderous mandate, and the lieutenant, accompanied by myself and several of the crew, went below to overhaul.

We found specie and rich merchandise to a large amount, and, what seemed strange to me, a canary-bird in the cabin. Ladies' apparel lay about in sundry places, and the multitudinous and diverse articles which were baled and stored in coffers too well attested the character of our capture. Everything of value was shortly transferred to the frigate, and the prisoners and their vessel conveyed to Cadiz, where they were delivered up to the civil authorities. The youth whom I had previously observed, on coming on board the frigate, declared himself to be a Scotchman, a native of Glasgow, named McLean, and that to save his life he had joined the pirates only a month before, when they had boarded his ship on her way to Smyrna. But, alas! the hour of reparation was past: he had been taken in arms and had maintained an unavailing silence when questioned by our lieutenant, and he too I saw suspended on a pole on the beach within high-water mark, that mariners might behold him as they passed—a warning against piracy.

Should it concern the reader to know more of my history, there remains little to be added, except that, though still comparatively a young man, with a hulk nothing the better for the shivering which it has undergone, I have managed to get spliced, and although still retaining a partiality for sea-port towns, and a glimpse through a telescope at the craft nobly breasting the 'deep blue sea,'

for the time lost on the raging deep, I am now lending a hand in the transport of land-lubbers from one portion of the kingdom to another. I have heard many a yarn, but from having, unfortunately for myself, been always fonder of acting than speaking, I never could do anything in the spinning of one, and in the foregoing narrative have confined myself to what actually occurred.

TRANSMISSION OF HERITABLE PROPERTY.

'Bot or they cam half gate to *concludendum*,
The fiend ane plack was left for to defend him;
Thus they postponed me twa year with their train,
Syne, *hodie ad octo*, bade me come again;
And then thir rooks they roupt wond'rous fast,
For sentence, silver, they cryit at last;
Of *pronunciandum* they made me wonder fain,
Bot I gat never my gude gray mare again.

Sir David Lyndsay.

NEVER was a more graphic picture drawn of the 'law's delay' and the ultimate consequences of litigation, than that above quoted, from the pen of our first Scottish reformer. Many an unhappy litigant, not only in that worthy's time, but long before it, and down to the present day, has experienced the same result, and we fear hundreds are still likely to run into the meshes of the same net, so long as the 'glorious uncertainty' exists, affording equal hope to both right and wrong. 'Show me the man, and I'll show you a decision,' was once given as a compendium of Scottish jurisprudence; and how far it still remains so, despite all the acts and amendments that have since been passed, forms a question better fitted for the members of a debating society to exercise their ingenuity upon, than for present speculation. To attack broadly the subject of law reform were a labour for a Hercules, and to such we leave it. We can only meddle with the outposts; and to one of these, indicated in our title, now exciting considerable attention in the country, we will devote a few words.

The wheels of the car of legal reform have been so long now deeply wedged in the rubbish of successive years, heaped on with the good intention, no doubt, of levelling the road, but only fastening it the more securely, that moving it is a doubtful question at best. Any kind of reform men can obtain and have obtained, but that which touches on the interests of the brethren of the gown, however desirable or beneficial it may appear. Here now, for these many hundred years, have old forms, relating to usages long gone by, extinct, for ever buried, been gone through in transmitting house and land from one man to another, and men obliged to pay for an unmeaning farce about six times more than there was any necessity for. Doubtless all these forms, originating in feudalism, had a use at one period in our history. How far back the origin of them may be traced can scarcely be well ascertained. From Germany, where feudalism originally was founded, probably about the sixth or seventh century, Scotland seems to have received the system in the reign of Malcolm M'Kenneth about the commencement of the seventh century; from which time, upwards to the sixteenth century, it flourished in a congenial soil. Originally fens were granted by a superior—a chief or noble—to his vassals, in consideration of military service done, or obligation to undertake certain duties, such as furnishing so many soldiers when called on, or maintaining a certain retinue. Afterwards services of a civil or religious character were conjoined or substituted as the superior saw proper; and ultimately they were all dispensed with, and a yearly sum of money or quantity of grain became payable in lieu. In what are termed blanch holdings, the service resolved itself into a simple acknowledgment of the superior's right, or a nominal rent, as the payment of a penny Scots, grinding grain at a particular mill, a pair of spurs, or a rose. These recognitions of service, and real services, were specified in the charter which the vassal received from the superior, who might be the crown, any noble, or chief. As the good old days wherein might constituted right passed away, border lairds and Highland chiefs were shorn of their power; and instead of the English being considered 'our

natural enemies,' such an idea, at least its enforcement, whether in regard to the southern's cattle or person, became a crime and punishable as such. Feudalism also now passed into a mere name, but the remembrance of it was vividly retained, and still is in all our conveyances of heritable property; in fact, it has merely changed hands from the chief to the lawyer; instead of the tax being paid to the superior, it is now paid to the man of tape and parchment, in the shape of a formidable account for incomprehensible clauses and unmeaning verbiage. Of these clauses there are in any ordinary disposition some four or five immediately or remotely connected with feudalism, extending over as many pages; and besides these a separate deed, originating in the same source—we mean a sasine—is essential to complete investiture. Without it a title is worth nothing, according to the highest authority—that is, unless an additional five or six pounds have been paid by a purchaser of a house to obtain *symbolic* possession, he has no real possession! When our nobility and landholders were better acquainted with the sword than the pen, and acted on the doctrine of a little learning being a dangerous thing, by having nothing at all to do with such a commodity, it was absolutely necessary there should be some palpable recognition of a vassal's tenure. This was done by both parties proceeding to the lands in question, and delivery being there given to the vassal of earth and stone in presence of witnesses, as symbols of his right. But as the practice was not always convenient, the superior devolved the power of doing so on his bailie, who gave such possession in his master's name. When a written title superseded the more primitive one, this practice was not abandoned, but the forms were retained and duly recorded in the sasine, and have continued in operation down to the year 1846, when an act was introduced to dispense with the delivery on the lands of the symbols, but not with the sasine. Surely the car is difficult to drag!

After all this preamble, not altogether unnecessary we hope, we may as well come to the point we had in view—Why should not the transfer of property be ranked as a mere ordinary mercantile transaction? Let us consider the distinction between the two in a more familiar light. John Smith, merchant, goes into the market and buys a hundred pounds worth of iron, of tea, of shares. He pays the sum, obtains a receipt, or gives his bill for the amount, and the bargain is settled. No further dispute or doubt can reasonably be expected to arise, nor ever does in ordinary cases. His neighbour, Thomas Brown, an honest, plodding artisan, has, by dint of long industry and saving of 'fool's pennies,' accumulated a hundred and fifty pounds, safe lodged in the savings bank. But many an anxious thought has that hundred and fifty pounds cost Thomas and his 'helpmeet'; many a scheme for its investment has been resolved and re-resolved upon between them, and abandoned in hope of something better. An idea strikes Thomas—he'll buy a house—he'll be a laird—he knows of a small cottage for sale with a little bit of ground attached, and has heard the price named as the amount of his savings. Forthwith he opens up his scheme to Janet, and depicts in such glowing colours the advantages of 'having a house o' their ain—nae rent to pay—being looked up to as abune the commonality, and able forbye to leave the steadin' an' cottage nane the waur o' them, but a hantle better maybe, to the bairns,' that Janet consents, and after a long curtain dialogue upon the advantages of the plan, both fall asleep—Thomas to dream of vast heritable territories and letters bearing Thomas Brown, Esq.; and Janet of innumerable silk gowns, brass plates on the ha' door with their name engraved thereon, and lady visitors in swarms. Next morning Thomas remembers that the sale of the place is intrusted to Mr. Margin the writer, and this reflection does not in the least sweeten his coffee or give additional appetite for his roll. He has heard so much traditionally of the wiles of the craft, that he looks upon a lawyer's chamber as a sort of moral charybdis, out of which escape with a full purse is impracticable. Taking courage, however, seeing that a visit is absolutely necessary if he must purchase the cottage, he

puts on his best coat and steps down to the office of the agent. Faintly he knocks at the door, scarce more loudly than his own heart against his ribs—hears a voice, ‘Come in, sir’—walks in timidly—inquires for Mr Margin at an important-looking official, and is ushered into a room where, presiding genius over a long range of green-painted tin boxes and piles of dusty papers, sits the agent. The lawyer at a glance knows his man—long practice enables him to read a client’s message in his face. With an official smile he exclaims—

‘Fine morning, Mr Brown—very fine. Sit down—pray, take a seat. How is Mrs B. and family? Hope they’re well?’

Thomas replies, and, the ice-broken, details his business.

‘Capital little house,’ says Mr Margin, drawing his chair closer to his client; ‘a neat, snug little place; everything in the best of order. Quite a bargain, Mr B.—worth more than double the money. Feet is, unless the present owner had been very hard pressed for cash, it would never have been in the market at that price. Buy it, I say, and you will have reason to congratulate yourself on the purchase.’

‘But,’ inquires Thomas, with genuine Scotch prudence, ‘can ye gi’e me ony idea o’ the expenses? There’ll be a bit deed required, I reckon?’

‘Oh, expense!—never mind that just now.’

‘I—but—I maun heed it. Just gi’e me a rough guess, will ye?’

‘Well, let me see. Say fifteen pounds, or so. It’s never great on such a trifling matter. We can’t tell within a few shillings what it may be.’

‘Fifteen pounds!’ echoes Thomas, in amazement; ‘for what, sir?’

‘You see you require a disposition, the mere stamp for which will amount to a couple of pounds; then you must be infert; the sasine requires a stamp, and must be recorded—and that costs something; and, besides, you must obtain a charter from the superior.’

‘Aih, man, that’s a heap o’ papers an’ siller! Could we no do wi’ the disposition?’

‘No, no! Your title would be worth nothing.’

Thomas ponders much over the matter. He departs, however; consults Janet; but both having previously made up their mind to have the house, they will not be disappointed, and he forthwith concludes the purchase, and pays the expenses by borrowing from a neighbour or two. He gets a disposition which he cannot understand—the cottage may as well belong to another man for anything he can make out of it; an instrument of sasine, repeating exactly the same story; and a charter, which positively sets forth that the property is not his, but belongs to a superior, notwithstanding the hundred and fifty pounds having been paid.

Why should this difference subsist between the purchases of John Smith and Thomas Brown? Why should a hundred pounds worth of iron cost that sum, and a hundred pounds worth of land nearly twenty more? Simply because, in the latter case, a man cannot ‘call his own his own’ till a number of absurd, senseless ceremonies and forms have been gone through, and recorded in ink—forms for which the last three centuries have seen no use; nay, so far from being of use, they have been the cause of a thousand litigations, ending in ruin. Were these relics of old barbarism dispensed with, as we hope they will soon be, a working man could, by saving fifty pounds, become proprietor of his own house, property would pass freely from hand to hand, and loans or advances would be made on the security of small tenements, which the enormous expense of doing so at present prevents. What is to hinder this? Nothing but the removal of these absurd clauses. Take them away. A purchaser could obtain a disposition narrating that he had paid so much to the seller and in lieu obtained right to the property, which could shortly be described, and that followed by simple reference to the other clauses usually succeeding, and attested by witnesses, is all that is necessary—a thing of

four pages instead of fourteen. This recorded would form a title as sound, lasting, and unquestionable, as if extending over the usual size and followed by a sasine of equal length, and would cost only about a seventh of the price. Not only, by such an improvement, would transference of property be greatly facilitated, but law agents would find their craft, instead of being endangered, benefited; for, by placing it on an equal footing with other mercantile transactions, sales of heritable property would become, instead of a rarity, and often a difficulty, a matter of daily and hourly occurrence. We rejoice that this is about to be attempted—that the car will get one other pull. Bills for effecting to a certain extent what we have above contended for, are about to be introduced by the Lord Advocate. With no ordinary degree of pleasure do we look forward to this effort as to one that will prove a permanent benefit to society. Even though the proposed amendments carry the matter little farther than half way, we hail them as an earnest of better things coming. The struggle has been long a doubtful one in effecting even this, between those who originated the movement and the maintainers of the good old plan. The thanks of every mercantile man—of every industrious artisan—even of the limbs of the law—are due to our enterprising countryman, Robert Wallace of Kelly, to whom we cannot, in conclusion, but pay this passing tribute, for the manly and intrepid manner in which he has so long fought for the abolition of these old and absurd forms, which placed an almost insurmountable barrier in the way of thousands of our industrious population ever acquiring heritable property.

THE NATIONAL CYCLOPÆDIA OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.*

This is another addition to the many cheap, valuable, and elevating works which Mr Knight has patriotically given to the British public. We say patriotically, because his issues have generally been more of an experimental than of a certain character. Unlike some modern popular publishers who have grown plethoric and wealthy by swimming with the tide of public taste, he has always endeavoured to elevate and cultivate the popular appetite by presenting it with works of a solid and superior character. The idea of a Penny Cyclopædia, which originated with Mr Knight, was as hazardous and grand as it was novel, and the spirit with which it has been accomplished shows that no surreptitious desire to become wealthy actuated the daring publisher. There is not a department of literature which Mr Knight has not entered with the desire of opening it up to the people. Science stripped of its scholastic technicalities and obscurities, and rendered as delightful as instructive, he has presented to the masses in weekly pennyworths; while works on biography, history, agriculture, art, and all other useful branches of knowledge, have been sent to the fireside of the peasant and artisan, to be their companions and instructors, at a rate more moderate than the companionship of an ale flagon for a few hours would be. The Penny Cyclopædia was intended to supply a great desideratum in our national literature, namely, a source of universal knowledge and reference for the people. The nature and extent of the arrangements to complete a design so stupendous, and at the same time original, carried the aggregate work beyond the pecuniary limits at first intended, thus making it only purchasable by the middle class and better paid working-men. In reference to this subject Mr Knight says—‘What the Penny Cyclopædia failed in doing with reference to the great body of the people, can now be accomplished, with an absolute certainty, by the proprietor of that work. He can produce, by a careful condensation of its vast materials, with the addition of all progressive information that the lapse of time demands, a Cyclopædia for the nation, of the most extensive interest and utility.’

The National Cyclopædia, it will be seen, is thus a condensation of the Penny Cyclopædia; at the same time it is not a meagre, dry, mere dictionary. The articles, though necessarily short in many cases, are nevertheless complete and excellent, and admirably answer the intention of the spirited publisher to make this a book of reference. The cheapness of the work renders it procurable by even the youngest apprentice-boy; and we believe that there is not a publication better calculated to supply the want of those more elaborated and minute treatises upon the sciences which price and profundity render unavailable for popular instruction. No young man who has a taste for reading, or to whom knowledge in some department of thought or action is essentially necessary, should be without the National Cyclopædia, and no parent could provide a better general library for his children. We have a strong sympathy with Mr Charles Knight, because we recognise in his publications not the mere merchandise of the speculator or trader, but the high moral purpose of the instructor and literary guide. Some men can and do render even trade exalted, by the purpose which actuates them in embarking in it, and Mr Knight has done much to rescue the cheap periodical literature of London from the contempt which in many instances it deserves. He is a leader of the public mind as well as a publisher, and we trust that his efforts in the first and nobler calling will not detract from the profits of the subsidiary but essentially requisite one. The National Cyclopædia is beautifully printed and interspersed with woodcut illustrations, and its cheapness is amazing, each part, containing about 130 pages in double columns, being offered for a shilling. We extract the following biography of the ill-fated Major André as a specimen of the execution of the work:

'John André appears to have been a native of London, and to have been born in 1751. In 1769 he met at Buxton Miss Honora Sneyd, and the consequence was an immediate attachment, which became one of remarkable devotedness on his part, and which would seem to have been also returned by the lady. Her friends, however, interfered, and she was induced not only to discontinue her correspondence with André, but some years after to give her hand to another. Meanwhile André had become a clerk in a commercial house in London. But on receiving intelligence of Miss Sneyd's marriage to Mr Lovell Edgeworth, he determined to quit both his profession and his country, and, having procured a commission in the army, he proceeded with his regiment to North America, then the seat of war between Great Britain and her colonies. In this new field of enterprise his talents and accomplishments soon raised him to distinction; and he attained the rank of major, with the appointment of adjutant-general to the North American army. In the summer of 1780 Major André was with the troops which occupied the town of New York under the command of General Sir Henry Clinton, when the infamous Arnold, who had been intrusted by Washington with the important position of West Point on the Hudson, about 60 miles above New York, sent over to the British commander his proposals for delivering that fortress into his hands—a scheme which, if it had succeeded, might not improbably have put an end to the war. On Arnold's overtures being accepted, André was appointed to conduct the negotiation with him. While executing this commission he was taken prisoner, and notwithstanding the exertions of General Clinton and others in his favour, he was executed as a spy at Tappan, on the 2d of October, 1782. A monument was erected to his memory, at the public expense, in Westminster Abbey. To his last moment André had cherished the hopeless passion which had driven him from his country and his early pursuits. In a letter written after his capture, which has been printed, he states that when he was stripped of everything, he had concealed the picture of Honora Sneyd in his mouth. This lady, although it does not appear that he had been informed of the event, had died of consumption only a few months before. This unfortunate officer was a person of cultivated mind and elegant accomplishments. He excelled in painting and music,

and was also no despicable writer of verse. His humorous poem entitled the 'Cow-Chase,' which appeared in three successive portions at New York, in 1780, the last being published on the very day on which the author was taken prisoner, is a production of decided talent. It is in the style of Cowper's 'John Gilpin,' which celebrated poem was not written till some years later.'

The subjoined account of the renowned Council of Areopagus at Athens will further show that, though condensed, the articles are neither meagre nor uninteresting: 'The Council of Areopagus is so called from the hill of that name, on which its sessions were held; it was also called the Council Above, to distinguish it from the Council of Five Hundred, whose place of meeting was in a lower part of Athens, called the Ceramicus. Its authentic history commences with the age of Solon, who so completely reformed its constitution that he received, as Plutarch says, from most authors the title of its founder. The council was composed of the archons of the year and those who had borne the office of archon. The latter became members for life; but before their admission they were subjected to a rigid scrutiny into their conduct in office and their morals. It is probable that the accounts which limit the number of the members are applicable only to an earlier period of its existence. Modern histories of this council do not commonly give the actual archons a seat in it. They are, however, placed there by Lysias the orator. ('Areop.' p. 110, 16-20.) As a court of justice, the Areopagus had direct cognizance of the more serious crimes, such as murder. It exercised a certain control over the ordinary courts, and was the guardian generally of the laws and religion. It interfered, on some occasions, with the immediate administration of the government, and at all times inspected the conduct of the public functionaries. But in the exercise of its duties as public censor for the preservation of order and decency, it had very great powers. By the regulations of Solon, the archons were chosen from the highest of the four classes into which he had divided the citizens, and of the archons the Council of Areopagus was formed. This permanent body, which possessed a general control over the state, was composed of men of the highest rank, and doubtless in considerable proportion of Eupatridæ, or nobles by blood. The strength of the democracy lay in the *ecclesia*, or popular assembly, and in the ordinary courts of justice, of which the *dikasts*, or jurors, were taken indiscriminately from the citizens; and the Council of Areopagus exercised authority directly or indirectly over both. The tendency of this institution to be a check on the popular part of that mixed government of Solon is noticed by Aristotle. ('Polit.' ii. 9, and v. 3, ed. Schneid.) The council, from its restoration by Solon to the time of Pericles, seems to have remained untouched by any direct interference with its constitution. But during that interval the election of the chief magistrates by suffrage was exchanged for appointment by lot, and the highest offices of state were thrown open to all the people. About B.C. 459, Pericles abridged the authority of the council, and broke its power. (Aristotle, 'Polit.' ii. 9; Diodorus, xi. 77.) Plutarch, who has told us more than others ('Cim.' c. 15; 'Pericel.' c. 7), says only that he removed from its cognizance the greater part of those causes which had previously come before it in its judicial character, and that, by transferring the control over the ordinary courts of law immediately to the people, he subjected the state to an unmixed democracy. Among the causes withdrawn from its cognizance, those of murder were not included. Pericles was struggling for power by the favour of the people, and it was his policy to increase the business of the popular courts, by which he conciliated his friends and strengthened their hands. The council possessed originally some authority in matters of finance, and the appropriation of the revenue. In later times the popular assembly had the full control of the revenue, and the administration of it was in the hands of the popular council, the senate of Five Hundred. It seems that at first the Areopagites were invested with an irresponsible authority. Afterwards they were obliged,

with other public functionaries, to render an account of their administration to the people. (*Æschines*, 'Contr. Ctes.' p. 56, 30.) Both these changes may with some probability be attributed to Pericles. After all, the council retained a large portion of its former dignity and very extensive powers. The change operated by Pericles seems to have consisted principally in this: from having exercised independent and paramount authority, it was made subordinate to the *ecclesia*. The *Areopagites* exercised some power similar to the Roman censorship. It is said that they paid domiciliary visits, for the purpose of checking extravagant housekeeping; that they called on any citizen at their discretion to account for the employment of his time (*Plutarch*, 'Sol.' c. 23), and the like. Athens, in the prosperity which she enjoyed during the last fifty years before the Peloponnesian war, might have tolerated the existence, but certainly not the general activity, of such an inquisition. In the time of *Isocrates*, when the scrutiny had ceased or become a dead letter, and profligacy was no bar to admission into the council, the moral influence of the *Areopagus* was still an effectual restraint on the conduct of its own members. (*Isocrates*, 'Areop.' p. 147.) Under the Romans it retained some formal authority, and *Cicero* applied for and obtained a decree of the council, requesting *Cratippus*, the philosopher, to sojourn at Athens and instruct the youth. (*Plutarch*, 'Cic.' c. 24.) Some commentators on the New Testament have placed *St Paul* as a defendant at the bar of the *Areopagus*, on the strength of a passage in the Acts of the Apostles (xvii. 19). The apostle was indeed taken by the inquisitive Athenians to the hill, and there required to expound and defend his new doctrines for the entertainment of his auditors; but in the narrative of *Luke* there is no hint of an arraignment and trial.

CLASSES: IN RELATION TO MODERN TENDENCIES.

I. THE WORKING CLASSES.

No appellation is more partial and un-descriptive of our artisans and manual labourers than the one placed above—the one commonly in use. It can scarcely mislead any body now, as its defects are pretty generally felt, and it has acquired a technical meaning, differing from its common and also from its historical one in some essential respects. But its origin is worthy of being noted, as it throws light both on the times which are long ago past, and on the changes characteristic of the present era. The title of 'working classes' obviously points to a period when the distinction between upper and lower ranks was more sharply defined than it is now—when man, as man, was less respected, and birth gave law to dignities—when one part of society was supposed to have been created to be the drudge of the other—when, in short, personal worth was less esteemed than the accidents of rank, wealth, and the pomp of office. We could suppose the term to have originated as naturally from the governed as from the governors of social life—from the lords of humanity as from its servants; equally, indeed, from both. On the one hand, the claims of the aristocracy were never put forth modestly, and as if they existed only by courtesy or convention. Quite otherwise. The right to the highest seat was asserted by them as a mere matter of course, following as inevitably from the constitution of society as did ever any deduction from the most indisputable premises, while the position of those below as workers seemed fixed by the same law; one class, the enjoyers, implying another class, the ministers to enjoyment. On the other hand, the working classes may be conceived to have applied this epithet to themselves, either from acquiescence in it as descriptive of their end and purpose in society, namely, to work, or from a spirit of silent, half-conscious glorying in their condition as the workers, a title discriminating them from the idlers, the triflers, the pampered children of society, whose claims were to be allowed from a principle of charity, just as you would help the lame over a stream which they were obliged to ford. From whichever side, however, the appellation may be imagined

to have originated, it bears the evident characters of a time which has given place to one essentially different. No longer is the workman recognised as a serf, doomed to sow what another shall reap; not now is he an appendage, a mere convenience, the means to an end, without a name or habitation in history. In his person, work has asserted its own dignity. The workman has been insensibly stealing upon the privileged classes; not so much by intentional effort as by the principle of improvement which providence appears to inweave with every exercise of virtuous labour. Toil and fruit are being less and less frequently seen in divorce. Worthy of his hire, the labourer is receiving it; and through it is entering more adequately than before into the joys and privileges of the society which he contributes to form and elevate.

But if the term 'working classes' now fails to describe the condition of the artisan and the labourer, viewed in relation to the upper ranks, it equally fails in another way, by implying that none but the artisan and labourer work; that the honest clergyman, the man of literature, the artist, the poet, the legislator, and the judge, whatever they do, and however valuable their services may be, are not workers, as if work with the hands were the only thing which could rightly be called work. The possibility of mentioning this defect without taking any one by surprise is an indication of our age. At one time no man was ambitious to rank among the workers who could obtain a recognised place in society that brought safety and respect without a species of labour which seemed servile. Now the case is very different. Work is honourable, and claims to esteem are now more often than before made to rest on services performed. The truth is, that all are labourers who are useful to society—who are doing what it is their function to do, whether it be running errands, or ploughing the fields, or making shoes, or writing poems, or preaching the invisible world and the message of reconciliation, making laws or administering them; whatever it be that any one is doing, if it be his to do it, and if he be doing it rightly, he is a workman. Not the aristocracy even are excluded from this grand humanitarian extension of the word's meaning, if they are working well as legislators and proprietors of land. Nobody, indeed, can be forbidden to appropriate the epithet, provided he be doing something for his meat, drink, and protection. True and great thoughts and sweet sentiments, uttered by the voice or in writing, are as real work as the raising of crops, or the manufacture of a knife, a chair, or a spade. Nevertheless, for the sake of distinction, or from some more arbitrary cause, artisans and common labourers are yet designated by the epithet the 'working classes'; and it is in this sense that we are to speak in the present article of the working classes in relation to those tendencies characteristic of the times which are now passing.

Change, we said in our introductory paper, is the most remarkable feature of modern times; not change for its own sake, threatening a violent revolution, but a shaking among all classes, as if to throw themselves loose for some great effort towards improvement in material, social, and spiritual respects. A dim presentiment of progress seems to have possessed one and all, although the shapes which it has assumed have varied with the circumstances of different parties. The position of the working classes at the period when their condition began to be elevated has not only given a direction to their efforts, but has essentially regulated the forms through which these at first and subsequently have developed themselves. The idea which may be said to have animated them was, that up to that time they had been the victims of society; that they had the toil without the profits of labour; and that they had within them the means of self-improvement, entitling them to a larger share of the prizes of life than had before then been suffered to fall to their lot. A notion of this kind, so true historically, and justified by comparing their resources with the small result which flowed to them, naturally placed them in an attitude of hostility to other classes; they felt that they had hitherto been degraded below their legitimate level, and that self-help alone would achieve that

status and those privileges which were imagined to be due to the services which they rendered to the general good. In these circumstances, without education, and with no experience personal or historical suited to the occasion, it was inevitable for them to have recourse to means found eventually valueless for gaining the end, and even dangerous as well as immoral. Physical force, taking the forms of combination, threat, midnight meetings, plots, strikes (accompanied by intimidation to masters and those of themselves who refused to strike with them), was resorted to, leading to insecurity of person and property, and provoking retaliation and summary vengeance. The days of violence, however, have in great measure passed away; and out of this chaos of misdirected energy is rising a moral force, which has peaceably won much already for the working classes, and which must ere long become potent in gaining every good which society has hitherto denied to them. In the relation of the working classes to modern tendencies, this fact ought to be especially noted. We rejoice that the sword is being broken, and the bayonet thrown away in international relations; and no earnest of success in the removal of social and political nuisances out of the path of the artisan and the common labourer is equal to this one, which is found in the substitution of moral for physical force, as a means of elevation and improvement. Force meeting force of the same kind, the weaker must yield to the stronger; but moral force opposed to physical is eventually omnipotent. In consequence of this change on the part of the working classes themselves, public sympathy has of late years been much more freely extended towards them. The rights of labour have been eloquently discussed by men not in any sense dependent on the result. Prejudices which existed against a greater equality of political power, owing to the turbulence and disorganising tendencies of the working classes at the commencement of their agitation in behalf of privileges, are now disappearing, owing to their personal culture and the higher aims characteristic of their efforts.

In connexion with this alteration for the better, there is, as the product of it, an attempt on the part of the working classes to unite in themselves the functions of masters and servants, of employers and employed, by means of co-operative associations, through which the profits, instead of going to enrich a single individual, are shared by all who contribute to their production. No plan for changing the relations of classes, and for giving the labouring people a greater freedom of condition and action seems more consonant to the claims of existing rights than this one when wisely and religiously pursued. It subverts no institution; it withdraws not a halfpenny from its lawful possessor; it only asks, hitherto has labour been for the benefit and aggrandisement of the few, but hereafter it must reward the many. Morality and social order are preserved, while yet the prospect of a greater equality of blessings seems to be held out by this method. Attempts to realise it have been already made, at various times, in our own country, on the Continent, and in America. All of them have succeeded to admiration, except those which set out upon a wrong moral and religious basis. In every case, the non-recognition of a spiritual world and of the sanctions of divine revelation, in one or other of its forms, will cause the most hopeful schemes to prove abortive; and this has been the fate of all attempts which have rested on an infidel basis, or have failed to make a distinct recognition of Christianity. But where the foundation is sound, and the plans are carried into effect, not so much to accumulate material comforts on the principle of eating and drinking as to-morrow we die, but to secure as much of these as is requisite for realising the higher purposes of life, they are certain to succeed; hitherto they have prospered, although far from being perfect in their development. Experiments have furnished experience; defects, formerly unavoidable, need no longer have a place in the arrangements; capital and labour could have their equal rights allowed, without yielding to extravagances in any one direction. Great attention is being given at present to this subject by those more directly occupied with the condition of the working

classes; nor is amelioration by some such plan by any means hopeless; on the contrary, it seems capable of being estimated in its kind and degree with considerable certainty. One result, obvious at the first glance, would be an immediate increase of personal independence, and along with it the development of those higher virtues to whose manifestation independence commonly furnishes incentive. Courage, self-respect, a purer sense of responsibility, more elevated aims in the belief of a more glorious destiny, and, in general, a better social and political morality would be possible under an administration such as that to which we have alluded.

A symptom more promising even than those already mentioned, is the frequent recognition among the working classes of self-culture as a result valuable for its own sake, and to be sought apart from any view to the subordinate purposes which it may indirectly serve. The evidence of this is the more liberal manner in which they are educating themselves; literature and the arts are receiving more of their attention; lectures are instituted, through which they may come into immediate contact with the best minds of the country; periodicals, aiming to combine the more elegant enjoyments of taste and imagination with the ordinary matters of social interest, are supported cheerfully by them. All this is full of promise; more especially as there were great temptations to seek a class education. At first the danger was lest they should use education merely as a means to overthrow the antagonist powers by which they had been oppressed. Mental culture is soon observed to be an arsenal of weapons, capable of being used or abused as the case may be. Too readily do men turn their faculties when developed to the accomplishment of some by-end; material wants become clamorous for gratification, and it is more easy to gratify than to resist them; revenge seeks an outlet and grasps power, not in order to exercise it beneficently, but for the purpose of punishing past offenders. In the circumstances of the working classes, when individual improvement had fitted them for seeing their true place, and also for creating and availing themselves of the means for rectifying their condition, there were peculiar temptations to wield the forces thus supplied them in getting an exchange of power, not a share of it. Surmounting this low view, although there is quite enough yet of class feeling among the working population, they are aiming to realise personal development as an end; education is prized for its own sake, as indeed the noblest species of work; the understanding and imagination are made to assist each other, the one by giving truth and profundity to opinion, the other grace and emotion.

So far, then, all is hope and promise, and so far we hail the relations of the working classes to modern tendencies with joy and satisfaction. If, however, any source of anxiety exists with reference to the working classes, it is in their less perfect manifestation of the religious element than of the intellectual and the merely social and political. Manual employment, though in itself most harmless, is yet apt in some circumstances to induce a certain material habit of thought, more especially if skill and art mix in the work of the hands. It might be impossible, perhaps, to satisfy many minds of the truth of this remark; nor could the evidence be easily furnished to any one, however disposed to entertain and examine it. As a mere fact, however, it seems beyond any doubt that artisans are more largely developed in the mere intellect than in the reason and conscience. So long as this continues, not only must we deplore it as a melancholy moral blank, but we must regard the education of the working classes as vitally defective. Intuitions, the highest acts of the soul, are impossible if the reason slumber, and the mere understanding busy itself with the elements of experience. The chief glory of this universe must be obscured, and the secret of Providence remain wrapt in mystery, unless the light of heaven reveal the life of God, and disclose our relation to Him in connexion with the grandeur of human destiny. Poor, indeed, is our condition, if in this scene only we have hope; if the few years passed here consummate our existence! Whence and why the presentment of unlimited in-

prement, if time seals our eyes for ever, and the grave affords us an eternal sleep? One thing manifest in the case of the working classes is, that the perfection of their workmanship usually consists in its obvious utility; not in a use which may be eventually proved, but which must authenticate itself by plain and presently intelligible marks. Nothing is suffered to be vague or indefinite; everything is placed beyond dispute. In producing works conformed to these conditions, and in daily examining such, the habit of imagining that all which is true must at once be perspicuous is slowly but certainly induced upon the mind. Applied to human works of skill and design, this test may lead to no serious mistake; for one man is not so far above his neighbours as to invent a work which cannot be explained to those usually conversant with such works. But applied to the creation, and more especially to those transcendent intuitions of God and the invisible world, revealed in Scripture and reflected in the spiritual nature of man, it must be utterly at fault; for there is so great a disproportion between our capacity and its object, that only by degrees, and imperfectly, can we apprehend its character. Faith is not superstition, it is the highest reason; in its mode of affecting us, it essentially resembles the evidence of the senses. We do not question the existence of the sun, because we see and feel it, nor any more is one, who has the perception of an ineffable bond of union on the universe, able to invalidate his belief in the reality of God and of those truths which, by Jesus Christ, God has preached to the world.

It seems to us that the working classes have an opportunity in their power of fulfilling one of the noblest functions which it is permitted to man to accomplish. In adjusting themselves by a truer law to other classes in society, will they do so without committing the very error against which their efforts at self-recovery have been all along a solemn protest? In throwing off the yoke which has been imposed on them, will they, at the same time, refrain from seeking to place a yoke on the neck of others, and aid in elevating their opponents, rather than to mortify and overthrow them? In other words, will they be patriots and cosmopolitans, as well as denizens of a class? The problem here stated remains to be solved by their future history. At present they are getting free, and as yet, generally, have done nothing which forebodes a disposition eventually to tyrannise. But the trial is by no means over. With themselves it rests whether they will aspire to a noble or a base revenge; whether they will be citizens of the world, and give to all the benefit of their experience, or will dwindle into a party, many in number it may be and powerful in resources, but not more truly great than the petty dignities which have historically depressed and opposed them.

INUNDATION OF THE VALLEY OF BAGNE.

The valley of Bagne, long, narrow, unequal in breadth, and confined by high mountains, is situated in the canton of Valais, on the left side of the Rhone, and it is remarked of the simple and industrious race who inhabit it, that for a century past there has not been a punishable crime committed among them, nor even a law-suit. The torrent of the Dranse, issuing from the glacier of Chermontane, at the upper extremity of this valley, forms one of the outlets of that series of glaciers, forty leagues in length, which extend from Mont Blanc to the sources of the Rhone; almost dry in winter, it becomes swollen during the spring, by the melting of the snow. The people of the valley, surprised to see it always so low during the month of April last, and suspecting something extraordinary, ascended to its source, and found that an unusual quantity of ice, fallen from the glacier of Getroz, on Mount Pleureur, blocked up the valley, and that the waters of the Dranse, accumulated behind this dyke, already formed a large lake. Upon their report, the alarm was spread, not only throughout the canton of Valais, but even in Italy; travellers feared to take the route of the Simplon, being

den inundation, which would overflow the whole country. The government sent an engineer, who found that the dyke across the valley was six or seven hundred feet in length, four hundred feet high, and three thousand feet broad at its base; the lake was seven thousand two hundred feet in length, and six hundred in breadth, and had already risen to half the height of the dyke, that is, to two hundred feet. He decided upon opening a gallery through the ice, beginning 54 feet above the actual level, to give himself time to finish the work before the lake rose up to it; its daily increase being from four to five feet, according to the temperature. On the 11th of May he began to work at the two extremities of the gallery; 50 men, relieving each other alternately, laboured night and day, in continual danger of being buried alive in their gallery by some of the avalanches, which fell at short intervals; several were wounded by pieces of ice, others had their feet frozen, and the ice was so hard as to break their tools. But, notwithstanding all these difficulties, the work advanced rapidly. On the 27th of May, a large portion of the dyke rose upwards, with such a frightful noise, that the workmen believed the whole was giving way, and fled precipitately, but soon returned to their labour. This accident happened several times afterwards; some of the floating pieces of ice, to judge from their height out of the water, must have been seventy feet thick beneath the surface. By the 4th of June, the gallery, six hundred and eighty feet long, was completed, but, as it was twenty feet higher in the middle, it was necessary still to level it. The weather had been very cold, and the lake had not yet reached the height of the gallery; the labourers, therefore, continued lowering it till the 13th, when, towards ten at night, the water began to flow through. The lake continued to rise during several hours; but the next day, at five o'clock in the evening, it had fallen one foot; the morning on the 15th, ten feet; the 16th, thirty feet.

At two o'clock on that day, the length of the lake was diminished one thousand nine hundred and fifty feet; for the gallery wearing down as fast as the lake lowered, the water ran freely, but without the Dranse overflowing; and a very few days would have sufficed to drain this great reservoir. Loud explosions, however, announced that large masses of ice were loosened from the dyke by their specific lightness, diminishing its thickness towards the lake, while the current, as it flowed from the gallery, wore away the same barrier on the opposite side, and threatened a sudden rupture. The danger increasing, the engineer sent, from time to time, to warn the inhabitants to be on their guard. As the water began to make its way under the ice, the crisis appeared inevitable, and not far distant. At half-past four in the evening, a terrible explosion announced the breaking up of the dyke; and the waters of the lake rushing through, all at once formed a torrent one hundred feet in depth, which traversed the first eighteen miles in the space of forty minutes, carrying away one hundred and thirty chalets, a whole forest, and an immense quantity of earth and stone. When it reached Bagne, the ruins of all descriptions carried along with it formed a moving mountain three hundred feet high, from which a column of thick vapour arose like the smoke of a great fire. An English traveller, accompanied by a young artist, Mr P. of Lausanne, and a guide, had been visiting the works, and on his return was approaching Bagne, when, turning round by chance, he saw the frightful object just described coming down, the distant noise of which had been lost in the nearer roar of the Dranse; he clapped spurs to his horse to warn his companion, as well as three other travellers who had joined them; all dismounting, scrambled up the mountain precipitately, and arrived in safety beyond the reach of the deluge, which, in an instant, filled the valley beneath; however, Mr P. was no longer to be found; during several hours they believed him lost, but they learned afterwards that his restive mule, turning at the sight of an uprooted tree, perceived all at once a still more threatening sight, and dashing at once up the mountain, had carried him beyond the reach of

From Bagne the inundation reached Martigny, four leagues, in fifty minutes, bearing away in that space thirty-five houses, eight windmills, ninety-five barns, but only nine persons, and very few cattle, most of the inhabitants having been on their guard.

The village of Beauvernier was saved by a projecting rock, which diverted the torrent; it was seen passing like an arrow by the side of the village without touching it, though much higher than the village and the houses. The fragments of rocks and stones were piled before the village, Martigny, entirely covered a vast extent of meadows and fields. Here it was divided, but eighty buildings of this town were destroyed, and many were injured; the streets were filled with trees and rubbish, but only thirty-four persons appear to have lost their lives at Martigny, the inhabitants having retired to the mountains. Below Martigny, the inundation spreading wide, deposited a quantity of slime and mud, so considerable, as it is hoped will redeem an extensive swamp. The Rhone received it by degrees, and at different points, without overflowing, till it reached the lake of Geneva at eleven o'clock at night, and was lost in its vast expanse, having gone over eighteen Swiss leagues in six hours and a half, with a gradually retarded movement. The bridges having been carried away, all intercourse was interrupted, during several days, between the inhabitants of the opposite banks of the Dranse, whose only means of conveying intelligence of their misfortunes to one another was by throwing letters fastened to stones. This is not the first accident of the kind; there are traces of others, and one is supposed to have taken place in the year 1595; a beam in the ceiling of a house at Martigny bears the following initial inscription:—M. O. F. F. 1595, L. Q. B. F. I. P. L. G. D. G., of which the following ingenious explanation was given:—Maurice Olliot fit faire, 1595, lors que Bagne fut inondé par le glacier de Grotz.

It is somewhat remarkable that an old man, ninety-two years of age, saved himself by ascending a mound, supposed to have been formed by the former inundation; the present one pursued him to the summit, where he maintained himself by the aid of a tree, which was not carried away.—*Simmonds' Switzerland.*

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

The most striking instance of self-devotedness in the cause of Christ of which I ever heard, in these days of deadness, I was told of lately, by an English minister. It has never been printed, and therefore I will relate it to you just as I heard it, to stir up our cold hearts, that we may give ourselves to the Lord. The awful disease of leprosy still exists in Africa. Whether it be the same leprosy as that mentioned in the Bible, I do not know; but it is regarded as perfectly incurable, and so infectious that no one dares to come near the leper. In the south of Africa there is a lazaret-house for lepers. It is an immense space, enclosed by a very high wall, and containing fields which lepers cultivate. There is only one entrance, which is strictly guarded. Whenever any one is found with the marks of leprosy upon him, he is brought to this gate and obliged to enter in, never to return. No one who enters in by that awful gate is allowed to come out again! Within this abode of misery there are multitudes of lepers in all stages of disease. Dr Halbeck, a missionary of the Church of England, from the top of a neighbouring hill, saw them at work. He noticed two, particularly, sowing peas in the field. The one had no hands, the other had no feet—these members being wasted away by the disease. The one who wanted the hands was carrying the other who wanted the feet upon his back, and he again carried in his hands the bag of seed, and dropped a pea now and then, which the other pressed into the ground with his foot, and so they managed the work of one man between the two. Ah! how little we know of the misery that is in the world! Such is this prison-house of disease. But you will ask—Who cares for the souls of the hapless inmates? Who will venture in at this gate, never to re-

turn? Who will forsake father and mother, houses and lands, to carry the message of a Saviour to these poor lepers? Two Moravian missionaries, impelled by a divine love for souls, have chosen the lazaret-house as their field of labour. They entered it, never to come out again, and I am told that, as soon as these die, other Moravians are quite ready to fill their places. Ah! my dear friends, may we not blush and be ashamed before God, that we redeemed with the same blood and taught by the same Spirit, should yet be so unlike these men, in vehement heart-consuming love to Jesus and the souls of men!—*M'Cheyne.*

'I WISH I WERE A MAN.'

(For the Instructor.)

They tell me that life's sweetest hours
Are those I now employ,
While yet, in childhood's sunny bowers
I innocence enjoy—
That fleeting time will swiftly chase
The holidays I've now,
And sad, perplexing troubles trace
Deep wrinkles on my brow;
They say my days will be but few—
That human life's a span—
And, though I fear it may be true,
I wish I were a man.

Experience says I'll ne'er know less,
Nor have a smaller share
Of all the ills that life oppress—
Of sorrow, or of care;
It bids my buoyant spirit wake
The music of my voice,
A melody of mirth to make,
While yet I may rejoice,
For ripe maturity is nigh
With many a bitter ban;
And yet I long for future life—
I wish I were a man.

Truth warns me that the prize I seem
So eager to pursue,
Is nothing but a fairy dream,
Too pleasant to be true—
That deep and bliss-betraying snares
Are hid in what I crave,
Which yet may lead my silver'd hairs
With sorrow to the grave—
That blasted hopes my cheek will blanch,
And make me pale and wan;
And yet I into life would launch—
I wish I were a man.

The man of age, whose pensive sighs
My glowing fancies chide,
Whispers that error in disguise
May lead my steps aside;
He tells me to reserve my tears
For times of greater need,
As piercing pangs, in coming years,
May cause my heart to bleed—
That dangers dire life's path beset,
Which yet I cannot scan;
All may be true, I know, and yet
I wish I were a man.

And upward still my hopes aspire,
Forward my musings haste,
Maturer knowledge to acquire,
And sages' lore to taste;
And oft my heart is gladden'd when,
With many a longing sigh,
I think earth's best and greatest men
Were once as young as I.
By their example ever led,
I'll aim at glory's van;
And if I in their footsteps tread
I yet shall be a man.

W. S.

RICHES NO PROOF OF MORAL WORTH.

The glitter of riches often serves to draw attention to the worthlessness of the possessor, as the light emitted by the glow-worm reveals the insect.

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LITERATURE OF THE SCOTTISH BAR.

NO. I.—LORD ROBERTSON.

SECOND NOTICE.

THE age has been demanding the appearance of a new poet. Many foolish and credulous persons have cried out eagerly, 'Lo, here!—lo, there!' but the public very properly and judiciously have not gone out after the novelty. Lord Robertson, we take leave to say, is neither that poet nor his forerunner. He neither is, nor foreshadows, the promised bard; he is neither type nor antitype; and matters just stand where they were. The tallow-candle, surely, is neither the sun nor the morning-star. All his lordship's admirers must grieve that he has chosen the very department of literature for which he was least qualified, and for which, moreover, he had gone through no training, so far as is known; and that his mature years have produced verses which would not have brought fame to his earliest youth. The scenery of Italy must have filled him with pleasant sensations; but these do not constitute a poet. The stirring associations around that renowned land of ancient valour and genius, must have been revived in his mind; but the strings of the harp are not the fingers of the harper. In short, his were just the impressions which every traveller in Italy receives—simply *sensuous and historical* impressions, and not in the least *ideal*, like those of a genuine poet. Need we say how different they are from those which touched the soul of Byron into the melody of 'Childe Harold?' The land of nature, in all its moods and aspects, from the lovely to the terrific, and of man, in all his attitudes of glory, was properly idealised by the noblest pilgrim that ever trod over it, whose presence conjured up, in bright embodiment, the spirits and shades whose incarnation had long been in the tomb, and drew forth in forms most beautiful and various the characteristics of hill and vale, lakes and skies, within his view. The scenery and human dust of Italy were quickened into the life of poetry by his glowing imagination; but Lord Robertson's sight and memory of persons and places are entirely literal and prosaic. How far inferior is the volume to Talfourd's 'Vacation Rambles' in the same tour!

What is poetry? Coleridge's answer is very vague and unsatisfactory—'the best words in the best order;' for what are the best words?—nay, what are the best thoughts? Poetry gives the ideals of objects, and these it discovers by rapid intuition into the nature and functions of objects; and that intuition is almost equivalent to creation. Consciousness is the element of poetry, for all the laws of the universe are written on the mind, and only wait to be illu-

the universe. It is this quick and full responsiveness in the internal to the external which makes a poet. Such a definition could find no illustration in Lord Robertson's verses. It is unnecessary, and we are unwilling, to say more about these 'Leaves,' which do not contain a single poetic gem; whereas, if he had shed his abundant humour over them, they would have been turned and perused by many generations with great delectation. His failure is just such as Jeffrey and Brougham would have made, had they attempted poetry.

We had imagined that this volume of verses was merely the pleasant adventure of an *amateur* who had no pretensions to poetic inspiration and sought nothing like fame; and we meant here to close our critical remarks, with the above gentle remonstrances to his lordship for not taking his recreation in the province of wit—a recreation which would have been the long joy of thousands; but we have been mistaken. Another and a larger volume, entitled 'Gleams of Thought,' has been published, and demands our more particular notice. In a preface of considerable extent he returns his thanks for the favourable opinions expressed by 'the higher portion of the press' upon his maiden performance—thanks which, we must say, were well merited, being due to mercy and not to justice. He is quite conscious that, by a second appearance, he invites an honest and impartial verdict, and he courageously risks it. The terms which he employs to describe himself and his present enterprise are rather novel and singular in a poet. He 'takes the field as a soldier of fortune,' he 'once more rushes unto the breach,' and we are left to suppose that he is ambitious of other than *peaceful bays*. We learn, with melancholy, that he is grateful for the 'corrections' which his former critics enabled him to make, and that he has 'indeed endeavoured to amend,' for such language plainly indicates that he has set about poetry as a serious occupation. He adds, '*I have tried to chasten my impetuosity.*' Now, really, there were no annoying signs of life and motion, much less of fierce impetuosity, about his muse at all, and he has been chastening perfect stillness, bridling a very, very quiet Pegasus. His professed object is to call public attention to the transcendent but neglected glories to be found in the prose works of Milton. 'Instead of undertaking the task of mere compilation, and presenting passages culled here and there from his varied works, I have attempted another mode of illustration. Having before me any passage which caught my fancy, I endeavoured to throw it into blank verse, occasionally also dilating on the views of my univalued author, and adapting the phraseology to our more fastidious tastes.' In short, he makes a paraphrase of several passages out of

best method of introducing that noble prose to general acquaintanceship and admiration; but it is evident that a new field for a poet is thus opened up, and one in which all claims to originality must be laid aside. In a single paragraph he multiplies incongruous figures to describe his vocation: it is to 'gather garlands' from Milton's 'vineyard' (by the by, the wine-merchant, Count Casco-wisky, would have told his lordship to seek for something better than 'garlands' in a 'vineyard'); to draw water from Milton's 'solid cisterns'; and to 'worship at the shrine of Milton.' But he does the same office (without the like excuse) for some of the universally known speeches in Shakespeare's dramas, expanding a line into a complete sonnet. He even pays the same honour to some fragments of Sir Walter Scott's 'Diary,' and versifies sentences from Thomas Carlyle! The volume, with a few exceptions, is a collection of PARAPHRASES, and this would have been the most appropriate title. Frequently the original poetry of the passage used is lost, and in all cases it is sure to be diminished. It is as if these grand 'orbs,' Milton and Shakespeare, had descended into a glow-worm, from which 'gleams of thought' might come occasionally.

Eighty pages are occupied with a rendering of some extracts from Milton's prose into blank verse. These are well chosen; but, alas, for the design! they are the very passages with which the public have long been most familiar. The paraphrase is exceedingly close, though anything but sententious. Frequently Milton's words, without change, are just measured into lines, as if his lordship were bent on showing that he can scan as well as translate. We have always to regret that the organ-like music which swells forth from the original is wanting. Thus, in the 'Prayer for the Church,' Lord Robertson sings harshly:

'Parent of angels and of men! on thee,
In glory unapproachable enwrap,
I thus with deep humility do wait;
Thee, sole Redeemer, King omnipotent,
Of that lost remnant Mediator mild
Whose nature did thy purity assume,
Thine endless love ineffable I praise;
Last, to the third Impersonation high,
Illumining Infinitude divine,
Sole joy and solace of created worlds!
In name of thee omnipotence I sue,
Godhead—at once tri-personal and one.

On turning to the passage in Milton, what majesty of thought and melody of word we find! 'Thou that sittest in light and glory unapproachable—Parent of angels and men! Next thee, I implore, Omnipotent King—Redeemer of the lost remnant whose nature thou didst assume, ineffable and everlasting love! And thou, the third subsistence of divine infinitude, illumining Spirit, the joy and solace of created things!—One tri-personal Godhead!' The paraphrase is to the text what a clumsy greatcoat would be to a fine statue with clasped hands and bent knees. Milton's noble physical beauty, if metamorphosed into the corpulent proportions and large features of Lord Robertson's person, would not be seen at such a disadvantage as is Milton's mental grandeur when presented in Lord Robertson's paraphrase. Better far that Milton's prose should lie buried under the dust of two centuries than appear to the public in such a shape and guise. Milton's prose will never be neglected by select readers; they will turn in anger from this sorry substitute of the *immortal*, and though the immortal were *mortal*, they would feel that the mighty dead was profaned by this vain mimicry of life. Lord Robertson may treat *Italy* as he pleases—he may use it as if it were the *boot* which its geographical shape resembles, and with it his feet of rhyme may caper in the most fantastic dances; but Milton's prose works are sacred;—if they are dead, let them rest in peace; if they are living, let us commune with themselves; and in either case, let us have no new incarnation.

We have also a paraphrase of a passage upon the death of Goethe, from one of Thomas Carlyle's essays; and if we had not remembered the solemn magnificence of the original, and, in curiosity, again sought it out, we should almost have concluded that those critics were correct who

maintain that Carlyle's bold novelty lies in his peculiar style, and not in his ideas, for really, in his lordship's version, the ideas are nowise remarkable. We first quote the original, simply adding, that it is one of the few paragraphs produced by the eminent author in which the language is most musical: 'And yet, when the inanimate, material sun has sunk and disappeared, it will happen that we stand to gaze into the still glowing west, and there rise great, pale, motionless clouds, like coulisses or curtains, to close the flame-theatre within; and then, in that death-pause of the day, an unspeakable feeling will come over us; it is as if the poor sounds of time, those hammerings of tired labour on his anvils, those voices of simple men, had become awful and supernatural; as if, in listening, we could hear them mingle with the ever-pealing tone of old eternity. In such moments the secrets of life lie open to us, mysterious things flit over the soul, life itself seems holier, wonderful, and fearful. How much more when our sunset was of a living sun, and its bright countenance and shining return to us not on the morrow, but no more again—at all—for ever!' Now for the paraphrase:

'Far in the glowing west the sun hath sunk;
Vast clouds of evening, motionless and pale,
Thick curtain drawn athwart the darkening sky,
Close nature's bright flame-theatre within.
Thus o'er the death-pause of departing day
Enwrap we gaze; thus, in the mystic glow,
Our world's ring thoughts unspeakable we heard,
The echo catching of the sounds of time,
Breathed from the varied realms of memory.
Worn labour, on her anvil plying still,
A pensive murmur sendeth from afar,
Faintly with nature's harmony to blend.
Voices of simple men at solemn eve,
In music awful, supernatural,
Fall on the anxious ear, as if intent;
To mingle with the ever-pealing tone,
Fraught with the riches of eternity.
All secrets in such moments stark disclosed;
Amid the soul's mysterious visitings
Life seemeth holier, fearful, wonderful,
And all the glories of a world of power
Rise in this mystic pageantry unveiled.
Ah! in the setting of a living sun,
Whose fading splendour never may return—
Not on the morrow—not for ever more—
Such thronging images the pensive soul
Illuminate—a brighter glimpse betray
By fitful memory of the past undimmed.'

The fine transcendentalism of the original passage is wofully transfigured and brought down by a version which claims to be more poetic. What a version! It is as if the 'voices, awful and supernatural, and mingling with the ever-pealing tone of old eternity,' had become the 'poor sounds of time, the hammerings of tired labour on his anvils.' The same kind office is performed to another, and in every sense, a much more insignificant paragraph from Carlyle. In the 'Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell,' the editor says, 'While Oliver Cromwell was entering himself of Sidney Sussex College, William Shakespeare was taking his farewell of this world.' Carlyle is not wont to make so much of a trifling coincidence; but Lord Robertson records and celebrates it in three sonnets! No one, however, can feel any resentment towards his lordship for spoiling transcendentalism in this case. He next paraphrases, and that most literally, two quotations from the 'Despatches and Letters of Lord Nelson' about Carraciolo's death and corpse. Verily, we shall soon have his judgments from the bench versified! But there are four sonnets in the volume to which we object with more special seriousness than to all the others, not merely because they are destitute of poetry, but because they idly intrude into the chamber of affliction, where Sir Walter Scott's manly but tender heart was in anguish over the couch of his dead wife. Scott's mournful 'Diary' seems to be in the hands of a schoolboy, determined to manufacture a theme out of it. To show how literal the system of paraphrasing is, we must quote both. Scott says, 'I have seen her. The figure I beheld is, and is not, my Charlotte—my thirty years' companion. There is the same symmetry of form, though those limbs are rigid which were once so gracefully elastic; but that yellow masque, with pinched features

tures, which seems to mock life rather than emulate it, can it be the face that was once so full of lively expression? I will not look on it again. I wonder how I shall do with the large portion of thoughts which were hers for thirty years. I suspect they will be hers yet, for a long time at least. But I will not blaze cambric and crape in the public eye, like a disconsolate widower, that most affected of all characters.' Let us read the paraphrase of the foregoing:

'The outward trappings and the suits of woe
I scorn to blazon forth in vulgar eye,
As if I courted needful sympathy:
Grief's treasure is mine own. I'll hoard it so.
Yes! I have seen her as she lieth low,
Her form by death unchanged; but whose, I ask,
These pinched features, in that ghastly mask,
Mocking my Charlotte's breathing smile? Ah, no!
This is not she who in my memory
Besetth beloved. Half of my thoughts she own'd;
Still are they hers, though she in silence sleep
Waiting assured immortality.
Yes, though in secret deep she is bemoan'd,
I to myself my solemn sorrow keep.'

His lordship has also assumed the bold task of improving Shakespeare; and the amendments are not made upon the juvenile poems of the bard, but upon his noblest dramas; the most distinct and masterly executed characters of which are retouched, alas! with a heavy and prosaic hand. After a few introductory sonnets, which give a bare and dry catalogue of the personages, male and female, in the plays, his lordship chooses the most striking scene in which these personages are presented, and paraphrases the sentiments which they then uttered. It invariably happens that the very thoughts and feelings which Shakespeare had most fully and emphatically expressed, the very passages where the meaning comes out with the vividness of lightning, are yet the ones which are here paraphrased. A taper is held up, not to what is obscure, but to what is gloriously radiant; and Lord Robertson is not a *chorus* to what may be done, or said, or felt, behind the scenes, but to what is the open business of the very front of the stage. The obvious design is to *encore* bits of Shakespeare. He does not catch and illustrate any of the reflections uttered, or the movements made '*aside*' and hastily, but rehearses the very words and things which have been spoken and done in the full hearing and view of the audience. The manner also of the paraphrase is unpoetical. What admirer of Shakespeare will tolerate sonnets of which the following is a specimen?

HAMLET.

'Oh, Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain!
'Tis well, cast forth the baser part, and free,
Oh! let the other thro' in modesty—
Nay, sit you down, till I thy semblance plain
In truth's own glass shall conjure forth again.
Two husbands didst thou wed, thy first how rare!
How couldst thou with mine uncle false compare
Him in the garden, Gertrude, that was slain?
'A rash and bloody deed it was, good mother,
To kill a king and marry with his brother.'
Lo! where he comes, his dreaming son to chide,
Whose fickle purpose tardy doth abide;
To thee I daggars speak; nay, I use none,
Thy heart I'll rend, though form'd of rugged stone.'

But still greater havoc is made with some of the passionate speeches of Lear, and after destroying the original poetry, some silly conceit is substituted. Thus the old king, in the night of the tempest, when addressing the unclothed fool, says, 'Why, thou wert better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well; thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume; ha! here's three of us are sophisticated—thou art the thing itself! Unaccommodated man is no more but such a bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off your lendings; come, unbutton here.' And the fool replies, 'Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to swim in.' Our readers would fail to conjecture the ludicrous turn which Lord Robertson gives to this passage:

'Off, off your lendings! through the air I'll swim—
Cordelia greet amid the cherubim.'

sweet name, Romeo, but that is all; and we only see a man stepping into an apothecary's shop to purchase poison for suicide, at the enormous price of '*ducats*,' when much smaller coin would have been a fair exchange. In short, Shakespeare's poetry is desecrated more than is Milton's prose; and what the temptation to such an act could be is entirely beyond our perception.

The original pieces occurring in the volume we have not space to analyse, but these, too, are verbose paraphrases of fragments of ideas which float in every man's mind. Hence none of them can be said to have outlines, or to know a beginning or an end. They might terminate at the first line, or go on to the thousandth, and their title is just a bonnet over them. They look like slices of chaos cut into certain arbitrary quantities. There is an endless confusion of images throughout them all. Thus, in a short piece upon '*Eloquence*,' that endowment is first a flower, then a stately ship on the ocean of time, and lastly a nymph—a series of developments which no nebular theory could explain; and of the orators quoted as illustrations, Burke drops a garland, Pitt steals '*bright rays*' from heaven to guide his fervid torch, and Brougham acts the eagle. It is quite plain that the author was working out no *ideal* of eloquence, but striking away at random for '*gleams of thought*.' Our readers will recollect how finely Wordsworth unfolds the power of music in the case of a street Orpheus; but Lord Robertson, celebrated orator though he be, cannot unfold the power, much less the nature of eloquence, for he is no poet. He is unjust even to the '*forty parson power*' of the '*rooks*,' though he calls them '*nature's songsters*.' His descriptions are prosaically literal. Was a '*battle-field*' ever sketched with such inanimation before?

'Aye me! why all this mighty engin'ry,
This proud display, this warlike panoply?
Look forth upon the glorious galaxy—
See in its bright array the pageant veer,
In armour glitt'ring like the starred sphere,
Helmet and corselet, sabre, sword, and spear,
Or baynet borne by fearless musketeer;
Or cymbals glare, while War proclaims 'I am,'
On banner writ, or burning oriflamme!
And thus anon in strength enumerate
Of order due, how swift they congregate.'

Then comes the fury of the onset, but how inane is the song!

'In war-hoop fierce, now steel on steel they ply,
Like hammer'd anvil beat incessantly;
From line to line the rolling musketry,
Ceaseless, renew'd in fatal energy,
Or sabre's clash of charging chivalry,
Or boom and hiss of loud artillery,
Or dread explosion of the sudden shell
Mid wildest tumult, conflict terrible;
Strife, havoc, frenzy, desolation, rage,
Danger, dismay, death, grisly vassalage.'

Aye me! why all this mighty engin'ry, this proud display, this warlike panoply—of mere words? A thousand times better was his description, in the court, of the fight which the students kept up with the mob and the police; 'Come on,' quoth the butcher; 'Strike hard,' quoth the cadger.' A copy of that speech would abundantly confirm the justice of our views, that he should abandon poetry altogether and appear in the province of humour.

But whilst his descriptions are prosaically literal, his reflections are most fantastic and impalpable. He muses with a vengeance. Shakespeare's *Touchstones* supplies the models of his reveries. Whenever he discusses genius, poetry, fancy, or imagination, he proves that he possesses them not. But why should we wonder that he has assumed the functions of a bard, when in a piece upon '*Genius*' he expresses his conviction that Nelson and Wellington, if their destiny had not led them to the honours of war, would have been distinguished in the ranks of literature!

It were needless to say much about the *versification* of the contents of this volume, deficient as they are in the very first requisite, '*the vision and the faculty divine*.' Yet we have to regret not only the absence of poetic thought but of harmonious expression. Frequently, the lines, as far from being musical, are even discordant, and we

never read a volume which contains so much arbitrary lengthening and shortening of syllables. The *ad final*, is a wedge which he puts in or knocks out, three or four times in every sonnet. He makes no scruple in abbreviating 'conjuring' into '*conj'ring*.' He has not the most common artistic skill in rhyme, as the following extract from his '*Nebuchadnezzar*,' a hymn with metre as unusually long as were Nebuchadnezzar's *nails*, will show :

'And who out of these hands may deliver ye now?
 Loudly rail'd the proud prince, with a frown on his brow.
 'Can the God that you see not, the furnace of fire
 Ever quench, I thus kindle as fierce as mine ire?
 Can he aid you to walk all unscathed and free
 'Mid the wild flame thus enwrap of your destiny?
 Now say what your resolve, for I swear by my pow'r,
 If ye worship not faithful, ye perish this hour !'

This is barbarous music, and the language is ludicrously plain and colloquial, especially the phrase '*what your resolve*,' which reminds us of the Scotch interrogatory, '*what's your will?*'

Still we repeat, that signal, complete, and decisive against any future adventure, as Lord Robertson's failure in poetry is, it is one which Jeffrey and Brougham would have made had they risked a similar effort, for the noblest eloquence at the bar is something different from song. In reading this last volume of his lordship's, we have been struck with its generous sympathies, which have been unchilled and unsubdued by his long professional labours. He must have been an enthusiastic reader of our great poets and writers, though he has not shown his love '*wisely*.' Even the polemical works of Milton, both in church and state matters, advocating, as they do, views diametrical to his own, have received his reverent study, though it is a pity that he took to paraphrasing of them. He seems, also, peculiarly sensitive to the charms of scenery, and is easily magnetised by the influences of sky and earth, though we regret that he thought it necessary to celebrate them, for his love of nature is the love of a man simply, and not of a poet. It would be difficult to decide whether the pensive reveries, alternating with fine ecstasies, which he represents himself as being visited by, are innocently affected, or whether they are genuine. Certainly, he fails in expressing them. Yet many a stern and hard mental character, which, in maturity, was without poetic susceptibilities, has, in old age, become soft and tender, as if within it there throbbed the heart of a youthful bard.

We conclude by wishing Lord Robertson long life and high spirits, that he may discharge his important judicial functions, and also that he may make achievements in those departments of literature for which he is as much qualified as any man of the present generation. Humorous or biographical works would not be such idle efforts as his poetry, nor be more incongruous with the dignity of his situation and the gravity of his years. We spoke of him as a *Scotch O'Connell*. Since beginning our sketch, the great Irishman has died in a foreign land, not indeed in a land of strangers, for over the world the name of O'Connell was a 'household word.' Those transcendent abilities, which drew forth the wonder of foes and friends alike, can now be more calmly contemplated, and whatever verdict may be pronounced upon the character and tendencies of his political life, posterity will speak of his gigantic intellect, statesmen will admire his genius for ascendancy over his fellowmen, and lawyers will often think of the Dublin 'counsellor' as an incentive to industry and success.

LITTLE BERTEL.

'Two mermaids, a fame, and a unicorn, that is a good order, Mira,' said Frankon, the carver, as he threw himself into his large wooden chair, and drew his brown basin of brown soup towards him with a smile of satisfaction and pride.

'Ah, we shall grow rich by and by,' said the clean, tidy, little, cheerful wife, as she smilingly placed the dark-coloured bread on the table, dished a piece of Amak pork, and, drawing a little chubby girl towards her, sat down

'A few such orders as that, every month, would make me the proudest man in Copenhagen,' said Frankon, with energy, even although his mouth was full; 'for I should then have leisure to visit every figure-head in the port, as who knows but I might be able to get a sight of the great works of art in the Royal Museum.'

'Leisure!' cried Mira, with a laugh; 'why, Frankon, I doubt you will always be stupid. If you get orders, will you must execute them; and if you execute them you will have no time to waste. A little walk with me, the girls and Bertel, to the gardens of Amak, in the evening, would be all the time that you could spare, I doubt.'

'Ah, you are right, Mira!' said her husband, with a sigh, as he slowly broke a crust, and placed the small fragment in his mouth, with the abstracted air of one who is thinking of something else than eating. 'There is little in prospect for me but toil, and then'—

'And then what, you coward?' cried Mira, with a merry, ringing laugh, as she interrupted her husband's speech. 'why, have not you Mira, and Phoebe, and Bertel, and myself? and yet you despond!'

'Yes; but your kirtle is of coarse serge, and Mira, Phoebe, and Bertel's keels are of coarse blue woollen cloth,' said Frankon, still seriously. 'We eat the cod-fish and the haddocks of the Skager Rack more frequently than you even see the beef of Holstein or the vegetables of Amak, and that's what often makes me sad.'

'Ah, Frankon, Frankon!' cried Mira, shaking her little finger in her husband's face, and still speaking to him through infectious laughter; 'all the beef in Copenhagen could not compensate me for the absence of your smile, and all the gardens in Holstein, Amak, and Funen, boot, could never produce flowers so beautiful or fruits so sweet as my little children; better days will come yet, and that you will see.'

'I believe you, Mira!' cried Frankon, jumping up and kissing his wife and children joyously; 'and I am sure that there is not a figure-head on any ship, from the Skagerrak to Sleswick, so beautiful as thou art.'

'Or so brave!' cried Mira, still smiling in her husband's face; 'they meet the stormy waves of the Belt and Sound without shrinking, but I meet the storms of poverty with fear, for Heaven has given me hope, and a good husband, and fine children.'

'And what a wife I have got!' cried Frankon, fondly. 'Wait till Bertel gets a little older,' said Mira, archly; 'and you will see how bravely he will help you at your labour, and what an easily wrought old man you'll be.'

'Ah, no, Mira!' said Frankon, seriously, not so; 'Bertel be a carpenter or a silver horn-maker for the nobles, if you wish him to live easily, but do not speak of his carving figure-heads for ships.'

'And why not?' said Mira, who had a high opinion of her husband's calling, merely because it was her husband's, even in opposition to his experience and convictions. 'And why not?' she continued, addressing Frankon in a saucy tone, as if bent upon warping him in the meshes of an argument.

But a tap at her little door soon discomposed the family circle and abbreviated her discourse, for Frankon hurried to his small workshop, as if ashamed to be caught idle, and the children glided out as their mother opened the door and admitted to her husband's workshop a stranger, whose head was covered with a broad black beaver, as whose form was wrapped in a large blue boat-cloak.

Frankon, with his wife and son, were natives of Iceland who had left the cold and barren region of their native land to seek for comfort in the capital of Denmark. Hard, adventurous, patient, and ingenious, the Iceman, who was skill in representing the human and other forms on wood was far from inconsiderable, had persuaded himself that in the maritime city of Copenhagen he would be well employed in cutting out emblems for ships, and accordingly he removed to the wealthy island of Zealand, where, of course of time, the most marked additions to his household were two little daughters. 'He did not grieve at the

to cut out two little cupids,' and he looked rather sorrowful when his children began to increase in strength and power of eating without any improvement taking place upon his trade. But Mira—sunny-hearted, hopeful, handsome little Mira—who would have supposed that she had been born and nurtured in cold gloomy Iceland? Why, her eyes were like the blue pellucid streams of the green Alps, her cheeks like the roses of Cashmere, and her lips like the cherries of Aost, and her laugh was more musical than the song of the Indian bulbul. She would have made sunshine and summer in Lapland instead of in the home of Frankon, and as she spun at her wheel, baked her brown bread, assisted Frankon to turn his lathe, or sung to the children, there seemed to be a halo of happiness shining around her that brightened everything within her smiling influence. What a brave, indomitable, hearty creature she was, working stoutly from morning till night, and keeping everything in her humble dwelling as clean and bright as her own sweet face. There was no querulous complainings with Mira; no despondency, no gloomy ruminations and forebodings. She had faith in God, and faith in human goodness, and although she might be wrong in the latter belief, yet it kept her free from suspicion and always cheerful. What would Frankon have been without Mira? She was the sun of his delight, the lighthouse of his spirit when it grew dark and troubled; she was a treasure in his poverty, more fruitful of contentment and happiness than all the gold and silver that men have quarrelled over in this world; she was the priestess of his hearth, around whose warm and holy shrine peace, and hope, and gladness smiled each evening. And how the children loved their joyous mother! She was the beacon-light of their future, for every little manifestation of benignity and kindness in them was a reflex caught from her. It seems wonderful, at first thought, how a mother will picture a bright and glorious future for her son; and yet it is not when we reflect upon their relation to each other. The boy is a miniature portrait of his father in the mother's eyes; and as all her ideas of power and action are centered in her husband, so in her son she sees the growth and gradual development of those qualities of manhood which in her pride and joy she feels to have emanated from herself. Mira loved her little daughters with all the force of a mother's affection, but, disguise it as she might, in addition to loving him, she was proud of her son Bertel. And Bertel was a boy to be proud of, if quiet, unobtrusive modesty and obedient attention to his parents could be considered cause of pride. They had no fears of Bertel running away to the wharves and tumbling into the canals like the other boys; he loved better to whistle wood at the fireside on the winter evenings, or to romp with and teach his sisters in summer, than to put his parents in mortal dread every day, that they might have the honour of saying to the neighbours 'he was a spirit boy.'

Bertel was sitting with his sisters on the flagstones before his father's door, fashioning a piece of clay into some fantastic form, when the stranger with the broad beaver and blue cloak, who had been ordering a wooden eagle for a fancy aviary, suddenly came upon him.

'Ha, my little man, what is this?' he said, as he bent down and looked closely at the clay figure which the boy was modelling with wonderful dexterity and zeal. 'This is good,' and he lifted the figure from the ground.

Bertel sat confounded, and then he looked up at the stranger timidly, his face suffused with blushes, without daring to utter a word.

'This is good,' he continued, looking at the soft rude little model which the plastic hand of the boy had invested with something even of the grace of the human form; 'thou wilt be a man yet.'

'So my mother says!' cried Phoebe, who was a lively child; 'she is always telling us that our Bertel will yet be something;' and she looked archly at her brother, who was ready to cry with bashful vexation.

'Very natural of a mother,' said the stranger, in a kindly tone, as he still examined the piece of wet clay;

and then suddenly turning, as if some thought had struck him, he opened Mira's latch, much to that good housewife's discomposure, who was just arranging her cap, and stepped once more into Frankon's workshop, much to the amazement of that laborious workman.

There was something had come of Count Stolberg's conversation with Frankon, for Bertel in a few months afterwards was modelling, with much assiduity and attention, a bust in the gallery of the Copenhagen School of Design. Two or three years passed on, and he was still working away as silently and diligently as ever; his ruddy cheeks had grown paler now, but they would still glow with shame when any of his fellow-students would either approach or criticise his labour; and although the coarsely clad carver's son soon took sides with the gayest amateur in the academy, and could invest his copies from the antique with more of the life of the original than any student of his age, or even a few years beyond it, he was still as retiring and modest as when he was clad in his blue pinafore, and was fondled as little Bertel by his mother at home. He was no longer little Bertel now; he had grown higher by a head within three years, and although that was not very high comparatively, still he was no longer little Bertel but a very promising student in the School of Design, and a prodigy of all that was admirable in the eyes of Mira. Strangers would never have discovered in Bertel's person any indications of the spirit-fire of genius. He was not a Goliath for people to gaze at, but a very unassuming little fellow, whose eyes alone, when he was excited, proclaimed by their sparkling lustre the residence of a burning soul. He felt, however, that there was a strength within him which would yet burst the shackles of his obscurity, and he laboured with the zeal and ardour of an enthusiast, although superficial onlookers might esteem him to be even dull and slow.

Ah, what a proud day it was for Mira and Frankon when their son bore home a silver medal on his breast from the competition, and held in his hand an order which conferred upon him the power and privilege of studying for three years at Rome. Visions of fame and fortune danced in the fancy of the happy mother, and Frankon, whose circumstances had gradually improved with diligence and time, now felt satisfied that a lad of Bertel's talents would succeed in the world even as a carver. There were a great many tears shed when Bertel packed up the presents which he had received from his sisters, and began to rope his trunk for the voyage to Rome. Mira had stored him well with stout woollen stockings and other articles of good warm clothing, little dreaming that they would be almost useless in the sunny clime of Italy. She did not know what sort of place Rome was, but she had an idea that, from being far away, it was assuredly somewhat like Iceland, and so she rendered Bertel's chest quite plethoric with warm garments, and felt an inward satisfaction that he could hardly close the lid. Bertel himself kept bravely up so long as he was on land; but when he had kissed and embraced his parents and sisters, and had thrown himself into the boat that was to bear him from all he loved on earth, the tears burst from his eyes. Ay, when the little boat was moored at the side of the ship, and Bertel stood upon the deck of the gallant bark, with its tall masts and impatient canvases, ready to bound away, the novelty of the spectacle it presented could not wean his mind from thinking on the kindred that were so dear to him, and of his humble but dear old home. Away she went through the straits of the Sound, she passed the gate of Elsinore, with its dark towers and its 'wild and stormy steep;' on through the waters of the Cattegat and Skager Rack, and out into the blue waters of the German Ocean. She was a strong and gallant ship, and seemed to feel the influence of expansion, for she tore through the waters of the wide sea like a winged halcyon, to the music of her bellowing sails. The vessel had passed through the Straits of Dover, and the passengers had gazed upon the chalk cliffs of England before Bertel grew cheerful; but when they were dancing over the billows of the English channel and the mighty ocean, he was jocular and happy,

and even Edgar Olen, the young officer of marine, who was going to spend his leave of absence at Rome during the carnival, could not boast of a more hopeful spirit. On she went, that good ship—on in her untiring and sleepless way; she skirted the fertile shores of pleasing France, and the rocky coast of lovely Spain, and bounding along, with Lusitania on her lee, passed into the mighty Mediterranean. Prosperity seemed to have breathed her swelling white wings full of favouring winds, and to have kept her bounding joyously to her destined haven, and Bertel's father seemed to have infused a charm into the figure of Hope and her anchor which he had carved for the cognizance of this ship, so hopeful and cheerful were the passengers and crew. But, alas! for the illusions of months and the dark reality of an hour! One of the sudden and dangerous squalls, which are so frequent in this sea, tore the shrouds and sails to pieces, and sent the ship a rudderless wreck upon the southern shore of Corsica.

Poor Bertel! alas! for his mother's care and his sisters' attention, his chest, with all its home treasures and little keepsakes, was swallowed up by the envious ocean, and his own drenched and exhausted frame was rudely and grudgingly cast upon a barren beach. He had saved nothing except the garments he wore and the certificate entitling him to a small pension for three years from the Danish government, together with his medal. He had ever worn that missive in a little sheepskin case in his bosom, and desolate and sad as he was, after he recovered his senses, he felt his spirits revive when he found that he had not lost this treasure. Even the greatest external calamities are generally insufficient to crush the resiliency of the young and hopeful spirit, and time seems to begin, immediately after the direst actions, to soften the impressions they leave with the brush of a gradual oblivion. Bertel and Edgar Olen were not well warmed and fed at the hearth of a good Corsican peasant before the loss of their worldly goods began to seem a matter of small importance, and their desertion by the crew a thing not worth grieving about. The aristocratic officer was happy to find in the young sculptor a witness to the truth of his allegations when he applied to the French authorities in Bastia for assistance. Bertel had his certificate, which he could present as a passport to honour any day, and Edgar Olen would require credit in two ways for some time.

The gay officer and the humble young student arrived in Rome at last, the one to forget his recent misfortunes amongst gay friends and the joy and excitement of the carnival, the other to toil himself into notice and bread through all the obstacles and cloudy depressions of an all but neglected poverty. 'Good by, Bertel,' said Edgar Olen to his fellow-passenger, as he waved his hand with a patronising air, and leaped into his friend Count Lillo's barouche, which stood waiting for him on the Corso; 'good by, and great success to you.' The driver whipped the horses, the carriage rattled away down the Corso, amidst many splendid equipages, towards the mansion of Count Lillo, and the youthful sculptor was left alone. Poor Bertel, he wandered up and down the streets gazing about him in wonder and amazement, and eagerly looking for those remnants of Roman glory which he had come so far to study; but the statues of old times had gone, and the temples of their residence were crumbling on the banks of the dull sluggish Tiber. Alas! for the lovely stream of which Horace and Ovid had sung! alas! for the gardens of Cicero and Caesar, with their fountains, and statues, and flowers, and luxuriant groves! Bertel wandered amidst dirty dingy dwellings, crumbling ruins, and squalid people, where the lords of the world had strode in their majesty and pride; and wretchedly clad lazzaroni lay unclassically basking amongst the mud of the classic stream where nymphs and graces went to sport of old. One of the most cheering and welcome sights that met the eye of Bertel, however, after his lonely peregrinations, was the signboard of the Danish consul, and presenting himself and certificate to that functionary, with a statement of his disasters and present condition, he had the happiness to

find himself referred to the proper quarter for having his claims allowed.

Bertel wrought away with a diligent hand and steady heart for the three years of his probation, and at the end of that time found himself as near to fame as ever, without the comforts which his small pension had ensured him. Ah, dear old Copenhagen, dear mother, father, and sisters, he would never see them again unless fortune smiled on him! His mother's smile was once all in all to him, but now ambition had become a passion, which neglected and poverty had fed and quickened instead of quelling, and fortune's smile became the sunlight of his dream. His little yard and shed were the world and temple of his artistic devotion; for the privilege of tenantry these he paid a surly stone-mason a scudi per month, and this he often sold ten scudis worth of labour for upon the tombstones which Carlo sold to the rich. The little studio of the indefatigable Bertel was situated in the Via Bovis, a lonely enough place now, although once it was the forum where Brutus justified the destruction of Caesar, and where Coriolanus beard the fiery Plebs. The remnants of its ancient purpose crumbling in its centre, and the triumphal arch of Titus at its extremity, totteringly tells a tale. The quietly disposed of the Romans, and the strangers who best know and most feel the decadence of Roman energy, often come to this silent lonely place to moralise upon the strange mutations, both in place and human character, which time and circumstances have wrought; for grass is growing where the Ediles were most attentive that none should grow, and cows are lowing where the hoarse swell of the most mighty people's voices, in times long past, gave response to the words of their tribunes.

It was a lovely summer evening, and all the gaiety and beauty of the eternal city seemed to be in motion. The sunbeams were shedding their soft and golden lustre upon the tall spires of the churches and convents, and twinkling like stars as they were refracted from the glittering windows. The vivacious Italians, with their beautiful dark eyes and fine countenances, lighted up by the seductive sunbeams, walked gaily along towards the mud puddle where their ancestors had tilled their Campagna gardens, and they chanted their lays of love, in the soft rich tones of their mellifluous language and voices, amidst the market dirt and desolation of their city. Everybody seemed to be abroad and happy, despite of the silent witnesses of war and squalor that everywhere met the eye in the street. The ragged lazzaroni, as they stumped along on their crutches, laughed and joked as well as the sprucest signor, although their wretched plight might have made a Norman weep. Secluded from the bustle and hum of the great world, Bertel stood in his studio that evening in the attitude and abstracted manner of a wrapt enthusiast. His cheeks had exchanged their ruddy hue now for the pale colour which long and sleepless labours paint upon the face, and his form was spare and fleshless compared to what it once was; but his long dark brown hair curled gracefully on his neck, and his soft blue eyes were brighter than the vespere stars. In his left hand he held his chisel and the right was half raised with the mallet as if he were about to strike; his dexter foot was thrown back and his eyes fixed and rigid, as he gazed upon the sculptured figure, which was the product of long months of toil, himself as motionless and graceful as the statue which he gazed. 'I saw thee,' said Bertel, addressing the cold but beautiful statue in a whisper, and looking on its noble face with a proud half timid eye; 'I saw thee in the shapeless block long ago, as beautiful and alluring as thou art now, and I was determined to separate thee from the envious fragments which clung around thy form as hid thee from all eyes but mine. Ah, Hope, Hope,' continued the admiring artist, as he timidly drew near the colossal figure, with his eyes fixed upon the noble countenance, whose rigid marble features seemed to be relaxed with a smile, 'I have toiled patiently to lead thee forth in thy majesty and beauty, and now thou art before me. Thou art the embodiment of my waking thoughts and my restless dreams—thou art the visioned bride of my

ath—for, Hope, I have clung tenaciously through a life of feeling to thee. I have almost forgotten my mother, and my own old home, in my undivided devotion to the art which thou hast bound me to, and now I have thee at last.' He spoke, the excited, abstracted man, for Bertel was a man now, sunk upon his knees as if in adoration of the image before him. The sunbeams shed their departing tints on the pure white brow of the statue and upon the most equally pale brow of the breathing statue who was weeping; and they caught the tear from the enthusiast's eye and exhaled it to heaven, perhaps to let it fall as dew on his mother's cheek to-morrow, when she tottered to the quay and looked, as was her wont, upon the foaming waves for Bertel.

Who dares to intrude here?' cried the excited sculptor, he sprang to his feet and threw himself into an attitude of defiance before a stranger who had entered the studio. He laid his hand upon the artist's shoulder before he was aware.

He was a spare unobtrusive-looking little man that seemed, who seemed to have more courage than strength, and more love of art than love of quarrel, for he looked at the glowing face of Bertel with a quiet smile, and then turning to the statue calmly gazed upon it with marked admiration.

When the first burst of surprise-engendered passion had subsided away, Bertel's immediate impulse was to apologise; and he deprecated his rudeness with such a modest and modest grace, that the stranger shook him warmly by the hand when they parted, and made him pledge his word to call on him on the morrow at his hotel, as he handed him his card.

He was a native of Britain that strange visitor—of the wild and barren part of it which men in scorn have sometimes called Boetia. He was from the land of mountains and flood, where rugged cairns oftener meet the eye than sculptured tombs; but he loved the beautiful, and was rich; and from the hour of his visit Bertel, now and then, might date his entrance upon the smooth pathway to fortune and to fame. A few short years, and the obscure friendless youth was the great and famous artist, from hereditary noblemen acknowledged by their homage to be of that exalted rank which intrinsic merit alone can confer. Princes sought his studio to look and wonder at the palpable idealisation of beauty, and even kings at last heeded the flattering words to the great Alberto.

He is coming!' said the peasants of Amak, as they hurried across the bridges with eager and excited faces, and poured down the streets of Copenhagen towards the quay. 'He is coming!' said the boatmen, as they ran from the wharfs and swelled the crowd upon the beach. 'He is coming!' cried the artisans and warehousemen, as, dressed in their holiday attire, they almost ran with their wives, daughters, and sweethearts, to the shore. 'He is coming!' whispered the magistrates to each other, as, dressed in their official robes, they stood upon the landing-place of the steamer, as if expecting some illustrious visitor. 'He is coming!' said the white-haired Mira and Frankon, as they in the recess of one of Count Stolberg's windows, holding each other's hands in silent yet tearful pride, while their maternally daughters and grandchildren hung agitatedly over them.

From the land a far way, a good number of ships rode to anchor, and they were all covered with gay streamers of one hue. This one seemed like a leviathan, with her black hull moving gently to and fro as she rode at anchor; and then suddenly a flash, and then a cloud of white smoke, and then from her side, followed by a report, and then a great propelled by twelve stout rowers darted from the ship's canopy as if it had been shot from the gun. Onward it came, dancing over the white-crested waves as lightly and swiftly as a swan upon a lake. The sunbeams shed back from the glittering oar-blades as the rowers leapt to the stroke and sent her forward with a will, and an immense crowd upon the shore held their breath as they eagerly gazed upon the little skiff that came darting through the blue waves of the Baltic.

'There he is! there he is!' cried the impatient crowd, as the bark neared the shore, and they descried the form of a man, from whose shoulders hung the loose folds of an ample cloak. He stood in the bow of the boat, with his arms folded across his breast and his hat drawn over his forehead, and when the long pent-up shouts of the multitude burst upon his ear he started from his reverie, and, taking his hat from his head, disclosed the animated noble features of Bertel Thorwaldsen.

Ay, loud and more loud, good people of Copenhagen; let the welkin ring with your shouts; he comes at last, the great, the gifted, and the glorious, to gladden the eyes of Mira and his father, and to receive the homage of Denmark's king. There are stars upon his breast, and the people shout more frantically than ever when they see them, and behold conspicuous among them the competition medal of the Copenhagen School.

The burgomaster and his brethren shake hands heartily with him when they bid him welcome home, and the people bless his good heart as they behold the tears in his eyes when he eagerly looks around from the open carriage which he has entered, and then with a half sorrowful smile bows to them, and gently pats the little babes which fond mothers hold up, that their children may have it to say in future times that they have seen the great man. Onward the cortege moves now, and Alberto Thorwaldsen trembles visibly as it approaches Count Stolberg's dwelling, for he knows what is waiting him there. The carriage stops, he comes slowly from it, and slowly ascends the broad steps of the stately mansion; the people are hurrying sturdily now, and he bows to them mechanically, but he scarcely hears them; the door is thrown open—he enters—hurries along a corridor—turns to the right—and in a moment is clasped in Mira's arms. The mother's brightest dreams and aspirations for her son were now realised, and she held Bertel to her heart a great and honoured man. The purpose of Bertel's youth was now accomplished, for the annals of art scarcely contain a prouder name than that of Alberto Thorwaldsen.

IMPUDENCE AND QUACKERY.

THIS observation has become almost proverbial, that 'unless one has a good stock of impudence, he will never get on in the world.' In every department of human industry there is such an intense competition between rival claims and exertions—such incessant struggling not only to ascend, but to maintain the position one has acquired in the social scale, that unassuming genuine worth is often pushed aside, or made to subserve the success of a less scrupulous audacity. We often meet with individuals, in every respect estimable, who, if they cannot command, deserve success, yet sink altogether out of notice from lack of that bustling, easy, self-satisfaction and intrusiveness, by which so many push themselves on. All respect, say we, to that enterprising, business spirit which the constitution of society elicits, and which, exercised within becoming bounds, is an indispensable and honourable requisite to temporal advancement. To its influence we trace much of the commercial pre-eminence which Britain enjoys over the other nations of the globe. It is right that energetic, honestly-directed effort should receive meet recompense; and it is no less wisely ordered that indolence should entail its own punishment. The wet, sluggish soil will not yield the same abundant results as that which has undergone the watchful care and strenuous labour of the husbandman. The law of nature is applicable alike to mind and body. We would, however, draw a wide line of demarcation between *self-confidence*, the best guide of enterprise and the surest guarantee of its success, and its 'counterfeit presentment'—*impudence*. The one claims approval as much as the other merits reprobation. Without a just self-confidence, all that a man is or may become stands in jeopardy. His character is apt to degenerate into weakness and timidity. Like one whose motor nerves are paralysed, he hesitates and falters at every step; he gets along the road of life like a damaged vehicle

along the rough turnpike, with a ricketty uncertain motion, constantly in danger of being upset—nay, often actually upset. A man destitute of the robust attribute of self-reliance, is a vane whirled about by every breath—a straw blown wheresoever the wind listeth—an untempered piece of metal that the powerful or the designing may with facility fashion into a tool—an instrument that every one may play upon who possesses a knowledge of his moral gamut—a passive piece of mechanism, the revolution of whose powers is regulated by external agency. The ultimate reliance of the human mind must be upon itself; and as, without this self-reliance, man becomes a helpless vessel on life's tempestuous sea, it forms the primary and paramount duty of every individual to institute a rigorously impartial self-scrutiny, that he may avoid undue depreciation on the one hand, and presumptuous confidence on the other. In the cycle of human wisdom, the chief place is due to self-knowledge—on this alone can just self-confidence be grounded; yet what knowledge so little heeded! We devote ourselves with avidity to the acquisition of the sciences, but forget our own mental and moral anatomy. Like folly this with that of the enthusiast for antiquity, who loads his mind with the geography of dead empires, all the while ignorant whether his own country be a continent or an island.

There is, however, an over-confidence that merges in impudence; and this appears in such multifarious shapes that we can at present glance at only a few of its manifestations. In company, the over-confident man is frequently to be met with. On each and every subject that may form the theme of conversation, he delivers his sentiments with a provokingly satisfied air only equalled by his volubility. If the subject be argumentative, he extinguishes a modest opponent, if not by the force of his arguments, at least by the fluency of his tongue. He talks such an adversary into silence—in his mind synonymous with defeat—and thereat chuckleth with intense glee.

'It grieves me more perhaps than folly ought
When some green heads, thus void of wit and thought,
Suppose themselves monopolists of sense,
And wiser men's abilities pretence.'

But impudence is a cheap substitute for talent; and in an age redolent of 'cheap substitutes' for sterling gold and silver, we need scarcely wonder when we see the 'plated' tinkling brass of over-confidence often pass in lieu of the solid, genuine ingots of genius. Many individuals naturally taciturn or nervous in company, are therefore written down dull and stupid, who, in reality, may be the wisest there. Their excessive modesty acts like a lockjaw upon their utterance. 'The fear of being silent makes them mute.' If they venture a remark or two, it is with trembling diffidence; and under this influence it is not strange that their faltering observations should, if not a total failure, prove more remarkable for pointlessness than brilliancy. The subject on which they venture to speak they perfectly comprehend—they feel they know its bearings and connexions better than the most of those around them—essaying to communicate their ideas, they are forthwith shrouded in bewilderment. They see the subject reflected in the pure depths of their own mind, distinct as the blue heavens mirrored in the translucent wave; but as, when the sun is obscured, the reflected image in the wave becomes dull and ill defined, so when the diffident man ventures to enunciate his sentiments, straightway his ideas sink into an inextricable jumble. To an individual ignorant of the men, the taciturnity of Dryden and Addison must have been often placed to the account of incapacity, while the loquacious sallies of glib-tongued impudence might procure for their authors the reputation of cleverness and talent. Charles Lamb, too (the inimitable Elia), must have been frequently misjudged. His diffidence was excessive; and the same brain that often proved its incompetency to string together a few commonplace remarks in a general company, was the mine whence sprung effusions 'the world will not willingly let die'—inimitable for their

quaint, quiet humour, elegant acuteness, and genial heart melting pathos. Over-modesty, however, though a somewhat amiable infirmity, in some respects is scarcely less reprehensible than over-confidence. The man

'Who would not with a peremptory tone
Assert the nose upon his face his own;
Who with hesitation admirably slow,
Humbly hopes, presumes it may be so.'

falls as far within the mark of genuine modesty, as the man of blustering pretension shoots beyond it. It is possible to *instop* as well as to 'overstep the modesty of nature'; both are extremes equally to be avoided. Let all whose constitutional tendencies are not of such a nature as to prevent them overcoming their diffidence, by all means endeavour to do so.

'True modesty is a discerning grace,
And only blushes in its proper place.'

From over-confidence or impudence in private life, we pass to one of the most unblushing exhibitions of public impudence that infest and disgrace society—we mean 'Medical Quackery.' There is something radically wrong in the social economy when we see a system of bareface imposition in the receipt of its thousands a-year, while honest respectability is often compelled to maintain struggle for bare subsistence. The empiric who professes by some grand nostrum to cure every disease that 'flies in his air,' is supported far and near, while honest integrity, making no such impudent and impossible pretensions, is often unpatronised, neglected. True, the conscientious man values his respectability far above money, while the quack, with no character to lose, and not caring to acquire any, has only money to gain. But this only places the capricious perversity of the public mind in a more ungracious point of view. That very integrity which ought to command support, because it will not stoop to meanness, is thus made in some degree the hindrance—the obstacle to professional success; for quackery, which throws integrity to the winds, is provided by a discriminating and grateful (P) public with a handsome carriage, town residence, and country villa, as a slight recompense for the immense services it has rendered to the nation—and—integrity starves. And when, let us ask, is this odious system to be effectually put down? When will respectable journals cease to propagate the indecent falsehoods of the medical interlopers who thus play fast and loose with all morality, as well as with human life? A newspaper now-a-days is an indispensable guest in every respectable family; and must the sanctity of the domestic hearth be endangered and polluted by announcements that call the blush to every modest female's cheek? As we denounce strongly, so do we wish to speak plainly. What are these pseudo-'medical treatises' so unscrupulously heralded in the columns of many of our public journals? Are they not panders, abettors, encouragers, of secret vice and crime? And can any journalist consistently, not to say conscientiously, denounce the evils of prostitution and yet give publicity to one of the very means by which it is upheld? The good sense of the community has banished these polluted placards from the public street—except occasionally through the hands of amphibious-looking persons, planted in some of the thoroughfares, who from the sneaking look which they cast at passers-by seem heartily ashamed both of themselves and the employment in which they are engaged. How long will the public tolerate the same nuisance in the public journals? To say truth, however, the very *manner* in which such announcements are inserted in the public print proves that those who give them a place are ashamed of their work, for they are invariably found huddled in the most obscure corners of their advertising columns. As the guides of public opinion, they are sacredly bound to avoid everything that may prove injurious to public morality. Let them withdraw encouragement to the indecency of quackery by refusing to insert its falsehoods—let them emphatically condemn the impudence of its pretensions and the pernicious influence of its system, and eradicate for ever a great social nuisance.

We are glad to observe that many of the newspapers throughout the kingdom have resolved to exclude all really objectionable advertisements from their columns, and to direct their efforts otherwise to the extinction of the nuisance. We trust to see the example followed by every journal in the empire that aspires to a character for respectability and integrity.

The impudence of quackery is, however, not confined to the surreptitious disciples of Esculapius. Fondly hovering over the 'pestle and mortar' as its own *par excellence*, it has taken deep root and flourishes vigorously in the mercantile world, to the exposure of which we will devote a short space in a subsequent number.

WAR AND PEACE.

(For the Instructor.)

It may be glorious, great, and good, to meet the ruthless foe
That would usurp our liberties—our birthright overthrow;
It may be noble and divine the tyrant to withstand,
Who would dishonour and profane our own loved fatherland;—
A sacred duty it must be the despot's will to brave,
For man should never tamely wear the fetters of a slave.

But who may know how deeply earth hath drunk life's crimson flood,
When to the Juggernaut of war men gave their living blood;
When 'neath the idol's chariot-wheels they lowly bent them down,
And sought by human sacrifice the glory of renown?
Ah! who may know the ruin wrought—the wreck of manhood's power,
Nor mourn the fearful ills that cloud the battle's awful hour?

The leaguer'd wall, the famish'd foe, the breach, and clashing steel,
The cannon's roar, the victim's groan, the pangs the dying feel,
The savage shout, the virgin's shriek, the look of wild despair,
The dark revenge that slays the child, and mocks the old man's prayer,
The orphan's wail, the widow's tear—all mingle in the strife,
Where slaughter triumphs and exults, with demon passions rife.

It is not well that man should scorn humanity's decree,
That bids the nations stand unawed, unchain'd, unlorded—free:
Why should he nurture warlike dreams of conquest and of might,
And bid defiance to the laws of God-created right?
Unworthily aims inflame his heart, and urge him madly on,
To seek for power, for pomp, and state—a sceptre, crown, and throne.

More noble he who seeks to be toward his fellow just,
Who seeks the needy all—to raise the lowly from the dust;
Whose soul is bent on deeds of love; whose heart divinely glows,
To succour the oppress'd, and soothe the bosom's bitter throes;
Who longs for days when battle's rage and angry fends shall cease,
When earth shall glory in the reign of universal peace!

What though the ear of peace may hear no victor's loud acclaim?
It leaves no country desolate, no cities wrapt in flame!

What though it list not to the shouts that bid the conqueror hail?
It knows not of the hearts that break with grief's untimely wail!
Yet hath it triumphs nobler all, and treasures richer far,
Than trophies by the victor won on reeking fields of war!

Peace comes with blessing and with joy, to crown the land with smiles;
Peace scatters plenty on the shores of ocean's countless isles;

Peace calms our passions all, and stills their tumult wild to rest,
And wakens feelings in the soul—the noblest and the best!

Peace makes the weary troubled heart with glowing gladness thrill,
While softly all its accents fall, and whisper 'peace, be still!'

Peace smiles, descending pure from Him who 'spoke and it was done,'
To fan religion's vital spark effulgent as the sun;

Peace beacons wisdom, truth, and love with smiles into her van,
To win achievements great and good for virtue and for man!

Peace brings to light what knowledge yields—those precious priceless
gems

That shine more bright than Jewell'd crowns or regal diadems!

Then science works her mighty spells, and wonders are reveal'd,
And nature's ancient mysteries are all unveil'd, unseal'd;

Earth stoops to man's dominion then—and then, as with a rein,
He binds at will its giant strength, nor heeds its struggles vain:

His high behest the light'ning hears, and, at his mandate proud,
To his foster'd slave it comes from out the thunder cloud.

Then, too, with all her fairy train, Art gladly comes, and lo!
The marble and the canvass seem with breathing life to glow;

The workman piles his subtle task with deep and cunning skill,
And things of beauty, rich and rare, are fashion'd to his will;

The while the vessel flings its sails upon the swelling breeze,
With treasures won from foreign lands, and stores from distant seas!

War is a fiend of hideous form—a demon fierce and wild;
Peace is an angel robed in light, all beautiful and mild!
One is the harbinger of dark and desolating wrath;
One makes a paradise serene to blossom round its path!
One ever wears a frowning brow that brooks no look benign;
But peace can claim from sacred love a token and a sign!

More than a conqueror is he who scorns to be the slave
Of feelings that pollute the heart, and passions that deprave;
And more, ay, more than victor he who will not basely kneel
Before the shrine of avarice, his neighbour's right to steal;
To none has nature proffer'd right with despot pride to soar:
The poor and needy all are men, and monarchs are—no more.

AUBORA.

BLEACHING GREENS AND GYMNASIUMS FOR THE PEOPLE.

Even the most utilitarian people, possessed of the best intentions, are apt to view the more vulgar essentials of social well-being and comfort with indifference, and to expend most of their care and attention on what may be denominated the elegantly useful. We see this fact often verified in private life, and it is not unfrequently exemplified in public legislation. The ornamental and decorative capital often surmounts a very shaky dingy base, and gay and flaunting robes not unfrequently conceal ragged, dirty inner garments. The passion for beauty and ornament is so universal and strong, that even the wisest of people imbibe exaggerated ideas of their utility from the contemplation of, and fascination of, their aspect. We have been struck with an apparent neglect of the first principles of healthiness, and with the fostering of an exaggerated notion of the sanitary utility of certain arrangements in our own city, which, if followed out by the legislature and the sanitary reformers of other cities, might add to the apparent comfort and actual beauty of localities, but which would do very little to improve the internal cleanliness and health of the people.

The sanitary condition of cities and towns is becoming a question of the most vital importance. On the 11th December, 1844, a public meeting took place in Exeter Hall, which was presided over by the Marquis of Normanby, and this meeting was the precursor of an association which was immediately constituted for the purpose of combined action, having for its object the improvement of the health of towns. The Health of Towns' Association, since 1844, has diffused a vast amount of valuable information amongst the people, deduced from recent inquiries into their sanitary condition, and from the advancement of science, but it has chiefly shown the physical and moral evils that result from the present defective sewerage, drainage, supply of water, air, and light, and the construction of dwelling-houses. The efforts of this philanthropic body have forced the question upon the legislature, and the requirements which they have shown to be essential to public health and morality have at last found embodiment in the bill recently laid before parliament by Lord Morpeth. We think that the improvement of the people's dwellings must be the fundamental and primary source of an effective and permanent elevation of the condition of the vast majority of the working classes. Home is the centre whence must radiate all the collateral improvements requisite to preserve a moral and healthy population, and, consequently, the most proximate requirements are the most essential. A plentiful supply of water, and a sufficient sewerage, therefore form primary objects in the details of Lord Morpeth's bill. This measure is comparatively a most effective and comprehensive one. A board of commissioners are to be appointed under its provisions to watch over the sanitary condition of populous places. The appointment of the inferior officers, inspectors, and other active local agents, rests with the board, who are the centre of communication as well as of action, for, upon receipt of information, the board can cause inquiry to be instituted regarding the sanitary state of any town in England, especially with regard to water and sewerage, and if, upon satisfactory examination, it pleases the executive government to order

it, such improvements as are deemed requisite can be enforced.

We cannot enter into anything like an exposition of the details of this measure—which, indeed, would be foreign to the subject, our object being to show that local magistrates have it in their power independently to work out some of the provisions of this act; but there are yet provisions in it so enlightened and philanthropic that we cannot pass them in silence. The execution of the act in corporate burghs or towns is to be left to the town-councils, who will be called upon to provide for their townspeople all public prerequisites for convenient cleanliness; and physicians, as officers of public health, are to be appointed by the central board, whose opinion would of course materially facilitate the non-scientific executive in its duties. These local censors, and at the same time active agents, according to the duties assigned them by the 'Towns' Improvement Clauses Bill,' which is essentially a portion of Lord Morpeth's bill in detail, will be possessed of very extensive powers. They are to regulate the complete sewerage and drainage of towns, and cause the removal of all excremental or putrid matter. They will be empowered to inspect the internal state of the dwellings of the very poor, and to forcibly cleanse them; they will cause the possessors of public works to consume the smoke of their furnaces; they are empowered to prevent the use of cellars as dwellings, to examine slaughter-houses, and to provide places for public recreation, as well as for baths and wash-houses. This comprehensive scheme of philanthropic legislation has received the 'go-by' for this season, yet its proposition alone is a public advantage, as it illustrates the desire of a portion of the wealthy to mitigate the sufferings and privations of the indigent, and at the same time must create a strong desire in the minds of the people to obtain the advantages which it promises. In this case, however, as in many others, we believe that concession and public spirit amongst those who have the power in localities, would prevent a great deal of vexation and a great deal of general legislation.

The advantages of this measure, however, were not intended for us Scots; we whom the 'North British Review' characterised lately as famous for our 'dirt' were not to be visited by the cleansing, scrubbing clauses of Lord Morpeth's statute; we were to be left to wallow in the mire until we made a hue and cry, and then the legislature would not doubt answer the appeal by an act. No one who has ever examined our greatest Scottish cities intimately could fail to be struck with the amount of disease-engendering filth which slumbers behind the bright and cheerful-looking dwellings of the front streets. The courts and lanes of Glasgow, and the long dingy alleys of Edinburgh, with their arterial miasma floating like pestilence through them, present a horrid contrast to the dwellings which with superficial effrontery seem to hide them. Water and sewerage are certainly requisite for the purification of these golgothas of fever, but there is something which is also felt to be as necessary—we mean, bleaching-greens.

It is singular to contrast Lord Morpeth's measure of enlightened intentions with several of what may be termed the retrograde actions of local governments. He seems to regard the people as the principal consideration while making laws; the corporations, on the other hand, look upon the beautifying of parks and hills as of paramount importance. Edinburgh, which in 1743 possessed a common of some thousands of acres, and which yet retains a minute atom of its broad lands, is one of the best provided cities for public walks and sweet secluded nooks in Europe, and yet it is one of the worst supplied with public greens and playgrounds. It has often struck us, that in the rage for improvement, unintentional retrogressions might be made, and certainly we have found it no profitable thing to exchange bleach-greens for walks. Of late years, public facilities for recreation have not in the least increased, while public obstructions to cleanliness have multiplied. Belford's Park is swallowed by the devouring railway earthquake; the King's Park is closed upon wet linen and calico;

the little parks in the vicinity of Davie Deans's cottage are sacred now to sheep; and nothing but woollen garments on the back of the natural possessor can be allowed to lie either at the foot of Salisbury Crags or Arthur's Seat. There is a nice snug air of gentility pervading the whole locality from Musket's Cairn to Duddingstone, which *may be* poetical, but which is not therefore particularly conducive to the real comfort of the citizens. There are nice little painted houses, with watchful guardians of order in them, dressed in green livery; and there are boards purporting to be the mandates of her Majesty's Commissioners of Woods and Forests; but how far these can compensate for clean linen we leave good housewives to judge. Again, we have Brumsfield Links, which anybody possessed of a stout heart may, after making a last will and testament, resort to as a drying and bleaching green; and then we have a portion of the Meadows, where the toll is laid so heavily upon cleanliness, that comparatively few of our citizens are participants of its dear-bought advantages. We are certain that it will be a question with many where the raiment of 180,000 people is weekly washed and dried; and if it were possible to compare the superficial area of the aggregate raiment weekly cleaned in Edinburgh with the area of the public grounds available for the drying and bleaching thereof, we are certain that there would be a great disparity somewhere. The long poles and convergent cords which used to hold wet clothes in suspension are taken from the windows now by legal enactment, and the poor of the densely populated parts of our city are constrained either to dry their clothes in their houses or not to wash them at all. Whichever of these alternatives the poor adopt is inimical to health—the drying of wet clothes in a small ill-ventilated dwelling causes the inhalation into the lungs by its occupants of an atmosphere which, according to the testimony of the most eminent physiologists, is prolific of disease; and the absence of clean garments promotes the absorption by the skin of discarded animal matter, which again entering into the constitution of the body which has already cast it out, materially destroys the healthy character of the fluids. The better lodged artisans' wives, in the districts without the royalty, have the privilege once a-week of using a little yard, called in courtesy a green, which is generally a receptacle for the garbage, beloved of independent-minded cats, and as destitute of verdure as of any other attribute of cleanliness. These little black squares are kept in constant requisition from Monday to Saturday, each tenant of a land having her day allotted to her by a species of courtesy, which a heavy fall of rain, by preventing the use of the green, and thereby deranging the ordinate procession of 'drying,' very often puts to severe trials. The falling of soot, and the other concomitants of a smoky confined locality, are abundantly demonstrated by the raiment which penitentially hangs on the ropes of city 'back greens.' In short, the Health of Towns' Commissioners would make a serious omission, if they failed to provide drying and bleaching greens. The town-council of Edinburgh could confer a great boon upon the people, and set an example of humanising action to the whole country, if they were to confer upon this city an extensive green and wash-house. These accommodations are peculiarly required by the inhabitants of the Old Town and Southern Districts; and the eastern portion of the Meadows, which are quite accessible from these localities, could not be better employed than in affording facilities for cleanliness and healthy recreation to this large portion of the citizens. There is ample space for a large public meadow and for an extensive gymnasium—two conveniences of which we are all but destitute; and the considerations of pecuniary sacrifice are surely such as would not much disturb the city treasurer. Public bleaching greens are essential considerations in a sanitary question—so essential that consistency could not be preserved in the discussion of such a subject without they are rendered an elementary part of it; and surely there is no consideration of ornament or mere utility sufficient to render the guardians of public comfort indifferent to their institution.

Edinburgh is a beautiful city, praised by travellers and lauded by her own inhabitants. She has conveniences for contemplation and retirement that perhaps no other city presents; and studious sedate people would no doubt be enraptured with her fine valley which stretches between Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags, and her beautiful walks through the Meadows, with the green trees spreading their arms over the perambulating citizens below, and shading them from the sun. We have every means of recreation for the aged, the grave, the studious, and the frail, but there is not the least provision made for the recreation of our younger citizens. A little boy may not whip his top upon the street; and ball, and the other active athletic games of youth, are under ban. All the vivacity and innocent tendencies of the juvenile portion of the community are curbed or totally denied legitimate action, and consequently a large amount of incipient natural rebellion against artificial authority exists in our juvenile population. The youths of Edinburgh are said to be the most destructive in Scotland, and strangers point to the broken windows of tenementless tenements, and the destruction of ornamental portions of public buildings, as a confirmation of the allegation; and certainly the exhibitions of licentiousness among our youth, which we have witnessed upon occasions of public rejoicing, have often led us to lament the existence of such a superabundance of undirected unexpended energy. Some politician has said that rebellions are the safety-valves of social stability and order, by which morbidly rabid politicians give vent to their bottled-up passions, and that if they were not exploding in these ineffective physical struggles they would gather sufficiency of strength to become revolutions. Perhaps it is well that the youths of Edinburgh have windows to smash and monuments to deface, or there is no saying what might be the result of the subordination under which their active propensities are kept; but surely there is some means by which this most disgraceful characteristic might be destroyed, and the boys of the Scottish metropolis allowed to take status for cheerfulness and order with those of St Petersburg. The bickers which a few years ago were either tolerated, or too strong for the executive to quell, are happily unknown now; the hostile meetings in the King's Park and Links take place no more; but by some silent process of transition, our boys have taken to tobacco-smoking and country excursions. Miniature men of eight and ten years of age may be seen walking along the streets smoking as coolly and scientifically as ever did the renowned Wouter Van Twiller, while bands, driven from the city by a proscription which does not recognise a peculiarity of disposition in the young, brave the rural police and make hawthorn hedges and drystone fences pay tribute to their destructive liberty. Cheerful, innocent amusement is as necessary to the health as pure air, and people cannot get legitimate scope for their pleasure-loving faculties they inevitably assume a vicious tendency. A portion of the Meadows were laid down in a manner that games, such as bowls and tennis, could be played, and we are certain that a great and potent rival would be created to the taproom. Innocent physical sports would be more charms for the elastic spirits of the young than the oratorical effusions which distill from whisky and ale; and even the pleasures of the placid contemplative walker would be enhanced as he looked at the sportive evolutions of the rising generation, instead of the erratic escapades of the cattle, which bound over the broad meadow.

It would be of advantage to communities if local authorities would consider well and have a provision made for the people to fall back upon whenever they institute a prohibition. When the public parks for the drying and bleaching of clothes were gradually taken away from the people, it was not the most sensible and effective accompaniment to prohibit also the use of window-suspender; and when the police regulations rendered it treason to whip a top upon the street, it was no solace to the urchins to put down hoops also. We do not like the Alderman's principle of 'putting down.' There is something so egotistic, so antagonistic, so destructive in it, that it is al-

ways suggestive of sad thoughts, while there is such a glory and greatness about what is usefully constructive—about what has a tendency to advance physical comfort and healthy recreation—that the mind insensibly loves to dwell upon it.

A branch to the Health of Towns' Association has been formed in Edinburgh, and we have before us the able observations of Dr R. Young, upon the report of the Health of Towns' Commissions for England and Wales, in which that gentleman demonstrates the existence of a necessity for government interference in Scotland also; yet we do not see any reference made to bleaching-grounds. We trust, therefore, that the committees of sanitary societies will consider it their duty to urge upon burgh corporations possessing common the necessity of providing wash-houses and the other requisites of purification for clothes, and also the means of innocent recreation. We are not local in our sympathies or aspirations; we have a strong desire to see a healthier mental and physical status assumed by the people of this country generally; and we believe that causes are fast operating towards such a consummation; yet it is imperative upon those who have the power in localities to promote by every means at their disposal the desired end. Edinburgh does not stand alone in her paucity of public parks for the essential purposes indicated, and she may bear comparison with any city whatever in her plenitude of the means of perambulation; yet she is a strong example of what other localities may lack of the necessary means of preserving health. Despite her beauty of position, her fine buildings, her almost rural situation; despite her valleys, parks, and meadows, which are fenced in by wooden palings and intersected by gravel walks, she is the ornamental superficial beauty after all. The Cowgate and its collateral localities, crushed, cribbed, and confined, germinate fever and a host of other diseases within a few hundred yards from the Meadows and the elegant George Square. The Grassmarket and Wester Portsburgh lie festering in squalor and wretchedness behind and below the mansions of open airy Lauriston; and the Canongate and northern alleys of the High Street are all but a few seconds' walk from the free and smokeless country; yet this modern Athens is ill supplied with water, ill supplied in its poorer localities with air, inconveniently scarce of places of great public utility, miserably deficient in bath accommodation, worse than cruelly in want of proper homes for the poorer classes, all but destitute of bleaching greens, and wholly so of wash-houses and gymnasia. Our beautiful city possesses every facility for rendering it one of the most healthful in Britain. Situated upon hills, it presents every advantage for an efficient sewerage, it can be cheaply and efficiently supplied with water, and the town-council have ground at their disposal which they can easily throw open to the public for the especial purposes of which we have spoken, and by doing which they will show that, in conjunction with the government, they have a paternal regard for the health of those who are constrained to labour with dirty garments and pale cheeks in workshops which seldom are blessed with sunlight, and who have these garments washed and dried in confined sleeping-places when they are sunk to rest after their labour.

INSTANCES OF INGENUITY UNDER DEPRIVATIONS.

It is wonderful to note the facility with which persons deprived of the use of certain of their organs call into operation others to perform the offices required. Instances occasionally occur of persons deprived of one or both hands, who contrive to help themselves amazingly well with their feet and toes, and we have seen a boy with only the stump of an arm perform more ingenious operations than many others could accomplish with the use of both hands. But the most singular case of this kind is that of a young woman who had neither arms nor legs, and yet she was one of the most ingenious of her sex. A good many years ago, in passing along the streets of a country town, we saw drawn up one of those snug and handsome caravans which

are usually carried about the country, containing some show for exhibition to the public. We entered this one along with some other visitors, and sat down by a work-table, on which were placed drawing materials, sewing work, and writing apparatus. In a few minutes the master of the caravan entered, bearing in his arms a lady, whom he placed on a chair beside the table. Miss Biffin, for this was her name, was a native of Somersetshire, and appeared to be about five-and-twenty years of age. She was fair-complexioned, stout, healthy-looking, with a very agreeable and expressive countenance. But she had only the head and trunk of a human being—she had been born without arms or legs! These appeared as if they had been amputated, leaving about six or eight inches of stumps. On examining the arm-stumps, however, no appearance of scars was visible, the skin was perfectly smooth and continuous, neither did they terminate in a point or taper towards the end, but they presented all the appearance as if the natural and well-formed limbs had been fairly divided across. Aberrations or monstrosities of form usually take place in either of two ways: by a deficiency of parts or organs, as by the absence of an arm or leg, or of one or both eyes, or even the head; or, on the other hand, by an excess of parts, as four arms or two heads. The singularity in this case seemed to be the abrupt termination of the limbs, as if they had been cut across by a natural or spontaneous amputation. Miss Biffin retained, however, the muscular power of the shoulders in a most complete manner, and could move the stumps in all directions with the freest and quickest motions. Her performances now commenced. In the first place, she bent her head forward to the table, and, seizing a pen from the inkstand with her tongue and lips, she placed it with amazing quickness and precision between her cheek and her right shoulder stump, and still leaning forward, wrote her name on a piece of paper in a neat and legible female hand. In thus writing, all the necessary motions were made by the head and neck in conjunction with the stump, which she held pressed to her cheek to retain the pen in its place. After writing half-a-dozen of autographs, she laid the pen into the inkstand; then with the tongue took up a camel-hair pencil, filled it with paint from a pallet, and began to work at a miniature picture. She thus took likenesses with great accuracy, and with very considerable neatness and beauty of execution. Her next exploit was sewing. A needle was placed for her in a small cushion attached to her stump. She then took a thread into her mouth, prepared the end of it with her tongue, and, holding it between her lips, threaded the needle at the first trial with great accuracy. Then she pressed the seam between the edge of the table and the end of her right stump, and began to sew by the aid of her tongue and lips, making nearly as many stitches in a minute as an ordinary sempstress. In her leisure hours she could by reading beguile her solitary and confined condition; and it was pleasing to mark that good humour beamed from her countenance, and evidently showed that she was contented under those severe deprivations with which she was visited.

The late Professor Stewart, in a short note to his 'Philosophy of the Human Mind,' describes the intellectual powers of this person as above the ordinary standard; and remarks that her countenance, especially her eye, expressed good humour and cheerfulness, with a cast of thoughtful interest. Mr Stewart introduces her case as an example to show how the human mind can manifest its superiority even without the apparatus of the hand and fingers to work with, and as a refutation of the opinions of some philosophers, that it is by the superior mechanism of this organ that man in his operations so greatly excels other animals. 'If the wrist of a man,' says Helvetius, 'had been terminated with the hoof of a horse, he would have been still in the forest!' A most illogical conclusion; for the next case we shall mention is that of a person who, though without hands, yet by no means 'remained in the forest,' but was able to guide and master his horses with the greatest facility.

William Kingston, who was also a native of Somerset, was born in the year 1765, a stout and healthy boy, but

without arms or shoulders. He grew up to be a man of five feet six inches; and, though deprived of his arms, contrived to perform all the various duties of his business, which was that of a farmer. According to the statement of an eye-witness, he feeds, dresses, and undresses himself, combs his own hair, shaves his beard with the razor in his toes, cleans his shoes, lights his fire, writes out his own bills and accounts in a legible manner with his toes, and does almost every other domestic business. He performs the usual business of the field also, fodders his cattle, makes his ricks, cuts his hay, catches his horse, saddles and bridles him with his feet and toes, and when mounted holds the reins in his teeth. He can lift ten pecks of beam with his teeth; with his feet throw a large sledge-hammer farther than other men can with their arms; and he has fought many battles and come off victorious. The method he takes in these combats is to run very furiously at his adversary with his head, and strike him about the stomach, tripping up his heels at the same time. He was married to a young woman of a respectable family in the neighbourhood.

The following case has been described by Dr Hibbert Ware:—Mark Yarwood was born at the small village of Ashly, in Cheshire, in the year 1811. When seen by Dr Hibbert, he was twelve years of age, a stout, healthy-looking boy, of a lively and cheerful temper and good disposition. He was born without hands or forearms, and had merely the stumps of the shoulders. These stumps tapered somewhat towards their extremities, and were covered with corrugated skin, not unlike that of the points of the fingers, and had, like these, an acute sensibility to touch. His right stump is well protected with muscular flesh, while his left, which is a little longer than the other, is but thinly covered with an integument of skin. Any solid substance which he purposes to carry, is, by the bony unyielding extremity of the left stump, so pressed against the fleshy cushion of the right as to form for its reception a hollow bed. These stumps have great strength and agility. When first seen by Dr Hibbert, the boy was engaged in a game of marbles with his companions. He held the marble by the extremities of both stumps, and with a conjoint motion of the muscles of the shoulders, he seldom failed to hit the mark with the greatest dexterity. Being afterwards requested to thread a needle, he readily complied. After delicately pressing the small needle between the stumps, he lifted it up and stuck the point of it into the felt of a hat, so as to fix it steadily in a vertical position. He then took the thread in like manner in his stumps, rubbed it with them as the sempstress would do with her finger and thumb, making it taper to a point, and after this simple preliminary step, he inserted it through the small eye of the needle at the very first trial. On many occasions he makes use of his feet, and his lips, tongue, and teeth, to aid in his operations. A sixpence was presented to him in the open palm of the hand. After placing the end of his right stump on the edge of one side of the palm, with his left he brought the piece of silver to the edge, so that it could be grasped between the two; he then conveyed it to his mouth. Here it was for a few moments retained, until he had inserted one of his stumps within his waistcoat pocket, which being opened for the purpose very wide, the money was dropped into it. He also used the tongue in tying a common knot on a piece of string, which he did with great dexterity. In some other operations, the chin was an organ of no small importance. In stirring up the coals in the fireplace, he first pressed the poker between his stumps, at about a middle distance from the extremities; he next pressed the head of the poker under his chin, and, assisted by this as a fulcrum, he readily pushed the point of the poker into the fire, and stirred up the coals most effectually. He eats his food by pushing the handle of his spoon up between his stump and his coat-sleeve; or he sometimes seizes his spoon in the middle of the handle by both stumps. In grappling with larger objects, he uses the knees and feet, and dresses himself by the aid of the latter, pulling up his stockings and trousers with his teeth. The only thing he could not accomplish in dressing was to

button his clothes, which baffled his ingenuity. He was an active, contented, and happy boy, no one lamenting his privations less than himself. 'I do not wish to have hands,' said he, 'as I have never known the use of them, nor have I ever felt the loss of them.' On being sent to school he made rapid progress in reading, and at last learned to write in very neat penmanship. Not content with this, he found out a method of making pens, which was done in this manner: He places the quill between his knees, the barrel upwards; then with a knife held between his stumps he cuts off the end, and forcing the blade within the barrel, makes the slit. He next cuts away due portions from each side of the quill, the direction of the parings being from below upwards; until a point is formed. He lastly places the pen on a flat surface of some hard substance, by which means he is enabled to perform with ease the usual finishing cut of snipping off the point.

All the cases which we have related having been the result of natural defects, the ingenuity acquired must have been of slow growth, and greatly facilitated by the nimbleness and buoyancy of youth; and while we are aware of no instance where persons deprived by accident of the use of their limbs have ever been able to attain the dexterity of those who never knew the use of them, still there are many wonderful proofs of how man is able to conform to the circumstances in which he may be placed. Somewhere above thirty years ago, a few miles west from Glasgow, Colin Logan, a young man employed in a quarry, by the sudden explosion of a train set for the purpose of splitting the rock, had the misfortune to be blown into the air, and besides the loss of one eye, was otherwise so much mangled that amputation of both arms a few inches below the shoulder was found necessary. After recovering, the wonder was what was to become of poor Colin. His aged parents were more in want of assistance than able to afford him any. Dependence on the bounty of others seemed his only hope. Determined, however, to do something for his own support, Colin fixed on the humble, and what to all seemed the hopeless occupation, for a person without arms, of a bird-catcher. Having trained his call-birds, he provided himself with an old hat without the brim, in the sides of which were cut a number of holes for the admission of air and light, and to where the brim had been attached was sewed all round a piece of cloth about a foot in length, with two strings at the upper end. The other implements of his trade consisted of a stump of hawthorn, with a pretty thick, closely cut bushy top, and a quantity of loose twigs smeared over with bird-lime. Happening in our days of boyhood to live close beside Colin, with whom we were a particular favourite, being so far privileged as to be permitted to accompany him on school holidays in his solitary rambles in quest of the rarest of the feathered race, we had opportunities of witnessing feats in his adopted calling which have ever remained impressed in our mind. Before setting out, his twigs were all limed; on the buttons of his jacket were hung two or three cages, in which were call-birds; on another button hung the old hat for containing those which might be caught; and below one of his shoulder stumps was placed the hawthorn-tree. We often think since that we must have proved a sad incumbrance to kind Colin. Having to cross ditches and clear dykes, and being at that time rather short of limb for a good leap, it was no uncommon thing for Colin to seize us below the unoccupied stump, and, with cages and hat in front, and the tree under the other, clear stream and dyke. Arrived at the place selected for his operations, and which required to be free of trees and bushes, with his foot he dug a hole for the hawthorn, which he firmly fixed; by means of his tongue and teeth he then arranged the twigs on the top of the bush, placed his call-birds, and retired out of sight. The cry of his birds attracted those in the neighbourhood, and they, having no other place to alight, generally perched on the highest twigs of the bush, being those spread over with the lime. Once fixed by the feet, in the flutter to get off, their wings got fast likewise, and to a person with both hands it costs no little caution to get them safely disentangled. This was, however, dexterously and always safely managed by Colin,

with his teeth, and by the same means they were placed in the hat, the strings tied, and the twigs again limed. Such anxiety did he show that not a feather should be disarranged or the birds in any way injured, that it was only when a sparrow-hawk, in making a pounce at his call-birds, got fixed in the lime, that he would allow us to assist. The birds were taken to Glasgow and sold; and honest, cheerful Colin, with his goldfinches and linnets, must still be fresh in the recollection of many of our western readers.

Some years ago, we recollect having seen frequently in our streets a one-handed flute-player, who, notwithstanding the loss of his left hand, contrived with the stump of his forearm to manage the stops with great accuracy, and to produce not unpleasant music. He contrived to hold his flute to his mouth with the thumb and fore part of the right hand, while the fingers of the same hand were used for commanding a certain number of the stops. The other stops were managed by the stump of the left arm; and, with great pliability and adroitness, he seemed to be able to press the stump so as to close up one, two, or more holes, as the nature of the music required.

REVIVAL AND PROGRESS OF NATIONAL LITERATURE IN SCOTLAND.

If literature is merely the exponent of what we feel and know, and if its quality is to be estimated according to its expositive or illustrative power, then does Robert Tannahill deserve to be placed high in the ranks of Scottish poets. He was a poor man, and has left us no elaborated examples of his poetical powers; but social position is not the criterion by which we are to judge of a man's genius, and length is not a necessary constitutive of a poem. As a Scottish lyricist, Tannahill almost takes rank with Burns.

Robert Tannahill was born on the 3d June, 1774, in the town of Paisley, Renfrewshire. His father was a weaver of silk gauze, and his mother, a woman every way worthy of his father and remarkable for worth and intelligence, was the daughter of a farmer named Pollock. Tannahill had five brothers and one sister, he being the fourth of seven children. Like a number of his tuneless brethren, he had a malformation of a foot and leg, a defect which he assiduously strove in youth to correct by twisting his foot into a proper position when alone. By perseverance, he ultimately corrected the defect, and by wearing additional stockings on the smaller limb, hid the disparity which existed between his legs in thickness. He began at a very early age to tune his boyish lyre, and was remarked amongst his schoolfellows as a ready propounder of rhythmical riddles. After receiving the general education of the Scottish poor, he was sent to the loom; and trade being in a flourishing condition, and merry-makings and rural excursions amongst the young people of the manufacturing districts being more frequent than now, he often joined these pleasure parties. We are frequently reminded by Tannahill's biographers that he was comparatively uneducated; now, it seems to us that the cry of want of education in poets is as egregious cant as that which Sterne abominated—'the cant of art.' He might not be, and we know that he was not, a polyglot, nor a mathematician, nor a philosopher in its particular sense; he had not received the training necessary to qualify him for any of the pursuits relative to these names; but he had roamed by clear winding fountains, he had gazed on flowers and green trees gently bending to the hymning breeze, he had climbed the fells and rocky braes of his native land, he had listened to the songs of larks that 'fanned the snawy cluds,' to the mavis and merle in the deep green wood, and to the jocund swains and guileless maidens as they drove the team a-field or tripped over the dewy grass with their milk-pails. He had idealised the 'flower o' Aruntee,' and won his Mary's heart in the 'bonnie woods o' Craigelee'; and if this was not the genuine education of a poet, we do not know what constitutes his education. While he pursued his ordinary employment, Tannahill's fancy was ever active in the labours of poetry; he had a little writing-desk and apparatus attached to his loom, and

jotted down any lines that occurred to him without stirring from his seat. At the expiry of his term of apprenticeship he removed to Lochwinnoch, where, by a remarkable coincidence, Alexander Wilson was also working; but Tannahill being young and unknown as a poet, personal diffidence, and the want of a mutual friend who could have appreciated their poetical affinity, prevented them from meeting. About 1800, Tannahill and a younger brother went to England, where they both found employment; the poet wrought in Bolton at the flowered weaving; the younger brother in Preston at plain work. Although living in separate towns, the brothers often met, for they were much attached to each other, and they frequently wrote home during their two years' absence. The last illness of their father was the cause of their leaving England, to which they did not return, for the younger brother married, and Robert took up his residence with his widowed mother, for whom he had the most unbounded affection. After his return from England, Tannahill became acquainted with R. A. Smith, the composer, who arranged and set many of his fine pieces to music; he also soon numbered several men of respectability among his friends, who encouraged him in the prosecution of his song writing—an encouragement which he much required, in consequence of his retiring modesty and want of self-confidence. The first edition of his songs and poems appeared in 1807, and was favourably received by the public; but the author himself soon perceived faults, and assiduously set about the preparation of a new edition. The revised and corrected work was sent to Mr Constable in Edinburgh, but that publisher's hands being full, the copy was returned. This circumstance, conjoined with others, tended to depress the sensitive bard, and eventually he became mentally deranged, and drowned himself in a pool which ran near his home. This sorrowful event took place on the 17th May, 1810. In stature, Tannahill was small, and in manners he was retiring and bashful; but he had keen and quick sensibilities, and his sympathies were strongly knit to the poor and unfortunate. He was averse to the company of the wealthy and not at all disposed to crave their patronage; but his home relations and feelings were nurtured and cherished with all the fond assiduity of a humane and loving nature.

The songs of Tannahill are the palladium of his fame; they are national in feeling and expression, and they are beautiful, truthful, and genuine. The power of perfunctibility strongly exists in them; they stir the heart like some electric agency which exists unseen, yet contains the essence of the poet's spirit. That this power in his songs springs partly from their nationality, is evident when compared with his poems. Even in the rescripts of his filial sentiments, which were strong in his gentle and amiable nature, we behold him almost puerile and mean when the vehicle of expression is English. Tannahill's lyre possesses the power of reciprocity to perfection; he strikes his numbers, and the action makes the heartstrings to vibrate; and one thing that is gratifying to think upon in connexion with his short life is, that he lived to listen to the poet's highest meed of fame—his own harp's multiplied vibrations. Every one who has heard of this gifted songster has felt for his untimely fate. But extreme penury was not, as has sometimes been alleged, the prime cause of his suicide. The morbid affections of a melancholic temperament, stimulated by supposed neglect, led to the fatal error which closed his life. His circumstances were never so poor that he could not live with moderate toil, but they were never so affluent, on the other hand, as to allow of his full devotion to the muse. His songs occupy a prominent and stable place in the Scottish heart. Who has not felt the genuine force of 'We'll meet beside the dusky glen, on yon burn side?' 'Gloomy winter's noo awa,' is a piece of poetical sunshine and melody; and the 'Woods o' Craigelee' are for ever green and lovely to the heart and memory. Neither Ramsay, Fergusson, nor McNeill can claim pre-eminence of Tannahill as a lyricist; though all surpassed him in the qualities of elaborate con-

The period of which we now write was fruitful of literary greatness over the whole continent of Europe; and Scotland was not behind in the production of gifted men. The French Revolution created an era in literature as well as an era in history. It awoke the latent mind of Europe and shook it convulsively into action. That event was of itself majestically startling, and it required an expanded grasp of intellect to interpret the motives and impulses that evolved the vast physical phenomenon. The master-minds of the world arrayed themselves, according to their intuitions and opinions, in defence or condemnation of that fearful national struggle, and they sought by theoretical explications of man's mental constitution to prove that it was either the necessary sequence of an active principle of humanity or an arbitrary outburst of human passion. It set men to think, to observe, and speculate; mental and ethical philosophers began to reconstruct their interminable syllogisms, and poets to look earnestly and deeply into the heart of humanity. We feel that it is approaching the men of what may be termed the French Revolution era, that we approach the colossi of their age. Burns's vigour and crushing vehemence were born of it. The rugged stern intellect of Brougham; the lightning-like brilliancy and force of Jeffrey; the symmetry and beauty of the Scottish Bacon, Sir James Mackintosh; the metaphysical Stewart, Playfair, and Brown; Wilson's sunny genius; Scott's Shaksperian power and compass—at the bar, in the pulpit, novelists, poets, theologians, metaphysicians—Scotland stood forth with an array of sons that the world could not peer. The genius of the times of which we speak seemed subversive of a nationality in literature; yet there existed a reactionary or antagonistic power which produced a more intense patriotism. Nations seemed about to be effaced by the illustrious despot who had swam to fame on seas of slaughter, and patriots were inclined to love their countries more deeply and sternly on account of his obliteration of the boundaries of nations.

A glance at the history of our country's progress will enable the general reader to discern that, from the period of Malcolm Canmore's marriage with the Princess Margaret, all Scotland could not be said to possess an identical language. From the conquest of England, in 1066, may be dated the duality of the Scottish tongue; the Celtic people cherished with stubborn pertinacity amongst the people the language of the court and nobility became Saxon. The progressive or rather absorbing genius of the latter people and tongue gave them possession of the Scottish lowlands, and rich and poor exchanged their ideas in the same Doric vehicle until after the Union, when, from more extended international communion, the educated classes in Scotland gradually became inoculated with an appetency for the southern tongue and idiom. The adoption of the English as a vehicle of expression, and the removal of almost all her general *litterateurs* to London during what may be called the Queen Anne era, left Scotland destitute of exponents of any part of her mental operations save speculative philosophy and theology. The revival of her language and the retuning of her harp there was not an expulsion of English expression; it jostled the Doric even in the compositions of the most Scottish of our writers since the days of Allan Ramsay. It is in the essence and idiom that we are to look for the stamp of nationality upon our literature; it is in the true exposition of what is Scottish in thought, opinion, or action, that our true literature exists. In the songs of Scotland, Scottish thought, scenery, and feeling are all arrayed with facility in Scottish raiment, for a song is individual and intransitive in its constitution. It expresses one sentiment and holds up one prominent object to view. A ballad, again, can be clothed in the same national garment, for its action is dependent on two or three prominent agents only. In the work of fiction, however, which professes to interpret the thoughts, peculiarities, and actions of many men, the expression must be adapted to and compatible with the person or persons sought to be individualised.

saw the revival of a latent portion of the national mind in the publication of the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Borders.' The active antagonism of the times called forth the energetic and animal feelings of the nation, and rendered it well qualified to receive the rhythmical traditions of midnight raid and battle; and the antiquarian impulse, which seemed to spring into vigour with the spirit of innovation, propelled its conservative possessors to guard the ancient orthography and idiom of these ballads with jealous care. The active and enthusiastic coadjutor of Sir Walter Scott in this national work was Dr John Leyden. This gifted and wonderful man was born on the 8th December, 1775, at Denholm, a village on the banks of the Tweed, in Roxburgh. His father was a shepherd, and John also tended sheep upon the braes. It was amongst the steep and majestic scenes of his native land that he imbibed that enthusiasm and independence which ever characterised him. He was taught to read (as many Scottish peasants have been) by his grandmother, and once possessed of the power of deciphering words, he read with insatiable avidity all that came in his path. Although clad in coarse garments, and possessing a discordant voice and marked *patois*, he studied with great eclat at the university of Edinburgh, vastly extending his acquaintance with languages, and imbibing a taste for and extensive knowledge of antiquities. A desire to distinguish himself by adding something new to literature from the hidden treasures of the East, took him to India in the capacity of a surgeon's mate. But the activity of his intellect, conjoined with a disregard to the sanitary requirements of the climate, cut off this distinguished scholar and enthusiastic Scotchman on the 28th August, 1811, at Batavia.

It is chiefly as an editor that Leyden's claim to literary nationality rests; for although he wrote much concerning the traditions of the Western Highlands, his 'Mermaid' seems to exist alone in attestation of his fancy and beautiful diction. It was he, according to a late biographer, who supplied Scott with the materials for his digest on Fairy Superstition. He edited in 1801 a rare old tract, called the 'Complaint of Scotland,' and rendered it a truly elaborate exposition of Scottish antiquities, embracing reprints of ancient national literature, customs, traditions, and nursery rhymes. The research, learning, and ability evidenced in this work were wonderful for one whose years were so few and whose acquirements were so varied. He also assisted in the collection of the floating traditions of border love and war, with all the enthusiasm of his nature. Leyden's genius had been nursed, like that of Scott, among scenes teeming with legendary lore, and which had long demanded interpretation. The pastoral West had found a tongue in her peasant bard. The broken articulations of Celtic song had been clothed with proportion and a definite existence by M'Pherson; the East could boast of 'canny Allan' and 'poor Fergusson;' but the traditions of the South, save in its own seclusions, were almost 'unsyllabled—unsung.' Next to himself, John Leyden may be said to have loved his country. Had he loved fame less—had he possessed that exaggerated desire to stand forth in bold relief among men in smaller proportion—he might have lived a brilliant luminary at home, irradiating his native land with the sunlight of his genius and knowledge, instead of, comet-like, passing away in a transient blaze. Whatever proportion of his enthusiasm was expended upon subjects unconnected with his lofty ambition, however, the largest share was undoubtedly expended upon the honour and glory of his native land. Had Leyden been less educated his muse would have found vent in his vernacular; but although the vehicle was Anglican the substance was Caledonian to the core, even though sung at Pulo Penang.

More particular in their nationality, as evidenced by their poems, although perhaps less intensely Scotch, and greatly inferior in genius, were Sir A. Boswell; Mayne, author of the 'Siller Gun,' &c.; and Gall, who wrote the very pretty and popular song of 'My only Joe and dearie.' Miss Ferrier, the authoress of 'Destiny,' about this period

novels; but though localised and baptised with the dew of the heather, they were more artificial and exotic 'broad Scotch.' M'Dow is an overdrawn character yet it is almost the only character in 'Destiny' that be called Scottish in substance. Thomas Campbell's lads, with a few minor pieces, and his splendid fragment of 'Locheil's Warning,' are the only national portions of the accomplished and amiable Bard of Fife. The education of the schools can never add to the fan imagination, neither can it stimulate the warm flow of poet's life-blood. It extends the information and polishes the mind, and by so doing may expand the powers of parison and add to the materials of contrast, but the heart is left unaffected. Campbell's fastidious ear and educated taste led him to adopt the most classical and polished English styles generally, but the grandeur of his mountains, and the beauty and fragrance of his flowers, were wedded to his fancy and love. The literary genius of the French Revolution era was decidedly poetic and speculative, whether exemplified in the writings of Goethe, De Staël, or Coleridge; and Europe could boast a host of the most gifted poets and philosophers. Among the proudest of them all, however, towered the brow of Sir Walter Scott. Sir Walter was born in Edinburgh on the 15th August, 1771; but being a weakly man was sent to Sandyknowe, in Roxburghshire, when he yet a child. It would be a work of supererogation to give a detailed outline of his life in this discursive respect—it is sufficient to assert that his infirmity in his life confined him to the care of persons who compensated for his want of physical amusement with traditional stories and that he grew to man's estate with a head and heart thoroughly Scottish save on one point. His first literary undertaking was the editing of the 'Minstrel of the Scottish Border,' in 1802—the year in which 'Edinburgh Review' was established; in 1804 'Scotsman' followed; and in 1805 he published his stirring poem the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel;' in 1810 the 'Lord of the Lake' was issued; and in 1814, the 'Lord of the Isles' may be said to have brilliantly closed Scott's career as a poet. The year that saw his poetical star was the meteor light of Byron, saw the sun of his genius more luminously than ever. In 1814 'Waverley' heralded a host of novels, which only ceased to appear when the author ceased, in 1832, to live, and whose popularity fresh at this day as when they were eagerly looked for by the press by anxious anticipations.

Sir Walter Scott created a new era in novel-writing. He divested his reprints of life of the 'thrilling interest' of the Mrs Radcliffe school; he expurgated from their grossness of Smollet or Fielding, and he rendered them a vivid exponent of history; he combined truthfulness in his delineation of men with correctness in his explication of ancient habits and ancient costume, and, therefore, not only did a local but universal service. As an interpreter of human nature Scott is only inferior to Shakespeare, and the balance trembles fitfully that gives the Bard of Avon the palm. As an interpreter of inanimate nature our Scottish Prometheus need bend to no one. In the novel we are insensibly reminded of the author's individuality, from his interjectional allusions, and those descriptions which the character of the work necessarily render abstract. In the drama the author's individuality is lost in that of his characters. In reading the novels of Sir Walter Scott there is always some circumstance recurring to remind you of their human origin. In the dramas of William Shakespeare each embodiment of an idea receives a tongue and speech, and develops itself seemingly independent of any abstract agency. The genius of his times caused Shakespeare to become a realist, and those of Scott led him into the paths of dramatic fiction, it is hard to tell in what relation to each other they would have placed them. But leaving his comparative merits to be discussed according to the tempers of the times, the positive claims of Sir Walter Scott upon his countrymen are of the highest order. Before he

his native land, and opened the hearts of her peers and peasants to each other, there was less of true nationality than now exists. The various classes of society were comparatively unknown to each other—the peasant drew his opinions of a class from the lord who perhaps crushed him, and the lord from the serf who doffed his bonnet and cringed to him. All the grandeur and beauty which live in the scenery of our native land, and illustrate the power and majesty of the Creator, were veiled and hid. The romance and chivalry of the Highlands were penned up within the passes of Lennie and Killiecrankie, and the stirring events of Lowland story were lost in historical brevity and dryness. Sir Walter Scott invested the prejudices, the feelings, the principles, the loves and virtues of Scottish life, with form and consistency, and he gave them as their exponent our own sweet Doric tongue. He not only brought districts together in heart, but he brought the sympathies of every land to gaze upon the persons he had particularised, and the proud scenes he had sung. He showed to the great the stamina that was in the people, and to the people he realised the virtues that existed amongst themselves. Jeanie Deans has ever appeared to us as the most beautiful and lofty of his idealisations. There is not a shred of fustian in her whole lovely and symmetrical character. She is Scotch all over—a simple Scotch lassie, through all her essence, and in all the relations in which she is placed, and yet she is too sublime to be treated as a vulgar picture. Sir Walter Scott's genius was too discursive to be confined to one spot, and his intellect massive enough to support his extended wanderings, yet we think him most at home in his national pictures. His Reuben Butler and David Deans are only to be met with in Scotland, and no one who has not mingled with the Scottish peasantry can form any idea of the force and genuineness of these pictures. Dandie Dinmonts and Dominie Samsons are living and vigorous in our rural districts, and we have Cuddy Headriggs enow who are still 'bedeaved' with polemical mothers—the land yet teems with living witnesses of the truth of his embodiments, and is full of exemplifications of the benefits derived from his works. Many enraptured Highland tourists may thank him in spirit as they wander through the scenes he has rendered classical, and many lovely Highland clachans, without knowing it, are indebted to his genius for something more substantial than even 'local habitation and a name.' There is not an enlightened nation in the world that does not send forth its host of curious pilgrims to visit the 'land of mountain and flood;' and there is not a Scottish peasant but now can wander on the hills and through the glens of his native land with a quickened love of country and more sensitive appreciation of its scenic beauties since Scott wrote. The district jealousies which existed in times past in Scotland, have been almost swept away by the perfusive influence of his works. No man, however stern his prejudice against 'heiland pride an' hunger,' could refuse to recognise the beautiful in Evan Dhu Maccombich's devotion. The appellation of 'boated' which is applied to our transforthian brethren in scorn, could not, without daring hardihood, be launched at the Antiquary or Edie Ochiltree. Who could term Dandie Dinmont, or his wife Allie, or Hobbie Elliot, '*sleeket soothie*?' and would not the '*pride*' of the midland counties be crushed beneath the broom of Meg Dods, or forgotten in the honesty and beauty of David and Jeanie Deans? One of the prime constitutives of unity and good will in people is their knowledge of each other; and that Sir Walter Scott did more than any other man to enlighten Scotland about herself, past and present, who can deny? He possessed a complete mastery over the language of the people; he was eminently patriotic and knew his country to perfection, and he added much to the revival and stability of our familiar mother-tongue. Our next notice in this series will consist of a detailed biography of the Ettrick Shepherd, one of the most pre-eminently gifted of our national bards, by a gentleman who long enjoyed his friendship, and than whom there is perhaps no one better qualified to form a correct estimate of the character of Hogg.

THE ORPHAN DREAMING.

(For the Instructor.)

Sweetly, sweetly she was sleeping,
Where the grave-flower waved its head,
Who a moment since was weeping
O'er the ashes of the dead.
Dig tears on her cheeks were lying,
Rainbow-gilded with the sun;
And the soft winds, lightly sighing,
Kiss'd them from the lovely one.
Auburn tresses, gently flowing,
Hid the lily and the rose,
But the playful smile was showing
She had now forgot her woes.
Land of beauty—land of dreaming—
Fairer than this land of ours—
Where a purer light is beaming
On a richer race of flowers!
Now she heard her mother breathing,
In a silvery voice, her name;
Now her kindly hand was wringing
Up the ringlets of her Jane.
To a beating heart she press'd her,
Glowing with a mother's love;
In that love she fondly kiss'd her,
Like a sinless kiss above.
And she saw her father smiling
To the prattler on his knee;
Such a smile, it was beguiling,
And she wept in ecstasy!
Dream away, neglected stranger,
Happy spirits wait on thee;
May they wave away all danger,
Till thy wearied soul is free!

R. M'ISA.

THE WILD BUM-BEE.

(For the Instructor.)

There it goes drowsily, the wild bum-bee,
Blizin' through the berry-bush and blossom'd apple-tree—
Up and down, roun' and roun', far away and near—
Hark how its bum goes and comes upon the ear!
Hingin' on the blue-bell, bending down its breast—
Oh, thy life's a sweet blink—a honey'd, flowery feast!
Singin' o'er the clover sweet, dreamily along,
Bizz-hong, bizz-bum, the wild bee's sang.
Up and through the lime tree that bums a' alive
W' wild brown and black bees and tame anes frae the hive—
Oh, it makes the heart feel a soothing, holy calm,
To hear the bum-bees carolling summer's noon psalm!
Hark! it bums far away, where the plantin' heaves
In a' the living gleamery of glowing green leaves.
Zig-zag, down and down, to the broom flower;
Now it sinks w' heavy drone 'neath a sunny shower;
There it bums, drookit a', in belts o' black and gold,
Sweetly from the gleamin' shower by daisies parasol'd.
Oh, do not fret, wild bee, a common lot is thine—
We a' maun get our daisie time as weel as sunshin'.
But see, the sun glints through a kindling, cheering ray—
Blizz, drone—try't again! Hark, it bums away!

J.S.

A CURIOUS CALCULATION.

What is a billion? The reply is very simple—A million times a million. This is quickly written, and quicker still pronounced; but no man is able to count it. You count 160 or 170 a minute; but let us even suppose that you go as far as 200, then an hour will produce 12,000; a day, 288,000; and a year, or 365 days (for every four years you may rest from counting, during leap year), 105,120,000. Let us suppose now that Adam, at the beginning of his existence, had begun to count, had continued to do so, and was counting still—he would not even now, according to the usually supposed age of our globe, have counted near enough. For, to count a billion, he would require 9512 years, 34 days, 5 hours, and 20 minutes, according to the above rule. Now, supposing we were to allow the poor counter twelve hours daily for rest, eating, and sleeping, he would need 19,024 years, 69 days, 10 hours, and 40 minutes!

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IMPROVISATION.

It is not proposed to treat in the present article of what is now most commonly understood by the term improvisation, namely, the art, so much practised in Italy, of extemporaneously composing and reciting poetry, or rather, to speak more accurately, verse. Some very remarkable cultivators of this species of intellectual exercise have appeared from time to time in the country mentioned, and have acquired no small amount of fame, as well as fortune, by their public displays. Few of them, however, have succeeded in sustaining the reputation acquired as *improvisators*, on their productions being subjected to the ordeal of the press. Hence the art has been not unjustly considered as depending much more on a quick memory, and a happy knack of rhyming, than on the possession of high original genius. The mellifluousness of the national language of Italy, and its peculiar facilities for versification, derived mainly from the abundant use therein of vowels, furnish a ready explanation of the special frequency of the custom of poetical improvising among the people of that land. Our own tongue is comparatively unsuited to such purposes; and, when any improvisatore of note has really appeared among us, he has always been a man of very superior intellect in all respects. The late Theodore Hooke stood unrivalled in his day as an extemporaneous rhymster; and some of his effusions of this sort were wonderfully pointed in sense, as well as felicitous in expression. Unluckily for himself, his power of composing and chanting good squibs or songs, humorous or political, at an instant's notice, was a charm appertaining to his society, which led to its being courted to excess by joyous free-livers among the great, and brought his career to an impoverished and premature close.

The improvisation of which we would here speak, however, is of a different description. It is the art which history and biography show to us as existent frequently in princes of talent, in great generals, and in many men of high repute as conversationalists. Henry IV. of France, Napoleon, and Samuel Johnson, form good examples of members of these three several classes, each being singularly skilled in improvisation of the kind to be brought under notice. For it is not the gift of extemporaneous fluency of speech, such as belongs to professed orators, but the power of rapid and epigrammatic condensation of thought, or perhaps of many and high meanings, into a very limited compass, that forms the improvisation adverted to here. Some one (Leigh Hunt, if memory serves aright) used to say, that to see Kean act a Shakspearean character was, as it were, to 'read the mighty dramatist by a flash of lightning.' This fancy conveys well what might be said

of the effects of this species of improvisation generally. Specimens, further explanatory, might be culled abundantly from the *ana* on record respecting the triumvirate above mentioned. The heartfelt wish of Henry IV. to see every man in France with his hearth-pot full of the same diet as that of royalty, was an extemporaneous burst of sympathy, which by its homely point became a proverbial lesson to the national statesman. Knowing well the temper of the same monarch, an old soldier once stepped from the ranks of Henry's army, and said to him, presenting arms, 'Sire, twenty-one years of service, thirty campaigns, and ten wounds, merit the cross of honour, and I have it not!' 'It shall be yours,' said the king. Another soldier, less backed by desert, was tempted to make his wishes also known to Henry by a similarly curt appeal. 'Sire,' said he, 'two words—discharge, pay.' The monarch replied, 'Soldier, four words—nor one nor t'other.' This saying, which occurs at the moment merely, is not so elevated a cast, certainly, as many others of Henri-Quatre, and far below the grade of some of Napoleon's improvisations on the battle-field. The famous exclamation at the engagement with the Mamelukes, 'Soldiers, forty ages look down on you from the summits of yonder Pyramids,' was the most soul-stirring incentive to combat, perhaps, that the genius of man could have at the time supplied. We trust that our patriotism will not be doubted if we venture to remark here in passing, that the mental constitution of the Duke of Wellington has ever seemed to us such, as both to lead to and to account for what we cannot but consider as his failures in the few oral military addresses ascribed to him. 'Up, guards, and at 'em!' is an expression certainly very much to the purpose; but, adding 'black' to the term 'guards,' it is just such as a ringleader of ragged boys might say to his companions in a street-scuffle, or a poacher might utter to call his accomplices to an attack on over-active gamekeepers, instead of being in aught commensurate with the occasion—that grand and almost unequalled occasion, which saw the speaker wrestle with and overthrow the very demigods of modern days. Authentic history may indeed be said to present no similar struggle justly comparable in grandeur to that of Waterloo. One must absolutely go to the fabulous annals of the world—to the contests of Jupiter with the Titans—to find a parallel satisfying to the fancy. The first opposition on the field of fame of Wellington and Napoleon, each literally the conqueror in a hundred fights (though not all what men call pitched engagements), would alone have made the occasion great to sublimity. To return, however, to 'Up, guards, and at 'em.' There 'be those,' as Hamlet has it, 'who praise this saying, and that highly;' and who seem as fanatically fond of the con-

traction 'em,' as if the whole merit and virtue of the expression lay therein. To our eyes, it gives a most unbearably Cockneyish air to the whole sentence, and would alone be ruinous to its dignity, did any dignity exist there to be endangered. It is something to make one really original observation now-a-days, and it is with a sort of pride, therefore, that we look back on the immediately preceding sentences; but it is pride mingled with fear, since no acknowledged writer, or even unacknowledged work, from 'Simpson's Waterloo' upwards or downwards (the reader may choose his own phrase here), has dared to speak in other than enthusiastic terms of the 'Up, guards, and at 'em.' On a general view, it appears to us that the strong good sense of the Duke of Wellington is markedly discernible in the very paucity of his endeavours to succeed in the sort of military improvisation under discussion. A man in his place, whose endowment of vanity was not singularly under command of his discretion, would to a certainty have been tempted, by the mere example of Napoleon, to make some effort to emulate those splendid epigrammatic addresses which the latter used so oft as the means of victory, and which rung through entire Europe like so many peals of the war-trumpet. Observe how wofully and quickly Lord Ellenborough, a vain man though talented, fell into the snare when temptation came in his way. Seldom has such a specimen of self-conceit outrunning prudence been given, as in the too-celebrated Somnauth proclamation—'The injury of eight hundred years is at last avenged!' The Duke of Wellington, we repeat, may be held to have evinced the soundness of his judgment in no respect more prominently than by his avoidance of all endeavours to imitate the Bonaparte style of military improvisation. Napoleon read and admired 'Ossian'; the duke, if he ever did glance at that work, would to a certainty throw it down a moment afterwards as a farrago of absurdity. As a man of genius—of comprehensive intellect generally—we would place the duke far below Napoleon. Simply as a soldier and captain, he appears to us entitled to rank even above the renowned Corsican. The latter conquered almost wholly by the activity and rapidity of his movements and combinations; and it was truly pitiful to find Mack and the other vanquished generals of Austria, of the old school, complaining that he beat them unfairly—that he would not fight by the established rule and square. The Duke of Wellington possessed such a union of qualities as would have probably baffled the French emperor under any ordinarily fair circumstances. The Briton would have wearied out his adversary by displaying how the patience of a Fabius, and now the energy of a Marcellus, as occasion demanded; and, in all human probability, had the two been destined to opposition in lengthened campaigns, the duke would have ended by giving the new surmounter of the Alps a second edition of a third character—Scipio at Zama conquering Hannibal.

We have wandered from our original purpose, however, being led thereto by the recollection of Napoleon's talents for military improvisation, and by the comparative deficiency of our renowned British captain in the same walk. By the way, but the one battle-saying of the latter at Waterloo has been mentioned, and it may be further observed that the words are very like those of a plain Covenant at the skirmish of Drumlog. Seeing the royal troops wavering, one John Nisbet cried, 'Out ower the bog and to them, lads!' Plain men, we see, use plain language always. Alexander the Great, if we could but hold all his sayings to be authentic, or even to have been handed down to us in anything like their original form, might be considered to have here excelled even Napoleon. His appreciation of the independence of the Cynic—'Were I not Alexander, I would be Diogenes;' and his proud answer when Parmenio said he would compromise with the Persian foe—'So would I, were I Parmenio'—are but ordinary samples of the strong condensing or focal powers of mind which he is reported to have displayed on numberless occasions. He was bred a prince, it is true, and his teacher was an Aristotle; and it has ever been the prac-

tice of such tutors of royalty to initiate their pupils most especially into the art of giving ready and brief responses, the readiness being so frequently put to the test by appellants, and brevity being accordant with princely etiquette from time immemorial.

But, as we have no intention to inflict on our readers the good things of Alexander or any other similarly antique personage, (are they not all to be found in the pages of Rollin and others?) we must proceed in our task of illustrating improvisation, such as it has been defined, in other ways. Samuel Johnson was a master of conversational improvisation. The biographical work of Boswell tells us so, both directly and indirectly, in every page. 'Dr Johnson,' says his friend, 'did indeed possess an almost Tuscan power of improvisation.' This remark has reference more immediately to some birth-day verses, which he addressed to Mrs Thrale, on her complaining that, at thirty-five, she had ceased to be flattered with poetry as Stella was up to forty-six. Without a thought of it 'half a minute before,' Johnson began some verses extemporaneously, and produced eighteen couplets, each alternate line rhyming to 'thirty-five.' They are fair samples of the easy *vers de société*; and, short time as he had for thought, he made the lady notice that he had placed the rhymes alphabetically. 'So much,' he said, 'for coming to a dictionary-maker for poetry.' The close conveys an apt enough compliment—

'He who ever hopes to thrive
Must begin at thirty-five;
And all who wisely wish to live
Must look on Thrale at thirty-five.'

But, in reality, the whole of Samuel Johnson's ordinary converse was magnificently studded with instances of fictitious improvisation, alike as respected thought, fiction, and arrangement. What could be more apposite, for instance, than the following consolatory similitude addressed to an author who felt hurt by critical abuse? 'It is advantageous, sir, to a writer to be attacked as well as praised. Fame is a shuttle-cock. If it be struck only at one end of the room, it will soon fall to the ground. To keep it up, it must be struck at both ends.' The whole history of literature proves this similitude of the moment to be not less happy than just, excelling far, in practical point, the celebrated poetical description of fame by Virgil. An abundance of weighty maxims, uttered with the like fluency, are to be found in Boswell's 'Life,' as all know well—too well to render citations necessary. Even where the basis of the sayings of Johnson, though specious, is decidedly unsound, as often chances to be the case, one cannot help still admiring the powers of improvisation which could so unfailingly muster up at call the very best view of any erroneous position. Observe with what skill he instantaneously silenced Burke, Gibbon, Reynolds, Warton, Sheridan, Colman, and the other illustrious Round-Robbins who remonstrated against his writing Goldsmith's epitaph in Latin, they being of opinion that 'his memory should be perpetuated in the language of which his works were likely to be lasting ornaments.' Johnson, after wondering that 'Mund Burke had not more sense, and that 'Joe Warton should have been such a fool,' clenched the matter by one of his imposing illustrations. 'The native language of a learned man is not the fit language for his epitaph. Consider how you should feel, were you to find at Rotterdam an epitaph upon Erasmus in Dutch!' And he kept to his Latin, nor was moved to change even of it one word. But look closely at his argument, and the sophistry becomes very apparent. An epitaph on Erasmus could be congruously put into the learned language only, because in these he wrote the great works which won him name and fame; so that the case of the famous Dutchman actually supports, in place of opposing, the view taken by Burke and the rest, of the propriety of composing any monumental record to Goldsmith in English. The temptation to us is strong, while on this subject, to quote some others of Johnson's conversational improvisations, notwithstanding their general familiarity. What could be better than his reproof to a murmurer under weakness of

the digestive organs—"Do not be like the spider, and spin discourse thus incessantly out of thy own bowels?" Nor, Scottish as we are, can we fail to appreciate the readiness of such an evasive retort as he made to a gentleman from the north, who boasted of our Caledonian prospects. "Sir, the best prospect any Scot ever sees is the road to London!"

The true mode of acquiring this power of improvisation, or of learning to awake at will the energies of the mind, to reduce and employ the stores of memory, to arrange the thoughts rapidly and clearly, and to express them in words aptly and briefly, is a part of the present subject yet to be touched on. Dr Johnson was not allowed by his pertinacious biographer to keep even this portion of his intellectual history to himself, and his reply to Boswell's inquiries on the subject was, that he had early formed and adhered to the resolution of ever putting his 'best foot foremost' in all societies, or, in other words, of always saying the best that he could say, and in the best form possible at the time. While habit thus most undoubtedly gave him much of his later conversational excellence, we may, moreover, ascribe no slight degree of influence to his previous cultivation of the endowment of *memory*, in his hard-working days, and specially during his composition of the English Dictionary. Of the necessity for the concurrent existence of strong native talent, as well as for its liberal culture in youth and adolescence, we need say little or nothing, as it is the superstructure raised on that so far indispensable foundation with which we have now to do mainly. Such excellence in talk as Johnson possessed few men can hope to attain to—as little as they can claim an equality with him in point of natural powers. But on the basis of much more moderate primary capabilities an edifice may be reared, less ample than his in height, breadth, length, and circumference, yet proportioned not less fairly, and still beautiful, if not so majestic, to the view. In unfigurative terms, we would press on the notice of every young person the simple process by which Dr Johnson attained to those powers of improvisation which made him eminent in his life-time, and constitute at this hour the main pillar of his celebrity. His 'Rasselas' is to be found in all formal libraries, but is little read; his 'Rambles' and 'Idlers' are also on many shelves, but are still less read; and his 'Tragedies,' scarcely discoverable any where, are not read at all. Boswell's biographical work, meanwhile, passes through edition after edition, and will do so, till society becomes a Pythagorean school, and brilliant and instructive table-talk is prized among men no more.

Far be it from us here, however, to inculcate on the young the habit of over-elaborating their ordinary conversation in society, and of viewing every topic there introduced as merely a theme for argumentative display. From long habit, and the veneration indulgence of friends—from Boswell up to Burke—Johnson unquestionably fell into this error in his latter years, and became so far a professed intellectual gladiator as often greatly to harass those whom he met in society. Even the comparatively uninterested reader of the present day cannot but feel irritated at times by his disputatious dogmatism, though, as before hinted, the feeling of offence is almost lost in admiration of his subtle analytical powers, his force of reasoning, his extensive knowledge, and, above all, his gift of improvisation—or, in other words, his ability to turn all such mental resources and stores, natural and acquired, to full account at an instant's notice. All men cannot be Johnsons, however, either as regards his better or worse phases; and it is fit that we should take a less elevated view of our subject than we can attain by gazing at the (in all respects) colossal head of Doctor Samuel. Lowering our strain, accordingly, we venture to say, that the cultivation of readiness in discourse, as regards both thought and language, is of far more consequence in life, to all classes of men, than people seem commonly to imagine. Half the decisions made respecting character are based on his foundation. If but the choice of one out of two boys is an apprenticeship to the matter in hand, a youngster of readily inferior talents and acquirements will for the most

part get the heels of a more able competitor, if the former has been taught to express better, and more freely, the little that he does know. As we ascend the scale, the same rule holds good. The lawyer selects his clerk, or the banker his accountant, upon the impression made, perhaps, by a little talk in private; and even a prime-minister of state must often fill his most important offices upon much the same principle. There is even a peculiar propriety in so making selections of the latter momentous description; for the party who evinces a ready command of all the powers and resources of his intellect on ordinary occasions will in all probability display a similar aptitude on great emergencies. A striking instance of the comparative inutility of a superior genius not possessed of the faculty of improvisation was given in the case of Addison. He made a very lame secretary of state, as all men know; and, indeed, he had his noble gifts so little under his sway, that, when employed to announce the death of Queen Anne to Prince George at Hanover, he proved actually unable to execute the task in time, and a common under-clerk was called in, who did in a few moments all that was required. His celebrated apology for his own want of the endowment of improvisation—namely, that 'though he had scarce a penny in his purse, he could draw on the bank for a thousand pounds, alluding to intellectual wealth, of course—served but poorly to compensate to himself and the public his deficiencies in his official position and capacity.

We should strongly recommend, then, to the young of all ranks and classes the culture of this faculty of improvisation, such as it has been here defined. The rule of Dr Johnson is certainly, we repeat, the one most conducive to its attainment; and, though the attempt always to say what is to be said in the best way possible may at first appear rather to produce tardiness than readiness of speech, yet through habit, here as in other matters, all becomes easy. The example of Johnson would alone establish this truth beyond dispute.

Fain would we record a few of those instances of readiness of thought and speech which, in some cases almost singly, have given their utterers immortality. English history, for instance, will mention through all time a bishop who answered King John's attempt to depose and despoil him with the saying, 'Let him take my mitre; I will put it off only to put on the helmet.' How well, again, is another monarch said to have replied to a prelate, when admonished to amend his failings, which were 'pride, avarice, and voluptuousness.' 'You counsel well,' was the answer, 'and I hereby dispose of the first to the Templars, of the second to the Benedictines, and of the third to my prelates.' In our own time, some of our very great men will be as much remembered by felicitous improvisations as by their far more elaborate doings. The name of Lord Brougham will not readily die; but the quick conception in the hour of debate—"The schoolmaster is abroad"—would nearly of itself immortalise him to posterity. The expression most happily embodied and concentrated a great fact; and whoever does this gives his name surely with the axiom to coming generations. 'Great fact' is in itself, by the way, a phrase which the *Times* has made immortal by applying it to the Corn-Law League. The utility of the late lamented Lieutenant Drummond being chiefly of a practical nature, it may happen that his name may rest mainly for its preservation on the one happy sentence, 'Property has its duties as well as its rights.'

MENONAH'S REVENGE.

THE tall trees had fallen before the axes of the Pilgrim Fathers, and the wigwags of the Mohigan had retired from the shores of the Great Salt Lake. The thick bosky woods that had frowned in their sable density upon the hardy settlers of New England when they first landed had been partially swept from the bosom of the earth, and corn and maize had displaced the honey-locust and sassafras. Settlements of white log cottages dotted the face of the country; crooked fences marked off with mathematical precision white men's locations; and tiny white children danced be-

neath the oaks and gathered acorns, or culled flowers on the banks of the streams where the young brown child of the forest had but lately sported. The primary indications of what is termed civilisation were numerous and marked, and a simply economical mind could have found much pleasure in gazing on the silvan scene, and speculating on its transmutation into a thickly peopled nation. The white men who had fled from persecution at home, and who had sought an asylum from tyranny in the dark and gloomy wilderness—albeit they bent their knees to the God of peace each morning and evening—had drawn the sword against the red owners of the land in which they dwelt, and had slain the warriors and young men, and had driven away the young children and the weary old sages from the council lodges and their fathers' graves. In this manner had the tribe of the Massachusetts been thinned and expatriated, until the white men knew not where they dwelt nor how many living beings claimed their name.

The sun was setting beautifully one evening beneath the bluffs and tall trees of the west, as an Indian, weak and weary, emerged from a point in the uncleared forest, and sat him down on a fallen tree. The rays of the setting luminary fell sweetly on the white homes of the settlers, and the leaves of the maple and sycamore glittered in their light as the wind gently shook them on their twigs, and, as if in answer to their smiling, the redskin smiled; but the low of the cattle, as they lazily entered the railed enclosures of the cottages, the laugh of thoughtless childhood, and the clear whistle of some youth who had not yet imbibed the gloomy aspect or deportment of his fathers, seemed to recall the red man's thoughts and to stir his heart, for his head fell upon his bosom, and when he lifted it again he indignantly drew his hand across his eyes, and rising from the log, walked slowly and painfully toward the house which was nearest him.

The settlement was of considerable extent, and seemed like a landscape framed in ebony and green; the trunks of the trees stood in tall gloomy array, forming a dense dark enclosure on every hand, which would have appeared to proscribe the cleared oasis from all communication with the world beyond, had it not been for the vistas which opened into the forest, admitting the sunlight and forming paths for waggons and cattle, passing from clearing to clearing. As the weary Indian approached the banks of a clear, flower-bordered creek, a group of sunny-haired children sprung from the copse on its bank, and, screaming with affright, fled to the cottage which was close at hand. A few logs had been thrown across the stream, forming a rude temporary bridge, and, without seeming to observe the terror of the children, or to consider himself in danger, he walked over the moss-grown passage, and directed his footsteps towards the white man's wicket. All the children had not fled, however, at his approach—little Rose Pelham, who was as innocent and gentle as a young turtle-dove, came smiling towards the weary aborigine, and, placing her little soft hand in his, led him towards her father's door.

Farmers' houses in New England in those days were not the neat, snug, brick villas surrounded by smiling gardens which they are now: they were like little robber keeps, stockaded with log fences and fissured for gun and rifle service; the outer wickets were constructed of strong beams, and they were carefully and securely barred at nightfall, for the memory of bloody deeds and cruel murders kept the settlers watchful and cautious.

'Hillo there!' cried a stern voice from the enclosure; and as the red man stood still and looked in the direction whence the sound came, the long black tube of a rifle was presented at him through one of the embrasures. 'What dost thou seek here?' demanded the same stern voice; 'knowest thou that war is between my people and thine, and that I could slay thee?'

'The poor red man is weak and weary, father,' cried the little girl, as she ran towards the wall. 'Oh, give him milk, and let him rest!'

'Ah, Rose, how art thou there?' cried the same voice

in visible alarm; and immediately the wicket was thrown open, and John Pelham, armed with a rifle, stepped beyond the enclosure and caught his daughter's hand. He was a man in the strength and vigour of comparative youth, for he had not yet seen forty winters, and his tall athletic frame had been hardened by healthful toil. He had indignantly refused to bow his head in conformity to the decrees of a royal council at home, and he had set up his tabernacle in the wilderness of the western continent, rejoicing in being free; yet his trials instead of expanding had indurated his sympathies, and the sacrifices he had made had been less for principle's sake than in the pride of egotistic opinion. As he confronted the weary Indian, who supported himself upon his spear, his face was stern and rigid, and his grey eyes cold and severe.

'What dost thou seek in the settlements?' he again demanded, after having looked on the red man for some time in silence.

'Menonah once had a sire,' said the Indian in a low, musical voice, whose sorrowful tones were like the sighing of summer winds in the forest, 'and Menonah once had a tribe; their ashes are sleeping beneath the corn of the stranger, and their graves are deserted by their children. I have come from the prairie and over the river and through the forest to visit their graves.'

'Which visit is as sinful as vain,' said the icy paleface; 'go back to your tribe lest evil befall thee.'

The Indian smiled and his dark eye brightened, but hunger and debility had subdued the fire of his spirit, and his tones were even more saddened than before as he said, 'Menonah can stand alone amongst the graves of his nation, and the Great Spirit will tell his heart if it is wrong to be sad as he looks around and sees no dark skin, and hears no longer the tongue of the Massachusetts. But Menonah is hungry, and he faint would rest; will my white brother listen to the voice of the young white dove, and share with a chief of the Massachusetts his food and his buffalo-skin?'

'Begone, you Indian dog!' said John Pelham, sternly; 'you shall neither eat a crust nor stretch your limbs in my home. Your tribe drove off my cattle eight years ago, and some more of your savage brethren fired my barns five harvests since, therefore I fellowship not with you—begone!'

'And the white men have slain my people, and driven the deer and bison from our hunting-grounds. They have torn up the bones of our fathers, and have drowned out our council-fires. They have given our wigwams to the flames, and have gashed our lands with their ploughshares, and they refuse Menonah a piece of maize bread and a cup of milk.'

'Begone!' said Pelham in a more stern voice, as he pushed his child within the wicket and brought his rifle to his side. 'I will not parley with thee longer; begone for an Indian dog!'

The sun went down as if ashamed to look upon the awful spectacle of a man refusing a hungry, weary brother's claim of brotherhood. The night winds awoke with a sigh from their beds in the forest bowers, and the tall trees trembled in every limb ere his last words were spoken; the flowers shrunk within themselves, and when the angels wept their dewy tears upon them, they fell weeping to the earth beside the weary red man, who slumbered in his tattered robe amongst them. The recording angel looked sadly on the dark page of John Pelham's sin as he wrote it down in heaven's register; and perhaps it was the radiance of his smile as he turned his eyes to earth upon the meek Indian, and not the dying lustre of the last sunbeam, that irradiated the face of Menonah as he slumbered on the dewy ground. Poor son of the forest and the wild, thou wert proscribed of man because of thy skin's hue—thou wert left to die although a crust could save thee! But God made thee, outcast though thou wert, and illumined thy nature with a meek, forgiving love; the white man who professed to be warmed with the beams of Shiloh's sun scorned thee from his door in wrath; and weary though thou wert, thou didst drag thy tired limbs to the grateful

rest shade, and lay thee meekly down upon the earth, which was less cold and hard than the heart of John Pelham.

Years passed on, and the clearing extended its boundaries and increased in its population; villages began to lump the face of the country, and the black girdled stumps of a primal system of agriculture no longer stood in the green waving fields. The home of John Pelham had become the centre of a thriving hamlet, and he, on account of his skill and daring courage, had been chosen the leader of a band of warrior farmers. He had forgotten that he had ever injured a red man—he forgot that he had ever manifested hardness of heart to one of the original possessors of the soil—and he relied at the cunning and cruelty of the Indian as he tracked him on the forest way, and shot him down like a beast. One day, in company with several other settlers, he followed a band of Mohigans, intent upon their destruction, and, being absorbed in the pursuit and eager to come up with the red warriors, he stripped his own followers and penetrated deeply into the forest. As he crept stealthily towards the Indians, who lay bivouacked by a winding stream, and drew his life slowly through the tall ferns and brushwood, he was killed by the blow of a club, and only recovered to find himself tightly bound with thongs and borne along to the Indian country a prisoner.

For several days the redskins dragged John Pelham, weak and hungry, along the tangled path which they followed with rapid steps by the direction of the blazed trees. At last they emerged from the forest, and striking a buffalo-track, passed through the tall grass of a prairie, until they arrived at a sequestered lovely valley, in whose bosom lumbered a glassy little lake whose banks were dotted at one extremity with a few Indian wigwams. It was a beautiful little valley, where the rhododendron and monardella vied with each other in brightness and profusion of blossom. A few laggard warriors lay and basked in the sunny radiance of midday; a few children sported like aquatic birds in the clear lake, while others shouted and yelled in the excitement of mimic warfare. There was a beauty and repose in the scene which even the shouts of the children could not destroy; and the sword and shrubs smiled as brightly and beautifully as if their leaves had never been stained with blood, and that valley had never heard the whoop of death, but had been a temple of silence and peace since time was born. As the band passed over the slope of the hill which flanked this little glen, following each other in single file, with the prisoner, strongly bound, in the centre, a yell like the howl of the prairie wolf rose high in the air, and the warriors starting from their recumbent attitudes, and the women and children rushing from the wigwams, formed a Babel of sound and motion which was at once wild and disorderly. The war-party seated themselves in a circle in the bosom of the valley, having placed the white man in the centre, and when the warriors from the village came and invited them, they arose and followed them to the council-lodge. When the calumet of peace had been smoked, the welcome-dance finished, and the Mohigans feasted, the Whitebear—a stern and hardy warrior—led forth the prisoner. 'Brothers,' he said, addressing the braves of the valley, 'my young men were on the war-path, in the hunting-grounds which the palefaces have taken from the Massachusetts, and they trapped this paleface chief. He is a bold warrior and has slain many of your young men; he is a wolf, for he has torn up your father's bones; and we have turned aside from our path to deliver him to you, Massachusetts braves, for the flames of your pine-scores are hungry for his flesh, and your knives are thirsty for his blood.'

John Pelham was what is termed brave, for he could dash into the work of death and shout as he revelled in slaughter; but when he sat bound that evening in a wigwam a prisoner, doomed for Indian torture on the morrow, his flesh became cramped with a species of spasms, and his animal courage forsook him. Ah! it was then that the better part of his nature was stirred within him; it was then that his wife and children, his home and hearth, came full and strong upon him; it was then that he thought

of the Indians whom his hand had bereft of life; and it was then that he thought of the poor weary redskin that he had refused a crust of bread and cup of water and had driven from his door with scornful words. Hard of heart and pitiless, what hope had he of pity; remorseless and implacable, how could he nurse vain hopes of mercy; bound and doomed amongst the savage and revengeful Indians, how vain it was to dream that they would spare him of a moment's pain who had been their most relentless foe. Wife, children, home, the altar hearth, and the household gods of flesh and blood—he only seemed to feel and know their united power now, and he must see them no more.

As John Pelham sat and ruminated thus, a sharp knife severed the ligatures from his wrists and ankles, a rifle was put into his hands, and a calm but imperative voice said, 'Arise and follow me.' The prisoner instinctively and silently arose, and, gliding out of the cabin, followed his guide up the northern slope of the valley and struck into the forest. The night was dark and cloudy overhead, and the gloom of the woods was uncheered by the twinkle of an occasional star, yet the heart of the white man danced lightly, for although ignorant of the country which he now traversed, and although his guide was perfectly unknown to him, he was leaving the stake and certain torture for, at least, action and a chance of safety.

The Indian was tall and muscular, and his step was majestic and free; his robes of dressed deer-skin were fringed with parti-coloured horsehair, and around his neck was a collar formed of the claws of the grisly bear, giving evidence at once of his rank and prowess. Day after day, and night after night, he led the white man on his way, shooting and dressing wild animals as his food, and sharing with him his large buffalo-robe when they slept. Sometimes when John Pelham would wearily drag his limbs behind him, the strong and agile Indian would allow him to hang upon his arm, and would assiduously encourage him by his gestures and smiles to move on, but he never spoke in answer to any of the settler's questions, save to assure him that he was leading him to safety. At last they ascended a high hill, when the Indian bade the white man look around.

'I have seen this place before,' cried the settler, in ecstasy; 'now I know where I am.'

'Yes,' said the redskin, quietly and calmly, at the same time pointing to a neat white farm-house, 'yonder is the white man's house, and now the Indian will go, for the white man requires him no longer.'

John Pelham looked at the native, and his face perhaps never so brightly shone before as he warmly exclaimed, 'Come with me to my home, that my wife and children may bless thee.'

'No,' was the Indian's sorrowful reply, as he turned his eyes to heaven; 'the redskin has no home, no wife, no little ones, no friends. The white man slew all that the Indian loved, and took away all that he could venerate—his home and his fathers' graves; and now he can go alone into the woods and die.'

'I have food and drink at home, and I have robes that have come across the sea; come with me, my brother,' said the white man, in moving tones, 'and take what pleases thee.'

The Indian shook his head, and his smile was full of melting sorrow, as he replied, 'The Indian is poor—he wants nothing from the white man; he can die alone, with the forest leaves for his death-robes.'

'Then tell me,' cried John Pelham, 'what can I do to repay your disinterested kindness?'

The redskin drew his tall handsome form up to its full height, and fixing his glowing eyes on the settler's face exclaimed, in a deep, stern voice—'Let the white man look at the Indian.'

The agitated white man obeyed; he eagerly looked at the tall figure of his guide, and scanned the features of his face, and as he did so a painful recollection of the past came back upon him.

'Does the white man know Menonah?' said the savage,

with a smile of triumph; and the farmer cowered beneath the ardour of his glance. There was excitement shining in his black scintillating eyes, and, although within sight of his own dwelling, John Pelham felt that he was in the power of a man whom he had cruelly scorned.

'Go!' said the stern and gloomy redskin, waving his hand proudly—'go, white man, to your home, and tell your people who it was that led you from the stake to this bluff, and when a weak and weary Indian comes to stand over the ashes of the Massachusetts warriors and braves, tell him not to begone for an Indian dog!' Menonah cast upon the conscience-stricken settler a look of triumph as he proudly turned away and hurried down the mountain-side.

Who can tell what John Pelham felt as he bent his knees upon the grass and the tears stole to his eyes. Sorrow and contrition were struggling wildly in his bosom, and he sought to calm his agitation with prayer. There was a sense of shame and degradation chaining him to the earth which was almost intolerable, and when he arose and returned to his home he was an humbled contrite man.

Menonah was never more seen among the white men, but John Pelham never could speak of his noble revenge for the outrage he had received without tears of anguish bursting from his heart. He could not repay his kindness nor convince him of the depth and sincerity of his penitence, but from the day of his return to his home until he died, the war-path knew not the foot of the farmer any more. His love for his daughter Rose seemed to increase from his return, and when she had gone to her own home, and afterwards carried her little son to church, her father asked her as an especial favour that she would mingle his name with that of the Indian whom she led to the wicket long ago, and call her little boy John Menonah.

Ah! let us wander where we may on the surface of the earth, we will still find good Samaritans. Amongst the dark-skinned children of Ethiop, or the dingy sons of China; in the desert where roams the fiery Bedouin, or on the prairie where the Indian prowls—wheresoever man dwells, despite the wild and tangled wilderness of human nature, there will we find lovely moss-flowers of kindness and love to teach us sympathy and charity.

THE NATIONAL WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

In the *Bankers' Magazine* for June, we find the following ingenious, but at the same time clear and simple suggestions for an equalisation of the present antiquated, absurd, and puzzling system of weighing and measuring in operation throughout the United Kingdom, from a want of uniformity in a matter so deeply affecting the interests of every member of the community. We are aware of the prejudices to be overcome in effecting such a change; so strong indeed were these some years ago when an alteration took place in the weights and measures in this part of the country, that we recollect of the change being designated as 'Scotland's curse.' Matters of this kind are, however, now viewed in a different light, and we believe that the annexed proposals will meet with the hearty approval of every intelligent mind. As many of our readers may not have an opportunity of seeing the magazine in which the article originally appeared, we have much pleasure in transferring it to our columns, merely premising, that the author, Mr Henry Taylor, has the merit of having previously shown the advantages to be derived from a decimal system of currency, similar to that about to be introduced by the government of the country, and by whom we hope soon to see a bill introduced, based on the following suggestions:

The question as to weights and measures is usually and naturally associated with that of the coinage; and, most assuredly, convenience to the public, and great facilities in business, would result from adopting the decimal principle as the basis of the whole. The state of our national weights and measures has been a fertile subject of legislative interference, from the signing of Magna

Charta, which declares that 'there shall be one weight and one measure,' down to our own time. Act has followed act, professedly passed with a view to the establishment of uniformity, and we are now nearly as far from it as ever. There is no great difficulty in accounting for this failure of success, when we consider that we have never yet seen proposed a scheme of weights and measures constructed on an intelligible and uniform basis, and of universal application. In lieu of this, three or four kinds of weights and measures, often understood but in one locality or trade, are to this day left to puzzle and annoy. Nay, these very acts actually, in some instances, establish dissimilarity, whilst in others the provisions are too lax to prevent constant evasion. Pounds, ounces and drams, gallons and pints, of two or three kinds, are still tolerated. Can any intelligible reason be given why bullion, drugs, groceries, and wool, should be estimated and sold by four different scales of weights? Who can fathom the mysteries of the Pharmacopœia? Ounces and drams may signify, in a druggist's shop, quantities varying in two or three ways. Eight drams of apothecaries' weight may mean an ounce of 480 grains, while eight drams fluid measure are but 437½ grains, still called an ounce. If a recipe is given to mix, it is necessary to learn to what profession the writer belongs before it can be made out what kind of dram is intended, and even then there is no certainty. It may be 60, 27.34375, or 54.7 grains. A pint of apothecaries' measure may contain sixteen ounces, or twenty ounces avoirdupois. In other cases the apothecary uses the troy ounce of 480 grains. In short, so vague is the term pint, and so differently measured, that it has frequently become necessary to abandon it, and reckon by the fluid ounce.

Suppose we turn to the trade in corn, how are the uninitiated to make out the relative prices of our London and provincial markets, each one regulated by its own custom or rule of buying and selling? A cursory inspection of a few provincial corn lists and circulars will show quotations of prices made in every variety of way, from the Mark Lane quarter to the Scotch boll, the friot, the load (of different kinds), the coomb, the last, the barrel (of various weights), the ton, the cwt., the pound. What is quoted sometimes per quarter, per 20 stone, per 14 stone, per 480 lb., 70 lb., 80 lb., and 62 lb. Barley, by the barrel of 14 stone, per 400 lb., and 392 lb. Oats, per barrel of 14 stone, per 312 lb., 320 lb., and 45 lb. Indian corn, per quarter, per ton, per cwt., per 20 stone, per 480 lb., and 196 lb. Beans, per quarter, and per 65½ lb. Flour or meal, by the sack, the ton, per 280 lb., 196 lb., or 240 lb. Oatmeal, per boll, per 240 lb., and 261 lb. Seeds, even of the same kind, are priced in a variety of ways; as the quarter, the cwt., the ton, the last, and the barrel; and some of these mean different quantities, even in the same market. Now, supposing it were possible, by dint of the rule of three, to bring into a given sum of figures, this heterogeneous mass, will any one pretend that such a stupid and complicated system ought longer to remain, or is remediless?*

In the meat markets, also, much confusion exists; the farmer selling in one place by the stone of 14 lb., and in another, of 8 lb. In Smithfield the latter only is known; and it is curious to find how the Act 5 and 6 Will. IV. is

* An exemplification of the practical working of our present corn measures may be worth giving, for the edification of the uninitiated. What follows is a portion extracted from an actual account-sales of a cargo of foreign wheat, very recently sold on commission in one of our ports:

Received per the —, 7584 imperial, or 7506 per 60 lb. bushels.
Sold 6426 bushels per 60 lb.
1060 do. per 62 lb.
13 do. imperial.

7400 or 7517 per lb. bushels.

To pay the duty on the above, it was converted into imperial quarters; and again, it was brought into tons, to calculate the tonnage and other dues. Here are five different ways of measuring or computing a single cargo of wheat in one port! If we have no reverence for the declarations of Magna Charta, we ought, at least, to compassionate the foreign merchant, now that we permit him to send us his corn.

et al. nought. To evade the penalty for using illegal weights, by an understanding between the salesman and natcher, the word 'stone' is dropped, but the term 'eight pounds' is retained as its substitute. By this quantity are all quotations made and circulated in every newspaper, as a stimulus to the calculating powers of the country, and as an exemplification of the cunningly devised contrivance of an act of parliament for 'establishing uniformity of weights and measures.' By a similar subterfuge, other customary weights and measures are perpetuated; as, for instance, the fother, an irregular term of weight (known only in particular localities), is illegal in point of law, but by its equivalent, 2340 lb., it continues to exist in certain price lists. I believe a similar mode of evasion is practised as to the tod and wey in the wool trade; and, in the same way, what are called long and short cwts., and tons, may be indefinitely perpetuated, contrary to law.*

Notwithstanding this state of things, it is not going too far to say, that as much of trouble and expense to the public have been occasioned by the recent ineffectual attempts at the correction of these acknowledged evils as would have sufficed at once to have established a scheme of decimal weights and measures—a satisfactory one, because all would soon feel assured that it was a final settlement, and well worth the cost.

Committees in parliament have from time to time investigated this complicated subject with a view to correction; and commissioners were severally appointed for the same purpose, and for establishing the national standard of weight and measure, in 1814, 1819, and 1838. From these we had several valuable reports. The members of the last commission were Messrs Baily, Bethune, Gilbert, Lefevre, Lubbock, Peacock, Sheepshanks, and Herschel. That much carelessness as to the state of our national standards had previously existed, no one can doubt who reads the description given by the late Mr F. Baily (afterwards a commissioner) of the standard yard measure at the Exchequer. 'It would be impossible to speak of it,' he says, 'with too much derision and contempt. A common kitchen poker, filed at the ends by the most bungling workman, would have made as good a standard; and yet, till within the last ten years, to the disgrace of this country, copies of this measure have been circulated all over Europe and America, with a parchment document accompanying them, charged with a stamp that costs £3:10s. (exclusive of official fees), certifying that they are true copies of the English standard.' Even such standards as we did possess were not protected from accident; and common-sense people might ask why, as among the officials at the Treasury figures a 'chief clerk of weights and measures,' these important articles might not be deposited at least in proper security? The report of the commissioners, made in 1841, after reciting that the standard yard measure was rendered useless by the fire at the House of Commons, and that the standard troy pound weight was altogether missing, recommends a plan to procure others; that the standard of capacity be that of weight, not by that of length; that the avoirdupois pound, and not the troy, be the standard; and that nothing would contribute so much to the introduction of a decimal scale of weights and measures as the establishment of a decimal *coinage*, which is strongly recommended.

The general result of the labours and experiments of these several commissions has undoubtedly been to throw much light on what was previously very obscure and uncertain. The legislative enactments, principally emanating from them, may be said to be comprised in the acts of the 5th George IV. (1824), and 5th and 6th William IV. (1835), which, imperfect as they are, have certainly so far done good service that we at least now know what a pound and a gallon really are; though even the pound weight, as a standard, is still left a mat-

ter for legislation. To conciliate a particular and influential interest, one set of commissioners recommended that the troy pound should be the standard, although 99-100ths of all the transactions in the country are rendered by *avoirdupois* weight. And this advice was actually carried into effect by the act 5th George IV. A succeeding set of commissioners, however, as we have already seen, very wisely recommended that a reverse should be made in favour of the avoirdupois pound. From whatever cause, none of these commissioners appear to have seen their way clearly enough to enable them to lay down any specific plan for a systematised arrangement of our weights and measures as a whole, although they were plainly in favour of the decimal principle. To this important point, therefore, if we are to introduce order, where so much is now left to chance or local custom, we ought to direct the attention of the legislature. After attentive consideration, there seems to me to exist no valid reason why a uniform scheme of decimal weights and measures might not be devised, so practically based on our existing standards as to present no very alarming features of innovation. Keeping in view the latest recommendation of the commissioners, the troy pound is set aside, and the pound avoirdupois, as to weight, and the present standard gallon, as to capacity, are severally made the foundations on which my scheme is proposed to be erected. The pound is now subdivided into 7000 troy grains (though some contend for a small additional fraction), whilst the gallon contains an even ten pounds avoirdupois of distilled water, weighed in air at the temperature of 62 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer, the barometer standing at 30 inches, being equal to 277.274 cubic inches capacity. And first as to *weight*. It is necessary, for the object in view, so to alter the constituent basis of the pound as to allow means for an upward decimal gradation. For scientific purposes sets of weights have already been constructed in decimal progression, from 10,000 grains downwards to the one-hundredth part of a grain. What better can be done than to adopt this idea as the future constitution of the standard avoirdupois pound? This proposed extended subdivision, from 7000 to 10,000 parts or grains, would not only be favourable to the interests of science, but would, in other respects, be an alteration on the side of advantage, besides giving, with but little practical inconvenience, the only feasible mode of arriving at the main object we are aiming at. Following up the further recommendation of the commissioners, 'that the standard of capacity be that of weight,' the same rule as to subdivision, and of decimal gradation and nomenclature, applies equally to *measures* (either of liquids or dry goods) as to *weights*. The adoption of these principles, would, in their united result, give us the two following simple but perfect tables, adequate to every purpose, either of science or business, however diversified. As to the old familiar *names* throughout (little as some of them may correspond in relation to present quantities), no valid reason, I think, can be adduced for abandoning them for any other.

IMPERIAL WEIGHTS.

Grain	1 Scruple	1 Dram	1 Ounce	1 Pound	1 Stone	1 Cwt.	1 (or Quintal).
10	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
100	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
1,000	100	100	100	100	100	100	100
10,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
100,000	10,000	10,000	10,000	10,000	10,000	10,000	10,000
1,000,000	100,000	100,000	100,000	100,000	100,000	100,000	100,000

IMPERIAL MEASURES OF CAPACITY (LIQUID OR DRY).

Cubic Inches	1 Grain or Minim,	10 Grains of water are 1 Scruple-meter
28	10 Scruples	1 Dram-meter
277	10 Drams	1 Ounce-meter
2,773	10 Ounces	1 Pound-meter
27,727	10 Pounds	1 Gallon
277,274	10 Gallons	1 Hundred-meter, or Firkin.*

* It might be expected that in a new arrangement of measures, those should come under review usually employed in the wine, spirit, or beer trades. In all of these the imperial gallon alone is now used. The present custom, as relates more especially to beer,

* Dr Young has given a list of about 150 local or customary weights, measures, and terms. Many of these are still used, though by far the larger portion have become obsolete.

It may here be remarked that it has often been proposed to reduce the *hundredweight* from 112 to its legitimate 100 pounds, as in America, omitting in this case the intervening denomination *quarters* in accounts, which would be superfluous. But there appears no urgent necessity for so great an innovation as would be occasioned by reducing the denomination of the *ton* to anything less than 20 of the new hundredweights. Nor would this be important in accounts. The anomalous *stone* weight, by custom absurdly varying from 5 pounds to the present legal 14 pounds, might readily be established uniformly, by a compromise, at ten pounds.* It will be observed that by our proposed scheme the *dram* would be restored to its original number of 100 to the pound, when used as money. As regards the smaller denominations of weights and measures, chiefly used by dispensers of medicine, I have rarely met with one of these who would not willingly accept the decimal system in preference to the present uncertain and troublesome one. With an altered and adapted pharmacopoeia, and a table of weights, comparing the old and new relations, the little of difficulty that might arise would be but of very temporary duration, even though the older medical practitioners should continue to use the system in which they were educated.†

The trade in corn, &c., is of such general importance, and, as we have seen, so much diversified by local custom in the mode of conducting it, that a necessity exists for a separate consideration of the measures more especially applying to it. The recent enactments in connexion with grain have contributed to invest this branch of our subject with a double interest; and now that the markets of the world are thrown open to us, it has become more than ever desirable to know exactly what is going forward in those at home. Let us, then, clear away contrariety and all ambiguity, and take our stand on *Magna Charta*, which declares that 'there shall be one measure of corn—the London quarter.' So far as the market returns are concerned, for ascertaining the averages under the sliding-scale of duties, this principle has been acted upon, but it has not influenced the local modes of dealing; and after the year 1849, when the corn-law expires, will cease to be in any way operative. Nor do I believe that the present unwieldy imperial bushel will ever be sufficiently popular to come into universal use. What the 'London quarter' is, or may become, is a matter of legislation, and it has undergone several variations in the lapse of time. We have seen that in some of our markets sales of corn are made by measure, and in others by weight, of diversified quantities. The task is before us of endeavouring to introduce a system of general uniformity, and, as far as is possible, in agreement with the principle of computation for which we are contending. A total or general change is often a matter of easier accomplishment with

the public than a partial or local one: for when it is made a matter of universal observance, it becomes at one and the same time everywhere understood, and is in consequence the more cheerfully complied with. The medium by which I propose to effect the intended purpose, is by an altered *bushel* throughout the United Kingdom. The present clumsy one of 80 *avoirdupois* pounds I would reduce to the more convenient measure of 50 pounds weight, or 5 imperial gallons. Ten such bushels should constitute a *quarter* of corn, &c., either by measure or weight; and ten *quarters* a *last*; the half of such quarter (250 pounds) being a sack or *load* of corn, seeds, flour, meal, coals, or other dry goods. By this quarter alone should sales or contracts be anywhere made, or prices computed or quoted in any market list.

As regards trade in general, as a principle, and for the subversion of merely customary modes of dealing, no less than for the universal establishment of the decimal system, I propose that, where weighing or measuring are concerned, it shall be illegal to sell, buy, or estimate by any other than some one denomination of the imperial weights and measures, unless special exception is made by law.

As to any well-founded objection to a reform of this kind, that it is an interference with the common affairs of business—what has been the object of the dozens of acts of Parliament that have been passed in particular reference to weights and measures, but constant and ineffectual interference to put a stop to mystery and fraud? What honest man is the worse for it? And why have these enactments failed in their object? But because no principle has hitherto been laid down of sufficient simplicity and worth to command the suffrage of all classes in its support. That the government can accomplish any reasonable scheme of improvement when it chooses to set about it, it were absurd to doubt. When, for instance, it was in contemplation to grapple with the evils that till of late existed in the coal trade, we heard much, from interested individuals, of the supposed difficulties in the way of a beneficial interference. But the legislature wrought a compulsory cure, by substituting the sale by weight for that by measure; and we now hear nothing of the old chaldron, with its attendant abuses. In short, under such a general law as I would introduce, resistance would quickly be found to be more troublesome than compliance; and no reasonable doubt can be entertained that the well-directed energies of the government, steadily applied, would, in no long period of time, place us in a position for which all posterity would have cause to be grateful. Those ancient landmarks, the pound and the gallon, being retained in the new scheme, there would really be little for the public to learn beyond a few simple details; whilst the feeling would soon become general that we had at last changed for something worth the cost, and had been put in possession of a system ensuring from its very nature the certainty of stability.

We may now pause to see what other practical advantages might be obtained in business, and especially as regards *calculation*, were the plan thus laid down fully established. Supposing an amount of weight to be 21 cwt. 5 st. 9 lb. 2 oz., and we wished to know the number of ounces, the *same figures* inform us (as they do in the French system under other names), without any calculation, that there are 22,592. The addition of a figure will give us 225,920 *drams*, and so on to *grains*. But were we desirous of knowing the number of cwt. *avoirdupois* in 225,920 drams, we must divide by 16; by 156 again; then by 28; and afterwards by 4, to arrive at the answer—7 cwt. 3 qr. 14 lb. 8 oz. In apothecaries' weight, to find the pounds contained in 21,880 grains, we must do a pretty long sum to make out the reply—3 lb. 9 oz. 4 dr. 2 scr.; whereas in decimals we should see, without even the use of a pen, that it was 2 lb. 1 oz. 8 dr. 8 scr. 0 gr. We need hardly remark that in all cases of multiplication or division the *simple* rules of arithmetic only are necessary instead of the compound ones now requisite.

Let us now show the united effects of decimal money and decimal weights or measures, as applied to calcula-

commonly is to keep the accounts in *gallons*, *firkins*, and *barrels*. A change to the decimal mode of computation might not inconveniently be made, by substituting *butts* in accounts, for *barrels*—the *firkin* (a measure of great antiquity) to be altered from its present nine, to ten gallons, or the *hundred-meter* of the table given above. Ten of such *firkins* might then constitute a butt of beer, wine, or spirits, now 108 gallons. The other measures or vessels used, as *kilderkins*, *barrels*, *hogsheds*, and *puncheons*, would become merely the convenient aliquot parts of a butt. Besides these, are various denominations of casks, chiefly employed for wine and spirits—as *ankers*, *runlets*, *tierces*, *pipes*, and *tuns*; but these may be considered rather as the names of the vessels in which such commodities are sold, than as expressing any definite number of gallons. It is the practice in general to gauge all such casks, and to charge them according to their actual contents. In the same way, the common divisional portions of a gallon—the *quarter*, or quart (24 pounds-meter), and the *pint* (14 pound-meter)—would remain, though not as constituting individual denominations.

* A stone of glass is 5 lb.; of meat and fish (in London) 8 lb.; of cheese 16 lb.; and of hemp 32 lb.

† The imperial grain, according to our projected decimal arrangement of weights, is less than the apothecaries' grain, in the proportion of 10 to 7. The imperial scruple is less in the proportion of 7 to 30. The imperial dram is more in the proportion of 70 to 60. The imperial ounce is more in the proportion of 700 to 480. The imperial pound is more than the apothecaries' or *trois*, in the proportion of 7000 to 6760. In medical practice no measures of capacity should be permitted, other than those comprised in the table.

tion. If we take the last sum, 2 lb. 1 oz. 8 dr. 8 scr. at a cent per scruple, the value in money would be shown, *without changing a figure*, at £2:188; or, at a dine per scruple, £218:8d. At 15 cents per dram for any article, we should perceive at once that we must give 150 for an ounce, 15 times for a pound, £15 for a stone, and for a cwt. £150. Again, if 1 cwt. cost £133,200, it would be equally clear that a pound weight was worth £1,332, and a dram (without fractions) 13 cents. Or, if a butt of wine (of 100 gallons) was valued at £115,700, a firkin (of 10 gallons) would be £11,570 or a gallon £1,157.

Suppose from the counting-house we go back to the school-room, how would it rejoice the hearts of both master and scholars to be able to do away with the compound rules, and, in short, at once to expunge one-half of the contents of our elementary books of arithmetic! The object of a knowledge of figures is to enable a boy to go through the ordinary occupation of future business. It is absurd, in a high degree, to render this necessary branch of tuition intolerably irksome, protracted, and costly, when a few simple rules alone, as we have shown, need be actually requisite. We are probably on the eve of great changes, no less than of more widely extended means, for the purposes of elementary education. Can we at a more opportune era do better than look at the system of calculation that has hitherto prevailed, and see in what way we can appropriate the improvements of the age to the better training of our youth? Upon the National Council of Education I would urge the expediency of an appeal to the experienced teachers of youth (both in and out of the schools over which it has control) for the correctness of my estimate of advantage in this connexion. Can an enlightened government employ its powers more beneficially than in taking the lead, and thus urging our onward course of social progression? Nor let it be delayed as regards the object of our immediate inquiry, because no marked expression of public opinion has been exhibited on its behalf. The time never was, nor probably will it ever arrive, when speculative alterations of any kind found favour with the busy world. Generation may follow generation, but no change will come of *their* seeking; and it will even be well if in this quarter we succeed in securing neutrality. Few, indeed, of this class have sufficiently investigated the subject to be aware of the daily sacrifice they are making.* The drudgery of school tuition, and a continued practice afterwards, have familiarised them with a system essentially deficient in all the requisites necessary for brevity and correctness. 'It has done well enough for them; let posterity take care of itself;' and so the world goes on.

In conclusion I would say, with Professor De Morgan, that 'I cannot but think there are few who, looking at the gradual and easy manner in which the new system could be introduced, would count their own share of the necessary inconvenience too much to pay for a real and lasting benefit to society.'

PLEASURE-SEEKERS.

PLEASURE and happiness are synonymes; they are almost identical in signification, but they differ materially in duration. Pleasure often assumes the exaggerated characteristics of an ecstasy of delight, and it possesses something more glowing in its essence than happiness; but happiness is a more extended and durable state of being than mere pleasure, and consequently more to be desired. Happiness is an essential element of life; pleasure a circumstance. The one is only to be obtained by a faithful adherence to virtue, the other may be stumbled upon by accident. For my part, I have always looked with a favourable eye upon the Aristotelian apophthegm, 'that contemplative happiness, which consists in the pursuit of knowledge and wisdom,

is superior to active happiness;' and although some of my friends have hinted that I have grown plethoric and gouty from rumination, assisted of course by deglutition, yet I have never found erratic activity compensate for the sedative enjoyment of a siesta in my arm-chair with my napkin thrown over my head, and I absorbed in a brown study, on a sunny day after dinner. One of the greatest torments which I have felt in this life is the necessity of conformity; you cannot live in a state of individuality unless you have cynical fortitude, and as I have always been remarkable for the want of that especial bump called by phrenologists Firmness, I have often been constrained to sacrifice my own happiness to join in what my cousin Job calls his pleasures.

My cousin Job is a pleasure-seeker, and if satisfaction is a result of attainment or consummation, he is as distant from the goal he pursues as Oreleano was from Eldorado, when sailing down the Marañon, or as Friar Bacon was from the philosopher's stone when he discovered the ingredients of gunpowder. Cousin Job is a restless creature, with an insatiable curiosity, which prompts him to a perpetual activity. He is an Epicurean in one sense; I do not mean that he is a disciple of the licentious Aristippus, or the equally immoral Democritus, or of the atomist Protagoras, whose *Gnomas* have been crammed into the scrip of Epicurus; but he is Epicurean enough to believe that 'pleasure is good in its own nature, and is therefore to be pursued;' and he has so much of the peripatetic in him that he is perpetually flying from place to place without rule or guide. Job's home is the point from which he radiates, and he is here, there, and everywhere, with the celerity of a grasshopper. Two men so essentially antagonistic in structure and temperament nature never before made cousins. I am what I believe is termed lymphatic, that is, of goodly rotundity, with an oiliness of temper that feeds my physical obesity; while Job is like a combination of wires in perpetual electric action. Job has been a great traveller; I do not believe that there is a village or hamlet in his native shire that he is not perfectly acquainted with from personal inspection; and although men like Mungo Park, Clarke, Wolf, and Belzoni, might tackle him about Parmyra, Djoune, Timbuctoo, and Bokhara, I am certain that he could out-discourse any of them concerning the topography of Lodona. I admire my cousin Job, if he would only allow me to indulge my admiration peaceably; but he has a far greater love for my companionship than I have for his, and as he is a very lion for impetuosity and determination, he often obliges me to accompany him in his pleasure jaunts. I used to be very fond of straddling a good stout broomstick, and, by a very convenient modification of my ideas, I rendered it all the horse I ever desired to stride; but Job has got me mounted on jolting old animals, that would soon have taken the pertinacity out of Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea, and has repeatedly led me into a concatenation of troubles that have furnished me with not very agreeable sensations or reflections.

'Glorious day,' said my relative to me, one sunny day in spring; 'come, pull on your boots, and let us off.'

'I don't mean to leave home to-day,' said I, deprecatingly.

'Oh, stuff!' said Job, imperiously; 'on with your boots; we shall have a glorious day of it!' he exclaimed, rubbing his hands, and changing both his tone and expression, as he saw me passively obey him. 'We shall have a sail in the 'No Monopoly' boat for little or nothing, and I anticipate much pleasure from viewing the northern coast.'

'Yes; but, my dear fellow, you had the same anticipations when you visited Roslin last, and then you know the bull, by one blow of its head, dissipated not only your pleasure but your senses.'

'You are always reflecting,' said my cousin, peevishly; 'come on.'

Job and I were very shortly standing on the deck of the 'No Monopoly' steamer, and assuredly condition had no monopoly of the passengers, who lounged, sat, or strolled upon her deck; they were of all aspects and ages, from

* It has often been asserted that the probable freedom from error in accounts, and the general facilities that would be consequent on the adoption of the decimal mode in our money, weights, and measures, would enable most places of large business daily to close

in and ring, to the loafer with scarce a coat. Here you might see a prudent father and careful mother, with three or four small editions, who had come to change the air upon the little creatures, who had hooping-cough; there you might behold a bold young fellow, who, in his first out and hat, was jaunting with his *Carra*. Groups of gay, aunting, haughty people, kept themselves apart from the heterogeneous herd; the ladies with their parasols overhead, the gentlemen with cigars in their mouths and their hands in their coat-pockets. On one side you might behold a horologist, whose brown skin, black eyes, and classical features, spoke of Italy, and whose barometers and timepieces indicated a tour of business not of pleasure; on the other you might behold a calm sedate man, whose wrinkled face, deep set grey eye, chequered plaid, and omespun habiliments, bespoke a drover returning from the south with a well plensished dogskin wallet. Lads, who had thrown down their utensils of trade and donned their Sunday attire, were laughing in the fullness of gleeful anticipations; and young maidens, in their best bob and tucker, were smiling most mincingly.

'This is delightful!' said cousin Job, looking round him with a proud air; 'but it is nothing to the pleasure in store—nothing!' and Job began to hum 'Ye Mariners of England,' 'A wet sheet and a flowing sea,' and at last ended with a flourish of the 'Bay of Biscay,' as the great iron ship began to snort and splash in her might and motion. Slowly, slowly, as if she were trying the power of her steam pulsations and iron muscles, on she moves, now and then puffing, as if impatient for elbow-room, until at last she stretches to it like a race-horse and away she goes.

What an amount of pleasant anticipation was beaming from every eye. '*How delightful!*' exclaimed the ladies; '*chawming!*' said the gentlemen, looking in the ladies' eyes with a *double-entendre* leer.

'Hurrah, off she goes!' cried some excited swain, kicking up his heels.

'My boat is on the shore, my bark is on the sea,' exclaimed a lack-a-daisical youth, with his collar laid over la Byron.

There was bawling, hawling, dancing, sprawling, smoking, joking, laughing, quaffing, teasing, squeezing, jeering, soring, and a thousand et ceteras of mirthful noisy fun and frolic going on amongst the jocund crew, that drowned the voice of ocean in their voices, and made old Neptune's ridient tremble in his hand.

'What a pleasant glorious sight,' cried Job, excitedly, to behold so large a congregation of human felicity! Why now, don't you acknowledge that this compensates you for our nap at home?'

I did not speak; the wind began to blow in fitful gusts, and to drive the drenching spray over the crowded deck; whence gradually settled down on the human cargo; and many of that cargo's individual constituents went down below, to ruminate during the rest of the voyage.

'The sea is certainly a fitting place for reflection,' whispered my cousin Job to me, as he sedately seated himself at my side, and seemed gradually settling into reflective silence.

I thought so, for I saw many of our most boisterous fellow-passengers sitting at last, in the most seriously contemplative and abstracted moods imaginable, while several fierce-looking gentlemen's cheeks blanched, and several brilliant ladies' eyes dimmed considerably. There was an apparent impression deepening on almost every individual on board, which distracted his or her thoughts from all external objects, and turned them inwards, to the contemplation of the deep internal workings of an unseen principle, until demonstrations of an ejaculative character unequivocally called forth a series of sympathetic movements in upwards of a hundred heads and throats. Was it an operation of the appetite for pleasure that had brought these people together? Was it from the promptings of the innate desire for happiness that all the persons collected in this Amphitrite's cradle had congregated? We cannot acclimate motives—we cannot grapple with them—

but if sympathy constitutes happiness, then this 'No Monopoly' cargo of human beings were happy. There was a total indifference manifested to all outward objects by many on board it is true, for several gentlemen sat upon the deck with their heads inclined upon their bosoms, in a deep and rapt manner, while the salt water swept around them unheeded, and rushed out of the scuppers unnoticed, but every oriental inclination and hysterical ejaculation that took place, on the other hand, found fifty sympathisers.

'This is pleasant,' said I to cousin Job. My relative only looked a response; his eyes seemed fishy in their aspect, and the white portion of them was of a deep saffron. He tried to smile, but his teeth were clenched with an energy that imparted sundry ideas of lockjaw to me, and prevented the operation. Was I looking through a jaundiced medium, or was the yellow plague creeping between the cuticle and epidermis of all the people on board, like an extract of arineta? What an elongation of jaw, what a daffodil hue pervaded every face on which I turned my heavy eyes. Silence reigned like a dark cloud on a plague-struck city, when suddenly a loud laugh burst upon every ear with its appalling ha, ha! The scream of the albatross or vulture could not have been more unwelcome, and all who were able glared savagely on the human hyens who had disturbed their ruminations.

Cool, collected, confident, and smiling, a tall young gentleman, with a brown Taglioni, stood in the midst of a group of companions, and with joke and repartee kept the circle in a roar. 'I feel for you, ladies,' he would exclaim, with mock sympathy, 'but I am sorry that I cannot feel with you. Will any gentleman have a cigar?' he continued, politely presenting his tobacco abominations to my cousin Job and myself; 'or perhaps a pork sandwich would be agreeable.'

If I had been a Titan, and my fists Pelion and Ossa, I would have driven him to the confines of Neptune's bed-chamber; and if I had been Jove, and my eyes thunderbolts, I would have glared him into a transparency; but I was down and he was up, and I could only hope. I watched his eyes as lover watches the light in his lady-love's lattice; I yearned for their fading lustre as weary night-watcher yearns for the first streak of morning; and at last, joy of joys, the tormentor's tongue became silent, his cheeks wan, and his head heavy; I beheld him led to the bulwark and doubled over, like a piece of raiment, and springing to my feet my sickness all was gone. There lay my enemy, stricken down and helpless; there he reclined to be kicked if you would with impunity. I gazed, like the bard in Coleridge's *Genevieve*, 'too fondly on his face,' and waxing Horatian in my revenge, I exclaimed, 'Ah, if thou hast one drop of Latinity in thee, thou mayest well say, if not the sacred walls of Neptune's temple, at least the deck of the 'No Monopoly' can attest that you have consecrated dripping garments to the king of the briny deep.' I fed upon this spectacle until we returned to our destination; nor did I pay the least attention to the sidelong glances of my cousin Job for sympathy in his prostration.

'How pleasant!' said I, still ruminating, as the small boats pulled to the ship's side for the purpose of debarkation. My cousin Job hung his head in silence, and precipitately staggering to the gangway, plunged headlong into the sea. I had anticipated something of this kind; I had never beheld that man return from a pleasure party without some such catastrophe; he had been capsizeed from gigs and coaches times without number, he had been pursued by cattle through streams and morasses, he had narrowly escaped falling into coal-pits and being run down by mail-coaches, in his vain pursuit of pleasure, and now here he was wallowing in the ocean. What screams and yells rose upon the gale, as my poor relative floundered about in the Tritonic element—what expostulations and commands—what fruitless demonstrations of energy, such as clapping of hands and twistings and twinnings of face and body—what all but effectual sympathies were manifested for poor cousin Job! He was pulled out, however, and I had him quickly conveyed home.

'Pleasant thing the sea, Job,' said I, when he had recovered from its effects.

'Not over,' he replied, shaking his head.

'Great many people always flying about seeking pleasure and happiness,' continued I.

'I wonder if they ever find it?' said Job.

'I believe they leave it,' said I.

'How?' queried Job.

'Listen,' said I, growing full of my own idea, and swelling out with it. 'There is a little kingdom called home, cousin Job, and a little metropolitan throne called the hearth, where more of the joys and felicities of life lie enshrined than in all the world beside. Let the pleasure-seeker try to create pleasure; let him become the sun of home-love, and he will always be the centre of a galaxy of felicity; let him concentrate heart-affection round himself, and he will be so environed by the influences of peace and joy, that his heart will rest with satisfaction within their circle, and never seek to escape them.'

My cousin Job reflected for a moment, then slowly shaking his head, he exclaimed to me, for the first time in his life, 'I think you are right!'

CLASSES: IN RELATION TO MODERN TENDENCIES.

II. THE LITERARY CLASSES.

LETTERS give articulate voice to a people, expressing by a common symbol what it is fearing, hoping, wishing, is intent on doing, or has already done. In this sublime office letters do not stand alone: the fine arts, in their several ways, accomplish the same purpose; music by melody and harmony, painting by shows addressed to the eye, sculpture by suggestive forms in stone, and architecture by columns and massy piles. All these speak, and speak loudly, either as indicators of the past or of the future, as monitors or instructors, as mere commentators on the times, or as the exponents of a new and yet unrealised era of history. In estimating the tendencies of an age, and consequently the forces at work within it, we cannot hope to fulfil our purpose with any approach to completeness, without taking account of powers so great in their active and reactive effects as those of literature and the arts. In two directions more especially they act upon society; first, in giving form and intelligible utterance to the existing thoughts and feelings of the age; and, secondly, in expounding new ideas, whether of truth, goodness, or beauty, in modes suited to find place for them in the minds and affections of men. By the former of these ways, they provide society with a formula of its present life, which can never be done without either changing its course or intensifying its energy and giving it greater away over the future; by the latter, they offer a substitute for the life that is, in a theory of life that ought to be—in exhibiting something better, wiser, more lovely, more really desirable, and in every respect more worthy of man, than has been. Neither of these methods of influencing the age is less real and effective than the other; in greater or smaller proportions they are ever operative, perpetuating or reforming society, or fulfilling both functions at once in conserving and innovating upon existing forms of thought and activity. Society cannot become conscious of itself without being affected in one way or other by this self-knowledge. It admires, praises, encourages itself, or takes blame and confusion. Everything, indeed, which has place in miniature in the life and history of an individual, when he becomes sensible of his position, is enacted at large in communities. They move the faster or retrace their steps, go sullen, or angry, or mirthful, presume or hesitate, just as the likeness of themselves, on being shown to them, pleases or displeases their social aims. One thing which hitherto has been must be reversed, another strengthened, a third simply dropped as neutral, a fourth quarrelled with but not yet adjudicated on, and so with the rest; each feature of the times awakening some national feeling either in its favour or against it. On the other hand, society is progressive, and is ready, more often contrary to its will than with it,

to receive fresh theories of life, regenerative notions, which shall add to, not merely alter, existing things, or which may even substitute something for present arrangements. In both ways, then, as indicators of the times and reformers of them, letters and the arts act upon society.

A man of letters, indeed, whether as poet, philosopher, or popular journalist, if he be viewed according to his idea, or the grand end for which he is to live, if he is to live at all as a literary man, is the mediator between all classes of society, the nexus by which the upper and lower ranks are kept in a relationship capable of improvement. Viewed in this high and ideal light, he has no private sympathies which can interfere with his impartiality; he belongs to no class, and has no interests except the good of the whole. This freedom from personal and class feelings is realised, not by stripping himself of everything belonging to humanity, but by identifying himself with all its forms, so that each may have an adequate representation in him their exponent. Spirit and not body, he passes into the view-point of his fellow-men, however modified in their circumstances, and from thence looks out upon life, seeing what it shows to each and how each is likely to judge of it. Returning at intervals to his own central position, with professed intent to utter a word for all, or rather in every word he uses to express spherul thought, he reaches the sympathies of all classes of society. Existing arrangements are judged of by him according to eternal law, not conventional. The evils pressing on one section of society are displayed so as to be understood by the other sections. Through him, therefore, acquaintance with a larger horizon of life than had otherwise been possible is gained by all to whom his works have become accessible. A pure test is applied by him to the phenomena of the times, and, through him, is put into the hands of the general multitude. But this description of the literary character seems rather a burlesque on what it is than a sober statement of what it ought to be. It is true that, as it is, the literary character falls far below the picture of it we have drawn; but so does every reality compared with its idea. Consciously or unconsciously, however, the man of letters, who is worthy of the name, is aspiring with greater or less ardour to justify this account of his functions. Not contented with himself or others, he labours earnestly, habitually, and with stern purpose, to carry forward the world; to hold up to mankind a model of life, drawn from his severe meditations, conducted in every way which nature, experience, and the ideal life within him authorise and point out. Shakespeare, of all men, has made the nearest approaches to a fulfilment of his office as a mouthpiece to humanity. Although exhibiting in his immortal dramas the vilest as well as the most noble types of human character, he leaves no stain upon the mind, by the unspeakable mastery with which he unfolds his men and women, so as, through indirect means, to furnish the eternal law by which they are to be judged and found in various degrees defective. But every age has furnished a few who entered with grand insight into the conception of a literary life. Surrounded by wife and children, by every circumstance which could fix and localise their sympathies, and by poverty, they have nevertheless succeeded in giving their efforts a universal aim: instead of being subdued by their condition, they have turned all its evils into blessings, they have converted the toil and vexation of their lot into means of self-knowledge and self-purification; the times and social influences, so far from fixing the temporary and the accidental upon their works, in any measure tending to render them obsolete, have only served to give greater breadth and profundity to them, to confer upon them more of immortality than external circumstances less trying would probably have induced.

The remarkable forms which literature has, in recent times, been assuming, and still assumes, make its relation to modern tendencies one of the most interesting of inquiries, and give incidental emphasis to the remarks which have just been made on the literary character. The dignity of literature as a profession is becoming more generally conceded, and, as a means of social improvement, it

is assuming a higher place in the opinion of all who exert any wide influence upon society. Change here, as in other departments of activity, is the most conspicuous thing which the eye has to take notice of; change in the tone, the forms, the circle of readers, and in the general conventions by which the whole mystery is regulated. Tried by the criterion furnished in the idea of the literary man, the literature of our age has gained largely on that of the age before: it has improved in respect of its aim, spirit, and social influence; and promises, as other departments of society progress, to rise still higher in its wholesome effects. The audience of our literature, the characteristic features of its matter, and the relation it bears to literary men themselves, may afford topics of remark for the present paper.

Of late years, and in a ratio proportioned to their closeness on our own day, the circle of general readers has been growing more and more popular. In every age, indeed, the people have had something to read or to hear read; and the property of the highest literature is, that its symbol is the most universal which the language in which it is written affords. Nevertheless, before the present age, authors of genius and enlarged reading, who addressed themselves to a wide audience, were comparatively very few. The people, indeed, were imagined to be incapable of elevation; their position in society was supposed to have doomed them to instruction merely in the elements of morality and religion. It was only by a sort of providential accident, if we may so speak, that they came into contact with the great minds of their country; poets could not avoid being popular, whatever speculative theory respecting the capacities of the masses they might form. Now, however, the tables are entirely turned. No longer are dukes and duchesses obsequiously sought, at whose feet authors might permissively lay their manuscripts. A popular press is at work, and minds of the finest temper, largest range, and most extensive culture, are spontaneously, and even with a sort of chivalrous zeal, passing their elaborated sheets through it, for the eye of the artisan and the labourer. The improvement in this respect, it must be owned, is greatly owing to the rapid self-development of the working classes. In a sense they fitted one another for becoming a competent audience to men of genius; and genius, on the other hand, it should also be confessed, gladly acknowledged a real and profound sympathy with the unsophisticated manifestations of rude and comparatively unpolished nature, so soon as it became awake. Each class has thus played into the hands of the other. Fit readers have evoked a host of fit writers; action on one side has produced action on another. The people have become the patrons of the man of literature, and he, in his turn, has given a voice to the dumb multitudes who patronise him.

The working classes themselves, however, are producing writers who are taking their places among the most gifted and cultivated. This was only to be expected, since there was no reason why nature should have stinted their share of faculty, because it had been their misfortune to be severed, by a factitious distinction, from their educated fellow-men. In the fact of the increasing number of powerful and impressive thinkers rising up among the working classes, we have store of materials for the future historian to deal with. Never more can caste have place in this country. Ranks there will be, and probably must always be. But the rulers and the ruled are becoming daily more identified. The press is open to the man working at the anvil, through which he may legislate for the world, provided he has internal might to elaborate thought and throw it off in fit form. In the condition of this class of writers, indeed, there are circumstances more favourable to effective thinking than one is apt to imagine. Labour with the hands seems the natural counterpart to toil with the head. So far from being unpropitious to meditation, it supplies a fuller and more healthy experience as food to it, and more adequate conditions for its exercise, than are usually furnished in the life of the man whose only work is that of the brain. It pours strength into

the body for the support of mental labour; it assists by contrast to stimulate the higher faculties; it furnishes repose to the mind without allowing it to sink with ennui. But the sense of reality which it supplies, and the greater hold which it gives one of the external world, provided it be not too hard and too absorbing, are, perhaps, the noblest benefits of this union of active with speculative labour. In the present state of things, however, and so long as competition tempts cupidity or constrains industry to work at lower labours for so many hours daily, and with so great application, few comparatively can be expected to unite adequately both occupations. Still, we have no reason to despair. Much has been already done towards the amelioration of the working classes, and towards, more especially, the removal of impediments to the free expansive cultivation of their mental faculties. More is in promise. A few years may accomplish greatly larger results than the most sanguine temperament has yet led the speculator on the subject to hope for. What then may be the result, we can conjecture, but cannot determine. Meanwhile, we take note of this phenomenon as giving character to the literary classes in this age of effort and tendency.

In comparing the literature of the last fifteen years, particularly as it comes near the present time, with that which went before, no feature of its matter is more noticeable than its genial and philanthropic spirit. The miseries of the lower orders appear to have been the absorbing idea of literary men from then till now. Causes were at work to direct the attention of observers to this state of matters. The intermittent fever under which the working classes seemed to be suffering, occasionally seizing the brain, and driving them to secret associations, strikes, risings, and outbreaks of different descriptions, became the subject of anxious consultation. At first, the symptoms were viewed as those of unreasonable discontent, which firmness and sound rebuke would eventually cure or put out of sight. It soon became obvious, however, to those who examined the matter more disinterestedly, that unutterable evils existed, and that these were fast accumulating, so as to threaten the safety of the empire unless an antidote were speedily found for them. The prevalent misery appeared likewise to have sprung from some old injustice, some chronic social distemper, that awakened more sympathy in behalf of the sufferers than anger against them for wrongdoing. The talent brought to light, as evinced in the eloquence of their chief men, however rude and partial it might be, stirred in thoughtful minds a remembrance that these workmen, clothed in rags or not, were heirs of immortality, and consequently that faculties adequate to such a destiny must be in their possession. Other causes besides these conduced to produce the intense sympathy of literary men with the wretchedness of the lower orders. The spirit and presiding genius of literature pointed wholly in this direction. Improvement, elevation, by all loving ways—by fair-dealing, by respect, by assistance in trouble, by generous confidence, by warm affections—is characteristically the doctrine of the true man of letters. In the present times, literature seems to be impregnated with more of this quickening spirit than during any former period. Serials of all sizes are permeated by it. Love, geniality, brotherhood, are now the formulas which express the tendencies of our literature.

It must not be overlooked that woman—blessed woman—has been mingling her soft and sweet-breathing voice with man's, in this struggle for the good of the poor and neglected. Many dear names of that sex, sacred to genius, purity of aspiration, and all beautiful feminine qualities, adorn the title-pages of several remarkable works. We say, hail and welcome to such; room is making and shall continue to be made for them; they do what man cannot do; they speak in tones which carry consolation to many an unreach heart, and which inspire with benisons those before given only to cursing.

In surveying the relations of literature to modern tendencies, another thing conspicuous is, that authors write much more from their personal lives than they used to do.

They less seldom prate of things which they have seen with the eye and heard with the ear, but which their hearts do not understand. Life with them is much more now than formerly believed to be the true inspirer of undying utterances, and we more rarely see the author and the man two distinct and separable beings. Our hope for the future lies chiefly in this fact. Individuality is becoming daily more frequent among young writers. It is easy to see that the necessity of writing from life will indirectly tend to improve the general moral and spiritual condition of authors. Not until they have realised truth and virtue will they feel at liberty to speak about them. All good and holy affections must be habitually cherished, and must find spontaneous egress through every-day actions, before they will be able to describe them with recommendation.

In looking forward, we can only hope for the continuance of what is good in our literature, and the realisation of a still brighter idea than has yet been won by those who have entered the field of literary labour. Aspiration, we should say, cannot be too high, nor can any cost be too great, so that the fulfilment of early promise in young and expanding minds be gained by whomsoever promise is given. We wonder whether the present generation of rising writers will carry the enthusiasm, the lofty hopes, the noble desires which they are manifesting, more into their later life than those who have begun in former generations with promise of the same sort! Let us profit by experience. Preparation beforehand for parrying off the weapons of manhood with its settlement and worldly cares, and old age with its dolorous wailings over the past and dissatisfaction with all that characterises the present, may help us to end life as we begin it—a glorious consistency, worthy of the loss of all things. But nothing fit will be done apart from a religious life; we do not of course mean a contentious one, quarrelling with everybody for this or that petty regulation, but a life inspired by a belief in the great God in whom all things centre, and in the Revelation of Himself given equally in nature and in Jesus Christ—an idea to the evolution of which all our faculties may minister, not only without loss or discredit, but with transcendent gain and honour.

HURRICANE ON THE GANGES.

(From the Manuscript Journal of an Officer.)

We started as usual at daybreak, and our boatmen, after a day of toil and tracking, had dragged us some twenty miles. The water was scarce ever ruffled by a passing breeze. The monotony of this, however, was much broken by the sight of numerous alligators and turtles quietly floating on the surface, but sinking as soon as observed, and thus furnishing easy-to-be-missed marks for our rifles. The tall adjutants and cranes of many kinds, as they stood statue-like or marched along in stately majesty over the shallow shores, a solitary pelican sailing with the stream, or the deeply-coloured water-snake wending his liquid way, ravenous and hungry vultures actually tearing at the dead, or hovering expectant over the dying, or perched on and devouring some passing buoyant and putrid human corpse—all these, and sundry others, formed figures in the 'rings' of the *Gangetic target*, gave us a better chance, and often forfeited their lives for our amusement! The beauty of the banks was enlivened by many villages and towns, with the lofty and pin-naled pagodas of the subtle, sinning Hindoos, or the ponderous-domed mosques of their physical though not mental conquerors—(no! but Brahma and the Crescent in every power shall yet be crushed by the Cross and its now fast-forming moral phalanx); and the river itself, smooth as it was, presented to the eye a scene of considerable excitement. Innumerable boats of every sort and size, and hue and colour, and of names never meant for the measures of poetry, however poetical in appearance, passed up and down in rapid succession, and frequently came in contact with our nobler vessel, or we, asserting our naval

uproar of the natives, their fierce and maniac-like gestures, can alone be duly appreciated by those who have seen an oriental tongue-fight.

At sunset we stopped, and, with a countless fleet of boats, were ranged along the banks of the river; and dinner being prepared and eaten, all, as usual, sought repose till daybreak again, and everything appeared fitted for the required rest.

Though the sun set in fire, evening had closed in beautifully, and night never sat more serenely on this mighty river; all was still, save the howling jackal's mournful cry. The restlessness of the sleeper alone, seen by some flickering lamp, omened that something unusual was brooding in the midnight skies, as, with parched and open lips, he heavily breathed the exhausted and now unsatisfying air. Further warning there was none, till the elements commenced their fearful conflict, and heaven's artillery burst loud and awful on the ear. 'The blackened sky like a thick ceiling stood;' bolts of livid fire sprung from this cloudy rampart, and ran along the ground, dragging their chariots of thunder in their train, and sweeping all before them. The atmosphere, now still more rarefied by the lightning, and scarce fit to support life, stood aloof, like the Red Sea of old, on the right hand and on the left, ready to pour down at the appointed signal; and on it came—a mighty, rushing wind. In a moment every boat was driven from the shore, and dashed one against another, into the midst of the now foaming Ganges. The roar of the hurricane; the wild and savage yells of the native boatmen—their loud imprecations and frantic gestures; the open jaws and fierce eyeballs of the alligators, as they prowled around for the expected prey; and all rendered vivid by the flashing lightning, made it appear as if hell and its demons, with Phlegethon and its boiling waters, had rushed into the vacuum and were wrestling for their victims. How many became so I know not. It shortly ceased, and all was silent save the murmur of the stream: but some had sunk to rise no more; and many a stately mast and tree that had proudly cast their shadows to the setting sun made low obeisance to the dawning of the morn.

How wonderful! the living liquid air,
When from its place it rushing onward flies,
Till nicely poised the balance be, and there,
From quivering scales, the zephyrs gently rise.

SCOTTISH SCENES.

BRIDGE-OF-ALLAN—DUNBLANE.

BRIDGE-OF-ALLAN, as everybody knows, is much resorted to in the summer season by persons from all parts of the country. Some seek this calm retreat that, by breathing its balmy air, and drinking its medicinal waters, impaired health may be restored, and new vigour animate their frame. Others pay their annual visit to it as a means of getting quit of a portion of the time that lies heavily (time glides from us all too quickly) upon their hand. While others may be found here glad to escape for a time from the busy mart and close city chambers. Whatever be the motive that communicates the impulse, the season brings a throng of visitors to this favourite watering-place; and we should suppose that the number of those who have their hopes realised is greater than those who have them disappointed. We have known individuals whose sunken eye, wan cheek, and feeble frame, indicated too plainly that disease was working sad havoc in the constitution, put on freshness and gather health from visiting its wells and wandering through its wooded braes. Those who at home are killed with *ennui*, are here inspired with the spirit of activity, and stroll about the live long day, drinking pleasure from the numerous beauties that diversify the scene. The merchant, mingling in the gay circle, forgets his ledger, and exchanges the eternal din of the city for the morning chant of birds and the sweet murmur of rippling waters.

This beautiful watering-place is situated in a southern

exposure, at the western termination of the Ochil Hills, just at the opening of the Allan vale. It stands upon a sort of table-land, slightly elevated above the carse. The river Allan bounds it on the west, only a few houses being beyond the stream. The distance from Stirling is about three miles, and in the season the means of transit are easy and frequent. A finer and better sheltered situation cannot well be conceived. The Ochils, with the intervening heights, protect it on the north. No wind from this quarter can touch it; the breeze that plays on the Allan Water serves only to create and sustain an agreeable circulation. On the west, the beautiful heights of Keir shelter it, without materially marring the view from the high grounds. The Abbey Crag intercepts a barrier to the storms that blow from the east. From the heights behind the village the view, though not extensive, is fine and rich. The eye falls on a large portion of the carse, finely cultivated; beyond this rural scene, and bounding it on the south, you encounter the terraced sides of the Tough Hills and the huge mass of greenstone on which are built the town and castle of Stirling. On the right there is a good view of the grounds of Keir, while on the left you look down upon the sweet estate of Airthrey, the dark woods of Logie, and the sharp features of the crag. The village itself is neat and clean. The western or older portion of it consists of little whitewashed cottages, with roses and woodbine encircling the doors and windows. The newer or eastern portion consists of a main street and cross streets, composed of elegant and commodious buildings. It is rapidly extending in this direction. There are two large public hotels, where every attention is paid to visitors, besides several of a private character. It contains a well-supplied public reading-room, and a gallery of sculpture erected and arranged under the eye of Major Henderson, the spirited proprietor of the estate of Westerton, on whose lands the Bridge-of-Allan is built. There are numerous walks in the immediate neighbourhood of the village, some of which are extremely beautiful and retired. The whole of the high grounds to the north may be traversed; and for those who prefer more extensive perambulations, access may be had to the well-arranged grounds of Keir, whose amiable and open-hearted possessor has so lately been removed from this world, amid the regrets and lamentations of all who shared his friendship or tasted his generosity. There cannot be a more interesting walk, to the pensive and contemplative mind, than that which conducts by the manse, round the base of the hill, to the picturesque church of Logie. Sequestered solemn spot! One cannot stand beneath the brow of that hill, or move under the shadow of these dark pines, without feeling that the place is holy, and experiencing the promptings of an intelligent devotion towards the great God who is weekly worshipped here. Meet resting-place, too, for the ashes of the departed! Reader, permit a hasty tribute to departed worth. Here rest the ashes of one with whom we have held high converse on things divine, and in whose manly bosom our youthful aspirations ever found a willing response.

But the great attraction is the mineral waters of Airthrey. The wells are within a mile of the village, just at the base of the Ochils. The water is brought regularly down, but the practice is to visit the wells at certain hours, and there partake of the healing draught. Every facility is afforded to invalids. We insert the following analysis of the springs, made some years ago, and quoted by Dr Forrest of Stirling in a work on the Airthrey waters. In an English pint, containing 28.875 cubic inches.

SPRINGS NO. I. AND II.

Common salt	37.45 grains.
Muriate of lime	34.52 "
Sulphate of lime	1.19 "

SPRING NO. III.

Common salt	47.534 grains.
Muriate of lime	86.461 "
Sulphate of lime	4.715 "
Muriate of magnesia	0.045 "

The waters are universally admitted to be highly medicinal, and hence their extensive use.

Before leaving this interesting locality, there is another subject to which the attention of the intelligent reader should be directed. The researches of Charles MacLaren, Esq., of this city, as recorded in the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal, for October, 1846, have established certain important geological conclusions in connexion with the high grounds in this neighbourhood. Viewed from the south, there appears an extensive terrace or table-land between the base of the hill and the village. The abrupt face of this terrace hangs over the latter, and is distinctly traced from Leacroft Church to Abbey Crag, a distance of about two miles. There is every reason to believe that this table-land is composed of gravel and sand, and has been deposited by the sea, when the tides stood higher by many feet than they now do. This level tract bears a very close resemblance to existing sea-beaches. That it is composed of such material seems obvious, from the fact that nothing else is discovered along the whole extent of its face; nor is rock found, except at a considerable depth, in any of those deep cuts which the torrents descending from the hill have cut in it. Not even in the Allan vale, the mouth of which is excavated through this terrace, is rock detected, save in the channel of the river. Now, there is no agent in nature of which we know anything that could accumulate such a mass of rubbish, in such an order as this, except water. It is thought, therefore, that the sea once washed the base of the Ochils, and that the plain on which stands the neat mansion-house of Westerton, and the church of Leacroft, constituted then the bottom of that sea. There are traces of a lower beach at the village of Causeyhead, near Abbey Crag. Part of that village is built upon it, and it stretches a little distance to the west. Ancient beaches, corresponding to these, have been traced on the other side of the carse. Indeed, we ourselves have traced *three* ancient sea-beaches, much further up the vale of Monteith. They are most distinctly seen, on both sides of the Teith, opposite the village of Doune. It is thus obvious that the whole plain west from Stirling was, at one period in our earth's history, under water; the bed of a magnificent bay. At least three or four distinct elevations have taken place in the land during the period that has elapsed since then. The whole surrounding framework of mountains stood then as it does now, only not so high above the level of the waters; and the three high crags that now raise their grey faces to the west, then kept vigils at the entrance of this little inland sea. That this is no mere fancy is demonstrated by the existence of sea-shells in many parts above the level of the Firth, and the discovery, some years ago, of the skeleton of a whale in the very locality of which we are now treating. Formerly copper and silver mines were worked in the western part of the Ochils, but the veins are now closed. The entrance, indeed, to one is still partially open, immediately behind the Airthrey wells.

Leaving Bridge-of-Allan, the highway skirts the western face of the valley to Dunblane six miles to the north. There is a beautiful private road by the banks of the river, through the grounds of Kippendroo. In these grounds there is a plane-tree, said to be the largest in the kingdom. It measures twenty-eight feet round the stem, and covers nearly half an acre with its branches. The river is very sweet, and its banks are beautifully wooded. One might wander long among the

‘Fairy breeze,
Which grace this lovely, winding stream,
The scene of many a poet's lays.’

without wishing for the shades of evening, or being satiated with the mild beauties of the picture.

The ancient episcopal city of Dunblane is situated in the valley of the Allan, and is cut in two by the river. The cathedral and almost all other objects of interest are on the left bank. The site is pleasant and healthy, but except from the heights to the east or from the bridge down the vale, the view is very limited. There are some good houses in the town, and several villas and mansions within a circle of a few miles, but it has lost the importance and consequent splendour it possessed at and before the Refor-

ation. It is not now the dwelling-place of mitred heads and titled barons; still it is a respectable town, with a steady, generous, and intelligent population. Here dwelt the fair lady, the heroine of the fine Scotch song, 'The flower o' Dunblane;' and when wandering on the neighbouring heights of a fine summer evening, we have felt the magic power of the opening stanza of that beautiful composition.

'The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lanely I stray in the calm simmer gloaming,
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane.'

There are mineral waters here as well as at Bridge-of-Allan. The well is situated two miles north of the town, and the road to it is by the bank of the river. Of course the waters in each place have had their applauders and detractors respectively. The praises of Airthrey have been written and sung; and the good folks in Dunblane have not failed to seize the grey goose quill in behalf of the other. 'The battle of the springs' was rather famous at one time, but more peaceful thoughts now occupy the bosom of the lieges, as we are not aware of a lance being set in rest (that is, the aforesaid grey goose quill called into requisition) by either of the parties for several years. We do not enter into the merits of the case, and would not rouse one slumbering feeling. Our pen is dipped in human kindness, and it shall record no other sentiment than that of universal good-will. A gallon of Dunblane water, according to Dr Murray, contains of

Common salt.....	192.00 grains.
Muriate of lime.....	144.00 "
Sulphate of lime.....	28.00 "
Carbonate of lime.....	4.00 "
Oxide of iron.....	1.36 "

According to Dr Thomson, the same quantity contains of

Common salt.....	267.458 grains.
Muriate of lime.....	145.296 "
Sulphate of lime.....	40.456 "
Muriate of magnesia.....	2.008 "

The difference in the results may, in great measure, be attributed to the different methods adopted in conducting the analysis.

The sites of houses occupied by individuals who played a prominent part in the affairs both of church and state, some centuries ago, are pointed out to the visitor; also the manse of various ecclesiastics. But the great object of antiquarian interest is the cathedral. All that remains of this ancient building, in a state of tolerable completeness, is the choir, which is still used as the church of the parish. Though now adopted as a place of worship in connexion with the Presbyterian platform, it still retains much of its original character. There is much to excite the interest of the curious, and awaken reflection in the contemplative mind. 'The oaken seats of the choristers, with grotesque figures carved upon them, still remain; while the stalls of the prebendaries, and the handsomely carved seats of the bishop and the dean, with the three steps of the altar, can yet be observed.' The information gathered from numerous sources relative to this once famous cathedral casts a steady light upon its history for at least seven or eight hundred years, and shows that it has passed through various vicissitudes. Sometimes it was tenantless, its altars deserted, and its lands alienated; at other times it reaped a rich harvest of prosperity, and had conferred upon it many honours. Now it was entirely overlooked by the ecclesiastical heads of the Scottish church, and then its concerns occupied the anxious mind of popes. This is obvious from the following brief historic statement: The *Culdees* had a convent at Dunblane, but of it we shall not at present speak. The close of the tenth century is believed to be the epoch of St Blaen, who had no see, it being not yet established. About the middle of the eleventh, it was instituted, in all probability, along with other Scottish sees, by the Convention of Estates. In the early part of the twelfth century, David I.—said by one of his successors to have been a 'sair saint for the crown,' because of his having built and endowed so many religious houses—appointed the first bishop to Dunblane. He is said by some to have

erected the see; but this is a mistake which might very readily arise out of the former circumstance. The first time that the bishop of this see is referred to, is in a bull of Pope Adrian IV., but the name is unknown. From this date to 1689, when Robert Douglas was deprived of the bishopric, no fewer than *thirty-three* individuals had occupied the episcopal seat. Clemens, a good bishop, occupied this see in 1238, and found matters in a deplorable state. For a hundred years previous to this, it would appear the church had been vacant, almost all its goods having been seized by secular hands. The bishops were inefficient, and no pastoral care was bestowed upon the people. In these circumstances the new bishop appealed to the papal court, and had a bull issued in favour of the see. The bishops of Glasgow and Dunkeld were charged with the deed, and commanded to see his holiness' pleasure carried into execution. But mammon exercised more influence among the 'seculars' than 'Gregory, bishop, servant of the servants of God;' wherefore it still remained in a miserable state, to use the language of the bull, and did not for some time 'recover from the lake of misery.' Clemens, however, seems to have been a man of property and a good churchman; for, partly out of his own funds, he repaired the church, which had long remained in a dilapidated state. To him, therefore, we may look as the person who executed a part, if not the whole, of the more modern building. Finlay Dermoch, 18th bishop, somewhere between 1406 and 1419, erected the good old bridge over the Allan at Dunblane; Michael Ochiltree, a dozen years later, richly adorned the cathedral church, and put into the choir its elegant oak seats, great part of which still remain. We must pass over a number of bishops who were appointed to this see between Michael's time and that of the pious Leighton, who was the 31st in order. Only two, James Ramsay and Robert Douglas, succeeded him when the Revolution dissolved the Scottish sees. The character of Leighton is too well known to require us to dwell upon it here. During his residence in Dunblane he seems to have worked a marvellous change among the inferior clergy; and when removed to Glasgow, the very different character of the sacred orders in the west greatly grieved his pious spirit. At his death he left some money to the poor of Dunblane, and also bequeathed his valuable library to the city. It originally consisted of 1400 volumes. The number is now greatly augmented, and the use of it is a great boon to the inhabitants, and no ordinary attraction to the intelligent visitor. The bishop's palace stood immediately to the south of the cathedral and overlooking the river. To the north of the river, and on the bank of the Allan, there is a fine shaded promenade, said to have been the daily resort of the bishop, and which still goes by his name. In speaking of antiquities, we must not omit the mention of the fact, that the great Roman road, from Castle-cary, by Torwood and Stirling, to Perth, passed up the Allan valley. Certain indications of its direction are still traceable, or have been so lately. Between Bridge-of-Allan and Keir, stood the famous *Alama* of Ptolemy, on the right bank of the stream, a mile from its junction with the Forth. The site of this place was long disputed, but we believe that the correctness of the above opinion is now generally admitted. The name of the Allan is perhaps allied to this. *Allunn*, in Celtic, means 'sparkling, beautiful,' and appropriately characterises this river. Six miles north from Dunblane is the camp of *Lindum*, or Ardoch, in a fine state of preservation. Other antiquarian remains exist in this neighbourhood, especially towards the west, whence in all probability a branch from the great road went by Doune to Moss Flanders.

The Sheriffmuir, so famous as being the field on which the engagement between the Earl of Mar, who commanded the rebels, and the Duke of Argyle, who led the royal army, was fought in 1715, stretches to the north-east from Dunblane. Mar, who had taken possession of Perth and subdued great part of the north-east coast of Scotland, marched southwards, at the head of ten thousand men, with the purpose of crossing the Forth at Stirling. Meanwhile Argyle, who had been appointed commander-in-chief of all

the forces in Scotland, had collected an army, of not half the number, with which he was marching to oppose his progress. The armies met to the east of Dunblane. The left wing of Argyle's was speedily broken; but the right, where he himself commanded, soon routed the left of Mar's. Thus each appeared victorious, and each was defeated. Matters did not long continue in this singular state. The royalists gradually gained the advantage, and pushed the rebels back to the river Allan. When the engagement closed, twelve or thirteen hundred men lay lifeless on the field! The loss was nearly equal. Oh, war! when shalt thou disappear from the face of this beautiful earth—when shall brother cease to shed his brother's blood? The blood of thirteen hundred men was a dainty price to pay for the chagrin consequent upon the dismissal of the Earl of Mar from the office of Secretary of State on the accession of King George.

The Scottish Central Railway sweeps through the part of the country to which this sketch refers. Crossing the Forth a little to the north of Stirling, it passes the Bridge-of-Allan on the south, enters the Allan vale to the west of the bridge, and for a considerable space runs along the wooded brink of the right bank. It crosses and recrosses the river before you reach Dunblane, through the midst of which it cuts its way. Thence it ascends Strathallan, and onwards to the fair city. It certainly appears an intruder in the midst of this beautiful scenery; one cannot find any rational association, even after ingenuity has taxed herself to the utmost, to catch a dim glimpse of such a thing—between flowery meads, and wooded braes, and crystal streams, and—shade of Burns!—iron rails, and puffing engines.

TOADS.

The common toad, which is generally esteemed the most loathsome of British reptiles, and which boys too often heedlessly pelt with stones, as if it were a creature injurious to mankind, is an animal of considerable use in the economy of nature, being evidently created for the purpose of destroying and clearing away worms and other small vermin which would injure vegetation. The character of this inoffensive creature has been well described by Mr Fothergill, a naturalist. 'The common food of the toad,' says he, 'is small worms, and insects of every description; but its favourite food consists of bees and wasps. When a toad strikes any of these insects, however, deglutition does not immediately take place, as in other cases, but the mandibles remain closely compressed for a few seconds, in which time the bee or wasp is killed, and all danger of being stung avoided. The mandibles are provided with two protuberances, which appear to be destined for this office. Although capable of sustaining long abstinence, the toad is a voracious feeder when opportunity offers. To a middle-sized one the writer has given nine wasps, one immediately after another; the tenth it refused, but in the afternoon of the same day it took eight more. To see the toad display its full energy of character, it is necessary to discover it in its place of retirement for the day, and, if possible, unperceived, to drop an insect within its sight; it immediately arouses from its apparent torpor, its beautiful eyes sparkle, it moves with alacrity to its prey, and assumes a degree of animation incompatible with its general sluggish appearance. When arrived at a proper distance, it makes a full stop, and, in the attitude of a pointer, motionless eyes its destined victim for a few seconds, when it darts out its tongue upon it, and lodges it in its throat with a velocity which the eye can scarcely follow. It sometimes happens to make an ineffectual stroke, and stuns the insect without gorging it, but never makes a second stroke until the insect resumes motion. It uniformly refuses to feed on dead insects, however recent. For several years a toad took up its abode, during the summer season, under an inverted garden-pot, which had a part of its rim broken out, in the writer's garden, making its first appearance in the latter end of May, and retreating about the middle of September. This toad, there is reason to believe, distinguished the persons of the family, who daily fed it,

from strangers, as it would permit them to pat and stroke it. To try the indiscriminating appetite of these animals, the writer has dropped before a full-grown toad a young one of its own species, about three-fourths of an inch long, and the instant it began to move off, it was eagerly struck at and swallowed; but the writer, in repeating this experiment, found that more will refuse than devour the young of their own species. When living minnows were dropped before a toad, they were struck at and swallowed in the same manner. These experiments were made on toads at full liberty, and met with like results.'

ON A BUTTERFLY.

(For the Instructor.)

Up from the dewy earth,
Child of a second birth,
Revel in nature's mirth
While it is day!
Over the meadows green,
Glist'ning with summer sheen,
Bright is thy way.

Herald of sunny hours,
Song birds, and silken flowers,
Speed to the scented bowers—
Time is thine own!
Speed where the roses twine,
Drink of their ruby wine,
Ere it be flown!

Bright are thy present dreams,
Fast by the shining streams,
Basking in golden beams,
Drunk with delight;
Thinking not earth and sea,
Alas! too soon will be
Buried in night.

Thus flies the life of man,
Ever in pleasure's van,
Careless how short the span
Nature has lent:
Quick as thy fluttering,
Bird of the sunny wing,
Man's life is spent.

Love may look bright a while,
Friendship may seem to smile:
Too often serpent's guile
Festers beneath.
Ah! that such bitter strife
Darkens so short a life,
Ending in death!

Oh! man, since thy life's light
Looks but an insect's flight,
Work while thy day is bright! —
In the dark tomb,
Useless thy deep regret.
Soon will thy sun be set,
Shrouded in gloom.

W. LYLE

LITTLE KINDNESSES.

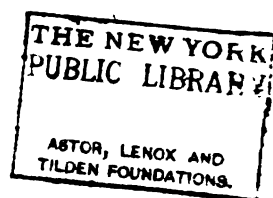
The humble current of little kindnesses, which, though but a creeping streamlet, yet incessantly flows, although it glides in silent secrecy within the domestic walls and along the walks of private life, and makes neither appearance nor noise in the world, proves in the end a more copious tributary to the store of human comfort and felicity, than any sudden and transient flood of detached bounty, however ample, that may rush into it with a mighty sound.—*Fawcett.*

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Thomas Chalmers,

PORTRAIT GALLERY OF HOGG'S WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

DR CHALMERS.

We had long purposed a sketch of this remarkable man, but could not satisfy ourselves with any attempted delineation of his high, varied, and influential excellencies, and we always turned away from it to contemplate with admiration and delight the living original, wearing age's crown of glory upon the unabated energies and the unchilled fervours of his youth, and drawing forth sentiments of the deepest veneration to blend with those of wonder, excited by the activity of his genius and his benevolence. Though we knew that the shades of evening were fast gathering, yet the luminary seemed to stand still; but now it has suddenly been 'turned into darkness,' without any gradual decline. Chalmers is gone, and our humble sketch comes forth among the many funeral tributes which the British press is fondly paying. Whatever likeness may be taken of him, no future view of him will correct, verify, or falsify. Yet our study is not that of lifeless features, or a mere remembrance of vanished outlines and expression; for in his writings and projects is embodied the living soul of Chalmers, and as true a portraiture of him may be made some generations hence as when he recently moved and laboured in the proud gaze of his countrymen for their best welfare. Posterity will keep him high and honoured in the gallery of the illustrious.

Scarcely had the millions of Ireland been thrown into grief by the death of O'Connell, ere the whole population of Scotland was called to mourn the unexpected loss of the greatest religious and social leader of the people. These two distinguished men, with many antagonistic and important differences, had much in common. They had early acquired and ever retained paramount influence over the masses of their countrymen; and even when they were in the less partial assemblies of England, they spoke as *living authority*, and Chalmers, apart from Free Churchism and Presbyterianism, and O'Connell, apart from Repeal, were then felt to be mighty. Chalmers acted more directly upon truth, O'Connell upon men; yet, of course, he one could only tell upon men by some agency of truth, and the other could not have plied truth so forcibly and earnestly as he did, without specially aiming at the minds and hearts of men. Justly does Mr Hugh Miller ascribe to them both '*the kingly governing faculty*.' It is, however, very noticeable, that whilst both followed their plans and enterprises with equal steadiness and bravery against all obstacles and enemies, the strongest, the most resolute, and the most ardent expression of Chalmers's agitation was—*IT SHOULD BE*; whereas that of O'Connell's was never

more mild and relaxed than—*IT MUST BE*. The Scotchman showed a calm front and attitude of *reason*; the Irishman a dauntless brow of most determined and unchangeable *will*. Coleridge was wont to lament that Conservatives and Whigs alike were vacillating in their purposes and policy, and to declare that O'Connell's was the only political *will* in the empire, and, apart from what he considered as its mischievous qualities and objects, he praised its stern and overbearing prowess. It is an interesting fact that Chalmers and O'Connell, with all their wide differences of religious and political creed, were cordial admirers of each other. When a foreigner was expressing his opinion that O'Connell, in private life, was the most fascinating man he had ever met with, Chalmers readily acquiesced, adding, 'he is a noble fellow, with the gallant and kindly as well as the wily genius of Ireland.'

For many years Dr Chalmers, more than any other great cotemporary, has commanded the sympathies and admiration of Scotland. His fame has been less confined within classes of the community than that of others, some of whom have been far superior in genius. It is a curious fact, that whilst mental endowments and accomplishments have given theologians and preachers a name dear to the *literary* section of the population, the highest qualifications and achievements in literature have generally failed to introduce to the interest of the *religious* section the man who displayed them. Is not Dr Chalmers more widely revered in circles purely literary than Sir Walter Scott is in religious circles? It is plain, therefore, that the *diffusion* of fame, whilst it may truly attest the higher aims to which genius has been directed, is no evidence as to the superior force of that genius. We believe that Dr Chalmers has consecrated his great powers to nobler uses and ends than any other intellectual Scotchman of the present age, or indeed of any age; but it is altogether a different question whether these powers were of an order to place him foremost in the first rank of Scotland's chief men. Sir Walter Scott has existed; Professor Wilson still exists; and we cannot imagine that either of the two, so far as the attribute of genius is concerned, must give way to Dr Chalmers. An *ethical* standard can only be applied to the motives and designs connected with the exercise of talents, and is no standard at all for deciding upon the amount and quality of the talents themselves; otherwise, as a poet, Shakspeare would descend to a station far below Isaac Watts.

But whilst, to Dr Chalmers's lasting honour, his labours will admit of being scrutinised in the most severe moral light, they also manifest a large compass and a prodigious force of intellect, which entitle him to all but the highest place among the great men of our land

and age. We have every reason to cherish pride on account of his rare natural endowments, as well as on account of the way in which he so thoroughly devoted them; for seldom if ever have the man of genius, the social reformer, and the apostle of Christianity been so grandly and uniformly exhibited in one person, or these separate functions been combined in one harmonious agency. Whilst living, Dr Chalmers was admired over the length and breadth of his native land, and had a European reputation; and his recent and unexpected death has summoned all classes to a fervent study of his character and works. The awful shades which have opened for him, form a dark surface and background which give a greater light and prominence to his many brilliant qualities, and death is the pale and black mirror for reflecting his lustrous life.

To the remarks which we intend to make upon his character, we shall prefix a brief memoir of him. Certainly, no theologian or preacher of the age has run a course of circumstances, or traversed a range of scenes, which might furnish such ample and rich materials for biography as Chalmers; nor have literary men, in his day, with the exception of two already named—Sir Walter Scott and Professor Wilson—exhibited a history so fraught with private interest, and romance, and with public importance, as that of Dr Chalmers. We see something more than merely a hand writing truth, we hear something more than merely a voice proclaiming it with noble eloquence—there is energetic action upon, as well as intimate fellowship with, all the circles of society; and when his 'Life' appears, if it should be scanty and meagre, no plea can be advanced on the ground that great thinkers have usually few incidents or adventures in their social lot worthy of description, and the eager public will justly hold the biographer as perfectly inexcusable. Should his narrative be brief or dull, he has marred a glorious subject, and it becomes him henceforth to deal only in the composition of epitaphs. He will be convicted as only fit to 'undertake' and 'furnish' small obituaries; Robin Redbreast gathering leaves for the 'Babes of the Wood' would be a marvellously proper type of him. If he would escape severe condemnation, he must trace Chalmers over the whole range of his appearances, in all the groups of his varied connexions, and through all the special spheres of his influence and fame. Hall and Foster, intellectual giants though they were, were yet *plain men dwelling in tents*; but Chalmers had no such obscurity; his life was public and processional, though most unostentatious and modest; and no individual who confined his intercourse and enterprises within Britain, had a more memorable career for the details of a competent biographer. That biographer, to give a lengthy and particular memoir, will not need to invade the sacred hearth, or to collate fireside sayings and doings, though these would illustrate the genial nature and the ever-youth and simple heart of the noble old man.

Dr Chalmers was born on the 17th March, 1780, at Anstruther, a town in the county of Fife. His physical frame was robust, and in boyhood, as well as in early manhood, he was famous in all athletic sports. He prosecuted his university career at St Andrews, where his mental power and sanguine industry were soon displayed and rewarded, especially in science and philosophy. His darling study was mathematics. It is not altogether rare that imaginative genius is also mathematical, for Thomas Carlyle was once an able teacher and expounder of Euclid, though it is probable that neither of the two acquired and mastered the science in the very poetical way which Wordsworth's pedlar took—

'With nature's hues,

Her forms, and with the spirit of her forms,
He clothed the nakedness of austere truth.
While yet he lingered in the rudiments
Of science, and among her simplest laws,
His triangles, they were the stars of heaven—
The silent stars! Oft did he take delight
To measure the altitude of some tall crag
That is the eagle's birth-place, or some peak
Familiar with forgotten years, that shows
Inscribed upon its visionary sides
The history of many a winter storm,
Or obscure records of the path of fire.'

Chemistry, also, with Chalmers, was a favourite department of science, and with this as well as with the other he remained, throughout his subsequent life, fully conversant. No one took a warmer interest than he did in the new theory broached some years ago by Dr Samuel Brown, which, when established and methodised, will revolutionise chemistry entirely, and reduce universal matter to its first and last germ out of nothingness. To speak safely, and as facts warrant, concerning Chalmers's mathematics and chemistry, we should suppose that, like Lord Brougham, he could not be called more than an *amateur* in these sciences, though probably he knew more of them than does his lordship. What either of them might have been and done had they exclusively followed physical studies, we cannot tell; but, as it is, they have made no discoveries, and from their stock of information have only drawn and elaborated a few illustrations, casually introduced in their writings. In the early years of his ministry, Chalmers lectured upon these sciences, and with great profit to his audience, as might have been expected from his natural energy and enthusiasm. His very earnestness was sufficient to prompt students to investigate more closely than he had done himself any subject of which he was treating. Had he possessed a slight smattering of the German language, and professed to teach it, he would have made excellent and ardent scholars, so stimulating was his manner.

When about to quit the university, what cold and narrow prospects must Chalmers's large and intensely active mind have had, especially with the views which at that period he took of ministerial functions! It is hard to conjecture what ambitious projects of extensive usefulness may have been cherished by him; but all these must have lain out of the sphere of his destined office, and evangelisation could be none of them. A rural parish charge, with its green seclusion amid the homes of Scottish patriarchs, and under the shadow of some paternal and kindly landlord, must have looked grateful to his pure and simple tastes; but to his fiery and restless genius, with its sweep of fancies and plans, how unsuitable and uncongenial! Visions, grand and glowing, though free from selfishness, must have alternated with pastoral dreams; and his burning brain must have ached for mental conquest and royalty over masses of mankind, as much as for a pillow in stilly solitudes. What was the course for the employment of all his faculties, which he had then more or less clearly and definitely marked out? Was he—like a mental Frankenstein—in total suspense and bewilderment as to how and for what he should put forth those gigantic energies with which his whole being was so wonderfully strung? His letters of that date, if such are now extant, or his conversation with intimate associates, would be intensely interesting, as furnishing hints upon these matters.

He became a preacher. His first sermon was delivered in Wigan, a town in Lancashire, where this fact is fondly remembered—at least it was so some five or six years ago, for there and then we heard of it. Immediately after receiving license, he had gone to Liverpool on a visit to some relative, who became very anxious to hear him in the pulpit; but the doctor was rather nervous about making his first appearance in Liverpool, and the clergyman of the Scotch Church there relieved his anxiety by declaring that he knew a small chapel, belonging to the Scotch Church, in Wigan (twenty miles distant), which would suit his diffidence. Accompanied by his relative, he went to Wigan; and frequently afterwards, the minister of the chapel, referring to the circumstance—of which he began to be a little proud—said that 'Dr Chalmers was a great gun now, but he was an *unco wee pop-gun then!*' This criticism might be true of the theological substance of the discourse, but must have been utterly false about the intellectual qualities. The worthy minister, it is likely, had in him no elements of hero-worship, and was incapable of appreciating the young genius.

Shortly afterwards, Chalmers became assistant in the parish of Cavers, near Hawick; but his residence here was brief, and on May 12, 1803, he was ordained to the office of the ministry in the parish of Kilmany, in his ne-

tive county, and about eight miles from the university where he had studied. He did not neglect his mathematical and chemical pursuits, but carried them on with fresh zeal. Botany, too, he began to cultivate; and so absorbed was he, at times, in this delightful science, that we have heard of him *considering the lilies of the field* on the Sabbath morning when he ought to have been considering his sermons. On one occasion, he is said to have been apprehended by his 'beadle,' as he was botanising at the hour of public service, and, on hastening to the pulpit, he took off his hat, and, as bunches of flowers fell out upon his raven locks, the audience saw the spoils of his Sabbath studies. We have heard one Dissenting minister, who then knew him well in Kilmany, declare that, long before he was awakened to the design and character of Christianity, and to his duties as its preacher, he was distinguished by rare candour, integrity, and charity. Wherever and by whomever a poor man was oppressed, Chalmers resented the wrong with all his eloquence, both in public and private, and rested not until redress was obtained. He was not a social reformer who could only be incited to labour by a view of the thousands of the destitute that struggle on in all physical and moral wretchedness in the lanes and closes of our large towns; but the sight of a few suffering individuals in a rural district, which gave them all the ventilation and light desirable for their health, but stinted their food and clothing, was enough to call forth all the pity of his frank heart, and the prompt help of his open and busy hand. Comprehensive as his philanthropy was, and ever forming plans on a national scale, it was also most minute, and in his own immediate neighbourhood was more intense than in the large sphere of his country. His benevolence seems to have led him to the study of political economy, which he afterwards carried on in all its social, national, and religious bearings, with the most amazing zeal. Meanwhile, for many years in Kilmany, his preaching was but an exhibition and enforcement—very powerful, no doubt—of *moral proprieties and virtues*, and he left untouched the grand and vital peculiarities of the Christian message to man. But a complete and permanent change passed over him—and such a change as his subsequent attachment to evangelical truth induced him, in spite of his natural modesty, to call a *conversion*; and, whatever sneering many men may direct upon the subject and the name, that could be nothing less than a radical and superhuman change which immediately began and ever continued to sublimise, by an unseen process, the whole character and endowments of Chalmers, and to turn into a new and hallowed career all his energies. This occurred when he was engaged in writing a treatise upon the evidences of Christianity. In examining the mere external seals of divinity, which so grandly stamp revelation, its inward power and majesty passed into him, and transformed and ruled him for ever. It is no canting phrase to apply to him, that he became a 'new creature.'

His whole nature was now, like the burning bush, awfully and solemnly consecrated by the presence of God, yet being none of its former humility. The change was soon strikingly apparent in the discharge of his sacred functions. His preaching had got a new and grand theme, and was sustained with devouring zeal and power. The gospel lay, henceforth, as close to his soul as light does to day or as darkness to night, enwrapping it, nay forming it, silently but entirely. His genius was pervaded, dilated, and energised by it; and the 'earthen vessel' became gloriously radiant from 'the excellency of the treasure' within it. His ministrations were now of the highest truth—presented and urged with transcendent eloquence, and in the very extremest passion of earnestness. He proclaimed his message with such overwhelming and still unsatisfied force, as if he would have it roll back through the many years which he had wasted in inculcating other themes, and as if he would make it sound into the dull cold ear of those who had died since his ministry began. His fame spread rapidly through the church; and his parishioners almost adored him, for, apart from his public

labours, his intercourse with his flock had become more tender and affectionate. Often, and with utmost readiness, did he explain and simplify, by the most homely and provincial terms—Scotch or English, no matter which, so that they were intelligible and pithy—some of his magnificent and elevated pulpit illustrations, or a few of his long words which he had pronounced without a direct reference to the humble capacities of a portion of his hearers. This gave rise to many laughable scenes, in which long afterwards his genial humour delighted to revel. On one occasion he had been preaching about the entrance of sin into the world, and had spoken of it as a great 'catastrophe' (such was his uncouth accentuation of the word). Happening, a few days after, to ride through a district of his parish, an elderly woman came out of her house as he passed and begged him to tell her what a 'catastrophe' was. In his anxiety to be plain, and in his haste to be brief at the same time, he stated that it just meant the *end* of anything, and that ruin was the dreadful end of Adam's sin. Janet was most grateful and quite delighted; she had caught a long word and luckily knew now how to use it. The doctor in a few hours was returning, and had again passed Janet's house, when she came running after him, exclaiming, 'Oh, doctor, doctor! see what's at your horse's catastrophe!' He turned round in his saddle with great amazement, and found that a branch of thorn had got entangled with his horse's tail. He would richly enjoy this ludicrous lesson, that he must either be more exact in his translations or more simple in his original words.

From Kilmany, where his preaching had become most eloquent, impressive, and successful, Dr Chalmers went to the Tron Church, Glasgow, in 1815. Often has it been charged upon the clergy of all denominations, that they go wherever a larger stipend invites them; and, indeed, it must be admitted that, ever since the days of Enoch, translations have generally been to *better places*. But who would cherish such suspicions of Chalmers's motives, especially when it is known that he subsequently declined the best living in Scotland, and, still more, when a moment's reflection might lead to the conclusion that Chalmers must have been aware that his commanding powers, in their very meridian at this time, were far better adapted to a town than to a country charge. The result more than vindicated the movement; and Kilmany's loss was Glasgow's—was Scotland's gain. He did in his new sphere what no other man could have done. He was beyond all comparison the foremost preacher, as well as the most diligent pastor, the most laborious missionary to an outcast and large population lying in the grossest ignorance and vice, and the most active citizen, originating, establishing, superintending, and personally executing the most benevolent and sagacious plans for the moral and physical elevation of the lowest classes. To have kept such a man in a rural district would have been like placing and confining the sun in the ceiling of a house as its firmament!

In Glasgow, he rose to a clear pre-eminence as a pulpit orator, and throughout Scotland he had no equal. Yet he was without the usual external helps and ornaments of eloquence. His manner was awkward, his pronunciation barbarous, and his voice harsh and most unmusical, though even in the midst of all these outward deficiencies there was a strange outward power which gave appropriate emphasis to the immense intellectual energy which he put forth from his own heart to the heart of his audience. The grotesque motion of his hands was somehow more telling than the most graceful gesticulation of others, and his hoarse notes and vulgar accent had a charm which dulcet tones, and soft cadences, and most refined articulation in others never produced; and over and above this strange physical influence upon hearers, there was his mighty genius precipitating itself in all its action and force—an additional weight anything like to which no other Scottish preacher could throw into the scale then. And since that time Scotland has never furnished an equal to Chalmers, if we except Edward Irving, who in all physical respects, and in some very important mental ones, was his superior. Even making no account of the majesty of his person and

voice, Irving was endowed with a bold yet delicate poetic imagination and a sweeping faculty of speculation, which raised him, in some happy moments, far above the utmost flight of Chalmers; and his sermons abound with separate passages which Chalmers never could have written; yet he could not, or at least he failed, to animate a whole sermon with the full breath and life which gave unceasing power of impulse and agitation to every sermon of Chalmers. Chalmers was and is unsurpassed for the whirl of thought, which sucked in the universal attention, and carried it round and round his subject, until he ceased to speak. The criticism of Robert Hall was in general just, that in Chalmers's preaching there was perpetual motion but no progression, and that one or two ideas were constantly reiterated; but, then, how closely did he bring these ideas to his audience, every repetition being a narrower and yet a more powerful circle of influence around mind and heart! We must also say, however, that his strict unity was often mistaken for absolute sameness of ideas. He did not divide or parcel out the substance of his thinking: the integral mass was first presented hastily in the introduction, and then more particularly and slowly in the after part of the discourse; and many superficial critics concluded that he had all the time only been amplifying some small thought with which he had started. It was generally one idea which he hurled forth upon the audience, but it reminded us of the missiles thrown by the holy angels in their combat with the legions of Satan:

'From their foundations loosening to and fro,
They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their loads,
Rocks, waters, woods, and, by the sluggy tops
Uplifting, bore them in their hands; and then
Main promontories flung, which in the air
Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions arm'd.'

Other pulpit orators have thrown numberless stones—a thousand atoms of ideas; but these all put together would not have formed the '*main promontory*'—the grand, single idea which Chalmers, with a giant's force, tossed upon his audiences. Upon men of all possible grades and classes, in Glasgow, Edinburgh, and London, and throughout the empire, he has put forth his eloquence, and never without memorable effect. If we were asked, however, if the eloquence be of the very highest order, we should answer—'No.' Relatively, it is inferior to that of him who alone can be called in Britain the prince of preachers—ROBERT HALL, and who outstripped all the orators of his day, whether we look to the pulpit, the bar, or the senate.

But (for the present, avoiding comparisons) is there not a want of calm majesty in Chalmers's eloquence? The life and energy are too much convulsive and spasmodic, as if they did not proceed from native founts. This characteristic must belong to his intellect and not to his feelings, for these, separately, are serene and gentle, though most enthusiastic. The tumult and storm are in his mind, and not in his heart. Now, noblest genius, with its full impulses, and prosecuting its grandest race, is unfeverish and self-possessed. Its strength is smooth and secret, being that of a natural law; its voice is not clangorous, but quietly deep, as the thunder of the sky or the boom of the ocean. The highest oratory is best out of doors and under the open heavens—then it blends with the mighty yet tranquil harmonies of nature, and frenzied utterances are felt to be mean, grating, and out of tune. We could point to the conclusion of Robert Hall's sermon upon the threatened and expected invasion of this country by Bonaparte, as an exhibition of the most burning animation going forth in perfect sublimity. How calmly and majestically he fills the soul of his hearers with every impulse of urgent patriotism and courage! As from a pure marble urn, he pours into them the very excess of martial and heroic spirit! With a hand still and composed as that of a statue, he motions them to grasp the sword, and marshals them to the bloody and desperate field. His intensity is ecstasy. Truly does the author of '*Festus*' say—

'High brows are calm;

Great thoughts are still as stars; and truths, like suns,
Shine not, though many systems tend around them.

MIND'S STEP IS STILL AS DEATH'S, and all great things,
Which cannot be controlled, whose end is good.'

Turbulent force and feverish energy are the defects of Chalmers's genius, and they belonged peculiarly to his pulpit oratory, both to its matter and manner. His delivery was violent; voice and face seemed bursting with the fury of excitement, and his person was bathed in profuse perspiration. But we have often been struck with the spiritual paleness that came over his features when he began to pray. It was finely expressive of his awe-stricken soul in the Divine presence. His energetic articulation could not bring up a momentary flush or produce the slightest distortion. He then seemed a marble statue of devotion; the vehemence was all inwards. Within, there were the challenges and wrestlings of earnest faith, and the cries of an importunity which would not be denied or repulsed; but the face was deadly pale, as if the breath of God had passed over it and chilled its natural complexion and animation.

Whatever criticism may pronounce concerning the qualities of his eloquence, there can be but one opinion about its vast effect upon all audiences. In his manhood he stormed over all the country with the gospel. He published his '*Astronomical Discourses*' and his '*Commercial Discourses*,' which confirmed and greatly extended his fame. No one so well as he could point out the universal domain and rights of religion, and exhibit her walking among the countless stars and starry systems, and making the full circuit of the material creation, and then treading the marts of busy men, connected as closely as they were with all the reciprocities and transactions of trade. He also infused Christianity into political economy, for he never was satisfied with barely showing that any science was perfectly consistent with the doctrines of Jesus, and he would not rest until they had a cordial and mutual action, as well as a close relationship. At the cost of the most abundant and self-denying labours, he framed and adjusted theories for the physical, social, and spiritual amelioration of the destitute and the wretched portion of our country's population; and he set and kept these a-working in his own district of Glasgow. He drew up a universal plan of dealing with the poor of the land—a plan which embraced all their best interests; and he executed a complete model of it in the parish of St John's, Glasgow; and no very small model, as that parish contained a population of about twelve thousand; and no very slight model either, as it kept working prosperously for eighteen years. We are not asked here to pronounce a judgment on the peculiarities of the system of political economy which Dr Chalmers advocated, and some of which he himself tested experimentally; but no person competent to advance an opinion, will refuse to admire the genius for speculation and development in action, and the large-hearted benevolence, and the fervent sympathy with old and simple Scotland, which shine out from all Chalmers's attempts in political economy. Honest and bold was he ever in propounding and supporting any view which might jar with the prejudices either of the upper or the lower classes. He adopted and urged eagerly the principles of Malthus upon Population, though the song, 'We're owre young—we're owre young—we're owre young to marry yet,' is not at all a popular or nice one, when sung by political economy. Dr Chalmers, heedless of all the odium which he might provoke, defended the *moral preventive check*, and sealed it with the apostolic sanction. But whilst he rigorously enforced the law of prudence in marriage, he breathed the warmest wishes for the domestic comfort and happiness of the masses, and it was interesting to see how deeply his true Scottish fancy had been charmed by the large *plannings* and the abundant *providings* with which the maidens of our land were wont in other days, through the care of their parents, or their own industry, to enter into the matrimonial state. Indeed, from his writings we could learn, what we have no doubt that his conversation amply confirmed, that he was more conversant with the varieties of woman's character than of man's in his native country. We guess confidently that he had a close insight into the mingled qualities and degrees of shrewdness, *parboilness*, and kindness, which distinguish our comely matrons in

cottages. We never listened to him discoursing in public upon the economics of a subject, without observing that he was making an impression upon the capacity and tastes for good management which many of those matrons possess; and we regarded this as a striking proof of the wisdom and skill with which he had contrived and developed the details of his practical plans, and as a good omen that they would not be utopian.

After a few years of noble labours and bright triumphs in Glasgow, he was appointed to the chair of moral philosophy in the university of St Andrews. He had long been ambitious to call forth and direct the energies and aims of those who might afterwards hold public and important stations in the country, and to teach hundreds of young and educated men to be powerful and useful, had appeared an office in which he himself could be most useful. It was to multiply largely his own individual agency for working out human welfare. His preference of a chair in a university over a pulpit does not indicate secular tendencies. He left the sacred field of preaching to send into it many labourers, each zealous like himself, if possible. Besides, Chalmers was not content to be a splendid disclaimer: he was qualified to be an influential teacher of select minds; and he must have known that to be intelligible and useful to a large and promiscuous congregation, he must not put forth his highest intellectual strength and accomplishments. He also longed to do for ethics what he had done for other sciences, and accordingly he accepted the moral philosophy chair. His lectures excited as much enthusiasm in the college as his sermons had ever done in the church. After hearing Chalmers, the students took up Butler with somewhat of the eagerness which congregations, after hearing Chalmers preach, manifested in taking up the Bible. The substance of the lectures has been published, and the volume, whilst it establishes Chalmers's transcendent abilities to expatiate over some of the departments of ethics, is not quite worthy of a place beside the works of Dr Thomas Brown and of Sir James Mackintosh, though it is generally superior to the production of Dr Wardlaw. Take him all in all, he has done for moral philosophy little more than he has for mathematics and chemistry.

In 1829, entirely to the public satisfaction, he was appointed to another and a much more congenial and appropriate sphere of labour—the chair of theology in the university of Edinburgh. He imparted forthwith new life and fresh zest to the students of the class. The academic dreams and nightmare, or the profound insensibility of long ages of slumber, were dispelled by the wondrous force and ardour of Chalmers's genius. He was no stiffened mummy of a professor, the gown gently rustling upon his inanimate frame, and the lectures whispering slightly to the touch of his cold hands, but an enthusiastic and athletic man, who would neither himself rest, nor let his pupils rest. Impatient and crowded was the attendance upon him, and the forenoon's ennui and languor departed at the first step upon the stair which led into his class-room. The lecture-hour, with its business, was the most welcome and profitable part of the day to them all—a season of stirring impulses to their intellects and hearts on the most sacred themes. Many years after, and when we had an opportunity of hearing his prelections on theology, we have repeatedly seen the doctor become so excited and fervid as to rise unconsciously from his chair, and keep the standing posture of oratorical animation throughout the recital of many a long and splendid passage, though, to a certainty, he must have repeated the identical paragraph, which inspired him with the fury of eloquence, scores on scores of times; and we then endeavoured to imagine with what vivid and burning force these ideas must have shot through his brain when first he composed them. How great and wild must have been the first *afflatus* of sentiments which he could never utter and rehearse without looking like a man possessed! The extempore remarks which he frequently interjected by way of explanation or illustration, were valuable and suggestive notes, though given with much difficulty, incoherency, and stammering; for he

wanted ease and readiness, and the criticism which he privately pronounced upon Dr Candlish—that he had more *promptitude than power*—must be exactly reversed in his own case, as he required time for preparation, so far, at least, as *language* was concerned. Chalmers was a teacher of the very highest order—communicating the spirit of the science, and evoking the spirit of the students. He both gave the philosophy, and awakened the philosophic soul. He produced thought and thinkers too. His whole appearance—from the moment that he entered the class-room to the moment of his retreat—told his pupils emphatically, yet winningly, that the business of that hour, and of their whole life, was no cold formality nor a sprightly holiday task.

No single man in Britain has done so much for the cause of evangelical truth, by training evangelical preachers, as Chalmers has, though, alas! this work has almost yet to be begun; for we cannot agree with the extravagant notions of some of his admirers (admirers not more cordial than we are), that he has energised Scotland with the hidden life and power of the Gospel. Would that it were so, and we should mourn less bitterly that his lips have been closed in death! The great man himself took no such view either of the character or the results of his long and zealous labours—and from these labours he only rested in the grave. In a paper, contributed by him in February of the current year to the 'North British Review,' upon 'Morell's Modern Philosophy,' he takes occasion to speak with generous sympathy and admiration of the genius of Carlyle and the earnestness and independence of German philosophy, and after noticing and admitting the justice of those many solemn denunciations which Carlyle has pronounced against the practical lifelessness of Christianity, he mourns along with his renowned brother Scotchman, whilst he lays the whole weight of the charge, not upon the truth, but upon the men and the churches professing the truth. We must give brief extracts from the paragraph: 'He is the champion of Germanism, not in its letter, but in its spirit. He could not point to one of its dogmata as having aught to do with the inspiration which animates him, and which he has given forth in such marvellous volumes to the world. Could he tell us what the articles are which have caused the fire to burn within him? They are not creeds, but men, who are the objects of his idolatry, which he renders alike those of most opposite opinions—as to Luther, and Knox, and Cromwell on the one hand, or with equal veneration to the lofty poets and transcendentalists of Germany on the other. He is a lover of earnestness more than a lover of truth; and it would not be *our* counteractive, at least, to urge that he should be a lover of truth more than a lover of earnestness. We should rather say that both are best; and would our island only not be frightened from its propriety by the high-sounding philosophy of the Continent, neither overborne by its pretensions, nor overawed by its cabalistic nomenclature; would our savans and theologians but keep unmoved on the ground of common sense, and, by their demand for evidence at every step, lay resolute arrest on the pruriciencies of wanton speculation; then, while they rejected all that was unsubstantial and unsound in the dogmata of the transcendental school, it were well that they imported the lofty enthusiasm of its disciples into the phlegmatic universities and no less phlegmatic churches of our land. We do not need to take down the framework of our existing orthodoxy; all we require is that it shall become an animated framework, by the breath of a new life being infused into it. Ours has been most truly denounced as an age of formalism; but to mend this we do not need to exchange our formulas—only to quicken them. As things stand at present, our creeds and confessions have become effete, and the Bible a dead letter; and that orthodoxy which was at one time the glory, by withering into the inert and lifeless, is now the shame and the reproach of all our churches. There lies an immense responsibility on professing Christians, if such men as Carlyle, with their importunate demand for all the generous and godlike virtues of the gospel, are not brought to the obedience of the faith.

There must be a deplorable want amongst us of the light shining before men, when, instead of glorifying our cause, they can speak, and with a truth the most humiliating, of our inert and unproductive orthodoxy. 'These withering adjurations of Carlyle should be of use to our churches.'

The ecclesiastical movements in which, for some years back, Dr Chalmers was the great leader, lie beyond our province; and let them lie. Yet we may be permitted to say, that in coming out from the Church of Scotland not one of his brethren made such sacrifices. He gave up no stipend, indeed, but then he severed many ties which had connected him closely and honourably with the nobility of the land, and sacrificed a larger acquaintanceship in high places than had ever been enjoyed by any theologian or preacher. Nor has any man ever doubted his full integrity and honesty in the steps which he took.

In spite of increasing physical debility, his intellect remained in all its strength, and his imagination in almost all its fervour and splendour. Need we add, that his benevolence was unchilled by age. In the West Port of Edinburgh, he has left a recent monument to his unexhausted zeal for the welfare of the outcast children of our population. Although unequal to sustain the excitement of public sermons and speeches, his was still the pen of a ready and vigorous writer, and he contributed to the 'North British Review' many characteristic papers upon political economy. These manifest fully the greatness of his mind and the largeness of his heart. The last one which he wrote is on 'The Political Economy of a Famine,' and along with a powerful discussion of the economical causes, consequences, or cures of the present famine in Ireland and our own Highlands, he laments that '*Mr O'Connell's predicted number of deaths has already been fully realised.*' The prophet, and, alas! the historian too of Ireland's mortality, have met their own death since the foregoing sentence was published in May.

Dr Chalmers had gone up to London, to appear as a witness before the Select Committee of the House of Commons upon the site question. He preached in London to as large and brilliant an audience as, in his best days, he had ever commanded. Legislators once more came to listen to genius and oratory nobler far than their senate can now boast of. On returning by Bristol, he paid a visit to the widow of Robert Hall and to the daughters of John Foster—two men still greater than himself. He had known and enthusiastically admired them both, and he paid his respects to their revered memory by calling upon their surviving relatives, little thinking, it may be, that his own friends and admirers would in a few days be left to show the same mark of respect for himself. On the 28th of May, Friday evening, he reached home, and was a little fatigued, but in perfect health. He was more than usually serene and happy. 'His latter end' was to be 'peace,' and peace was the only visible harbinger of that end. Death was to forecast no shadow of darkness, and was to make itself as little familiar with Chalmers *before* it struck him as *after* he had fallen. On the evening of Sabbath, 30th May, he retired to rest, requesting that he might be called early on the following morning. In the morning he *was not*. He had departed this life in perfect calmness, without a struggle, as the posture of his body and the expression of his face told. So also did John Foster die—alone and gently.

The decease of Chalmers spread over the whole kingdom a grief wide as his living fame; for, in the fine language of Robert Hall, 'he fell like a noble tree, with extended boughs and rich foliage, while thousands were reposing under his shadow and partaking of his fruits. Seldom has death gained a richer spoil than in the extinction of the earthly existence of this admirable man.' He was buried on Friday, 4th June, and the funeral was the largest ever known in Scotland. All classes of the inhabitants of Edinburgh were present as genuine mourners, and he lay down in his last resting-place within the dense and closely encircling crowds of his sad countrymen and countrywomen, their sackcloth like the curtains of his couch of melancholy glory. Genius, piety, rank, wealth,

and poverty were fully represented in the ranks of the mourners.

We hasten to close our sketch with a few general remarks discriminative of Chalmers's qualities of intellect and heart. Of the first, his prominent characteristic, we apprehend, was a union of the idealising and the realising faculties and tendencies, of imagination and observation; not such a union as gives a consistent and harmonious development and finely transmutes a law into a thing, a principle into a fact, but a strange and irregular mixture. In his very language, the poetic is oddly associated with the homely and the vulgar. The speech of gods and of men occurs in the same sentence. His conceptions are partly spiritual and partly earthly; form and essence, body and soul, being crushed through each other. His theories were both utopian and worldly-shrewd at the same time; and they were not half shaped ere he began to reduce them into a wide practice. All his writings and plans were thus more or less marred by the most grotesque mixture of the ideal and the real. His face was an indication of this peculiarity. It had a strange and incongruous union of sublimity and plainness, of refinement and coarseness, of sternness and softness, of apathy and enthusiasm. He looked both a poet and a farmer.

Concerning this irregular exercise in the constitution of his genius, of the idealising and the realising functions, it would be easy to amplify, and to give numberless proofs and illustrations from his writings and his schemes. Several critics called his poetic conceptions prosaic, many more called his prosaic conceptions poetic; some found fault with his style as being too imaginative, others as being too gross; and some spoke of his theories as being too worldly-wise and grovelling, whilst others regarded and scorned them as being too ethereal and utopian. And both classes of critics could have adduced abundant evidence to support their opposite views. The truth, we believe, is as we have stated, and both were, therefore, partly right and partly wrong. His subjects are strangely mixed, his mode of treating them is strangely mixed, and his phraseology is no less so. There is no proper unity of function, none of materials, and none of manner of action. May not his vehement temperament, his impatient and uncontrollable energy, have occasioned or at least confirmed this irregularity in the habits and operations of his genius? Chalmers has universality of faculties, and an equal development of them, but these want signally a *balanced motion*. Hence, even in his theological works, this has sadly deteriorated their value. He is unequalled in tracing the connexion between a few doctrines, but he fails when he attempts to elucidate specifically a single doctrine, as he is ever and anon looking over the surrounding groups of sister doctrines; and when, on the other hand, he professedly seeks to systematise a wide range of doctrines, he fails by turning off his attention to a particular one. He is ever confusing the different points and the circumference. He mingles the two different processes of analysis and generalisation when he should steadily prosecute one of either. But we leave our readers to follow out for themselves, by a reference to the works of Chalmers, the unfolding of this universal characteristic of his genius.

Chalmers had a large sunny heart, and great buoyancy of temperament. His whole moral and emotional nature, swiftly responsive as it was to beauty and goodness, was vigorous and healthy, with little or no tendency to morbidity. Even when closely investigating the state of the poor in large towns, and making himself familiar with their vices and their miseries, both so fearfully aggravated, so decisively inveterate, and apparently unremedied, he never cherished despondency. Great, in this respect, is the contrast between him and Foster, the '*cankered carle*,' as Chalmers humorously described his eminent friend. Foster, in his solitary attic, took a far darker view of society than did Chalmers when traversing the wretched lanes of Glasgow and Edinburgh. With what intense enthusiasm did he engage, both theoretically and practically, in the work of elevating the lower grades of the population!

How nobly did he combine aims for the physical and for the spiritual welfare of the masses of his countrymen! He would readily have bent his mighty mind to give them energetic expositions of the 'Cottagers of Glenburnie,' after explaining to them the Scriptures. No patriot ever had such warm and comprehensive wishes for the best prosperity of all classes in his native country. He wished it to be the land of happy homes and of efficient schools and churches. Plenty and peace, education and religion, with the spirit of national independence in them all, were the objects of his unfainting prayers and of his unwearied exertions.

Dr Chalmers had large catholicity of sentiment. Secarian feeling did not repress or modify his admiration of men belonging to other denominations of the church, and raised by popular suffrage to some sort of rivalry with himself. The following anecdote is an authentic illustration of his generous appreciation of the intellectual and moral worth of one who happened at the time to be an opponent:—An American clergyman had married, and received a large portion with his wife. Jonathan determined to enjoy a little relaxation, and to make a pilgrimage to this country, that he might introduce himself to the two masters of Scottish theology, Wardlaw and Chalmers. On reaching Glasgow, he was mortified that Dr Wardlaw had just gone off to London; and, disappointed in one of his two objects, and filled with apprehensions lest the remaining one should also miscarry, he went to Edinburgh, where he luckily found the great man at home. The following dialogue took place:

'I have come, Dr Chalmers, across the Atlantic, for the sake of seeing you—'

'You have come very far,' returned the doctor, desirous of cutting short the complimentary oration—'you have come very far to see very little, sir. Be seated, pray.'

'I have been very much distressed,' added the visitor.

'What is the matter?' inquired the benevolent man, with an air of concern.

'The other man of fame whom I came to see—Dr Wardlaw—is not at home. But perhaps, doctor, you will do away with the disappointment, in giving me your opinion of him?'

'You have cause for disappointment, sir; but I beg to be excused from relieving you in the way proposed. Ralph Wardlaw and I were intimate friends.'

Jonathan, however, would take no denial, and urged his point, and 'guessed' sundry reasons for Chalmers's reluctance, until it became necessary to comply.

'Well,' said Chalmers, 'to know a man, you must take him to pieces, and examine, one by one, his patent characteristics. As a theologian, Dr Wardlaw is very able—can accurately define and fill up the system of revelation, and adjust all the doctrines in their proper place within the economy of truth: but who does not know that Dr McGill of the good Kirk of Scotland is his superior? As a writer, Dr Wardlaw is most accomplished; but who does not know that in the good Kirk of Scotland, we have writers of greater energy, with logic as strict, and enforced by a more powerful and rich rhetoric? As a preacher, Dr Wardlaw is fascinating and impressive—his tones music to the ear, and his words light to the understanding; but who does not know that in the good Kirk of Scotland we have far higher proficients in pulpit oratory? As a pastor, Dr Wardlaw is most assiduous and affectionate; but I can inform you that the rural clergy of the good Kirk of Scotland are as abundant in the labours of their office as he. As a gentleman, Dr Wardlaw is perfect, exhibiting all the graces and amenities of social life; but who does not know that in the good Kirk of Scotland every minister is a gentleman?'

The American could no longer repress his growing astonishment at this series of comparisons, and exclaimed, 'Why, doctor, you confound me. In America we have always held that Wardlaw was the most intellectual divine on your side of the Atlantic!'

'Sir, you interrupted me,' answered Chalmers; 'I was saying that, taking Dr Wardlaw's faculties or qualifica-

tions separately, you could find men who had each in a higher degree; but where, in our kirk, or in any church, will you get the man who shows such a full and harmonious combination of all the different faculties, or who discharges with equal ability and fame the various functions of a theologian, a writer, a preacher, a pastor, and a gentleman?'

This was criticism not more just than generous.

We have left out any reference to Chalmers's faculty of humour, that we might name it at the close in a special connexion. We could gather some very choice specimens of humour out of his writings; and doubtless his conversation also, in moments of relaxation, abounded with it. *We trust that his biographer will not leave this undeveloped or unillustrated.* It seems that Mr Ryland has in this respect mutilated his sketch of Foster, and that many of Foster's best letters—those in which he gave the reins to his humour—have been suppressed. In the present instance, the caution appears peculiarly needful. In some of the denominational accounts of the last day of Chalmers's life we see some intentional concealments, which the strictest regard to the memory of this eminently holy man could have dispensed with. He had written, *on the Sabbath*, a letter to his sister, pleasant in style, but, doubtless, serious in its essence, and this fact is unrecorded by the organs of his church. This and similar small delicacy will not satisfy the public; for what real admirer of Chalmers would not wish to know the full truth about the great and good man? We trust anxiously that Dr Chalmers will be as fortunate in finding a competent biographer as Sir Walter Scott has been, and the account, however bulky, would speedily circulate over the land.

TREMENDOUS SACRIFICES! RUINOUS PRICES!!

THE cuckoo cry of 'progress' and 'the people' has become so popular of late, as to render it necessary for those who really desire the welfare of the great masses of the community to endeavour at times to apply the drag to the 'progressive' wheel, lest, in its onward career, those who are in charge of the vehicle should, from a pandering to the desires of 'the people,' or to gratify selfish ends, prove mere will-o'-wispes. This, to those at least who are almost solely dependent on popular support, we know to be somewhat dangerous ground on which to tread, and where pounds, shillings, and pence constitute the sole object in view, it had better be avoided. At the risk, however, of making an 'unparalleled sacrifice,' we unhesitatingly proclaim ourselves to be among those who think that it would be fully as safe to pause at times and inquire whether, in the impetuous onward rush now making to reach the supposed happy goal, we are not leaving behind many of the festering gangrenes which feed the social cancer, and which, once passed over, will assuredly sap the foundations of all the superstructures now being erected to meliorate or improve the condition of 'the people.' It sometimes occurs to us that it would be at least safe were those who are continually bawling out 'progress' to define precisely what they mean, as there is such a thing as progress in vice as well as in virtue. Hogarth knew this well, and drew his illustrations accordingly.

While we fully admit the gigantic nature of the hardships under which 'the people' of this country have so long suffered, and rejoice at the exertions which have been made and are now making to mitigate or altogether sweep away these, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that many of the most glaring evils with which society is afflicted, have been reared by 'the people,' are supported by 'the people,' and but for the folly, greed, or supineness of 'the people,' would not exist for a single day. As a sequel to the remarks on 'Medical Quacks,' we now offer a few words on 'Commercial Gulls.'

Man has been styled a thinking animal, and while this is no doubt true, it cannot be denied that he is also a swallowing animal. Hence we have 'food for the people,' 'physic for the people,' and, what we have more particu-

larly to do with at present, 'immense sacrifices for the people.' The most casual observer cannot fail to be struck as he passes along the street at the benevolent care shown by many of our philanthropic shopkeepers of all grades to provide for the wants of the people; and really, from the announcements which everywhere meet the eye, it is impossible to divine how, in this 'tremendously sacrificial age'—when goods of all descriptions are 'offered at and below prime cost,' 'selling for what they will bring,' 'cost £8, offered for £2,' &c.—there should be a single individual among such a highly-favoured community either ill-fed, ill-physicked, or ill-clad. In this age of novelty and progress, even those persons who have long been in the habit of not only offering their merchandise at a tremendous sacrifice, but who were actually spending money to a large extent in advertising their benevolent doings, to induce an ungrateful people to come and take the goods away, begin now to find that this same 'silly public' have been so well supplied with 'perfect articles' for 'little more than the expense incurred in their carriage from the manufactory,' that it is necessary to adopt the interesting expedient of stowing away quantities in vessels which are about to be stranded, or to place them in buildings which are shortly to be burned down, and then the 'slightly damaged articles, bought at a decided bargain'—including '500 gown-pieces all at 2s. 5½d.'—are offered to those of their highly favoured neighbours who may have the good fortune to gain access to their premises during the time these 'immense sacrifices' are handed out. As there seems to be a great demand for those 'interesting' goods which have passed through the ordeal of fire or water after being manufactured, we would take leave to suggest (and we claim the idea as original) that those sent by sea, instead of being stowed in a vessel should be placed on a raft, while those sent inland might be singed before being sent from the manufactory. This would accommodate the public taste, and be the means of saving the property which is put in jeopardy by the present operation. But it is really too bad that individuals in any community, and who it is well known have not a penny to lose, should be saddled with such burdens as shop-rent, taxes, advertising, &c., and at the same time be obliged to exert their ingenuity to the utmost, all for the purpose of supplying the public with goods at something 'below the half of the original cost.' We have long held the opinion that every industrious man should get a fair remuneration for his labour, and for this reason we say to all 'cheap buyers,' do not patronise such establishments. It is quite clear that the withdrawal of your patronage cannot injure these 'clearing off' gentlemen, as, according to their own showing, they have all along been supplying you at a 'dead loss.' Oh! but then you are getting such bargains. Well, if you are, somebody must suffer.

There are some slow-to-perceive, matter-of-fact, antique kind of people, whom some suppose to belong to the last century, who are so far behind the 'popular progress' movement as to hint that it baffles them to see how a man that has nothing to lose can lose anything. They also hint that in their younger days it was the custom for people who had a little money, instead of bawling out at the corner of every street for some one to come and take it away, rather to show considerable anxiety to add to their stock. They also maintain that, notwithstanding all the improvements which have taken place, men are still as anxious about money as ever they were. No one is fonder of admitting that he is behind the age in which he lives, neither is it popular now-a-days to plead antiquity in favour of many things; and in admitting that we belong to the anti-tremendous-sacrifice-clearing-off-below-prime-cost-party, we are aware that we are running counter to what many deem the 'spirit of the age.' To justify our opposition to the 'progress' now making in the 'decided bargain' line, will require a few words.

'Progress' being now a popular term, it may be as well to trace it here. So far as our remembrance goes, the bargain-givers commenced with 'clearing sales,' 'bankrupt stocks,' 'annual sales,' 'great commercial depressions,'

&c., till it came on to 'immense,' 'prodigious,' 'unparalleled,' and finally we have establishments the 'wonder of the world.' Really this latter term is most appalling. Having to pass a shop lately where we knew an announcement of this kind was exhibited, to prevent our becoming spell-bound, and rivetted to the spot during the remainder of our mortal career, we buttoned up our coat, shut our eyes, and, being somewhat of the greyhound breed, to the danger of life or limb we bounded along like a cannon-ball, until in our 'progress' we came right bang-up against one of those nondescripts to be seen in front of most 'sacrificial' establishments, literally boarded round and round, with nothing but a weather-beaten face and an old hat visible above, reminding us of an old police sentry-box with the top cut off, and which, having served its day as a terror to evil-doers, is now turned into the street, to terrify shy and spirited horses. By the way, it has often puzzled us to understand what could be meant by 'annual sales.' Does it mean that it is only while this announcement is made that anything is offered for sale, and that no business is wished during any other portion of the year? If so, it is too bad for the public to disturb the worthy shopkeeper at any other period. We could understand the meaning of a 'daily sale,' but an 'annual sale' in a shop which is open every day, rather puzzles us. The 'bankrupt sale' philanthropy is evidently on the decline, and what will follow the 'slightly-damaged-unparalleled bargains,' we cannot divine; but on the principle that wherever there is a gull there is a maw, we suppose that so long as there are bargain-hunters there will be bargain-providers.

We have said that the idol of cheapness is one raised up and supported by the great body of the industrious and hard-working portion of the community; and it is a system which, if allowed to progress as it has done for some time past, there cannot be a doubt will prove more injurious to the manufacturer, the tradesman, and the mechanic, than many of those evils which at first sight seem of a more gigantic nature. One of three things must hold good in the underselling system. Either the purchaser must be duped, the manufacturer cheated, or the workman underpaid. Rely on it that the seller, who pockets the money, is not the loser. Such meretricious means of gaining patronage are altogether unworthy of honest, upright dealing, and imply both a want of straightforwardness in those who use them, and the small value at which they estimate public penetration. Such a ludicrous delusion, however, do the public practise upon themselves under the selfish influence of the magic monosyllable 'cheap,' that the system flourishes amazingly. Low price and cheapness are with the multitude synonymous terms, while daily experience proves that a high-priced article is in almost all cases cheaper than one two-thirds lower. The influence of such a system upon public morals must necessarily be pernicious. When deception is thus publicly acknowledged and acted upon in commercial transactions, its indirect tendency cannot fail to be the diffusion of loose notions of right and wrong. The public is the party solely to blame for such a state of things; let there be no cheap buyers and there will very soon be no cheap sellers. Extravagant prices are at all times to be avoided; but in a commercial country like our own, where honourable competition has reduced everything to a barely remunerating profit, there is a sufficient guarantee for the purchaser. It is now 'a great fact,' that the swift shilling is better than the slow sovereign. Let us hope, therefore, that with the gradual advancement of society such practices as we have been describing will disappear; and that we shall at no far distant date see around us universal evidence that in every pursuit 'honesty is the best policy.'

RAGGED DAVY.

It was on the occasion of her Majesty Queen Victoria's visit to Scotland, in 1842, that my wife and I had taken up our position at a corner of one of the leading streets of the city of Edinburgh. The crowd was great—the royal

procession had just come up—the queen, within a few yards of us, seemed to bow graciously to us personally, and I was, with hat in hand, in the act of making one of my most profound bows in return, when I felt something tickle my side, and clapping my hands to my pocket, ‘D’rat it,’ cried I, ‘my purse is gone! Fortunately,’ I added to my wife, in a calmer tone, ‘it only contained five sovereigns.’ I looked keenly around, but could see only honest faces, all on the tip-toe of curiosity. The queen quickly passed away, as well as my sovereigns, and the crowd lessening, I perceived a policeman whom I accosted. He was civil, and after requesting a minute description of my purse and the amount of its contents, as also my address, he promised to let me know the moment he obtained any traces of the robber. Accordingly, next morning, just as we were about to leave our hotel to explore the city, a message was sent from the police requesting us to attend at an office at one o’clock of that day. My wife had half persuaded me to give up the money as lost, and save ourselves the trouble and inconvenience of such an attendance, but on second thoughts we resolved to go. We had come from a remote county in England, to indulge a long-cherished desire to see the Modern Athens, and as we wished to see her dark spots as well as her bright and sunny, the present afforded a good opportunity of doing so.

At the appointed time we entered the Police Court, where a magistrate was sitting administering justice. It was a motley and chequered scene, very different from the gay and pompous one which we had witnessed yesterday. We stood while several cases were disposed of, and at last two ragged and squalid urchins were brought forward. The one was a boy of about fourteen years of age, the other about ten. They were dirty in the extreme; their matted hair had never known a comb, and their clothes, which evidently had never been made for them, hung in rags and flapped loosely in the wind. ‘What account can you give of yourselves, boys?’ sharply inquired the magistrate. ‘Where do you live?’—‘Nowhere,’ sullenly replied the elder boy.—‘Nowhere! have you no home?’—‘No.’—‘Where did you sleep last night?’ The tall boy was dogged and silent, the younger hung down his head. ‘Tell me, my little fellow, where you slept last night?’ said the judge.—‘With a timid look up to his companion, and a hesitating tone, he at last told that they had both spent the night in a common stair or open entry.’—‘Are your parents alive?’—‘No.’—‘Have you any relations to take charge of you?’—‘No.’—The clerk of the court now produced three gold sovereigns and held them up. ‘Did you,’ said the magistrate, addressing a policeman in attendance, ‘find these gold pieces on the boys?’—‘He did.’—‘Where did you get this money?’ said he to the boys.—‘We found it,’ boldly replied the tall boy, ‘on the street, after the procession yesterday.’—‘Did you find it yourself?’ asked the judge.—‘No; Davy here found it, and gave it to me.’ Davy, the little boy, was now questioned. He hesitated and even blushed deeply. His soft blue eyes, which he sometimes turned up to his companion, but oftener bent downwards to the earth, would not by their expression bear out his falsehood. Even amid all his squalidness, he had a look of ingenuousness about him. Repeated inquiries were made at both whether a purse was not found along with the gold pieces; but all knowledge of this was studiously evaded. I was then requested to examine the coins and say whether I could identify them as part of my money which had been stolen. This was impossible. One sovereign is so like another, that I of course could not say whether they were those I had lost or not. Yet I was certain that the true thieves of my purse were then before me, and so was my wife. One of these very boys, the little one, I had seen yesterday in the crowd before me. He had several times looked up in my face, and I had actually given him, out of the same purse which was now amissing, a small piece of money. But I had somehow become so interested in him that I studiously forbore mentioning this circumstance. ‘Boys,’ said the judge, ‘I am sorry that there is not tangible proof against you; otherwise I would have committed you both to prison;

that you stole this money I have no doubt, and you must be aware that you are already known to the police as thieves and idle vagabonds; begone, and let me never see your faces here again.’ They both now donned their ragged caps, and the tall boy assumed an air of triumph on his sullen brow, and led his younger companion out of the court.

The summary way in which these two young friendless and homeless creatures were sent forth again into the world of vice and wickedness somewhat amazed and vexed us. We immediately followed them. ‘Where are you going now, my little fellows?’ said I, as they stood on the open street, apparently uncertain on which hand to turn them. They started and seemed alarmed. ‘Be not afraid of us,’ I said; ‘do tell me whether you have really any home or not? and, if so, lead us to it, and we may do something for you.’ The older boy wished to pull the younger away, and scowled at us in sullen distrust. The gentle tones of my wife, however, won upon the younger, and he seemed inclined to stay with us. After many entreaties, we persuaded him to lead us to what he said was a kind of home. After proceeding along the main street a little way, we dived down one of those steep and narrow alleys which are here so common. On looking round, we found that the tall boy had bolted, he was nowhere to be seen; but still our little guide walked on, though now with very irresolute steps. After crossing another public street, we ascended a narrow dark alley or close, more squalid and frightful than the one we had just left. About half way up this place we came to an entry. Here little Davy, our guide, went in and we followed. Turning to the left, he entered a low dark apartment and gave a whistle; immediately a head appeared at a sort of lattice, but on perceiving us, as we supposed, the person instantly withdrew, and shut a wooden door, leaving the place in almost utter darkness. Our guide now turned and said he would take us up stairs, and with some hesitation we followed him up a long, narrow, and filthy stone stair, which led by successive turns to the uppermost storey. Here we came to an inner dark lobby with many doors, and Davy having tapped at one, it was after some delay and hesitation opened. A tall, aged, rather fierce-looking woman, stood in the middle of the room. We told her that we came to inquire about this little boy. ‘What do ye want wi’ the boy?’ she sharply answered. We hinted somewhat at the crime he had been accused of. This startled her and increased her fierceness. She disowned all connexion with him, and seemed very anxious to show us the door. On turning to retreat, a man entered, the face very like that of which we had got a glimpse in the dark room below. His aspect was so sinister, that we were glad to retreat, after receiving the same declarations that he had no manner of connexion with the little urchin. We were glad to make our escape as fast as possible from this horrible den. We questioned the boy about his connexion with these people, and soon came to understand that they were the receivers of stolen goods, and the retainers and instigators of a number of young thieves.

Davy, from his extreme youth and cleverness, appears to have been frequently used as a spy, as also in entering windows, in order to rob houses and larders. Along with other larger boys, he was often sent to areas with supplies of intoxicating liquors, or with some showy articles of dress, which he exchanged with the maid-servants for bread or beef or mutton, and not unfrequently for silver spoons and forks or other valuables. In general these boys were kept in a state of servitude, and found a nightly refuge with their employers, but not unfrequently they rebelled, and left these haunts for weeks together, prowling about on their own account, and sleeping in the first open court or stair-entry which presented. On being discovered again by their taskmasters, or forced to return to them from dire necessity, they suffered severe punishment and the most rigorous treatment. Such was the miserable life which this poor little boy, by his ingenious and artless confessions, now informed us he had lived. Arrived once more in the open streets, the idea of launching our little

protégée again into his former current of vice was more than either of us could contemplate. I inquired at one of the police, whom I met, whether something could not be done, and where the parish poor-house was, that I might apply there. He directed me to the place, but gave me little hopes of success. His predictions were but too true. I found the receiving-room of the poor-house crowded with a motley group of wretched beings, all clamorous for aid, and it was after waiting a considerable time, and seeing several small sums of money doled out, after much severe scrutiny and with much reluctance, to various applicants, that I at last caught the attention of one of the persons in office. He could do nothing for the boy. His hands were full, and there were hundreds of such applications made daily. They had more than enough to do to provide for well known residents in the parish, who had superior claims to relief. As we came away, little Davy clung closer and closer to my wife, and trotted along by her side, looking up now and then with his soft blue eyes into her face, as if he had at last found a sympathising friend. 'We cannot leave this boy to perish,' said she.

'And what are we to do with him?' I replied.

'You must just keep a hound or two less, or perhaps a hunter, and let us take this little fellow home with us; I am much mistaken if Davy will disabuse our kindness.'

'A pretty kind of pet,' said I, 'that can pick one's pocket of five sovereigns before you know what you are about; and yet, if nobody will do anything for him, I think we must even do as you say, for I shudder at the idea of his return to that den of villany we lately visited.'

Before we arrived at our hotel, Davy's fate was fixed, and he was immediately consigned to a proper person to be cleaned and clothed, so as to be in a fit state to accompany us.

Next day, when Davy was presented to us after breakfast, the change in his appearance astonished us. He seemed a new creature; a pretty, chubby-faced, handsome boy, arisen as it were out of a mass of rags, dirt, and squalid misery. His change of apparel, a meal or two of wholesome food, and, above all, the kindly encouragement which he had received and was further led to expect, had kindled up a beam in his eye, and a glow on his cheek, very different from the depressed and melancholy look which he formerly exhibited. His manners, too, surprised us; he seemed so readily to accommodate himself to his new situation, that my wife began to fancy he must surely have been at one time accustomed to better society than that of thieves and vagabonds. This was somewhat confirmed next day, on a visit which he made to a scene at some distance from the city. After rambling about some ruined walls, Davy threw himself on the green turf, and appeared as if absorbed in thought; on my wife approaching near him, he was muttering 'Mammy rede in a coach,' but on her questioning him more particularly he could recollect nothing of the chain of thought which suggested such words; or at all events, if he knew anything, which we from various other circumstances firmly believed he did not, he at the time declined to say so. But with much earnestness, he repeatedly assured us that he had no distinct recollection of his condition, or of his parents, previous to his residence at the receiving-house which we had visited. In fact his mind, for several years, apparently had received no culture, but had been constantly bent on the tricky and precarious life which he and his associates were leading.

On our returning to our house in —shire, it was soon known in the neighbourhood that my wife had brought with her a pet; not a macaw, or a monkey, or a piping bullfinch, but a pretty boy. Shortly after we received a call from a lady who lived in our neighbourhood. We were not previously acquainted, but we knew something of her history. She was a widow, and childless. About half-a-dozen years before, her only boy had very unaccountably disappeared, along with his nurse, and no traces of either had ever been found. The father, after a year's lingering suspense, died, it is supposed of a disease brought

on by grief and anxiety. The widow never ceased to regret her loss; and, unable altogether to abandon all hopes of again finding her boy, was ever on the alert to catch at any circumstances that could fan these hopes. She had heard part of the history of Davy, and immediately sought an opportunity of seeing him and inquiring more minutely into the circumstances of his history.

Five or six years in the life of a child make great changes in appearance. Yet on the first glimpse of Davy, Mrs B—— declared she could trace a resemblance in him to her lost boy. The boy to us certainly did not resemble his mother, but on the other hand his mother assured us that he had a very considerable resemblance to his late father, and this circumstance was farther confirmed by the opinion of some of her other relatives. What tended to give probability to the whole matter was, that Mr and Mrs B—— were residing in the vicinity of Edinburgh, near the very spot which we had visited, at the time when they had lost their boy. The circumstances of their loss were briefly these. The nurse one morning had been sharply rebuked for some grave fault, which she had several times committed, and information regarding which she had imagined could only have been communicated by her young prattling charge. In the evening of this same day the nurse and child disappeared, and no traces of them could ever after be obtained. The woods and river were searched for the child, and notices extensively advertised regarding them, both in the city and neighbouring districts, but every attempt at tracing them proved vain.

Could our once ragged Davy actually be this boy? We pondered over the probabilities night and day, and at Mrs B——'s ardent entreaties, we were easily prevailed upon to return with her to Edinburgh, and endeavour to trace out all regarding him that was possible. On arriving in Edinburgh, our first object was to call on the old woman and endeavour to get the truth out of her. With Davy as our guide, we once more came to the dark desolate entry, and ascended the steep dirty stair to her dwelling. We knocked repeatedly at the door, but for a while got no answer; at last a woman opened an adjoining door, of whom we inquired for Mrs Dermot. 'Is it Mrs Dermot you are inquiring for? Och, she is in trouble!'—'In trouble,' said I, 'is she sick in bed, or has she been removed to an hospital?'—'Na, na,' said the other, mysteriously; 'she is fallen into a bit of trouble, and is not to be found here.' In short, after many words and a *douceur* of half-a-crown, we understood from our now more plain-spoken informant, that Mrs Dermot was in prison; that she and her accomplices below stairs had been apprehended on a charge of resetting stolen goods, and that they were in prison awaiting their trial. This information somewhat disconcerted us, but on farther reflection I considered that this circumstance was on the whole favourable to our views, and I lost no time in gaining permission to visit the old woman in her place of confinement.

In my interview with her, I stated that I wished particularly to gain information respecting the boy Davy, who I understood had partly resided with her for the last few years. That she might depend on me that anything she revealed would not be used to her prejudice, but that, on the contrary, if she gave me a true account, I would reward her handsomely, and lastly, that the information I thus required had no connexion whatever with any of the pending charges that had at present come against her. After much cautious evasion, and many questionings as to the use I wished to make of her information, but without in the meantime any hint from me, she at last confessed that the boy was brought to her about six years ago, being at that time about four or five years old, by a woman in the dusk of the evening. That she was induced to take charge of the child on the promise that she was to get the dress, and one or two trinkets, which were to suffice for his maintenance in the meantime; that the woman departed and never was heard of more, and that the child's dress was exchanged for coarser clothes, and sold to defray expenses, and the boy kept in the best way she could. A pretty minute description of the nurse was also given.

and, in short, the whole story agreed so well with what I was already in possession of, that I had no doubt that Ragged Davy was no other than the lost son of Mrs B—. It was also evident that I had got the facts of the case, stated according to the wary caution of the old culprit before me, and that the child had been regularly kidnapped, or rather bargained for, with its revengeful and deeply guilty nurse; the temptation being its clothes in the meantime, and its future services in the vocations which we have already alluded to. All our subsequent endeavours to discover the nurse were however entirely fruitless, although the description of the old woman left no grounds for doubting that the person she described was no other than the former servant of Mrs B—.

The joy and gratitude of Mrs B— were now extreme, when she could with confidence press the dear boy to her bosom, assured that he was none other than her lost son. I also felt not a little gratified when I reflected from what a miserable condition of vice and degradation the merest accident had enabled me to rescue this boy. Alas, how many more wander the streets and narrow lanes, and nestle in the dens of vice and profanity, who have equal claims on our humanity, though they may not have been so cruelly deprived of their birth-right as our Ragged Davy!

POEMS BY HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL.*

HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL is one of the true minstrels of the Scottish borders. His harp certainly possesses not the prevailing power of tone characterising that of Scott; nor has it that singular union of wild strength and polished suavity which distinguished the notes of the Ettrick Shepherd; but Mr Riddell shows, nevertheless, the unmistakable impress of the same school and breeding in all his strains. It is the Border harp which he tunes, and tunes well, rising not to the level of the immortals named, assuredly, yet pouring forth melodies which have the strongest characteristics of their source of nativity, and numbers of which posterity 'will not willingly let die.' But many, many of our readers already know the name of Henry Scott Riddell, and must have no doubt appreciated, like ourselves, his already published writings. The monody which he poured forth on the death of Byron was a piece almost rivalling, in detached passages, the lofty genius of him to whose memory the strain was devoted. We like Mr Riddell most peculiarly, however, we must admit, when he dedicates his lyre to the description and embodiment of pastoral scenery and feelings; or when, enlarging his sphere of action, he pours forth the sentiments of a national poet and patriot generally. Of his pieces of the latter class, one of the very finest is entitled 'Scotland yet.' It is one far from unknown to the world; and if not rising to the sublime, like the ode of Burns on Bannockburn, it may well be placed alongside of Lockhart's 'Broadwords of Old Scotland.' Another piece of a similar character by Mr Riddell merits nearly equal praise. Though it must also be known to many, we venture to quote it, as an admirable specimen of the bolder tones of our poet's patriotic harp:

THE LAND OF GALLANT HEARTS.

'Ours is the land of gallant hearts,
The land of lovely forms,
The island of the mountain harp,
The torrents, and the storms;
The land that blooms with freeman's tread,
And withers with the slave's,
Where far and deep the greenwoods spread,
And wild the thistle wave.

Ere ever Ossian's lofty voice
Had told of Fingal's fame,
Ere ever from their native clime
The Roman eagles came;
Our land had given heroes birth,
That durst the boldest brave,
And taught above tyrannic dust,
The thistle tufts to wave.

What need we say how Wallace fought,
And how his foemen fell?
Or, how on glorious Bannockburn
The work went wild and well?
Ours is the land of gallant hearts,
The land of honour'd graves,
Whose wreath of fame shall ne'er depart,
While yet the thistle waves.'

For the embalment in verse of the sentiments of the pastoral classes of the Scottish borderers, the early position and training of Mr Riddell peculiarly fitted him. He was born in Ewesdale on the Borders, and pertained by birth to the rural peasantry of the country. He received very little education in boyhood, and passed a number of the opening years of his manhood in the same occupation as his friend, the Shepherd of Ettrick. The strong marks of innate talent which he displayed called attention ere long, however, to Mr Riddell, and he was so far countenanced and encouraged as to be enabled to attend the University of Edinburgh, where he qualified himself for the office of the ministry, and duly received his license. Afterwards he officiated in a charge in the south of Scotland. Though thus so far provided with the means of intellectual culture, and profiting by them, the subject of our notice retained, and still retains, much of that simplicity of thought, feeling, and purpose, which likewise characterised the Ettrick Shepherd to his dying day. The impress of early habits and associations could be worn off in the case of neither by the more polished society in which they were called on in time to move; and, above all, each clasped fondly to his bosom the loved border-harp of young days, and found in it the truest medium for the expression of every species of feeling—for giving utterance to the song of joy, or the wail of woe. Their pieces of this class are truly sung or composed in character; and herein lies the basis of their merit, as well as the source of their effect. They are not, like so many modern lyrics called Scottish songs, imitations merely of the sentiments and language of the lower orders of our countrymen, but they are genuine effusions of natural feeling, given forth in the customary style of expression of the utterers. Their effect, therefore, is widely different from that of Scottish pieces compounded by parties talking the English dialect, and who have to resort to fancy for the feelings which they endeavour to convey in verse.

Our readers may gather from what has been said what we hold to be the leading merit of Mr Riddell's poetry. Indeed, in calling him one of the true 'Border minstrels,' we have said all in two words; and the further observations given above may be held but as a corollary to that proposition. Many, many are the pieces which we might cite in corroboration of our words. The 'Crook and Plaid,' and the 'Song of the True-Hearted,' are particularly beautiful lyrics, but too long for entire quotation here. Indeed, redundancy is a fault in many of our author's pieces. The fourth and fifth verses of the 'Crook and Plaid' will show that, in painting a pastoral picture, Mr Riddell at times falls not far short even of the Ettrick Shepherd. The following extract may be contrasted with one of the latter's best songs of that class, namely, 'When the Kye come hame.'

'At noon he leans him down upon the heath and heathy fell,
And views his flocks beneath him a', fair feeding in the dell.
And there he sings the songs o' love, the sweetest ever made,
Oh! how happy is the laddie that wears the crook and plaid;
And he's aye true to his lassie—he's aye true to his lassie,
Who wears the crook and plaid.'

He pu's the bells o' heather red, and the lily flower sae meek,
Ca's the lily like my bosom, and the heath-bell like my cheek,
His words are sweet and tender, as the dew frae heaven shed,
And weel I love to list the lad who wears the crook and plaid,
For he's aye true, &c.

With one additional and complete specimen of Mr Riddell's powers in the department of true Scottish song, we must close our remarks and citations on this subject. It contains a passing sample, too, of that axiomatic spirit which the author sometimes exhibits very happily, and which gave to the unequalled lyrics of Burns one of their chiefest attractions. We need but point to 'A man's a

* Poems, Songs, and Miscellaneous Pieces, by HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL. Edinburgh: Sutherland & Knox. 1847.

man for a 'that' as an illustration, every verse of that song containing a maxim worth gold.

ADOWN THE BURN.

'Adown the burn beneath the shaw,
There grows a bonnie birken tree,
That waves aboon the waters!
Whene'er the breeze comes o'er the lea;
And there the bard will alighting sit,
And make the burden o' his maen,—
O! I will love auld Scotland yet,
For a' that yet has come and gane.
Fie! many a heart o' gallant worth
Has left for lands away the sea;
Our bonnie mountains o' the north
We'll mourn for till the day we dee;
But time may flee, and friends may flit.
Yet change wi' me, in this, there's naic,
For I will love auld Scotland yet,
For a' that yet is come and gane.
They'll plant the waif aboon the wise,
The false o' heart aboon the true,
And selfish aims and ends devise,
That a' will feel, and a' maun rue;
But though they lightly worth and wit,
I'll stand, though I should stand alane,
And lift my voice for Scotland yet,
For a' that yet is come and gane.
I'll ne'er gang to another land
Unless I can the pathway trace,
Bearing wi' me, through heaven's command,
My ain to plant it in its place;
And Scotland's cauld and cloudy aky
Maun thither, too, be wi' me taen,
For 'neath it I will live and die,
For a' that yet is come and gane.'

Though we have given precedence in this notice to the songs of Mr Riddell, as the productions on which we conceive his reputation in the future likely to rest mainly, yet they form only one half of the present volume, coming after a pretty lengthened piece called the 'Cottagers of Glendale' (partly published in a former number of the *INSTRUCTOR*), and which is founded on an anecdote in the life of Duke Henry of Buccleuch. There are many passages of much merit in this poem, but, on the whole, it is very unequal, and the poet occasionally allows the homely cast of strain which he has adopted to become colloquially prosaic, and at times even to assume a strong tinge of the ludicrous. For example, we cannot say that the undoubted pith of the following lines counterbalances in our eyes the odd character of the imagery:

'The burns came roaring frae the glens,
As brown as baked apples,
And winds and rains drow frae the clouds,
That even stout trees among the wuds
Were snappet like pipe-stapplies.'

But, on the other hand, there are many passages in the 'Cottagers' most felicitously expressed, and it displays a liberal sprinkling of true poetry. The 'Lay of Life,' another long piece, is pitched on a higher key; and of it we must just repeat, that, though of unequal merit, it abounds in isolated beauties, many of these being of no mean order of excellence. A number of miscellaneous lyrics of varied merit complete the volume before us.

Altogether, we cordially recommend this product of the press (which is most handsome in form) to public notice; and we trust that it will receive that notice, being nothing but what it amply merits. Mr Riddell has sung many a lay 'for Scotland's sake.' Let not his countrymen forget this, but remember that, as the poet advances in years, and becomes less able to struggle with the vicissitudes of fortune, then is the time gratefully to call to mind and reward bypast exertions and toils. His own expressive words, having reference to the bounties of Duke Henry of Buccleuch, may well be cited here in conclusion:

'And I will pray that those who hao
To giving may be apt aye,
That they may reap the giver's fee,
When those who get shall grateful be,
And a' may thus be happy.'

ADVENTURES IN THE PACIFIC.

A GALE.

THIS mild blue weather we enjoyed after leaving the Marquesas, gradually changed as we ran farther south

and approached Tahiti. In these generally tranquil seas, the wind sometimes blows with great violence; though, as every sailor knows, a spicy gale in the tropic latitudes of the Pacific, is far different from a tempest in the howling North Atlantic. We soon found ourselves battling with the waves, while the before mild Trades, like a woman roused, blew fiercely, but still warmly, in our face. For all this, the mate carried sail without stint: and as for brave little Jule, she stood up to it well; and though once for a while floored in the trough of a sea, sprang to her keel again, and showed play. Every old timber groaned, every spar buckled, every chafed cord strained; and yet, spite of all, she plunged on her way like a racer. Jermin, sea-jockey that he was, sometimes stood in the fore-chains, with the spray every now and then dashing over him, and shouting out, 'Well done, Jule—dive into it, sweetheart. Hurrah!'

One afternoon there was a mighty queer noise aloft, which set the men running in every direction. It was the main-t'-gallant-mast. Crash! it broke off just above the cap, and held there by the rigging, dashed with every roll from side to side, with all the hamper that belonged to it. The yard hung by a hair, and, at every pitch thumped against the cross-tree: while the sail streamed in ribbons, and the loose ropes coiled, and thrashed the air, like whiplashes. 'Stand from under!' and down came the rattling blocks, like so many shot. The yard with a snap and a plunge, went hissing into the sea, disappeared, and shot its full length out again. The crest of a great wave then broke over it—the ship rushed by—and we saw the stick no more. While this lively breeze continued, Baltimore, our old black cook, was in great tribulation.

Like most South Seamen, the Julia's 'caboose,' or cook-house, was planted on the larboard side of the forecable. Under such a press of canvass, and with the heavy sea running, the barque, diving her bows under, now and then shipped green glassy waves, which, breaking over the head-rails, fairly deluged that part of the ship, and washed clean aft. The caboose-house—thought to be firmly lashed down to its place—served as a sort of breakwater to the inundation. About these times, Baltimore always wore what he called his 'gale-suit'; among other things, comprising a sou'-wester and a huge pair of well appointed sea-boots, reaching almost to his knees. Thus equipped for a ducking or a drowning, as the case might be, our culinary high-priest drew to the slides of his temple, and performed his sooty rites in secret. So afraid was the old man of being washed overboard, that he actually fastened one end of a small line to his waistbands, and coiling the rest about him, made use of it as occasion required. When engaged outside, he unwound the cord, and secured one end to a ring-bolt in the deck; so that if a chance sea washed him off his feet, it could do nothing more.

One evening, just as he was getting supper, the Julia reared up on her stern, like a vicious colt, and when she settled again forward, fairly dished a tremendous sea. Nothing could withstand it. One side of the rotten head-bulwarks came in with a crash; it smote the caboose, tore it from its moorings, and after boxing it about, dashed it against the windlass, where it stranded. The water then poured along the deck like a flood, rolling over and over pots, pans, and kettles, and even old Baltimore himself, who went breaching along like a porpoise. Striking the taffrail, the wave subsided, and washing from side to side, left the drowning cook high and dry on the after-batch: his extinguished pipe still between his teeth, and almost bitten in two. The few men on deck having sprung into the mainrigging, sailor-like, did nothing but roar at his calamity. The same night, our flying-jib-boom snapped off like a pipe-stem, and our spanker-gaff came down by the run. By the following morning, the wind in a great measure had gone down; the sea with it; and by noon we had repaired our damages as well as we could, and were sailing along as pleasantly as ever. But there was no help for the demolished bulwarks; we had nothing to replace them; and so, whenever it breezed again, our dauntless craft went along with her splintered prow dip-

ping, but kicking up her fleet heels just as high as before.

TAHITI.

At early dawn of the following morning we saw the Peaks of Tahiti. In clear weather they may be seen at the distance of ninety miles. 'Hivarhoo!' shouted Wymontoo, overjoyed, and running out upon the bowsprit when the land was first faintly descried in the distance. But when the clouds floated away, and showed the three peaks standing like obelisks against the sky, and the bold shore undulating along the horizon, the tears gushed from his eyes. Poor fellow! It was not Hivarhoo. Green Hivarhoo was many a long league off.

Tahiti is by far the most famous island in the South Seas; indeed, a variety of causes has made it almost classic. Its natural features alone distinguish it from the surrounding groups. Two round and lofty promontories, whose mountains rise nine thousand feet above the level of the ocean, are connected by a low, narrow isthmus, the whole being some one hundred miles in circuit. From the great central peaks of the larger peninsula—Orohena, Aorai, and Pirohitee—the land radiates on all sides to the sea in sloping green ridges. Between these are broad and shadowy valleys—in aspect, each a Tempe—watered with fine streams, and thickly wooded. Unlike many of the other islands, there extends nearly all round Tahiti, a belt of low, alluvial soil, teeming with the richest vegetation. Here, chiefly, the natives dwell. Seen from the sea, the prospect is magnificent. It is one mass of shaded tints of green, from beach to mountain top; endlessly diversified with valleys, ridges, glens, and cascades. Over the ridges, here and there, the loftier peaks fling their shadows, and far down the valleys. At the head of these, the water-falls flash out into the sunlight, as if pouring through vertical bowers of verdure. Such enchantment, too, breathes over the whole, that it seems a fairy world, all fresh and blooming from the hand of the Creator. Upon a near approach, the picture loses not its attractions. It is no exaggeration to say, that to a European of any sensibility, who for the first time wanders back into these valleys—away from the haunts of the natives—the ineffable repose and beauty of the landscape is such, that every object strikes him like something seen in a dream; and for a time he almost refuses to believe that scenes like these should have a commonplace existence. No wonder that the French bestowed upon the island the appellation of the New Cythera. 'Often,' says De Bougainville, 'I thought I was walking in the Garden of Eden.' Nor, when first discovered, did the inhabitants of this charming country at all diminish the wonder and admiration of the voyager. Their physical beauty and amiable dispositions harmonised completely with the softness of their climate. In truth, everything about them was calculated to awaken the liveliest interest. Glance at their civil and religious institutions. To their king, divine rights were paid; while for poetry, their mythology rivalled that of ancient Greece.

Of Tahiti, earlier and more full accounts were given than of any other island in Polynesia; and this is the reason why it still retains so strong a hold on the sympathies of all readers of South Sea voyages. The journals of its first visitors, containing as they did such romantic descriptions of a country and people before unheard of, produced a marked sensation throughout Europe; and when the first Tahitians were carried thither, Omai in London, and Aotooroo in Paris, were caressed by nobles, scholars, and ladies. In addition to all this, several eventful occurrences, more or less connected with Tahiti, have tended to increase its celebrity. Over two centuries ago, Quiros, the Spaniard, is supposed to have touched at the island; and at intervals Wallis, Byron, Cook, De Bougainville, Vancouver, La Perouse, and other illustrious navigators, refitted their vessels in its harbours. Here the famous transit of Venus was observed in 1769. Here the memorable mutiny of the *Bounty* afterward had its first origin. It was to the pagans of Tahiti that the first regularly constituted Protestant missionaries were sent; and from their shores, also, have sailed successive missions

to the neighbouring islands. These with other events have united in keeping up the first interest which the place awakened; and the recent proceedings of the French have more than ever called forth the sympathies of the public.—*Omo.*

CITY FLOWERS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

It was our fortune to be born in the country, in a quaint looking house, situated in a quiet quaint village, where ash, oak, and sycamore trees spread their long arms over the straw-thatched roofs, and the dark green ivy and Ayrshire rose clung tenaciously to the moist walls. In the broken parts of the old rickety dwellings' gables the air-fied wallflower would bloom in its poverty and beauty, and render the air around redolent with the sweetness of its perfume. The bearded moss, in beautiful russet tufts, clung, in a multiplicity of places, to the old stones and thatch; and sometimes the polyanthus and primrose, planted by some juvenile florist, would lay their dew-filled cups upon the moss's breast at evening.

The only links that bound the simple inhabitants of our native village to the ideal was their flowers. We do not mean to say that, like the pariahs of the East, they could symbolise their griefs, and loves, and joys by them; but still they had attached double ideas to many identical objects; and although they neither knew of pistils, stamens, filaments, anthers, nor any of the participial mysteries contained in one corolla, yet they could see something in their flowers beyond themselves. Was not the marigold, with its yellow petals, so bright and beautiful, like a star of earth? Was not the daisy, centred in a clump of miniature little gems, an embodiment of that symbol of love the hen and her little chickens? And were not the drooping, sere leaves of autumn, and the falling, withering petals of the late bright blooming flowers, too vivid an index of human life? It was from this floral education that we bore away from the country our sympathies for the flowers of the city. The walls of our sweet retired hamlet were rased to the ground, and the dock and nettle now surround the hearthstones where blooming human flowers were wont to nestle. Yet the love, and peace, and kindly sympathy that gentle mothers sowed in gentle hearts can never be 'wede away.'

It was easy to transfer the affection that luxuriated on the modest anemone or bright ranunculus to the beaming eye of childhood or the rosy cheek of youth. The heart that has watched with love-warmed interest the opening bud or springing plant, can, with quickened sympathies, observe the embryo plants of humanity that gambol in childhood's glowing innocence, and, in the sunny fervour of their joyous hearts, pant for manhood's fruition.

When we first came to live amongst the tall dingy buildings of Edinburgh, which crown the hills where forests and forest-plants were wont to grow of old, we felt as if we had been uprooted from our native soil, and were withered in our very bosom's core. The birds that sang from their prison-cages seemed to wait for the green trees and sweet hedges of spring and summer, and our heart was away with their desires, careering in the blue heavens, and sporting on the spreading branches of the elm and fir trees. To us they unmistakeably chanted, 'We can't get out—we can't get out!' and our heart and sympathies responded, in their isolation, 'We can't get out!' As we became familiar with the streets, and lanes, and byways, however, we began to take an interest in them, and in our daily wanderings we passed a large square, surrounded by a low wall and lofty iron railings, within which hundreds of little boys and girls, with clean rosy faces and light hearts sported and shouted like tiny elves. From the first day that we saw them, our heart knew expansion. We used to stand and gaze at them, and experience a renewal of all the ecstasy of youth in beholding it in them. We were never so alive to the influences of happiness as when we looked upon those poor but happy children. We never, since manhood's hour,

felt the abandonment of glee come so forcibly back upon us as when we joined in spirit with some one of the merry train, and laughed in his laughter; and when the school-bell called the juvenile throng to the serious training for a serious futurity, the spell of our dream was broken, and we half-sadly left the silent square.

By and by we made acquaintance with many of our young friends, and learned insensibly to become interested in several individually. There was one little boy, as bright and blooming as health and beauty can render the angel face of childhood; and the symmetry and strength of beauty and health were so transfused through his frame that we pictured a bright and hopeful future for him. Children have a strong intuition of the beautiful—they love it whenever or wherever they see it reflected. They pull the flowers of the country to weave in chaplets amongst their golden hair, or hang in festoons down their glowing cheeks; and they kiss the brows and lips of city flowers, and clasp them to their bosoms in their fervent love.

The stronger boys seemed to shield little Johnnie with brotherly care; in their rougher sports and more athletic gambols they respected the comparative weakness of his infancy; and the older girls would bear him about in their arms, as if they felt the dawning influence of the heaven-illumined principle of maternity. We, too, watched him as fondly as if he had been a young annual that a cold breath might blight, and we rejoiced as we saw month on month add to his growth and bloom. But, alas! city flowers can wither away too, and spring has no renewing for their loveliness. They droop, and fade, and die; and though tears may stream from bursting hearts, in libations over their cold and narrow graves, watering the grass with pure translucent dew, it will not quicken the mouldering clay beneath, nor call the loved ones back again to earth. As we stood day after day and gazed upon the dancing, laughing children of the school, we felt a sickness come over our heart as we missed our little friend. Ay, friend! for we had learned to love him, and he never saw us but he ran to us, and smiling, clasped our hand. We went back again and again, determined to inquire for him, but we felt a sorrowful dread to breathe his name, and our lips were therefore sealed up. At last, upon a day, a sunny summer day, when the children were unusually joyous, we beheld a tiny boy seated in a little chair amongst the shouting throng. A woman stood beside him, and as she smiled in her sorrow, and spoke hopefully and bravely to her pale fragile boy, and he answered her smile with one that illumined his thin face with a portion of the light of the past, we almost wept, for we recognised in that blighted feeble child all that was left of little blooming Johnnie. Alas! the radiance had left his cheek, and symmetry had forsaken his frame! Henceforth he would be pointed at, if ever he should be able to move about the streets; the heartless and the thoughtless would mock the blighted form that contained his suffering spirit; he would gambol in the sunshine of youth and health no more—he would only bloom in his mother's sorrowing bosom now, and there at least the light of love would with increasing holiness compensate for the coldness of the world.

Time wore away, and this tiny child wore gradually with it. Slowly and imperceptibly his pale cheek grew paler, and his fading frame faded to a shadow. He could not sit in his old playground any more, and we sorrowed for him as if he had gone away for ever.

We were walking one day in a pensive mood along a busy thoroughfare, where the active and agile hurried past us intent on business. There was life and hope in the limbs and eyes of the youthful, and the people of mature years seemed strong and hopeful too. It is not on the streets that one is likely to meet the blighted flowers of the city; it is not amongst the fresh and vigorous stems of humanity that the drooping and the dying are to be seen. Within the narrow walls of silent and sorrowful houses they exhale their expiring perfume and fade away. As we walked quietly along, gazing at

the tall buildings and dark alleys, so full of memories of the past, so full of historical contrasts, we were suddenly recalled from our reverie by a feeble cry, and, turning quickly round, we beheld, in the arms of a stout and ruddy boy, the wasted corpse-like form of our little friend. We know not how we recognised him; it seemed to be intuitively, for not one lineament of the past was visible in his wasted worn face.

'How are you?' said we, with a smile, endeavouring to stem the tear that would appear in spite of all our efforts.

'Quite well, I thank you,' said the dying infant; and he too smiled. Oh! how we wish he had not. There was such an excess of resignation in his gentle response to ours—there was such a mockery of the vanity of health and beauty in that smile—that a king might have learned a lesson from it and wept.

'I cannot walk now,' said the boy, in a soft, sad voice, at the same time gaspingly imbibing a few short draughts of air. We could not speak, and he seemed to know it, for, in the same tremulous accents, he continued, without waiting for us to reply—'And my mother is dead.'

Father, from whom the purest and holiest affections spring—Source of all beauty, and life, and light, and goodness! thou alone couldst know that poor child's feelings as he tremulously told of his loneliness, and turned his glazed and dreamy eyes with a feeble effort to heaven!—and thou alone couldst know the agony of our heart as we listened to his gentle voice!

The sunbeams exhale the dews of earth and wile them up to heaven; the gentle winds waft the perfume from the flowers, and bear them away to bright and sunny lands. Poor little, blighted city flower!—more pure and holy now in thy emaciated resignation than in thy beautiful childhood—thou shalt soon be transplanted to a genial soil, where sorrow, or weakness, or blight can never come. Poor bud of earth! so early nipped, so early withered, there is a land for thee, beyond the clouds of care or frosts of wo. Thy body's heritage—alas! and thou so young!—will soon be the cold and narrow grave; but thy immortal spirit shall bloom in heaven's holy bowers for ever. Ah! ye who, stout of limb and full of hope, stride bravely on life's path, speak gently to the weak and fragile flowers of earth, and do not trample on them; perhaps they once were beautiful and strong; perhaps they are like our little tiny boy—sadly lingering in life, with no kind mother to soothe them. There is sunshine in every kind word or look that is directed to the suffering; and, oh! remember that they will not long be with you, for every sigh that breaks from their labouring breasts tells where they soon will go.

There are flowers in the country so sweet and modest that they offer no attraction to the eye. Unlike the glaring poppy or blood-red peony, they would be passed unnoticed, or trampled on, were it not for the soft and balmy odour of their perfume. And there are city flowers that, like the balm of Gilead or sweet-scented thyme, diffuse the incense of their gentle holy lives through the little world around them, and yet are unregarded. We were walking lately through a silent street, long after the people had generally gone to rest. There were lights beaming in high attics and shining from curtained windows, but there was a darkness and silence reigning in the tall, gloomy edifices on either hand that proclaimed the slumbers of toil, and a cessation of the restless action of busy health. That many-limbed Hercules, labour, was stretched upon the pallet of sleep, and the lords of the giant intellects were wafted back in their dreams to fairy youth and childhood. Perhaps, in the attics, some fond mother's sleepless eye yet dwelt tearfully on the young flower that slumbered on the maternal lap, and then gazed wistfully from the broken lattice for one who had plucked the bloom from her cheek, and had too often neglectfully left her woman's heart to wither. Perhaps revelry and laughter were circling around the board where the other lights shone, as if in mockery of the hearts that were suffering around them; it might be

that their rays fell on the pale cheek whence waned the light of life.

As we walked along absorbed in such reflections, the glare of a feeble lamp shone from a low window close beside us, and we heard the moanings as of one in pain. We stood still at once, for there was something so sad and solemn in the pain-wrung groans that they seemed pleading for succour and sympathy. Shall we be accused of heartlessness if we confess that our feet led us towards the dimly lighted window, and that our eyes violated the privacy of a home? Shall we be called unfeeling, if we declare without reservation that we gazed eagerly through the dim glass, and felt that we could gaze on untiringly? If a tear could expiate the boldness of our eyes—if a blessing from our heart could extenuate the impulse that prompted us to look—then are we from that hour guiltless; if not—we tell it solemnly—our guilt sits lightly on our heart.

Through the dull medium of the gauze-covered window, we beheld an old man sitting uneasily on an easy-chair; his head was bandaged, and his wrinkled cheeks were pale and thin. His hands were laid upon his knees, but he lifted them ever and anon with a slow convulsive motion, and swung his head from side to side in painful gyrations. He was suffering; and all his movements bespoke how intensely. He had been a tall and powerful man, whose arms, like spreading boughs, had certainly sheltered some weaker plants of humanity. He had doubtless, in the glory of his meridian manhood, nurtured saplings round his knee;—and was she, that gentle girl that flitted round him like an angel, the only one that remained to him? She moistened his parched lips, and bathed his burning brow; she soothed him with her soft musical voice, and so carefully arranged the robes that covered him, that the holy name of daughter was stamped on all her movements. She was not a 'beauty,' that pale, care-worn girl. Her cheeks were thin, and her eyes were heavy. But, ah! she was more lovely in her paleness, and meek, uncomplaining weariness, than if the zone of Venus had bound her waist. Duty, love, and resignation hallowed the atmosphere around her; and as her gentle feet moved across the floor on some mission for her querulous parent, we listened for the silvery tones that tinkle from angels' footfalls. At last, during an interval of ease, she set herself down on a stool at the old man's feet, and read to him from the Book of Life. A holy calm seemed to pervade the little room; the very lamp appeared to grow brighter under her influence. Her father's eye visibly kindled with painless energy when she began to read, and her own pale face grew radiant with the reflected light of the gospel she proclaimed. 'Ah! modest, sensitive flower, whose essence is eternal,' we exclaimed, as we turned away, 'bright perennial of Zion, the superficial eye might look upon thy lily cheeks with indifference, and the cold heart scoff at thy retiring modesty, but thou mightest rear thy throne upon a heaven-warmed heart, and the willing virtues would bend in homage to thy spiritual grace and loveliness! Flower of the city, bright and beautiful, how sweetly thou couldst bloom, if planted in the bosom of truth and honour!'

THE RICH MERCHANT.

BY MRS JANE WEAVER.

It was late at night, and the streets were nearly deserted, the more especially as it was snowing fast. A single traveller, however, might have been seen, wrapped in a thick overcoat, urging his way against the tempest, by the light of the dim lamps. Suddenly, as he passed a ruinous tenement, the figure of a girl started up before him.

'Please, sir,' said she, 'if it's only a penny—mother is sick, and we have eaten nothing to-day.'

The first impulse of the moment was to go on: his second to stop. He looked at the girl. Her face was thin and pale, and her garments scanty. He was a man of impulses,

her a shilling. She saw the act, and her lustreless eye brightened. But the traveller had forgot that his overcoat was buttoned over his pocket.

'It is too much trouble,' he said to himself, 'and this wind is very cutting. Besides, these beggars are usually cheats—I'll warrant this girl wants the money to spend in a gin-shop.' And speaking aloud, he said somewhat harshly, 'I have nothing for you; if you are really destitute, the guardians of the poor will take care of you.'

The girl shrank back without a word, and drew her tattered garments around her shivering form. But a tear glittered on her cheek in the light of the dim lamp.

The man passed, and turning the next corner, soon knocked at the door of a splendid mansion, through whose richly curtained windows a rosy light streamed out across the storm. A servant obsequiously gave him entrance. At the sound of his footstep the parlour door was hastily opened, and a beautiful girl, apparently about seventeen, sprang into his arms, and kissed him on each cheek, and then began to assist him in removing his overcoat.

'What kept you so long, dear papa?' she said. 'If I had known where you were, I would have sent the carriage. You never stay so late at the office.'

'No, my love, I was at my lawyer's—busy, very busy, and all for you,' and he kindly patted her cheek. 'But, now, Margy, can't you give me some supper?'

The daughter rang the bell, and ordered the supper to be served. It was such a one as an epicure might delight in, just the supper for a traveller on a night like that.

'Pa,' said the daughter, when it was finished, 'I hope you are in good humour, for I have a favour to ask of you,' and she threw her arms around his neck and looked up into his face with that winning smile and those beautiful dark eyes of hers. 'I wish to give a ball on my birthday—my eighteenth birthday. It will cost, oh! a sight of money; but you are a kind, good papa, and I know you have been successful, or you would not have been at your lawyer's.'

'Yes, my darling,' he said, fondly kissing her, 'the cotton speculation has turned out well. I sold all I had of the article this afternoon, received the money, and took it to my lawyer's telling him to invest it in real estate. I think I shall soon give up business.'

'Oh! do, do, papa. But you will give me this ball—won't you?'

'You little tease!' said the father, but he spoke smilingly; and putting his hand in his pocket-book, he took out a note and placed it in his child's hand. 'Take this—if it is not enough you must have another, I suppose. But don't trouble me about it any more.'

The next morning broke clear, but the snow was a foot deep on the level, and here and there lay in huge drifts, blocking up the doorways. At ten o'clock, the rich merchant was on his way to his counting-room. He turned down the same street up which he had come the preceding evening. A crowd had gathered around the open cellar-door of a ruined tenement. The merchant paused to inquire what was the matter.

'A woman, sir, has been found dead below there,' said one of the spectators. 'She starved to death, it is said, and they have sent for the coroner. Her daughter has just come back, after being out all night. I believe she was begging. That's her moaning.'

'Ah!' said the merchant; and a pang went through his heart like an ice-bolt, for he remembered denying a petitioner the night before. He pushed through the crowd and ascended the cellar-steps. A girl covered over an emaciated corpse that lay on a heap of straw, in one corner of the damp apartment. It was the same girl he had feared it would prove. The merchant was horror-struck.

'My poor child!' he said, laying his hand on her shoulder, 'you must be cared for—God forgive me for denying you last night! Here, take this!' and he put a bill into her hand.

The girl looked up and gazed vacantly at him. Then she put back the proffered money.

and she burst into hysteric tears; and the merchant, at that moment, would have given half his fortune to have recalled her to life.

The lesson thus learned he never forgot. The merchant personally saw that a decent burial was provided for the mother, and afterward took the daughter into his house, educated her for a respectable station in life, and, on her marriage, presented her with a proper dowry. He lived to hear her children lip their gratitude.

THE BEETLE.

Poor hobbling beetle, need'st not haste;
Should traveller traveller thus alarm?
Pursue thy journey through the waste,
Not foot of mine shall work thee harm.

Who knows what errand grave thou hast—
'Small family' that have not dined?
Lodged under pebble, there they fast,
Till head of house have raised the wind!

Man's bread lies 'mong the feet of men:
For cark and moil sufficient cause!
Who cannot sow would reap; and then
In Beetle-dom are no poor-laws.

And if thy wife and thou agree
But ill, as like when short of victual,
I swear, the public sympathy
Thy fortune meriteth, poor beetle!

Alas! and I should do thee skailth—
To realms of night with heelpop send!
Who judged thee worthy pains of death,
On earth, save me, without a friend?

Pas on, poor beetle! Venerable
Art thou, were wonders ne'er so rife;
Thou hast what Bel to Tower of Babel
Not gave: the chief of wonders—Life.

Also of 'ancient family,'
Though small in size, of feature dark—
What Debre'tt's peer surpasseth thee?
Thy ancestor was in Noah's Ark!

T. CARLYLE.

PRIDE.

What is there in the situation of man that should inspire him with 'lofty looks,' and induce him to look down on his fellow-men with supercilious contempt? He derived his origin from the dust, he is allied with the beasts that perish, and he is fast hastening to the grave, where his carcass will become the food of noisome reptiles. He is every moment dependent on a superior Being for every pulse that beats and every breath he draws, and for all that he possesses; he is dependent even on the meanness of his species for his accommodations and comforts. He holds every enjoyment on the most precarious tenure: his friends may be snatched in a moment from his embrace; his riches may take to themselves wings and fly away; and his health and beauty may be blasted in an hour by a breath of wind. Hunger and thirst, cold and heat, poverty and disgrace, sorrow and disappointment, pain and disease, mingle themselves with all his pursuits and enjoyments. His knowledge is circumscribed within the narrowest limits; his errors and follies are glaring and innumerable; and he stands as an almost undistinguishable atom amidst the immensity of God's works. Still, with all these powerful inducements to the exercise of humility, man dares to be proud and arrogant.

'Man, proud man,
Dressed in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep.'

How affecting to contemplate the warrior flushed with diabolical pride, pursuing his conquests through heaps of slain, in order to obtain possession of 'a poor, pitiable speck of perishing earth,' and to gain possession of a throne, that he may look down with proud preeminence upon his

fellows—to behold the man of rank glorying in his weak and in his empty titles, and looking around upon the inferior orders of his fellow-mortals as the worms of the dust—to behold the haughty airs of the noble dame, inflate with the idea of her beauty and her high birth, as she struts along, surveying the ignoble crowd, as if they were dust beneath her feet—to behold the smatterer in learning, puffed up with the vain conceit of his superficial acquisitions, when he has scarcely entered the porch of knowledge—in fine, to behold all ranks, from the highest to the lowest, big with the idea of their own importance, and fire with pride and revenge at the least provocation, whether imaginary or real! How inconsistent the manifestations of such temper with the many humiliating circumstances of our present condition, and with the low rank which we hold in the scale of universal being!—*Dick.*

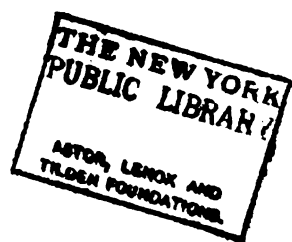
KILLED BY THE FALL OF A TREE.

In riding through the forest I often passed deserted log huts, standing in the middle of what is called 'cleared land;' that is to say, the enormous pine-trees of the surrounding forest had been chopped down to stumps about a yard high, around which there had rushed up a luxuriant growth of hard brushwood, the height of which denoted that several years must have elapsed since the tenants had retired. There was something which I always felt to be deeply affecting in passing these little monuments of the failure of human expectations—of the blight of human hopes. The courage that had been evinced in settling in the heart of the wilderness, and the amount of labour that had been expended in cutting down so many large trees, had all ended in disappointment, and occasionally in sorrows of the severest description. The arm that had wielded the axe had perhaps become gradually enervated by age (which always ungratefully rises out of cleared ground), until death had slowly terminated the existence of the poor emigrant, leaving a broken-hearted woman and a helpless family with nothing to look to for support but the clear bright blue heavens above them. In many of the spots I passed, I ascertained that these dispensations of Providence had been as sudden as they were awful. The emigrant had arisen in robust health—surrounded by his numerous and happy family, had partaken of a homely breakfast—had left his log-hut with a firm step, and with manly pride had again resumed his attack upon the wilderness, through which every blow of his axe, like the tick of a clock, recorded the steady progress of the hand that belonged to it. But at the hour of dinner he did not return! The wife waited—bid her rosy-faced children be patient—waited—felt anxious—alarmed—stepped beyond the threshold of her log-hut—listened; the axe was not at work! Excepting that indescribable solian murmur which the air makes in passing through the stems and branches of the forest, not a sound was to be heard. Her heart misgives her; she walks—runs towards the spot where she knew her husband to have been at work. She finds him, without his jacket or neckcloth, lying, with extended arms, on his back, cold, and crushed to death by the last tree he had felled, which, in falling, had knocked him down, and is now resting with its whole weight on his breast! The widow screams in vain; she endeavours to extricate her husband's corpse, but it is utterly impracticable. She leaves it to satisfy her infant's hunger—to appease her children's cries! The above is but a faint outline of a scene that has so repeatedly occurred in the wilderness of America—that it is usually summed up in the words, '*He was killed by the fall of a tree.*'—*Sir F. B. Head.*

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JAMES HOGG, THE LITHON SMITH.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

JAMES HOGG, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

BY HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL.

To do justice in any case to the personal history of an individual, whatever his character and circumstances in life may have been, is difficult; but if his character and circumstances have been singular, and his modes of thinking, feeling, and acting peculiar, the difficulty is increased manifold. Few will be found qualified for the task of surmounting it, because few may be possessed of a sympathy such as enables them to enter into a due appreciation of his character and his motives of action amid those changes and under those influences attendant on his steps through life to the grave. Men of genius, and particularly of poetic genius, have almost always been found to be of this peculiar cast; and, indeed, it may be partly owing to this that they of all men become, sooner or later, the most interesting characters of the human race. With the poet, mankind in general appear to possess a lurking sympathy which they themselves do not properly understand, but which prompts them, if not meanwhile to watch, yet by and by to inquire seriously into, the most minute matters of his life, habits of feeling, and reflection, and, in short, all his peculiarities. It is not so, at least by any means to the same extent, as it relates to other men. It is not so, for example, with either the statesman or warrior. Their great actions only, whether for good or evil, are kept in view and anxiously regarded. Their modes of thought and feeling, and more domestic habits, are seldom or never sought after with that prying curiosity which pursues the poet to the hill, and from the hill to the valley, and from thence again to every scene to which he may resort. The real poet, as he is the student of nature, so is he the teacher of nature's works and ways; and mankind, often perhaps unwittingly to themselves, feeling the effects of his tuition, sooner or later begin to direct a curious attention towards the character and habits of him who has stirred them up by expressing what all must have partly felt, and illustrating by new light what all must have partly seen.

There are, however, among this class of peculiar men, some constituted so very peculiarly that even their own works do not appear to afford such a sufficient explanation of their cast and character as that the world can properly understand it. Much less can it gather that understanding or knowledge from the writings of those who knew little or nothing of the real character practically and personally, and who must thus content themselves with recording external and often incidental information,

leaving the philosophy of mind and motive either unexplained, or set it forth, perhaps, much misrepresented. The Ettrick Shepherd, of whose life, character, and writings we propose to give an account, was one of those peculiar men whose character could only be seen and understood by continued intercourse and observation. He himself gives a simple and interesting history of the circumstances of his life, especially his literary life; but from this account neither the learned nor the unlearned can understand his real character. By his genius he soars where the rustic cannot follow him; and the philosopher or learned man is left nearly at as great a loss when he contemplates the circumstances amid which the poet was born and bred, and among which he received his education. His, it must be remembered, was not a scholastic education; but the education of nature, of which, if the philosopher himself can form a conception, it is yet that with which he can have very little sympathy. He thus knows little or nothing of it—neither indeed does any man, save he who receives it, and scarcely even he. From day to day, and from year to year, it is imperceptibly imbibed from the beauties and changes of nature in the wild scenes of pastoral solitude, and in the limited but unsophisticated range of rural society. It is true, indeed, that thousands receive the same education so far as they are originally fitted to receive it. But here rests the peculiarity: only, perhaps, one or two in the lapse of many years give evidence to the world that they have benefited by it by their spontaneously putting forth those loftier attributes of intellect more immediately bestowed upon them by Heaven's own hand.

James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was born on the 25th of January, 1772, at Ettrick-hall, in a lowly cottage close by the place where, in other days, he whom the people of the district styled 'the wicked laird,' *built his castle on the widow's corn*.* This—the scene of the poet's birth—lies in the bosom of the romantic pastoral vale of the Ettrick, towards the upper extremity of the county of Selkirk, and near to Ettrick Church, where he now reposes with the departed.

Hogg's forefathers are supposed to have sprung from

* The castle reared so inauspiciously is, long since, as if it had never been; the humble but picturesque cottage in which the shepherd-bard was born was standing till very lately (1847), and it was fondly hoped by the admirers of original genius that it would be preserved standing, so long as possible; but the proprietor of these lands, it seems, had seen meet to demolish it, and has thus removed an object calculated to render his lordship a more interesting and enviable possession than all the improvements that have succeeded to it will in all likelihood ever do. To D. O. Hill, in his illustrations of the Tales of the Shepherd, the world is indebted for a graphic and faithful representation of the cottage.

one Hougø of Norway, to whom the Shepherd himself alludes in his poem of 'The Pilgrims of the Sun.' Nothing, however, is distinctly known concerning this personage. His descendants, at an early period, appear to have become tenants or proprietors of Fauldshepe, a farm lying on the same stream about five miles above Selkirk, and were, in the days of feud and freebooting, followers of the Knights of Oakwood and Harden. When the forest of Ettrick decayed, and the country became pastoral, the more immediate progenitors of the poet betook themselves to the shepherd's peaceful occupation. His father, Robert Hogg, for a short period in the course of his life rose a little above this condition, but, through unfortunate farming affairs, it was only to return to it. He married Margaret Laidlaw, a descendant of the sept of the Laidlaws of Paup and Craik, places in the same district of country. Though self-taught like her celebrated son, she was a woman of considerable intelligence, and of great energy of character. More particularly she was a rapt enthusiast in everything pertaining to border ballad and song; many, if not mostly all, of which interesting garlands she could sing or recite. Their family consisted of four sons, of whom James was the second. From the cottage of his nativity, Hogg commenced attending the parish school of Ettrick when he had entered the seventh year of his age, and continued for a few months. He appears to have made sufficiently fair progress for the time, having become able to read in the Proverbs of Solomon, then used almost universally as a school-book in the Scottish parochial schools. His father, ruined in his worldly means through unfortunate speculations, lost the farms of Ettrick-house and Ettrick-hall, which he had possessed since his marriage; and James, at the Whitsunday term, was necessitated to go to service. The family continued in very distressed circumstances till Mr Brydon,* the then farmer of Crosslee, interested himself in their welfare. Having taken a short lease of the two farms above mentioned, he placed Robert Hogg in Ettrick-house in the capacity of shepherd, and thus rescued him and his family from destitution. At the term of Martinmas, young Hogg was taken home and again put to school with a lad of the name of Ker, who was employed in teaching a farmer's children in the neighbourhood. Here he advanced in learning so far as to be able to join the class with those who read in the Bible, and to have commenced—though merely to have commenced—writing before his quarter was out. This constituted the whole of the Ettrick Shepherd's scholastic education. His parents appear to have been still in such circumstances as to prevent them continuing him longer at school; for although it was far from being the case in those days that the same extent of education was deemed needful that is judged necessary for fitting youth out for the world now, yet even then the lower ranks of society were far from being insensible to its value and advantages. At this time comparatively few fences had been reared for the protection of corn and hay crops; and almost every farmer throughout the bounds of the Lowlands of Scotland required a boy, or some one of boyish ability, during the summer season, to herd his cows. Hogg, on leaving school the second time, went to this occupation, and was henceforth destined to finish his education as best he might after his own fashion, by his own industry.

At the employment of herding cows he continued for several seasons, till, when more grown up, he was advanced to the much more congenial and honourable one of assistant-shepherd.† Like all other shepherds who have really 'the root of the matter' in them, he was delighted with, and proud of, his occupation. The wearing of the plaid in this capacity constitutes, indeed, a sort of certificate of a man's worth. Hogg himself, in his mature years, often

made the observation to this effect, that he always considered the shepherds of the Lowlands of Scotland as constituting a class of men, the most useful as well as the most worthy our country could boast. Their usefulness in a country so much of which is essentially pastoral need not be questioned; and the office of a shepherd, being one of great trust and responsibility, requires qualifications which cannot be dispensed with, and which, if the individual who 'wears the crook and plaid' does not possess, the deficiency soon discovers itself by the effects produced upon the flock committed to his care; so that the *society of shepherds*, if so it may be worded, has a natural tendency to purify itself, or to preserve itself pure. He who is destitute of the faithfulness, the ingenious tact, and cautious industry which it requires, cannot long continue at the occupation, because his character soon becomes known, and employment in this line is refused him. Neither can the occupation be taken up instantaneously or in advanced years with success, but must be commenced in early life, and a due apprenticeship served to it under the auspices of the experienced. Nor will even this prove sufficient if the native tact or ingenuity above mentioned be wanting to the individual. In regard to this, one has said with great propriety—

'Unvariably 'tis so with shepherds all,
Whose fate was not both to be born and bred
To the employ—they lack the power intuitive—
The native knack, by which experience works,
And gathers up the skill of years; and which,
If wanting, education none in this
Supplies, so as fit this deep drawback to atone.
'Tis as if one would rear an edifice
Without foundation, and it cannot stand.'

In the wilder and wider-lying pastoral districts, much of the lands are often let in what is termed *lad-farms*, that is to say, farms on which the tenants do not themselves reside. There the shepherd has his home remote and lonely; and as the flocks that pasture these lands are almost solely committed and intrusted to his care and management, he must needs be a man of sagacity and approved character. In one of these *out-byre herdings*, as pastoral phrase terms them, he frequently requires one or more young men to assist him, and who act under his eye and direction. A young man, however, as shepherd may, as often he does, occupy a higher trust; as when he herds a hirsel out of his employer's house, and is alone responsible to his immediate master. He fares along with the rest of the farm-servants, and yet is regarded in another light. Rarely does his master interfere with his movements, while he is consulted in whatever pertains to the flock which he tends, and is much more the confidant of his master than the other servants. It was this status which the Ettrick Shepherd occupied when at Willenslee (a farm in Peebles-shire) in 1789. He was similarly engaged at Blackhouse, in Douglasburn; but was much more highly respected by his employer, Mr Laidlaw, who, possessing a kindred spirit with the Shepherd, made him his companion, and hailed with a warm and fostering appreciation the dawning of that genius which afterwards manifested itself so prominently. He became one of the shepherds of this farm in 1790, where he continued till 1800. It appears to have been here that his attention began to be more particularly turned to literature, and eventually to poetry. Almost all the Laidlaws possessed a predilection for books, and Mr Laidlaw of Blackhouse formed no exception to this family bias. His library, which for a farmer, and especially in those days, was an extensive one, was made free to Hogg, and it is to be supposed that he made an extensive use of it. Previously, and more particularly when at Willenslee, he appears to have read whatever books he could conveniently procure: the newspapers the mistress of the house frequently favoured him with, and which he carefully read from beginning to end, the advertisements as well as all other matters. Meanwhile the education which nature imperceptibly supplies was hourly and yearly going on. The lights and shadows of the mountain scenery, the changes of weather and of all nature, when in the solitudes of the lonely wilds,

* This very worthy man was killed by the fall of a tree, which circumstance the Shepherd has not overlooked in his earlier writings.

† This and similar phrases are well understood by those who are acquainted with the affairs of pastoral life. To such as are not they, in order to be understood, may require some explanation, which we will endeavour shortly to give in proceeding, as we find occasion may require.

and the hearty enjoyments and interesting exhibitions of rural life, when mingling with his compeers beside 'the farmer's ingle,' or with the maidens at the milking-fold, were alike not only developing themselves around him but pressing themselves on the attention of mind and heart; and a knowledge of the affairs of nature was acquired which none can acquire so well and so extensively as the shepherd, owing to his employment and the circle in which he moves. As to human nature, the disguises which it may assume amid such scenes and circumstances are only such in general as serve to betray its secrets and real cast more and more to the observant eye; while, on the other hand, necessity itself, were it nothing else, makes it a principal portion of the shepherd's tact to mark in the heavens above and the earth below all the phenomena which indicate or accomplish *change*. What he cannot learn from the sky he can often learn from the earth and the living creatures upon it, more especially from the various habits of those under his own immediate care, that possess an instinct which, if not more wonderful, would at least often seem more unerring than human reason itself, even in its most careful calculations.

Hogg's memory, which was remarkably retentive, combined with his other mental powers of industrious research and acute observation, must have enabled him to make rapid advances on the path of intellectual improvement when once he had fairly entered upon it. Doubtless very few men who ultimately attained to eminence ever had more difficulties to contend with than he in this respect. He even wanted what may be termed the mechanical part of ordinary education. The little reading which he had acquired at school he had lost, as well as his writing, if writing it could be termed, since he had only commenced forming the large letters which beginners first attempt. Both reading and writing, consequently, had to be re-acquired, by his own application, before they could prove in any degree useful to him. Having occasion about this time, as he informs us, to write to his brother, he had to fall upon the expedient of keeping the alphabet before him, and printing it, as he had forgotten how to form the letters in their written form. In his seventeenth year, when at Willemslee, he had commenced and endeavoured to improve his reading, and if now, when at Blackhouse, under the auspices of a benevolent and ingenious master, he had the command of a goodly assortment of books, he had also, in ordinary cases, a sufficiency of leisure for perusing them. When he says that his flocks were often unruly enough, it refers only to peculiar seasons and circumstances. The store-farmers of wild and extensive farms, in the days when he wore the plaid, were wont to treat their flocks very differently from what they do now. As soon as shorn, and sometimes earlier, the younger sheep of each flock were separated from the older, and herded, or *hirsled* as it was termed, by themselves on the wilder uplands. The lambs, as soon as weaned, were likewise sent to 'the summer-hill.' In such cases, sheep are restless and unruly at first, and require both much attention and tact to prevent them from making their escape and occasioning much toil besides damaging themselves, but after a while, when the *'hirsled'* is *'hefted'*, acquainted with its pasture and with one another, the task is an easy one, allowing of abundance of time for either reading, writing, or undisturbed meditation. The shepherd indeed requires to watch over his charge and mark its movements, but this he generally does seated on some eminence or sunny hill-side at a great distance from it, where the whole range of the assigned pasture falls under his survey; and his dog—the shepherd's best and truest friend by far—can in general cases, through his directions, do to the flock all that is necessary to be done during the live-long summer's day. Likewise, in other cases, when the flocks 'are wandering wide at will,' and the weather is good, if nothing particular is required to be done among them, the 'looking o' the hill,' as a shepherd expresses it, whether at morning, noon, or night, or all of them, as it often happens, is just what a man would choose whether he wished to meditate as he wended

and interesting walk without meditation. In many seasons of the year, the shepherd's task can be equally well accomplished whether he studies as he proceeds or lets it alone. Nor is there sought in it inimical to the exercise of mind, especially of poetic thought, but the reverse; few do not know that there is a certain exhilarating majesty in motion, which renders a man's conceptions more vigorous and comprehensive, when he exercises himself where the green and broad world lies open before him, with heaven's blue sky bending over it, than when his studies are confined to a limited apartment.

When once Hogg had acquired by his industry the manual accomplishment of writing, he noted down his compositions, not among the accommodations of a study, but among 'the glens and moorlands,' with a moss-grey stone or a heath-bush for his seat, and his knees for his desk, with the plaid so drawn over his head as to screen him and his literary apparatus from the heat of the sun or the inroads of the weather. His poetic pieces he was in the habit of composing from beginning to end, however long, before putting pen to paper; his prosaic ones were written as the thoughts arose in the mind, and very rarely, if ever, either the poetry or the prose, when thus once made palpable, underwent any alterations. Nor may it be uninteresting here to state that, from the mode of procedure above mentioned, when placed in more commodious circumstances for writing, he failed for long in making as good penmanship upon the desk as he was wont to do upon the knee. Such is the power of habit even in things mechanical.

It ought here likewise to be mentioned, that although Hogg, as he himself informs us, had by the time he was fifteen years of age served about a dozen of masters, it argues nothing against his industry, expertness, and fidelity as a servant. The reason for these changes he himself also correctly assigns, for it is well known by several still living that he not only gave his employers satisfaction in discharging the duties of the offices intrusted to him, but that he was generally much respected by them for his good-nature, cheerful disposition, and inoffensive behaviour, as well as that he was more than ordinarily beloved by his fellow-servants. It is true indeed that when an individual, in despite as it were of the opposition of men and things, rises from so humble a condition of life into eminence or celebrity, all acquainted with him are not only willing to avow their acquaintanceship, but are apt to exaggerate those qualifications which he discovered in other circumstances, but which they might scantily enough, perhaps, have allowed to exist had fame never shed her halo over his name. But the testimony of many to the same effect, especially where there can be no preconceived intention to deceive, must always be regarded as sufficient evidence to establish truth. As Hogg grew in years, he found himself fitter for higher offices in his line, and aspired to obtain them; besides, youth naturally loves change, particularly when the occupation meanwhile assigned to it by fortune is disagreeable to it. Hogg hated cow-herding, and desiring, if not to attain to something better and more congenial, yet at least to something different he in his sixteenth year hired himself to the farmer of Elibank, upon Tweed, in the capacity, it is supposed, of what is termed '*little-man*,' for he speaks of having been employed about this time in working with horses, thrashing, &c. He stayed here three half-years, a term longer than usual, and found his situation more easy and agreeable than it had ever yet been. This, however, may not be saying a very great deal in its favour. He was early cast upon the lap of servitude, and it is painful even to think upon the drudgery which young lads are doomed to come through in these situations, in which they are often placed before they attain to the age when they can hire in the capacity of full-grown men. The *little-man's* situation is in general the worst and most disagreeable of all the grades of a farm-servant. It in the main implies no regular or specific employment, and as he who fills it is expected *willingly* to do all things, and at every one's call or suggestion, so does

of all. It may be possible to contemplate with complacency the occupation of a poor boy whom fate has set down on a bank, or in a willow-bush, to watch and prevent cows from trespassing upon corn-field and meadow, whatever the destiny of his riper years may be; but the labours of the *little-man* are as manifold as they are thankless, and the dusty atmosphere of a barn, kept up by the monotony of 'the thrasher's weary *fingin'-tree*,' belabouring corn and barley sheaves, is certainly an uncongenial region and employment for the man in whose heart and mind God has sown the seeds of exalted poetic genius. We know how miserable it made Burns.

Hogg, in attaining to the rank of a shepherd, reached the height of his early ambition as it related to his employment in life. It appears that at Willenslee, to which he came on leaving Elibank, and where, as a shepherd, he remained two years, he was sufficiently comfortable. But when he came to Blackhouse, to be employed in the same capacity, it was as to the home of an indulgent father or brother. The persevering kindness of Mr William Laidlaw to him nothing could ever alter; and which, says the Shepherd himself, 'it would be the utmost ingratitude in me ever to forget, for indeed it was much more like that of a father than a master.' Treated thus by his employer, and beloved by his compeers at home, as well as by his neighbouring shepherds in the district around, the ten years which he spent here were perhaps the most tranquil, lightsome, and happy of his life. He delighted in rural society, few things affording him so much pleasure as to see the young, the harmless, and the happy around him. Meetings, consisting chiefly of a number of lads and lasses, frequently took place, sometimes at one dwelling-place of the district, and sometimes another, and from which he was rarely absent. Such meetings, indeed, over all these pastoral regions, were much more common than they have of late years become. They met for the purpose of conversing, or of dancing when music could be procured, but especially to entertain one another by singing songs and long ballads—the standard amusement with these lovers of rural glee. In these days, likewise, less distinction obtained in the different grades of society, and the sons of farmers, or even of lairds, did not disdain to associate themselves with the lads who bughted the ewes and the mountain maidens who milked them; and if they mingled heartily in the mirth, so would they as frankly, when occasion required it or presented itself, partake of the fare of the humble but bien and happy cottage. These things it has been thought necessary thus to mention, because without bringing them somewhat palpably into view, it is not possible to convey a correct idea, to such readers as are unacquainted with the habits of pastoral life, of the real scenes and circumstances in which he of whom we are writing was born and bred, and of the reputation which he even now enjoyed. For the greater part, on all such occasions, he, without intending it, approved himself the prince of the ploy. He possessed in great abundance qualities which peculiarly fitted him for this. There was, for one thing, an open cast, a frank and manly kindliness, in his whole manner, even in his personal appearance itself, which induced others to be frank to him again and to love his society, so that even those of stiff temperament and sombre thought found themselves drawn out into freedom and caused to brighten up. His good nature, cheerful disposition, and, withal, his harmless and graphic humour, appeared to render others not only pleased with him, but, what was perhaps more important and desirable, with themselves. Both music and song, two most essential sources of entertainment, he could by this time supply. His wages, so soon as won and received, he had hitherto been in the habit of carrying to his parents, who in return supplied him with clothes, *such as they were* (for he does not speak of them very flatteringly), but in his fourteenth year he had been tempted to retain five shillings, with which he bought an old violin, and on which he ere long learned to perform with tolerable dexterity. His excessive fondness for Scottish music prompted him to remarkable perseverance in this; in the dark byre

or stable-lofts, where he slept, he was accustomed to extract his playing sometimes to a late hour of the night. Hogg indeed was, upon the whole, fonder of music than ever he was of poetry. The violin at this time was the chief amusement of all his leisure hours; an amusement which he continued to delight in throughout all his after years. Nor did his love of rural simplicity, and of those scenes of harmless entertainment of which we have been speaking, and in which he was so frequently the *minstrel* in every sense of the word, leave his heart to the last. The worth of those with whom he associated in his youthful years he well knew to be at least equal to that of those with whom he mingled in after life, notwithstanding that they wore badges of no higher distinction than clean jerkin, and petticoat, and crook, and plaid.

Spontaneous poetry—poetry which the heart itself prompts the individual to pour forth—is alone the poetry of nature; all other is artificial. Through learning men may contrive to write things exalted in idea and smooth and sounding in diction, but to that which springs not from the heart the heart will prove a stepmother. A poet who is one by nature, expresses his feelings and ideas because the internal machinery which is at work necessitates him to do so; in whatever style, therefore, he commences his career, or in whatever shape his effusions are poured forth—if in ballad or song—it will be found that these are fir the heart more than for the head—more for the man of feeling and sympathy than for the man of philosophical reason and abstract calculation. The subjects which Burns treated of in his poetry were in general so trivial and so common, that there would have been found no poetry in the most of his writings *unless for the feelings of his own heart* which he contrived to embody forth in them. Hogg was in many respects of a different temperament, and wrote in a somewhat different style, yet the real ground-work of the whole was essentially of the same kind. He commenced among the lonely and lofty wilds of Blackhouse, by composing songs for his rural associates and maidens at the milking-fold to sing; and because he addressed himself to them in strains which, though rude and as yet untutored, were true to nature and unsophisticated feeling, they heartily adopted and sung them. It was through these that he first of all enjoyed a local reputation as a poet. In these early attempts at composition, however, he did not confine himself to poetry, but wrote prose essays for periodical publications. It was when engaged in *smearing* sheep at Blackhouse that the publication containing the first prose article of his which had the honour of appearing in print was handed to him by his master, and he was accustomed in after years to tell his confidential friends, in his own style of sly humour, how he felt affected on the occasion. He strove to conceal his emotion from his companions of the tar-tub, 'but,' he would have added, 'they found it out for all that, to their cost; for I was proud o' the thing, and they found, at least for a' that day, for aince that they had nae chance o' keeping up wi' me.'

He left Blackhouse at the Whitsunday of 1800, to take possession of the farm of Ettrickhouse, where his parents resided. This farm was resigned to him by his elder brother William, who having married some time before, the house was found unfit for the accommodation of two families; and the two brothers entered into this arrangement for the sake of not incommoding their father and mother, now fast declining into the vale of years.

'But the poor must give place
Where the proud are parading.'

The lease of Ettrickhouse expiring at the Whitsunday of 1808, the possession of the poet was taken by a wealthier neighbour; exhibiting another instance of that unconscious selfishness which so often manifests itself in such matters, and which forms one of the most disgraceful features of the character of our countrymen.

Before and about this time Hogg had several friends and associates who, like himself, were in their own way addicted to literature, and who, if they could not afford him much direct assistance in the improvement of mind

and taste, were yet qualified so far as to excite emulation and encourage him to persevere in literary pursuits. The principal of these were his master, William Laidlaw, his own brother William, and Alexander Laidlaw, now farmer of Bowerhope, on the border of the Lake of St Mary. These three were all men of considerable talents and intelligence, though not possessed of that higher poetic imagination which was by and by put forth by the Ettrick Shepherd himself. They were men of sterling worth as well as of superior mental abilities, and they all to a certain extent distinguished themselves by the writings which they contributed to periodical publications, but especially to the Journal of the Highland Society of Scotland, which awarded them not a few prizes for superior papers written on subjects which the society itself had proposed. Few things, however, renders a name so popular and remembered so endearingly and long, among the hills and glens of the Border, as song. Over all these valleys and mountains the name of William Laidlaw is cherished with a kindly enthusiasm, even by the most humble, on account of his being the author of the single song of 'Lucy's Flittin'.

These men and the Shepherd were wont to prove the extent of their literary attainments by competing with one another in writing upon given subjects; and, while Hogg was yet a shepherd at Blackhouse, they, in conjunction with a few more, had a literary society which met at stated times in some one of the houses of its different members, in which they read essays on subjects appointed by the society, and criticised them. Hogg was on his way to this society on the night preceding the fearful snow-storm which happened on the 24th of January, 1794, and of which he gives such a graphic description in the 'Shepherd's Calendar.' That night it was appointed to meet at Entertrony, a lonely cottage situated at the very source of the Ettrick, and distant twenty miles from Blackhouse. These things would seem worthy of being recorded, though it were for nothing else than the illustrating of the noble enthusiasm of youthful mind. He had set out the day before, and remained overnight at Ettrickhouse with his parents. Next day he proceeded on his journey towards Entertrony; but that day wore an aspect which alarmed him, and after much debating in his own mind about the propriety of returning home to his flocks, he eventually gave up thoughts of going to the society and did return, amid the impressive forebodings of that storm which by and by burst forth with such fearful effect. While these hints serve to convey some idea of the more trying events or critical occurrences of pastoral life, they also show somewhat of the utility of observing with care and weighing with accuracy all the phenomena which sky and earth exhibit; nor is this lost to the susceptible heart and ingenious mind in another respect. It is here introduced, more particularly, that we may have an opportunity of alluding to the use which the poet afterwards made of the ideas which the trying circumstances of this storm suggested, for it still farther illustrates the nature of that education, formerly mentioned, which the poetic mind receives from the sublime and terrible as well as the beautiful and softly serene forthgivings of nature, when thus placed in regions far remote from busy life, where all her works have a tendency either to overawe by their magnificence or to allure and impress by their solemn beauty. Although, from other recollections and circumstances, the scene of the poem which he in 'The Queen's Wake' entitles *The Spirit of the Storm*, commencing,

'Behind yon grizzly crags which guard
The infant rill of Highland Dee,'

is laid among the Grampian mountains, the principal ideas of the whole had been stored up in his mind from the events of this storm. It was productive of many effects calculated to prove deeply trying to the heart, and accordingly received the poet's sigh, which is a song, for so he relieves himself. On the striking circumstance of the young shepherd who perished among the snow on this occasion, and whose lifeless form was being carried in from the hill at the very time when his intended marriage with

of Moffat, he wrote the touching and popular song of 'The Moon was a-waning,' and which, simple as it is, contains more real poetry than a hundred others of higher pretensions. Real occurrences, or matters of actual experience, inasmuch as they more closely involve and interest the feelings of the heart, are almost always found to constitute the most fresh and fascinating subjects of poetry, both as it relates to the poet himself and the general population of a country. The border ballads and others, which have lived through so many generations, were the histories of facts, and not the concocted fictions of inventive or fanciful minds. Some say that poetry is fiction itself or founded upon it, but this is no proper or correct definition. If what are termed fictitious circumstances be adopted, they must, if *poetry* is to be produced, either be true to nature themselves or such as allow the poet to bring nature's truth out of them; for it is truth and not fiction which renders the poet's song lasting. Hogg about this time wrote dramatic pieces on fictitious subjects, if we may judge from the titles of them, such, for example, as 'The Castle in the Wood,' as well as pastoral songs and ballads. The former are lost, whereas these ballads and songs, being chiefly founded on matters of personal experience or circumstances which taught the heart really to feel, still live; for those men who, in writing concerning the Ettrick Shepherd and his works, state that 'The Forest Minstrel,' in which these early songs appeared, is a book now nearly or altogether forgotten, greatly err from the truth. It appears that a book is pronounced forgotten which is not putting twenty or thirty per cent into the pocket every day; but the one in question, as to its popularity, is not to be so estimated. If forgotten in the shops and streets of the city, it is not so among the glens or mountains of the Forest, or yet among the mountains and glens of our native land in general. There the inhabitants, for whose amusement the songs which 'The Forest Minstrel' contains were originally written, still both read and sing them, and that too not less frequently than they do those of the Shepherd's eminent predecessors in song, whether it be Ramsay, Macneil, or Burns.

Rarely, however, does any poet, in pouring forth his strains, observe a strict adherence to the truth of circumstances, but interweaves such scenery and other affairs as may best enable him to express and convey his sentiments—the sentiments which he really feels. We have an illustration of this in the pastoral of 'Sandy Tod.' On his way to Edinburgh, Hogg had spent a night at Straiton. 'The landlord,' he says, 'had a son deranged in his mind, whom he described as having been formerly sensible and docile, but whose behaviour was now very extravagant. I was so taken with his condition,' he continues, 'that I tarried another night on my way home to contemplate his ideas and manner a little farther. Thinking that a person in such a state, with a proper cause assigned, was a fit subject for a poem, before I reached home I had all the incidents arranged and a good many verses composed of the pastoral tale of 'Sandy Tod,' which, I think, is one of the best of my early pieces.'

The pastoral of 'Willie and Katy,' published with other pieces in 1801, the country people always alleged was founded on an amour of his own, and he asserts himself that he cannot say that their surmises were altogether groundless. It was popular in rural districts, and the writer of this memoir remembers when he could repeat it from having heard it read by others, before his educational acquirements enabled him to read it for himself. It had, however, a higher honour, in being at the time copied into some periodical publications as a specimen of the work, which work was merely a poetical pamphlet, and which the author, being in Edinburgh for a few days waiting the return of the weekly market, wrote out from memory, and unadvisedly, he avers, published, chiefly from want of better employment. It does not appear that he so much as had ever seen the proof-sheets of this, his first publication, for he says—'returning to the Forest, I saw no more of my poems until I received word that there were one

Hogg, about this time (1802), through means of his ardent admirer and unfailing friend, Mr Laidlaw, had the happiness and good-fortune to be introduced to Mr Scott (afterwards Sir Walter Scott), when he and Mr Leyden (also afterwards Dr Leyden) were beating the coverts of the Forest in search of ballads for the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.' Scott, so soon as meeting with the Shepherd, was disposed to think favourably of him; and, indeed, had all to whom Hogg during his lifetime had had the honour of being introduced, possessed a tithe of the penetration and integrity of this remarkable judge of human character, the Ettrick Shepherd, much as he has been admired and appreciated, would have been still more so. The future 'Minstrel of the North' was alike struck with the simplicity of his character and originality of his mind. Nor in Hogg's absence did he forbear from expressing himself to this effect, asserting, among other things, that he had never met a man of more originality of genius. From what passed in this first interview, together with some poetical pieces which were shown to Scott, he became, and continued through life, the Shepherd's firm friend. The approbation which 'The Sheriff of the Forest' expressed of Hogg's poetical pieces probably gratified his generous friend Laidlaw, who had ever zealously supported his cause and character as a poet, equally much as it did himself. But be this as it may, it afforded a triumph of no inconsiderable importance to both. The impression was soon borne abroad among the rural inhabitants, whose first great wonder was why at all the *Shirra* had sent for Hogg from Ettrickhouse to the Ramsaycleugh, the farmstead at which the meeting took place on this occasion. This simple matter had the effect of changing, more or less gradually, the opinions of many or rather of all concerning Hogg. Both the shepherds and their masters already sung his songs, and even read his poems, not knowing well why or perhaps what they were doing. At all events, they did it with the most sceptical sentiments as it related to the extent of the genius or literary capacity of the writer who furnished them forth; and it required this sanction to assure them that they had been amusing themselves with productions which they now believed were really worth the while; many, perhaps in consequence of this reported verdict, over-rating them as much as they under-rated them formerly. The running into extremes is a natural consequence with those who, not being capable of judging accurately for themselves of a matter, are swayed by the opinion of others. Besides, a man's native place is the last of all places which seems disposed to allow him credit for what he may attempt to do beyond that which is merely common. This is still more the case if his parents and he are or have been known to be poor. The Shepherd, in allusion to himself, in the 'Queen's Wake,' says—

'Poor wight! he never weened how hard
For poverty to win regard!'

And however much this may be verified in all cases, certain it would appear, that few countries, and our own as little as any, would have it in their power to vaunt of men of genius, if their promotion and fame depended upon the places of their nativity. These only boast of them when they cannot help it, or when the rest of the world, in despite of these, has decided in favour of their superior abilities.

But although the inhabitants of the Forest were so far backward in admitting the Shepherd's talents, he, nevertheless, was far from ever being an obscure man among them. Even the brightness of his personal appearance, when he wore, as he did at this time, his light auburn hair long, bound behind with a black ribbon, together with his generous frankness of disposition, and, in short, the whole cast of his character, forbade this. He had more ways of distinguishing himself than one. Manly and agile, he was one of the most formidable competitors in the border games, which were much more common then than they are now, and more especially he found few successful rivals in the lists of leaping and running. When these games took place in Ekedalemoor, as in these days

they annually did, he failed not to play his part in them, which was generally a successful one, and in bearing off the most difficult and therefore the most praiseworthy prizes.* Storefarmers in those days delighted in shepherds who were swift of foot—who could not only take a prize on the field of athletic exercise, but who, more especially in the fork of a shedd,† could, by speed of foot, seize a sheep that had run to the wrong hand, which very few could do, but which the Ettrick Shepherd, in the prime of his years, could, flashing across the field like a meteor, and exciting sometimes not a little surprise both in the higher and lower animal creation.

(To be continued in next Number.)

NICE YOUNG MEN.

'Do you know I met Charlie Ormond the other night, at Miss Bilston's party?' inquired our cousin Mary at her sister recently, in our hearing.

'Oh, indeed!—did you? It's a long time since I heard of him.'

'He's grown such a nice young man, you'd hardly think. I was quite delighted with him.'

This was accompanied with a slightly supercilious toss of the little head directed towards our unpretending appearance, but which we entirely disregarded, as the words had set our thoughts on a voyage of inquiry and speculation. Repeatedly afterwards we pondered over the expression, and agitated a hundred suppositions relative to the physiology of the nice young man, but all these ended in unsatisfactory evaporation, and the subject—deeply interested in it though we were—was likely to remain as unexplored as the interior of Africa, had not another circumstance afforded us a clue. While the matter was thus fermenting in our brain, we happened to stroll one day shortly afterwards with said cousin Mary along Prince's Street, when a sprucely attired juvenile member of the legal fraternity scooted her, addressed a few incoherencies, and, performing a salaam, walked off.

'That's Mr Poind,' said Mary, smiling blandly, as we pursued our stroll; 'he's a very clever lad, and, I am sure, very deserving.'

'Is he a—nice young man?' inquired we timidly, on the suggestion of a sudden idea.

Our fair friend affirmed he was: since which, having obtained the clue to the labyrinth of our perplexity, we have pursued our observations unremittingly on the species, and now submit them to our readers.

The Nice Young Man vegetates in various grades of life, and in various spheres, playing sometimes one character and sometimes another, on the stage of 'Vanity Fair,' but always possessing a certain individuality by which his lady-admirers can detect him. To them he is as easily known as a bit of genuine Brussels from common lace, and proportionally, to carry the simile out, in reference to his fellows, preferred.

Somebody says that no man is born a hero: nor is any one born a nice young man, we might interpolate. Like the butterfly, he undergoes certain successive stages of transmigration before fully plumed and feathered; and, also like that insect, only remains a short time in the full

* The writer of this, however, remembers the verse of a song, which was much sung in his very early years, wherein Hogg is represented as having failed, at least for once, in gaining the laurel for leaping. The song went regularly through the whole transactions of the day, but the verse only is recollected, which tells of one Jamie Battie's triumph over the Shepherd on this occasion:

'The Ettrick poet, he cam owre,
A clifty clever chiel, man;
But Jamie Battie, frae Daebeth,
Beat him by half a heel, man.'

† *Shedding*, which is now fallen much into disuse, consisted of separating, on an open field suitable for the purpose, one kind of sheep from another. They are closely worn together, by persons appointed to do so, towards three, sometimes four, individuals, whose positions are at the top of them, and who wile out the one kind to the right hand side and the other to the left. The person occupying the middle position is kept in continual and very expert exercise, directing them aright accordingly, by running to and fro; and this is termed the *fork o' the shedd* in pastoral phrases.

enjoyment of flowers and sunshine till he passes into another phase. The easiest way for us to catch the Cynthia of the minute will be to trace his progress from the period of his chrysalis condition till he bursts the encumbering shell, and comes forth to dazzle his fellows.

We have discovered that a great amount of nice young men are found in the different lawyers' offices, some behind counters, and a few amongst clerical aspirants. Picking up the first as the readiest *material*, we may observe that he enters upon the important duties of self-sustained existence, after the usual routine of scholastic lore—consisting of a measure of mathematics, crabbed Greek nouns, and impracticable Latin verse—has been whipped into him, or he into them, as the boy who makes himself generally useful. In this comprehensive state of being, involving all sorts of work, light and heavy, from trimming of fires, running with processes, hunting up refractory clients who wont liquidate, and unfortunate ones who can't, down to smuggling into the head clerk's room a pot of 'shandy-gaff,' or mayhap concocting a soda-powder for him when out sorts of a morning, consist the official duties of the embryo nice young man. His non-official or self-imposed duties are involved in having a game at marbles on the street, with other urchins, when out on an errand—reading, beneath cover of his desk, 'Heads of the Headless,' 'Newgate Calendar,' 'Varney the Vampire,' or other of those entertaining and instructive romances issued in penny sheets—borrowing coppers with distant intention of repayment, and disowning, when reminded, all knowledge of the debt: these, with the additional practice of remaining out a couple of hours when dispatched a ten minutes' errand, and returning in a state of breathless excitement, unable to give any account of himself, added to the custom of breaking, destroying, and losing articles, and laying the whole blame on an unsatisfactory 'nobody,' constitute his main occupations during the first two years. Then, owing to the assumption of another generally-useful boy, or his own good fortune, he is promoted to the tripod stool, with which promotion a certain modification of old habits and adoption of new ones ensues. The *toga virilis* (that perplexing yet gratifying garment to the new-fledged man) succeeds the jacket, a spicy satin hat the blue cloth cap, a pair of highlows the iron-bound shoes, with a predilection for flaring red and blue pattern waistcoats. He begins to stroke his chin daily in expectation of feeling a roughness of promise, lingers hopefully over every pimple on it, longs for a razor, not having boldness enough to step into a barber's shop and demand a shave, or peradventure doubting if the crop would warrant such a step. Now he may generally be recognised by a certain jauntiness of appearance on the street, and an indefinable incipient half manhood, more monkeyhood—quite unlike anything visible in the youth of our older readers. At this age his heart is particularly susceptible of the tender passion; at least he thinks it manly to hint at such, and makes boast of the number of his admirers. Some pair of black, blue, or hazel eyes have created a sensation within him. Now he eschews the penny romance, adopts the legitimate novel, reads Byron, and,

'Foredoom'd his master's soul to cross,
Takes to penning stanzas when he should engross.'

Divers scraps of paper stowed into his desk betray the nature of his employment. These, on which a few lines (for a piece seldom comes to maturity under his hand) beginning with a fervent wish for some lonely isle far from the haunts of callous men, or containing a declaration of fervent, intense, undying love, or an appeal to sprightly Sylvia or bright-eyed Della, contain the weary product of many an invocation of the muse, who, like spirits in the vasty deep—but the simile is stale. As the passion becomes more absorbing sundry alterations in his personal appearance occur. His wardrobe becomes, to use his own phrase, 'more the mark,' he imbibes a fancy for turquois rings worn on the little finger, wears his watch-guard and an eccentric key outside his waistcoat, increases the flagrancy of the pattern of his stock and pin,

carries in his left hand a pair of lavender gloves, and in his right always a thick stick. He allows his hair to grow over his coat, takes pains daily in obtaining a geometrically correct walk down the left side of it, and in imparting to it that slobbery clammy appearance considered indispensable by nice youths, acquired either by pasting it with some nauseous liquid, or grease, recommended by the barber or on a magazine cover, or, in lieu, with cold water. Now is he a fully-fledged, complete nice young man, lacking nothing save experience. He cultivates the acquaintance of all youths who have pretty sisters, takes every available means of enlarging the sphere of his female acquaintance, and to this end goes to all parties, attends all pic-nics, exhibitions, soirees, sermons, lectures, and meetings he can afford to overtake, and soon works his way favourably into notice. He is often in love, seldom with fewer than two or three girls at once, and never disinclined to increase the number. His proceedings when in love are rather diverting (as perhaps are the proceedings of all in such a case) to any uninterested party. He indites many letters, writes many sonnets, meditates on many schemes, is often plunged into an abyss of jealousy, and restored again to the sunshine of hope, lurks in ambush in the street where his Dulcinea lives, and takes every road she is likely to frequent. Seldom at this age—from nineteen to twenty-three—has he fortitude to declare his passion, or is in a condition to wed, and the very natural result is that the young lady unexpectedly gets married to some one else, plunging him thereby into an inconsolable fit of despair, lasting for a matter of three days, but at length is extricated, on the reflection that

'The mouse who always trusts to one poor hole
Can never be a mouse of any soul,'

or, in plain English, that he would have been a fool to have thrown himself with his prospects away upon her. This resolution is quite corroborated and borne out by the fact that all other of his lady acquaintances conceive him still to be as nice a young man as ever, if not more so.

As sunshine is essential to the production and proper display of the ephemeral world, so there are certain red-letter epochs, constituted by holidays, on which this section of nice young men come properly forth. These occur rarely—too rarely, perhaps, but all the more prized on that account. Railways and steamboats afford him now the means of seeing a little of the world without much difficulty, and of that little he contrives to make the most. Averse to solitary travelling, he manages to collect, for a sail if possible, a pleasant, small, select party of male and female acquaintances. How often have we met him on board the steamer on such occasions, and how glad to encounter him! Such a relief from the tedium and conventionality of ordinary passengers! We could at least laugh at him if not with him. It is at such times his jokes, bottled up and reserved, culled from newspapers and penny periodicals for the last five months, are let loose indiscriminately, affording to himself, at least, infinite satisfaction; and, mirth being of an infectious character as well as sorrow, his hilarity soon spreads a joyousness around. He discusses everything or anything coming under the range of observation or recollection: speaks nautically to the captain; smites the stoker on the back, putting some knowing question to him about the boat; looks philosophically at the engine, as if he understood its construction; grievously insults the steward by calling for some impracticable liqueur; thinks it 'fast' to sit and puff execrable Cubas on the paddle-box, from whence he treats gratuitously the passengers in general, and his own party in particular, to snatches of Ethiopian melodies; salutes apocryphal friends in passing steamers, and halloo to captains of barges and smacks as they sound along. He generally enjoys a pleasant dinner, in company with the aforesaid acquaintances, at some coaching village, rows about an hour or two afterwards in a small boat, and sings Barry Cornwall's song of 'The Sea,' in which young ladies and all join, and then, by return steamer, the whole company, happy, in his own dialect, 'as bricks,' get home at an advanced hour of the evening.

Such is the most popular order of nice young men, and of course the most numerous; but there are other and higher grades. We have begun at the foot of the scale, let us ascend a little. Next in rank follows the intellectual nice young man, of Poseidon Hicks class. He steers altogether clear of the first and altogether physical description both in habits and appearance. Have you ever, at a small evening party, observed a pale youth with enormous crop of hair, sitting much by himself, and affecting abstraction of mind, who, when asked a single question, replies incoherently, and when drawn out into a conversation soars always in blue ether or on the mountains, up out of reach of practical common sense. That young lady in the blue tucker adores him, secretly whispers to you he is the author of 'Lachrymæ' and 'Moonlight Walks,' two magnificent poems published by Moxon, besides an immense quantity of helpless elegiacs. He is 'Alpha,' the contributor to the 'Mushroom.' She thinks, and others do, his poetry should stand on the same shelf with Robert Montgomery's, they so much resemble each other in grand sublimity and majestic description. Here comes a type of another division of the same order; who one holds his head high, wears his hair shaggy, and talks a vast deal in pompous sententious language about the birthright of freedom, old mind-benighting sophistries convulsing in death before the transcendent glow of reason, the advancement of earnest souls to perfect good, and similar matters puzzling to commonplace intellects. He, it is rumoured, is the author of those articles on 'Progress' which appear in the 'People's Friend.' He is an imitator of a class of acrimonious philosophers of the present day, who would regenerate the world, and cannot even write good-naturedly or without abuse. 'Progress' is his hobby. As it means anything generally and nothing particularly, it affords scope to write all kinds of rabid nonsense without detection. The articles admit of being read backwards and forwards with equal profit, and are either way equally luminous. He is also engaged on a small volume of poetic lucubrations, entitled 'Sighs from the Workhouse.' His portrait will accompany it. The author, he expects, will be noticed in reviews as 'a man full of earnest purpose;' these little fragrant drops from the alembic of his genius breathe devotion to the glorious cause of 'progress,' or something similar. Among young ladies of the blue-stocking order, and visionary philanthropists, he is a very nice young man.

Coming from church last Sunday, after enduring a sermon from the Rev. Mr Koof, a young licentiate, the Misses Jay broke upon us in a reverie. Neither of them is very young; the oldest has goggle eyes, and her sister a hook nose; they are always to be seen on the street; dress showily, and give small *reunions*; have tried hard in the matrimonial market since we remember, but not successfully. We are quite familiar with them, being one of the unhopeful class.

'That was a sweet discourse young Mr Koof gave us to-day.'

This was said with a sigh. Curious that some people always sigh when they talk of religion.

'It was indeed,' echoed the younger, 'a charming sermon. What do you think, Mr Titian?'

'Why, ladies, it was very entertaining, but we couldn't see the object of it.'

We passed on. Perhaps we might be mistaken, but something very like the words 'thoughtless scoffer' was wafted to our ears.

The nice young preacher had chosen his text in Isaiah, but without particular reference to the subject. He began with the tombs of the prophets, the ruins of great cities, and other memorials of the past; then conducted his hearers to Jerusalem, of which he took a bird's-eye view, and got eloquent in denouncing the Pharisees; wandered to the Mount of Olives, where he got lachrymose; then strolled along the brook Cedron, expounding magnificently on its scenery; and, finally, landed his hearers at the Dead Sea in a burst of eloquence. He had given them the greatest amount of words, the scantiest measure of information, plenty of bombast, roar, and rattle, a slight tinge of evan-

gelical truth, and flourished his handkerchief with great effect. The sermon created a sensation we assure you. This class affect a dislike at Scripture phraseology. You will always hear them mincing and polishing our translation; it is not delicate enough sometimes in its use of expressions, and their minds are so refined that a thing called by its proper name is offensive, coarse, and immodest in their ears. But this is the highest order of nice young men; no one stands any chance of comparison with him; to every class, grade, and description of young ladies he is *par excellence* a nice young man.

We had prepared a long peroration on the use of the nice young man in society, his duties, and their discharge as a social being, but we content ourselves with drawing his portrait. He is before you, ladies—the creature of your adoption—morally, intellectually, and physically—what do you think of him?

Unlike the 'ladies' man,' the nice young man is a marriageable being, with few exceptions. He seldom wears the willow; he does not covet it; he is too social in his tastes to do so. Marriage is a panacea for many ills; the only philosopher's stone yet discovered. It extinguishes the Nice Young Man.

WAR, WHICH MOTHERS HATE.

(For the Instructor.)

'Bellaque matribus detestata.'—Hæc.

Wake the war-pipe's boding voice,
Wave on high the blood-stain'd banner,
Shout the loudest battle-cries,
Win the reddest field of honour:
Yet, ye warrior chiefs of fame,
All the pride from war ye borrow,
Only deeper dyes the shame,
That ye make earth's mothers sorrow.

Sweep o'er summer's flowery lea,
Trample down the fields of tillage,
Make the screaming dwellers flee
From the sack'd and smoking village;
Gain the homage of a host
Proud as that which follow'd Pharaoh.
Still, to gain your highest boast,
Ye must make earth's mothers sorrow.

Nursed upon a mother's breast,
Soothed to slumber with her blessing,
Guarded by her in your rest,
Waken'd by her fond caroling—
Can ye think each triumph won
On the field of battle's glory,
Robs such mother of a son
To enshrine your name in story?

The mingled sound of trump and drum
Oft decoys the honest toiler
From his kindred and his home,
And transforms him to a spoiler.
From his ears the dulcet spell
Drives the sounds the heart might harrow,
Till, with savage whoop and yell,
Loud he laughs while mothers sorrow.

War! that strung the warrior's bow
When man sunk in sin benighted—
War! that fires his passions now,
E'en though Shiloh's sun is lighted—
Sleep a dark oblivious sleep,
Know on earth no other morrow;
Cease to make our sisters weep—
Cease to make our mothers sorrow!

J. B. SMY.

RECENT EXPLORATIONS IN CENTRAL AND NORTHERN AUSTRALIA.

NEW HOLLAND, although an island situated in a remote portion of the Eastern Hemisphere, has lately been admitted by geographers into the number of the earth's great divisions. The initiatory and apparently intrans-

tive geographical truth of the earth having four quarters has almost grown obsolete, for in consequence of its magnitude Australia is now universally viewed as a continent, and the fifth primary division of the globe. This vast region, the eastern part of which (New South Wales) was explored by Captain Cook in 1770, is now entirely claimed by the British government—this mighty land, which is almost equal to Europe in extent, and whose internal resources and vegetative capabilities are not exceeded by those of any equal portion of the world, is indisputably destined to become a great empire or confederacy of states, inspired by British energy, influenced by the genius of British enterprise and industry, and speaking the British tongue. England, during the reign of the Emperor Severus, was the penal colony of Rome. Incurable Vandals and civic malefactors were sent to drain the swamps of Albion, and thousands died of agues and fevers in that land of malaria and miasma. The Campagna del Roma, which then was a glowing garden, a verdant and beautifully cultivated region of health and fragrance, is now a swamp, while the hedgerows and orchards of England are blossoming in a healthful and genial climate. Australia, which has long been the penal colony of Britain, is rising above that position. The vice and crime of the mother-country are anything but agreeable imports to the virtuous colonists now, and with a laudable feeling of patriotism they are becoming impatient of the stigma of the transportation system, and are speaking emphatically against the immigration to their shores of the very refuse of our criminals. Such is the growing importance of the colony, the numerical increase of the free population, and the actual decrease of crime, that our Australian possessions are becoming influential as an integral portion of the British empire, and the united voice of the colonists has asserted their right to be treated in a manner somewhat different from the dictatorial and imperative policy which generally actuates mother-countries in the government of infant settlements.

So extensive a territory as New Holland, it might have been supposed, would have long since invited the inspection of the scientific and explorative; but circumstances seem to have prevented the opening up of its interior until recently, and even the recent and important additions to our geographical acquaintance with this vast island, which are the result of late and accurate surveys, seem not to be very extensively known in this country. Men's eyes have been turned so long to the west, as the point to which all the elements of a mighty people are tending—as the direction which Providence seems to point out as the way to the greatest nations of futurity—that they have scarcely glanced at the capabilities and destiny of this great eastern land. With the Anglo-Saxon race planted on its soil, and possessing, as it does, all the constitutional essentials of a great commercial and agricultural nation, Australia is destined, however, to occupy a position among civilised nations commensurate with its geological and geographical importance.

The original British settlements are all situated in the south-eastern angle of New Holland. Botany Bay, Port Jackson, and Sydney, are the points from which the settlers have diverged towards the interior, keeping to the south and west; and even the more recently founded settlements on the coast have also been planted in the southern portion of the great island. The tropic of Capricorn divides it into two almost equal superficies, and all the most important parts of New Holland, with regard to population, lie to the south of the tropic and to the east of the 133d meridian. The northern region, which is situated between the tenth parallel south from the equator and the southern limit of the torrid zone, has lain in comparative incognito until the year 1846, when it was reserved for Mr Leichhardt and Sir Thomas Mitchell, surveyor-general to the colony, to open up a passage from Sydney to the Gulf of Carpentaria, and to throw light on that hitherto dark region between the gulf and the settlements in the south. The energy and untiring zeal

of both the leaders and more humble but equally essential parties in these expeditions rendered the observations on the geology and position of the territory easy and correct. The humblest attendant evinced as much care of the scientific instruments as the surveyors, and their attention preserved them from damage through all the toils and vicissitudes of their adventurous expeditions. Northern Australia has been discovered to possess a superior fertility to the south. Its large and numerous rivers flow from the more elevated and pastoral districts, through plains of Arcadian beauty and fruitfulness. A scarcity of water has been one of the most serious drawbacks upon the southern settlers; in the north there is abundance of this liquid element of vitality, and nature points out the land its waters as the granary to the future manufacturing population of the more richly mineral south.

Sir Thomas Mitchell fixes the point of junction of two important Australian rivers, the Darling or Barwan, and the Macquarrie, in longitude 147 deg. 33 min. east, latitude 30 deg. 6 min. 11 sec. south. Crossing the Barwan—the aboriginal and more euphonic name of the Darling—at a ford a few miles above this point, on the 12th February 1846, the surveyor-general began to note the expanding beauties of country. Twenty-six miles from the Barwan he reached the Narran Swamp, into the sluggish bosom of which a river of the same name empties itself. Sir Thomas traced the river Narran northward from the swamp to longitude 148 deg. 25 min. east, latitude 28 deg. 35 min. 38 sec. south, and found that it was full of water, and always increased in size and importance until its junction with the river Balonne at this point; along its banks the grass was of the very best description, *Penicum laxinode* and *Anthistirium Australis* (the barley-grass and kangaroo-grass of the colonists), and it grew luxuriantly on plains or in open forests, in every way adapted to the feeding of cattle. The surveyor passed along the banks of the minor Balonne and found them fertile and thickly peopled with natives who were very friendly. Leaving the inferior stream and crossing the river Culgoa in longitude 148 deg. 21 min. 25 sec. east, latitude 28 deg. 31 min. 19 sec. south, the explorer travelled from this point to the upper Balonne, with the intention of tracing it northward. This great river is here at its maximum, and lower down branches out into a fine network of streams, which flow through a beautiful and, through their agency, fertile country. Sir Thomas Mitchell characterises the Narran as a 'wonderful provision of nature for the retention and supply of water in a dry parched country, and the division of the main river Balonne into branches as no less so, irrigating, as it does, from one principal channel, extensive regions of earth beyond the Darling, and sending its surplus or overflow, not into the sea as is generally the case, but into the deep channel of the Narran, by which it is conducted to the swamp, an extensive reservoir, where on rock or stiff clay, and under evergreen polygonum, it furnishes an inexhaustible supply for the support of animal life.' The country on the banks of the Balonne to the north is covered with good grass, and only a very small proportion of scrub seemed to indicate a disparity in the productive powers of portions of the territory. From a tree on the Balonne, in longitude 149 deg. east, latitude 27 deg. 20 min., open downs were discovered to the eastward extending to the horizon, and seemingly watered by a large river; and from Mount Abundance, in longitude 148 deg. 40 min. east, latitude 26 deg. 39 min. 30 sec. south, Sir Thomas perceived that the fine open country in which he then was extended to the eastward as far as the eye or telescope could reach, and that it was watered by a river from the northward distinctly indicated by the smoke of the fires of the aborigines. This river, according to the natives, was still the Balonne, and from Mount Bindango Sir Thomas was able to intersect the summits of an isolated range of hills, in the centre of what he terms this 'splendid region,' placing it in longitude about 149 deg. 2 min. east, and in latitude 26 deg. 23 min. 32 sec. south. The hills he denominated the Grafton Range, and the

extensive country the Fitzroy Downs, in token of respect to the governor of New South Wales. Towards the north-west, in which direction the expedition always tended, the country was still found to be diversified in its aspect, well watered, and apparently productive. Forest was also abundant, and even in sandstone portions of the country luxuriant grass was observable on the summits of the cliffs—a rather unusual phenomenon in sandstone regions. Several volcanic ridges and cones were discovered, serving as landmarks, and indicating an undulatory country; and a very broken sandstone region, extending north-east, rendered it difficult for the hitherto facile transit of ox-teams.

About longitude 147 deg. 37 min. east, and nearly under the 25th parallel of south latitude, Sir Thomas Mitchell found a range whose summits were trap rock; beyond these were deep sandstone gullies, and in following down one of them he reached an extensive grassy valley which terminated on a reedy lake in a more open country. This lake was supplied by springs arising in a swamp at the gorge of the valley, which supported a flowing stream of the purest water. This stream dissipated itself in the wide reed-clumped lake, and seemed to be absorbed by it or else to escape by some subterranean outlet, for the channel of the river, which appeared to have been the original course of the lake's efflux, was dry. The adjacent country is adorned by hills of the most romantic form, presenting the most beautiful and diversified outlines, while natural pyramids and isolated rocks, resembling ruined castles, temples, and Gothic cathedrals, add a richly picturesque character to the scenery. The chief river in this romantic region was named the Salvator, in memory of Salvator Rosa, the painter who loved to delineate nature in her grandeur and gloom. In following this river, it was found to flow to the eastward, leading, of course, to the coast—a discovery which determined the surveyor to return and seek to pass more to the westward. For two days the party passed through dense bungalow scrubs, when, turning more towards the north, they entered what seemed to Sir Thomas 'the finest region on earth': plains of rich black mould, on which grew in profusion the *penicum laxinode* grass, stretched before him, while the country was finely interspersed with lines of wood growing in the hollows and marking the beds of streams; the ascending smoke at various points showed that the natives were numerous in this fine country, and a nearer investigation led to the discovery of a well supplied river flowing placidly through this pastoral plain. The river was named the Claude, in honour of Claude Lorraine, who delighted to illustrate nature in her brightest and simplest aspects, and the plains received the name of the Mantuan Downs. To the west of these downs and plains the country was quite impervious to the travellers, being broken up with sandstone gullies and rocky ravines, but to the northwest and north the prospect presented an open appearance. The observations of Sir Thomas Mitchell were for a time delayed after he had arrived at latitude 21 deg. 30 min. south, when he discovered that a river which he supposed to be the Carpentaria, was one which Mr Leichhardt had called the Cape, a river from the west. The point from whence a resumption of the surveyor's labours of discovery began was in longitude 146 deg. 42 min. 25 sec. east, latitude 24 deg. 50 min. 35 sec. south, extending to the N.N.W. far as the telescope could reach; from an elevated point of view on one of a range of hills, downs and plains were seen with a line of river in the midst of them. Following the stream from a valley where he had bivouacked for a night, Sir Thomas soon reached the open country, and during ten days pursued the course of the river through a territory diversified with lagoons of water, green flats, and bungalow scrubs.

In this journey, which was performed on horseback, and daily extended as far as the horse could carry him, Sir Thomas again approached the tropic of Capricorn. In some parts the river formed splendid reaches, as broad and important as the river Murray; in others it spread

out into four or five channels, some of them several miles apart. This region is better watered than any part of Australia which the surveyor-general has seen—numerous tributaries to the river, rising in the downs and flowing through the flat lands, whose soil consists of rich clay. The more southern Australian rivers, like the ancient Roman aqueducts, are the only channels from which water is obtained, and, like the great arterial canals of the human body, the vitality of the regions through which they flow is dependent upon them. In this northern country Sir Thomas found that he could travel in any direction with the certainty of finding water in the hollows, and that he was not necessitated to keep by the river unless to ascertain its general course and appearance. The grass consisted of *penicum* and several new sorts, one of which sprung green from the old stem. The plains were of the most luxuriant verdure; the pasturage surpassing in quality as well as extent any portion of known Australia. The myall tree and salt bush (*acacia pandula* and *salsola*) are also there. New birds and new plants marked out this as an essentially different region from any that Sir Thomas Mitchell had hitherto visited; and although he could not follow out the course of the river in the advanced season, he became convinced that its estuary was in the Gulf of Carpentaria; at all events, the country is open and well watered for a direct route thereto. This river, increased by numerous successive tributaries, is the most important in New Holland, and the vast plains and sloping lands through which it flows seem sufficient to feed cattle and sheep for the consumpt of the world. The natives are neither numerous nor fierce, and no material obstruction can prevent the peaceable and secure occupation of this splendid country. Crossing the river at the lowest point, the veteran explorer reached a great southern bend, in longitude 144 deg. 34 min. east, latitude 24 deg. 14 min. south, and from rising ground beyond the left bank he traced its downward course far to the northward. He saw no callitris, or pine, of the colonists in all this country; but to the southward, about longitude 145 deg. east, latitude 24 deg. 30 min. south, a range of hills, showing sandstone cliffs, appeared. The country to the northward of this great river, which was named the Victoria, is, however, the best; yet, to within ninety miles of the east and south plenty of water and excellent grass were found. The discovery of this river and the region which it waters, is the most important result of the recent expeditions to Central Australia. Several important rivers have been discovered and their courses ascertained, such as the Salvator, the Claude, the Belyando, and the Nive, but the Victoria and the plains around it stand pre-eminent for extent and general fertility.

We have endeavoured to give our readers a general outline of the character of the country explored by the active agents of the government, and to indicate the track pursued by them, by noting the observations which were, from time to time, taken on their route. The Gulf of Carpentaria to the north stretches into the land from about the eleventh to the seventeenth parallel; it is a splendid and most extensive harbour, into which the embouchures of many rivers empty their waters; from this northern gulf Sir Thomas Mitchell has ascertained that overland communication with Sydney is not only practicable, but a matter of comparative ease; that cattle can travel from almost one extremity of New Holland to another without fear of perishing from thirst or hunger; and that a more fertile region than any hitherto settled lies waiting for the flocks and herds of the shepherd and the ploughshare of the husbandman. Prospectively, New Holland is the most important of the British colonies; it will be peopled by emigrants entirely of British origin, who will carry with them the spirit of Britain's sentiments and laws, and whose sympathies will all tend to the mother-country. The islands of Australasia to the north of this great country will inevitably be affected by their proximity to a people whose restless ambition is proverbial—who have already, while yet in their infancy, given a band of pioneers and precursors to New Zealand; and

who claim colonisation and commerce to be the two chief attributes of the Anglo-Saxon race. The metallic resources of this vast island are very great; and extensive fields of coal were indicated in many parts of the route pursued by the explorers from Sydney to the north. The locomotive will undoubtedly scream through the Australian valleys at no distant period, linking her concentrating population in a friendly chain of interest and reciprocal benefit. Being the great centre of the Polyneesian groups, it will become the entrepôt of British commerce, and the heart whence will radiate the principles of union and good-will. When we behold what our forefathers and our kindred race have done in a comparatively few years in extending their occupation of the earth's surface, and when we estimate what they are doing and are likely to do, we cannot fix a limit to the extension of Anglo-Saxon supremacy. New Holland, peopled by a nation filled with the energy of commercial enterprise, must undoubtedly exercise a vast influence over its neighbouring islands; and that it may be influenced by the spirit of justice and kindness in its relations with them, is something that the present tendencies of the commercial mind leads us to calculate upon as almost certain. ‡

The British tongue and spirit—ay, and the strength and activity of her hardy muscular frames—are planted in every quarter of the world's surface. America, from north to south, is motive with Anglo-Saxonism, which is every day destroying, in its appetitive voracity, the less energetic races. On the north-western shores of Africa, and on the south as well as the east of that continent, the English are rapidly sending their ramifications into the interior. In Asia, British aggression and influence are too recent and marked to require notice; and New Holland is now rising into marked prominence and importance. A chain of great and influential depots of sturdy Saxon stock and spirit are thus planted around the habitable globe—in some instances, we are sorry to say, grasping territory by force and fraud; in the majority of cases, however, infusing, as if by mesmeric influence, a healthier and more energetic impulse into the hearts of the people with whom they come in contact. Civilisation and its attendant arts have moved round the world like the sun from east to west. Remote tradition points to Central Asia as the fountain-head of science and art; authentic history more clearly indicates their arrival at the western shores of that continent, and in their decadence with Phœnicia we behold their elevation in more western nations. Greece, Rome, the German empire, Spain, Britain, and now rising America, are the landmarks of their course. The greatest nations of the world have successively reached a high state of civilisation, and have gradually sunk before a stern and remorseless principle of mutation and decay; like the parent hive, however, they have sent their superabundant population to seek a home in some clime whose wild and uncultured character has called forth with redoubled energy the spirit which was dying at home. The cycle of civilisation seems to be accomplished in Australia; when she is in her glory and greatness, as she certainly yet shall be, civilisation shall have once circumnavigated the world; and who knows but Providence may have destined her to be the centre from whence the light shall come again to re-illumine our darkened western wilds?

The capabilities of Central Australia we cannot yet rightly estimate; but the British nation and government are becoming impressed with a portion of the colonists' earnest assurance, that the observations of 1846 have marked her out as a great country, independently capable of sustaining a numerous and industrious people.

LUCY MORISON.

'Lucy, my dear,' said old Mrs Morison to the sedate and beautiful girl who piled her needle busily beside her, 'I am becoming old.'

'Yes, dear mother, you are,' said Lucy, looking kindly and curiously up.

'You are a grown woman now, Lucy.'

'That's true enough too, mother; what very obvious conclusions you come to to-night.'

'As I am getting old, Lucy, and full of infirmities, and so may not be long spared to be with you,' said Mrs Morison, unheeding the railleury, 'and as you are no longer a child, but full of understanding as you are replete with goodness, I must no longer withhold from you a secret deeply concerning you, which has hitherto been shut up in this lone old bosom.'

'Dearest mother,' cried Lucy, laying aside her work, and tenderly embracing her companion, 'what can you mean?'

'Sit down, my dear child, and you shall presently learn. One winter's night a poor woman came a-begging to our door—to my poor husband's door and mine—when we lived in that sweet little cottage, five hundred miles from this place, and asked us, as was usual with mendicants in that thinly peopled country, for a night's lodging in an outhouse. We had been much annoyed with the visits of vagrants, who often contrived to relieve us of something beside their own presence when they left us; sometimes they stole poultry from our yard, and sometimes they decamped with clothes from our little bleaching-green. Now, on account of such depredations, my husband had determined to turn a deaf ear to future petitioners for lodging, when, on a cold November night, the poor woman arrived. So that, in accordance with his resolution, he was no sooner informed that a beggar was at the gate than he began to screw up his hardness of heart, as it were, to the highest pitch of intensity—for hardness of heart was far from natural to him—to give the poor creature a denial of the hospitality she craved for. But the piteous expression of the woman's countenance, her worn-out air, her exhausted energies and emaciated body, overcame him. There was the child too, hanging about her asleep, poor innocent, and unconscious of her distress. It would have melted a hard heart, Lucy.'

'It would indeed, dear mother; go on.'

'Well, my poor husband, though he began with that rough affected tone, ended, you can well believe, with the softest accents; and instead of granting her permission to make a couch of the straw in the corner of the cow-house, which was generally called the 'beggar's bed,' he set her down at our supper-board, caused me to make for her some hot elder wine, and to supply both her and her baby, which might be above a year old, with food suitable to their cases, and lodged them in the house.'

'Oh! my good, my dear father!' exclaimed Lucy.

'Well, my child, when I went in the morning to look after our guests, it appeared to me, as I entered their chamber, that the mother's wearied senses were still locked in sleep. The little child played about in the sunlight on the bed, and prattled to its mother, who seemed not to hear it. It sat down on her bosom, and lisped out 'Mammy, wake, dea' mammy,' while it pushed up her eyelids with its little thumbs. I approached the bedside, and—the poor woman was dead!—The child, Lucy, was yourself!—My husband, as you know,' continued Mrs Morison, by and by, 'died when you were five years old. Before his death we had both grown as much attached to you as if you had been our own child—our own only child—for Providence never sent us any other but yourself. The people of the neighbourhood knew your history of course, yet they called you our child, and regarded you as such. Lucy Morison was the only name you ever knew, or were ever known by; for we never discovered who your mother was. All that we could find out concerning her, poor desolate creature, was that she came out of the 'west country.' She could have told us, no doubt, much that was mournful of a history that was probably a chequered one, had she not been so suddenly called away from all her worldly miseries. I liked not the place at all when my husband was taken from me. Though we had thriven, and though I was left with comfortable and increasing means, I stayed not to reap the fruit of our anxieties and labours. Every scene that I

had looked upon with him but fed my melancholy without him. So I took a woman's resolve, gathered up our little earnings, and returned to my native place. I say a woman's resolve, Lucy, for a woman often makes sacrifices to the indulgence of a cherished sentiment that a man would not make. You know how much I regret now that I did not stay—more for your sake, my dearest, than for my own. Now, I think that to dwell where I lived with him would be a solace in my old days. His grave there too, and to lie in that—I wonder at myself. You, my child, would then in all likelihood have been rich; now, how poor you are you well know, since we have both to work for our bread with our hands. Ah! I must not blame myself too much; for had we not lost the little fortune I brought here, by intrusting it to the hands of one we had reason to think so safe, my mind might not have been filled with these vain regrets. But, my sweet child, to leave you alone and penniless!

'I will not allow it,' said Lucy, throwing her arms round Mrs Morison's neck; 'I will not allow you to cry. We shall work a long time together yet, my mother, and if I am left behind you, you will bequeath to me what you say my father used to call his motto, 'Honesty, and a good purpose.'

Mrs Morison had brought Lucy home to her native village as her daughter. So Lucy was the first within a radius of five hundred miles to be undeceived on the subject of her birth. The strange conflict of feelings, created by her mother's communications in the bosom of the poor girl, may be imagined; but what was the perplexity which ever arose above others in her mind? It was how this new knowledge would affect the tender relationship in which she felt herself placed towards Ambrose Logan, though no vows had passed between them.

Ambrose was the son of a man of ability in his calling, which was that of a builder, and, with fair natural parts, a tolerable education, and the opportunities afforded him in his father's business, he had already developed a considerable talent for a theoretical as well as a practical knowledge of mechanics. Urged by a generous love of that department of science, he burned for a wider sphere of practical observation, for ampler scope for his talents than could be presented to him in his employment under his father. A tender tie, however, restrained him when ambition would wing him away from his native village. A centripetal force compensated his centrifugal. The reader has guessed it. But he at length determined, with manful earnestness, to compass both his ends; to go in search of employment, knowledge, and reputation, and to return, happy in success, to claim his bride.

'And so you will not promise, Lucy?'

'No, Ambrose; I wish you success and much happiness; oh, how much! and shall always think of you as a dear friend, in whom I have the greatest—the very greatest—interest; but do not think of loving me. Go into the world and forget me. Pursue your noble objects, and may every good attend you!'

'Do not mock me, Lucy; you tell me to go, and yet withhold from me the only condition on which I can depart. You wish me happiness, and refuse me the chief, the sole means of being happy. Do promise me.'

'Ambrose,' said Lucy, seriously; 'I may not promise.'

'You love another, then!' replied he, with a frantic gesture.

'No,' said the mild maiden, kindly and sincerely, 'I do not, Ambrose; yet I may not promise you—must ask you to forget me.'

'What riddle is this, Lucy?'

'I have a reason, which I wish to retain to myself, Ambrose; but not at all such a one as your suspicion pointed at just now. Let us be ever friends, and may God speed you as much as Lucy would desire.' She saw that her quietly firm manner wounded the youth who loved her, and whom she loved, and rallying herself from the serious into the half-sportive mood, she could not help adding, 'Silly man, does it not see that the bargain is all on one side? She sends him, unshackled, into the

world, to keep or to fling away his love, an advantage it would never do for damsels to yield to swains in a general way, while she remains here the same Lucy Morison to him; for if she love not him, she promises to love no other.'

'May I write?'

'Might not that be construed into a distinct understanding?'

'Farewell, Lucy; I shall return.'

Such was the parting colloquy of the young pair. Lucy loved; but a maiden's coyness, and the difficulty of her position, which she exaggerated to herself, confused her, and imparted to her part of the dialogue a degree of inconsistency and unintelligibility. Many a time did she recall every word that had been uttered on this parting occasion, and every time but to distress herself over this word and that expression. Did she really wish Ambrose to forget her?

Ah, poor Lucy! her mother died, and then she was left alone in their cottage. Her wants were primitive, however, and the work of her hands enabled her to pay her rent and to support herself, though that was the utmost she could do by constant confinement and diligent work from morning till night. She sat ever by that little cottage window, behind the shade of her pet flowers, at her seam, now thinking of her mother who was dead, and then of Ambrose who was far away and perhaps had forgotten her. Her relations were a brother and a sister of her mother's. The sister was the companion and the housekeeper of the former, he never having been married. The brother followed Mrs Morison to the grave about a year after he had laid her head in it. He had been of parsimonious habits, and had saved money. To Lucy, on whom he had never bestowed the slightest present during his life, he left five hundred pounds at his death. The residue of his property he left to the sister who had lived with him. Nevertheless, this worthy woman was far from being satisfied, though her means were far more than commensurate with her necessities. She had imbibed the miserly spirit of her brother, and sorely did she grudge the rendering up the niece's small portion, though it was needed so very much. Poor Lucy, on her side, was thrown into great perplexity by the words of the will—'His sister's child—five hundred pounds to his late sister Sarah's child.' After a sleepless night, the distressed young woman, having taken counsel with herself, appeared in her aunt's house.

'You have come for your money, I suppose,' said the aunt. 'It is not due for a year.'

'No, aunt,' said Lucy; 'I am come to say that I do not think I can conscientiously take it when it is due.'

Lucy then disclosed the secret of her birth. Her aunt applauded her scruples; called her an honest girl; affected to offer her the money 'all the same;' but was thankful in her heart that the girl took her not at her word. Poor miserable old woman, her love for lucre did not equal her brother's after all, but then she had less sympathy for her kind.

To work Lucy went again, to sad thoughts of her mother and to anxious ones concerning Ambrose. She wondered if he would after all forget her. She tried to wish he might, but she could not. Her cottage continued to present the same neat appearance to the passer's eye. Her window flowers bloomed as beautifully as ever. She rose early with the summer sun, and sat late by the winter lamp, and sewed these weary rows of embroidery. What a number of stitches, what a dreary number for a few pence!

Ambrose Logan had found employment in the yards of an eminent engineer. When he had been away two years, he was selected as one of a number of young men, of engineering capabilities, who were to accompany the conductors of an explorative expedition to the Euphrates, with a view to an examination of its fitness for steam-navigation. And as he slaked his midday thirst under the rays of a scorching sun, he thought of the cool and grateful breezes of his home-land; the glare of the arid

waste recalled the green beauty of his own temperate climate. But when he thought of cool winds, and landscapes refreshing to the eye, he perhaps enhanced their pleasures and beauties through means of something, or rather some one, associated with their remembrances in his heart. As he sat on the ruins of Babylon, and tried to conjure up its motley crowds, and the hum of its ancient populousness, his mind wandered back to a sequestered northern village, and a girl sewing quietly at a cottage window was daguerreotypied in his mind's eye. He had heard of her constancy through the letters of his friends and acquaintance. And Lucy, she was never long in ascertaining the nature of his communications from the East, somehow or other, though they were no business of hers. But the whole village was cognizant of his travels, and used to wonder, in its simple mind, that young Ambrose Logan should see cities and places with his mortal eyes which it had but read of as existing before the commencement of the Christian era, and which were placed so far off on the world's surface. At length the post failed to bring further communications. His friends became anxious. Newspapers were sought after and scrutinized. The members of the Euphrates expedition were reported to be fast perishing under a disastrous fever. The anxiety of the village grew. A list of sufferers was published, and Ambrose Logan's name was on the list. Courageous hope sank into a sick certainty, and poor Ambrose was lamented in proportion as his character had been esteemed.

And poor Lucy! Ah, now she worked and wept! She still worked. But illness grew upon her. 'She has taken cold,' said one. 'The smell of flowers is unwholesome,' said another. The doctor said something of malaria. The secret spring to unlock the cabinet of her distresses was unknown. Alone and friendless, fatherless, motherless, loverless, hers was a fever of the spirit. Her disorder reached delirium, and her real griefs were forgotten in the fantastic horrors in which she was engulfed. But cheer up, kind and compassionate reader. The forces of her constitution began to triumph at last. After her stormy voyage in perilous seas, it was seen, as the poor girl sat up and placed her head in her emaciated but cooled hand, that a haven had been reached. She increased again in beauty and in strength, till she could even take a tranquil retrospect of her trials; and was at length able to resume her work, and to think how busy she must be to make up for the time lost during her illness. Lost in reverie, one autumn evening, Lucy sat by her window as before. A thread remained half pulled through, and a tear half filled the eye of the desolate girl, when she saw a figure arise as it were out of her musings, as one view develops itself boldly from out the fragmentary confusion of another dissolving away by the simple trick of the exhibitor.

'Methinks I see him!' was her thought. 'But oh, how real! In my fevered dreams I never conjured him up so truly before. It speaks! I hear! He lives!'

Logan advanced in person; he entered, and caught the swooning girl in his arms. He kissed her brow and she revived. 'Lucy,' said he, 'I come again.'

She pressed the hand which held hers, and looked in his face with wonder and thankfulness.

And when he could speak and she could hear, he recited the story of his adventures. He had indeed been seized with the fever of which the most of his comrades had died; but he did not know, till his arrival in his own country, that he had been among the number reported dead. He did not, however, wonder much at the report, as he had not been expected to live for many days, and had been understood to be dead by a part of the explorers who were stationed at a distance from his own detachment. As his convalescence advanced, the objects of the expedition were, though not very satisfactorily by any means, fulfilled, and he recovered in time to return with the remnant of his companions to Britain. When he left the country his salary had been fixed at a handsome sum. It was generously increased by the conductors of the under-

that Ambrose had saved money. He had now too the means of constant employment, and that of a superior kind. What wonder then if it was with the assurance of a self-supporting citizen, and the affectedly jaunty and off-hand manner of a traveller, that he now asked Lucy to consent to be his wife.

'The old difficulty still obtains, Ambrose,' said she, looking kindly, even affectionately, in his face.

'And what is it, Lucy?'

'Her I called my mother,' replied she, frankly and promptly, out of the generous fullness of her heart, but painfully, and with eyes looking bashfully down, as if she had been guilty of deception, 'who was my dear mother, was not my real mother. I was a poor beggar-woman's child, who died and left me without a single clue to her history.'

'And this is your insurmountable difficulty, you silly girl?' said Ambrose, clasping her in his arms. 'Poor child,' continued he, playfully patting her cheek, 'it vexed its little heart, did it, without any reason; is it still going to be stupid?'

Lucy looked up with a grateful smile, which Ambrose considered a satisfactory answer to his petty badinage, but which brings our little story very near its conclusion. Near, but not quite to the conclusion; for the reader is anxious to know something of the sequel. Let him take a peep then at Mr and Mrs Logan, tête-à-tête, a few years after their marriage, and on a Saturday evening, when the former ruminated at home after the toils of a week's business.

'I wish you had kept that five hundred pounds, Lucy,' said Logan.

'But, Ambrose, would it have been quite right?'

'It was wrong in the old hag to take it from you. And if she deprived you of what her brother left you, I suppose we can expect nothing from herself. She has relations?'

'Very distant ones, I believe, whom she has never seen.'

'I suppose she took good care to keep your secret to her own old wizened bosom.'

'I believe she did.'

'She feared the verdict of the public. I wonder if her own conscience ever troubled her.'

'Why, what has set your mind running on money now, my dear Ambrose?'

'If I had but a thousand pounds or two, Lucy, I feel myself in a condition to make a small beginning on my own account, which might lead to a large ending. Is it not a pardonable weakness to wish to see one's wife a fine lady?'

'Oh, there is a letter for you. It arrived to-day. An official-looking seal upon it too. Perhaps it may be an answer to some of your wishes.'

Lucy reached him the letter, but as to thinking it a reply to his wishes, or her own, she entertained no such idea. She had uttered the words in jest. The communication, however, was from an old school-fellow of Logan's, now the sole legal practitioner in their native town. The letter stated that Mrs Rebecca Robson (Lucy's aunt so called) had died, and that, after leaving one hundred pounds to be spent, according to her own particular directions, in the paraphernalia of her interment, and four hundred pounds to the poor of the parish (first donation), she had bequeathed the remainder of her fortune, amounting to about three thousand and five hundred pounds, to Lucy wife of Ambrose Logan. The epistle concluded with a congratulatory paragraph from Logan's old school-companion.

'I must recant,' said Ambrose; 'I am *not* sorry now, that you refused that five hundred pounds. It has produced good interest. Come, I suppose I must not consider her a bad old woman after all.'

'She was my dear mother's sister.'

'Well, Lucy, I am sorry for speaking unkindly of her, if it were but on that account.'

'You then in yourself deem Ambrose that much cross-

tures we are—what partial judges. You are inclined to her now, because she has benefited you. But you were too much biased against her before; you condemned her totally on account of one dominant weakness.

'Corollary—be tolerant to one another. Well, Lucy, we shall go to her funeral to show her memory respect, as we had not opportunities of bestowing affection upon her during her life; and you, yourself—I do not think that your grief will be so very redundant as to prevent you having pleasure in exhibiting these children, that you are so proud of, to your old friends. We must profit by the experience of Gil Blas, and endeavour to make the old woman's obsequies as simple as may be on a hundred pounds, so that the same ridicule may not be heaped upon her memory that was cast upon him at his parent's funeral.'

Lucy became not only a 'fine lady,' but continued to be a good one. The gentle reader expected perhaps that she was discovered to be of noble parentage, and to ride in a coach and six. We must stick to facts. She never knew more of her origin than we have communicated; and but we are satisfied that rewards for her constancy and honesty flowed in upon her through natural channels.

ASSOCIATION FOR THE REVIVAL OF SACRED MUSIC IN SCOTLAND.

THERE are few nations more famous in the annals of song than Scotland, and there are few that can boast of so many beautiful and humanising melodies. But if we examine our country's claims to musical eminence, we shall find that they are more traditional than real—that they are founded more upon the abnormal manifestations of sentiment or passion than upon the regulated or scientific cultivation of harmony. Perhaps amongst no people is there such a wide diffusion of the sentiment of music, and to none will we yield the palm for every variety of theme, yet we must confess that, as a nation, we are ignorant of the musical art. The circumstances of our history and the scenery of our native land were eminently calculated to develop the passions and sublimate the sentiments of our fathers. They were taught to shout the battle cry, and to sing 'Oh, *hon a rie!*' over the dead so often, that vehemence and pathos became elements of the Scottish nature and elements also of Scottish music. The reconstruction of the religious formula of Scotland after the Reformation rendered the voice the only vehicle of praise to God; so that if any people more than another possessed incentives to cultivate the science of melody, that people might be said to be the Scotch. There are comparatively few Scotchmen who are unable to connect some national triumph or calamity with sound as well as words, and who are not able in some degree to give these sounds expression. The tune of 'Scots wha hae,' &c., recalls recollections of Bannockburn almost as vividly as do the glowing words of the poet; and 'The Flowers o' the Forest' almost as strongly awakens sad thoughts when breathed from a lute as when warbled by the voice. There are airs in Scotland which interpret feelings and keep alive the memory of circumstances as efficiently as words could do; they have become incorporated with the national mind, and they are almost universally understood, but still these tunes are, in the majority of cases, the oral traditions of sound. They are acquired as uneducated men acquire the power of talking, and they are sung as men who do not know the rules of grammar speak, that is, without fixity or method. This ignorance of harmony was not always a characteristic of the Scotch, however; a disregard of musical education could not at one period be reckoned amongst our national faults, for it was provided by statute centuries ago, that vocal music should be taught in the schools, and it is only from certain periods of internal distraction and contention that we may date the decadence of musical science in Scotland.

The Association for the Revival of Sacred Music in Scotland was instituted in 1844, and its title explains its mission. Its committee is composed of several of the

most distinguished clergymen, gentlemen, and noblemen of this country, who seek, by voluntary efforts, to reproduce that state of musical science which is now only known in Scottish history; and if a director possessed of zeal, talent, and energy were the only requisite for the consummating such a design, the association is eminently fortunate in the possession of the voluntary services of the celebrated Dr Mainzer.

In the able and elaborate report explanatory of the objects of the association, there are several curious historical facts stated, which are very interesting. They illustrate the state of feeling amongst the law-makers regarding the cultivation of music, and the wide-spread vocal ability of our forefathers. We extract the following succinct view of the state of music in Scotland from the earliest times to its attempted revival by this association: 'It is not the object of this association to institute anything new, but to revive the cultivation of vocal music which prevailed in Scotland from the earliest period of its history, with what success is proved by the beautiful remains of Scottish song. It is well known that music was cultivated as a science from the earliest period, and the extent to which this was carried is proved by the Statute-book. The 58th chapter of the sixth parliament of King James the Sixth proves that even then apprehensions were entertained that sufficient schools were not maintained: 'For instruction of the youth in the arte of musick and singing, quhilk is almaist decayit and sall schortly decay *without timous remeid be provided*, our soveraine lord, with advice of his three estates of this present parliament, requiests the provest, baillies, commons, and communitie of the maist special burrowes of this realme, and of the patrones and provestis of the colleges quhair sang scuils ar founded, to erect and set up ane sang scuill, with ane maister sufficient and able for instruction of the youth in the saide science of musick; as they will answer to his hienes upon the perrell of their fundationes: and in performing of this his hienes request, will do unto his majestie acceptabil and gude pleasure.' This statute was passed in 1579. Whatever foundation there might be for the apprehension then expressed, it is evident that the cultivation of music as a science was not referred to as having been recently introduced, but as a branch of the established education of Scotland, which it was feared might, without 'timous remeid,' be neglected. It must also be observed that it is vocal music (singing) that was to be taught. A striking incident took place, three years afterwards, which proves the extent to which music was diffused throughout the country at that time; and the committee will quote it from the 'Specimens and Illustrations of the Old Psalmody of Scotland,' a work which they cannot too highly recommend: 'In the year 1582, Mr John Durie, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, having excited the displeasure of the Duke of Lennox and the Earl of Arran, the two favourites of King James VI., was suspended from preaching, and banished the city. A change of administration having taken place after the raid of Ruthven, Durie was recalled; and, on the day of his return, 200 of the inhabitants of Edinburgh, to testify their regard to their favourite minister, met him beyond the walls of the town; and, their numbers increasing, they formed themselves into a triumphal procession, and placing the exiled minister in the midst, they marched up the High Street, entering by the Netherbow Port, or the gate leading from the Canongate to Leith, till they reached St Giles' Church. In their progress through the town, the whole multitude, 'to the number of two thousand,' with 'uncovered heads' and 'loud voices,' sung in four parts the 124th Psalm, 'til' (as a contemporary writer expresses it) 'heaven and earth resoundit.' It has been, without due inquiry, asserted that the Reformation, and, above all, the influence of Knox, were unfavourable to the cultivation of Scottish music. The multitude who accompanied Durie consisted of a class of persons who venerated the memory of Knox; and the circumstance that his name is usually connected with the early editions of the metrical psalmody which were printed

in this country with musical notes (between 1565 and 1650), may be held as a proof that he was favourable to the cultivation of scientific vocal music. Until within the last few years it would have been a difficult matter to have found twenty persons, far less two hundred, aided by a multitude of two thousand, singing any psalm in four parts. There is no doubt, however, that from the tumults and confusions which arose at that period, and which reached a greater height during the subsequent civil wars, and from the persecutions exercised against the Presbyterians in the reign of Charles II. and his brother, the teaching of vocal music was much neglected. After that time the object chiefly aimed at was the cultivation of instrumental music, which, though it may add much to the enjoyment of private society, never has been, and probably never will become, a national pursuit throughout Scotland. An effort was, indeed, made by Provost Drummond and other distinguished individuals in 1755 to improve church music, but it does not appear to have been persevered in. The establishment of the 'Gentlemen's Concerts' gave a more powerful impulse to the cultivation of instrumental music. Singers of considerable merit, but chiefly instrumental performers, were brought from Italy and Germany, and a very agreeable society of amateurs continued to meet till a very recent period; but no attempt was made to diffuse a taste for music among the people of Scotland, and unless that is done, no excellence will be attained. It is by adopting the views of the parliament of Scotland in 1579 that vocal music may be made a general pursuit to persons of all conditions throughout the country. These views were expressed by his Grace the Duke of Sutherland, when he moved the resolution which gave rise to the present association at a public meeting held on the 27th November, 1844, at which the Lord Provost of Edinburgh presided. On that occasion it was well observed by a young nobleman, whose early display of great talents gives a promise of eminence equal to that of any of his distinguished predecessors, that the 'church of which I was born a member has committed the department of praise in social worship to the human voice alone. Certainly there can be no more fitting instrument with which to give praise to God than that with which he has endowed our frame; but at the same time I would say that, without the improvement of vocal psalmody, the people of Scotland will never enjoy the full extent of those impressions which the simple worship of our fathers is, I believe, fitted to inspire.'

The society, which may be said to be only in its incipient state, proposes to set on foot a musical education throughout Scotland, by training not only children but teachers, both male and female, so as to be able to supply all schools and congregations which may require instructors; and although the operations of the association have as yet been limited, still, through the talents and zeal of Dr Mainzer, they have been highly successful.

On the 30th June, 1847, a public examination of the classes under the auspices of the association took place in the Music Hall, when children of very tender years performed complicated pieces of music with beautiful precision and harmony, illustrating the facility and comparative rapidity with which the association's object may be consummated. On the 3d of July, 1847, a novel and highly interesting gathering of the Mainzerian teachers and pupils took place in the grounds of the Duke of Buccleuch, at Dalkeith, near Edinburgh, when all the pleasures of a *fête champêtre* were blended with the finest sense of musical education. The children composing the musical classes from the various public schools in the city, the most distinguished and numerous of whom are from the Lancasterian Schools, of which Mr Robert Dun is superintendent. Headed by these, and followed by representatives from about twenty seminaries, chanting their beautiful tunes, the children promenaded the lawns of Dalkeith with banners borne aloft. A great concourse of ladies and gentlemen joined in the fête, amongst whom were several of our most philanthropical and eminent citi-

joyous re-union. In Germany and other parts of the Continent such gatherings are frequent, where all classes mingle and perform the splendid compositions of Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven; and to their musical education is attributed that refinement of sentiment which ensures the admission of the poorest peasant to the promenades and galleries of art in his native country without the proprietor's dreading one act of wanton destructiveness. We were convinced, while we listened to the alternate wailing and vehement phonetic ejaculations of the oratorio of Judas Maccabeus that music was a more powerful engine of education than we had hitherto supposed; and we thought that those who sought to ingraft it more extensively and deeply upon the national mind should be careful in selecting the ideas with which to wed it. Nothing, we are sure, could invest the idea of battle and revenge with more sublimity than the swelling pronunciation of its aspirations by a congregation of such singers as, with Dr Mainzer, awoke the echoes of ages, and made the old oaks vibrate at Dalkeith with the chorus of 'We'll rush on the foe.' And nothing, we are convinced, could so sweetly canonise love, and kindness, and brotherly affection as the soft and humanising strains of gentle music. Music, like its kindred arts, is an interpreter of man's idealised sentiments, and, deriving its vitality from nature, it possesses an inherent capability of expressing all the gradations of feeling, from the gentlest and most refined action of benevolence to the most extreme exaggeration of terror or passion. It is well, therefore, that so amiable and delightful a vehicle of expression should be rescued from its incoherent condition, and placed in an ordinate and available position. And no one but must rejoice at the patriotic endeavours of the association to restore, through such means, the psalmody of Scotland to the position which it occupied in the days of Knox.

We shall never forget the bright bands of children, with their rosettes on their breasts, and dressed in their holiday attire, as they were walking over the green lawns and beneath the old ancestral trees of one of the finest scenes in Scotland, and startling the deer from their lair and the herons from the banks of the Esk by the melody of their voices; and we are sure that if the lady-like demeanour and happy expression of face worn by the children that day were the result of their musical education, it would be well to see it extended over the length and breadth of the land.

CONVERSATION OF THE VULTURES.

DR JOHNSON, in one of the original numbers of the 'Idler,' relates the following figurative dialogue, supposed to be held between an old vulture and her young ones, and overheard by a Bohemian shepherd while tending his flocks:

'My children,' said the vulture, 'you have seen me snatch from the farm the household fowl, seize the leveret in the bush, and the kid in the pasture. But you remember the taste of more delicious food—I have often regaled you with the flesh of MAN.'

'Tell us,' said the young vultures, 'where *man* may be found, and how he may be known; his flesh is surely the natural food of a vulture. Why have you not brought a man in your talons to the nest?'

'He is too bulky,' said the mother; 'when we find a man, we can only tear away his flesh and leave his bones on the ground.'

'Since man is so big,' said the young ones, 'how do you kill him? You are afraid of the wolf and the bear; by what power are vultures superior to man? Is man more defenceless than a sheep?'

'We have not the strength of man,' returned the mother, 'and I am sometimes in doubt whether we have his subtlety; and the vultures would seldom feed upon his flesh had not nature, that devoted him to our uses, infused into him a strange ferocity which I have never observed in any other being that feeds upon the earth. Two herds of men will often meet, and shake the ground with noise, and fill

flashes along the ground, hasten to the place with your swiftest wing, for men are surely destroying one another; you will find the ground smoking with blood and covered with carcasses, of which many are mangled for the use of the vulture.'

'But when men have killed their prey,' said the pupil, 'why do they not eat it? When the wolf has killed a sheep, he suffers not the vulture to touch it till he has satisfied himself—*Is not man another kind of wolf?*'

'Man,' said the mother, 'is the only beast who kills what he does not devour, and this quality makes him so much a benefactor to our species.'

'If men kill our prey, and lay it in our way,' said the young one, 'what need shall we have of labouring for ourselves?'

'Because man will sometimes,' replied the mother, 'remain for a long time quiet in his den. The old vultures will tell you when you are to watch his motions. When you see men in great numbers, moving closely together like a flock of storks, you may conclude that they are hunting, and that you will soon revel in human blood.'

'But still,' said the young one, 'I would gladly know the reason of this mutual slaughter. I could never kill what I would not eat.'

'My child,' said the mother, 'when I was young I used to visit an old vulture on the Carpathian Rocks; he had fed, year after year, on the entrails of men. He said that as the boughs of an oak are dashed together by the storm that swine may fatten on the falling acorns, so men are, by some unaccountable power, driven one against another till they lose their motion, that vultures may be fed. And those that hover round them pretend that there is in every herd one that gives directions to the rest, and seems to be more eminently delighted with a wild carnage. What it is that entitles him to such pre-eminence we know not; he is seldom the biggest or the fleetest, but he shows by his eagerness and diligence that he is, more than any of the others, A FRIEND TO THE VULTURES.'

THE HOLY LAND.

The palace of Herod stands on a table of land, on the very summit of the hill, overlooking every part of the surrounding country; and such were the exceeding softness and beauty of the scene, even under the wildness and waste of Arab cultivation, that the city seemed smiling in the midst of her desolation. All around was a beautiful valley, watered by running streams, and covered by a rich carpet of grass, sprinkled with wild flowers of every hue, and beyond stretched, like an open book before me, a boundary of fruitful mountains, the vine and the olive rising in terraces to their very summits; there, day after day, the haughty Herod had sat in his royal palace; and looking out upon all these beauties, his heart had become hardened with prosperity; here, among these still towering columns, the proud monarch had made a supper 'to his lords and high captains, and chief estates of Galilee;' here the daughter of Herodias, Herod's brother's wife, 'danced before him, and the proud king promised with an oath to give her whatever she should ask, even to the half of his kingdom;' and, while the feast and dance went on, the 'head of John the Baptist' was brought in a charger, and given to the damsel.' And Herod has gone; and Herodias, Herod's brother's wife, has gone; and 'the lords, and the high captains, and the chief estates of Galilee,' are gone: but the ruins of the palace in which they feasted are still here; the mountains and valleys which beheld their revels are here; and—oh! what a comment upon the vanity of worldly greatness!—a Fellah was turning his plough around one of the columns. I was sitting on a broken capital, under a fig-tree by its side, and I asked him what were the ruins that we saw; and while his oxen were quietly cropping the grass that grew among the fragments of the marble floor, he told me that they were the ruins of the palace of a king—he believed, of the Christians; and while pilgrims from every quarter of the world turned aside from their path to do homage

in the prison of his beheaded victim, the Arab who was driving his plough among the columns of his palace knew not the name of the haughty Herod. Even at this distance of time, I look back with a feeling of uncommon interest upon my ramble among those ruins, talking with the Arab ploughman about the king who built it, leaning against a column which, perhaps, had often supported the haughty Herod, and looking out from this scene of desolation and ruin upon the most beautiful country in the Holy Land.—*J. L. Stephens.*

TO A DYING CHILD.

(For the Instructor.)

Sweet babe! thou camest in murky hour
To cheer our hapless, hopeless lot—
In thee keen misery's potent power
Was all forgot!

Amid rude censure's ceaseless din—
Amid our hearts' extreme distress—
Thou wert our angel-pillar in
Life's wilderness!

Sweet cherub! leave us not to wail
Thy loss, when dark'ning days depart;
Do not returning bliss assail
With heavy heart!

Woo back again that angel smile
That hovers on celestial wing,
And save a father's heart a while—
A mother's withering!

In vain the wish, the hope, the fear—
No farther earthward must thou roam:
Sweet star! thou'st left life's transient sphere
To shine at home!

To shine at home! Sweet sparkling star,
When hush'd the turmoil of the day,
We'll watch thy glitt'ring look afar—
Thou'lt point the way!

T. K.

IMAGINATION.

While judgment stands the helmsman of the affections and passions, guiding them to whatever is good, and steering them from whatever is evil, imagination owns a lighter but more extended and more enchanting dominion. More fitted to serve than to govern, it yet exerts an unlimited sway. Confined by no laws, restrained by no bounds, its throne is the human mind, its empire the universe. From its secret cell it flies on the wings of thought to every corner of the habitable globe, with the lightning's speed darts through all space, expatiates in the boundless ether, visits the suns of other systems, images each possible and impossible form of creation, exhausts old worlds, and then imagines new. No spot can be barred from the incursions of imagination, no space too vast for its flight, no object too minute for its notice. From the gloomy dungeons of captivity, it can waft the poor prisoner to light and liberty. It can, in one moment, transport the sorrowing exile over half the globe, to the endeared scenes of home. In the midst of the smoky city it can exhilarate the spirits with pictures of rural beauty. It can cheer the dreary blank of winter hours with the fruits of autumn and the flowers of spring; and, leaving nature and reality behind, it can form to the attentive mind romantic fictions, tales of fairies and of genii, of what has never been, of what can never be—of characters without defect, and life without vicissitude.

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A SKETCH FROM SWITZERLAND.

BY MADAME WOLFENSBERGER.

THE inhabitants of the canton of Zurich are of the reformed religion of Zwingli. Since the year 1630, owing to the improved state of the village and canton schools, and the general diffusion of education, civilisation has made a progress the most astonishing in this favoured district. Industry and abundance everywhere go hand in hand; and though little corn is grown in the country, and the potato, which is the chief article of food with all the lower classes, has failed in Switzerland as in other lands, there is actually less misery experienced there from this heavy affliction than in many other parts of Europe where the population is far less dense. In some measure this may be accounted for by the parental forethought of the government of the canton, which has ever stores provided for the public benefit. The frugal habits of the people contribute also to keep them generally from extreme want, and their vines were most productive during the last summer. Wine was exported from the canton of Zurich alone to the amount of £300,000—a sum which was very equally divided amongst the peasantry where the vine prospers, for every man is the proprietor of the soil he cultivates. With his children's help he tills his own ground. Equally exempt from want and luxury, crime is of rare occurrence amongst this laborious people. They are generally hospitable, frugal, and loyal-hearted, and remarkable for the virtues of industry, cleanliness, and domestic order. The law of inheritance compels the division of paternal property at the death of the father. The sons have equal portions, daughters two-thirds of a son's share. One of the family frequently retains the land encumbered with these debts, or all is sold off to effect an immediate arrangement. The amount of each inheritance is registered in a public office; and though a father or mother may spend it during their lives, they cannot leave it away from their children. The younger peasantry in general are now well informed; and in many instances have made for themselves the fortunes and position of gentlemen in foreign lands as merchants, artists, and bankers. An eminent landscape painter now in Rome, came, last summer, to visit his aged parents on the side of one of the high Alps of Appenzel, and returned from the wild scene of his childhood with a sad heart to resume his labours within the walls of the holy city. Another peasant artist, who remained a tiller of the soil till the age of seventeen, has acquired a European reputation. During a long residence in Italy and Greece, whither unassisted he made his way in search of fortune, he has not only mixed in the society of the first nobility of England

and the Continent, but has been personally presented to seven of the reigning sovereigns of Europe. Imhof, the most original sculptor now in Rome, whose beautiful statue of Rebecca was recently purchased by Lord Townsend, whose 'Hagar in the Wilderness' was executed for the Duchess of Leuchtenberg, and who is now engaged on a magnificent group of the 'Finding of Moses' for the Emperor of Russia, was likewise born of humble Swiss parents. A late president of the Swiss diet could claim no higher origin. In fact, the honours and distinctions due to talent are no longer confined to the patricians of the towns; the people have now the means afforded them by a liberal education to acquire both. One of the great bonds of union amongst this class is music. In every village school the children are taught to sing in parts at sight. In more advanced life they form singing clubs in almost every village; and every celebration, whether of gay or solemn character, is animated by song. If the people march to head-quarters to join their regiment, a chorus cheers them on the way; when the workmen return from the harvest-field, it is pleasant to hear their voices chanting some cheerful air as they wend their way towards the village; the young people in the country meet weekly to practise, and in the towns these assemblies form one of their chief relaxations. About three years ago a meeting of the singing clubs took place at Zurich. They were to sing in one of the principal churches for a prize, in presence of appointed judges. The prize was the free education of a poor child of the parish to which the victorious singers belonged. The singers amounted to above twelve hundred, and a finer assembly of noble, gallant peasantry it would be impossible to behold. With all the joyous light-heartedness of youth and health, the young men of Appenzel marched into the town to the music of their own voices, each with a sprig of the alpine rose of their mountains ornamenting his high-crowned grey hat; then came three or four open carriages, full of the singers from the lakes, with banners flying. In fact, for several days the town was a scene of joy and festivity, except in the houses of the old aristocratic citizens, who looked upon the whole affair with horror, as a consequence of radical principles which were ultimately to throw the country into confusion. Dinner was laid in a temporary building for 2000 people, and the whole fete passed off with the utmost good-humour and tranquillity. But it is in his own cottage that the character and habits of the Swiss peasant can be best appreciated; to these humble abodes we have been frequent visitors, and, when known, have invariably met with that sincere and cordial welcome which is too often wanting in higher circles. 'We are all children of the same Father,' as an old peasant once

told us; and, in truth, when we explore the ways of this great world, we learn that, except amongst a favoured few, civilisation has yet produced no very important or valuable differences between the proudest and the humblest of those who possess the necessities of life. We regard any natural inferiority of human nature with indulgence; we despise the inferiority of art—it is equally displeasing in a bad picture, a bad poem, or bad manners; and this exists in cities, not in cottages. There, where there are good feelings, you invariably find the simple politeness of the heart, the most precious of all good breeding.

On a fine sunny day in October, we ascended the mountain at the back of Zurich, to visit some of our peasant friends. We rambled on for nearly an hour amongst the vineyards and orchards; for though the gathering winter clouds had long veiled the distant Alps, summer seemed still to linger on our pleasant hills. At length, on reaching a grassy terrace, we suddenly turned, and were astonished to behold the snow mountains of Glarus once more without a cloud, closing in solemn majesty the horizon at the upper end of the lake. Sometimes hidden for weeks together beneath a shroud of dense vapour, a mysterious awe is excited by the apparition of these primeval giants, when the clouds arise and vanish, and, like the guardian spirits of the land, they stand revealed in all their glory, their inaccessible summits clothed with eternal snow that human feet have never trodden. The highly cultivated state of the land around afforded a strong contrast to this wild and savage scene. On a bank beneath us, six or eight young men and maidens were gathering in their potatoes for the winter, and singing a cheerful chorus as they worked; amongst the withering leaves of the vines we heard the merry laugh of children searching for the stray bunches of grapes overlooked by the vintagers; and the loud creaking of a wine-press speedily attracted us to the door of the wooden building whence it proceeded. The rugged old machine within the hovel had probably performed its functions for above a hundred years. A windlass, turned by a lad, forced down the press, formed of huge timbers, and the juice of the grape oozed forth beneath into a huge vat, where, dirty and thick as the puddle of a duck-pond, it certainly recalled no image of rosy Bacchus nor of purple wine: in fact, without the addition of sweet apples and pears, the juice of the grape would be too sour to be drinkable; yet, such as it is, habit makes the peasant prefer it to the best beer.

In another quarter of an hour we approached the farmhouse we intended to visit, and found the mistress of it, Frau Herman, and her daughter, busily engaged in the field behind cutting turnip-tops for the cows, which they immediately dropped on recognising us, and gave us a most hearty welcome. Their dress, though a medley of jacket, and petticoat, and white linen sleeves, and coloured aprons, could not be called a costume; but the mother wore the high round-crowned silk cap peculiar to the married women of the canton, white stockings, and a necklace of beads across a large protuberance at the bottom of her neck. The father and son, who were ploughing in a neighbouring field with a couple of cows, left off their work to conduct us to the house. The barns and outhouses we passed, though rude and simple in construction, all gave proof of the rural wealth of our host; and after crossing the principal entrance of the dwelling we were ushered into a long parlour with five or six windows, and a large green porcelain stove, round which was a well-used bench, a favourite family seat in winter. The furniture, of walnut-tree, was strong and plain, and the curtains were of white calico. At one window stood the loom in which they had been woven, and at which the youngest daughter of the family was finishing a piece of cloth of her own spinning. The kitchen was at the back of the house, and the bedrooms occupied two storeys above.

A plentiful repast was soon set before us, consisting of home-made brown bread, grapes, walnuts, and cheese. Two bottles of old wine, two bottles of the newly pressed juice of the grape, and another of new perry, all the produce of the land of our host, seasoned our repast, of which

the worthy man and his wife partook with us. Whilst the elders were thus occupied, one of the daughters sat grinding coffee in the background, and her sister peeled and sliced a huge dish of cold potatoes. After a temporary disappearance they returned to arrange the family supper-table, placed a cup and saucer and spoon for each person, the potatoes fried and smoking in the middle, flanked by an enormous coffee-pot and equally gigantic jug of boiling milk. The three young people of the family and their farm-servant sat on benches, whilst an antique chair at the head of the table was left for the father, who preferred drinking a bottle of wine with us. Every one ate with their iron spoon from the centre dish as it stood, using the potatoes instead of bread; yet there was a decorum in the manners of all, and a general amenity of deportment, without the slightest restraint being occasioned by our presence, which were truly pleasing. Coffee and potatoes have now, amongst the peasantry, almost universally replaced the oatmeal porridge, which, as in Scotland, was once in Switzerland the ordinary fare.

Five cows formed part of the riches of our host; and the cow is, indeed, a valuable animal here, for whilst it nourishes the family with its milk, it does all the work of a horse, both in plough and cart. Never allowed to enter a meadow as long as a blade of grass can be cut for its food, its stable is so arranged that no particle of manure is lost. From thence, in a liquid state, this valuable article is carried by the husbandman in a huge wooden vessel strapped on to his back, and diffused in moist weather over the land. Thus enriched, the grass is commonly cut six times during the summer in the neighbourhood of Zurich.

In poorer cottages we were not less hospitably received. Fruit and bread were always set before us. In remote districts, where the distance from the markets and the unfruitfulness of the soil renders the peasant's lot more rude and unprosperous, still habits of frugality and industry diminish many of the hardships which appear to be his birthright; and, above all, the few acres he cultivates are his own—he knows that the profits of his labours will be all his own. The wild chicory in the garden, taken care off by his wife and children, makes their coffee; from the nuts his children gather in the woods he procures oil for his salad, whilst a small plot of rape-seed feeds his lamp through the winter. His cabbages are salted down with sliced turnips, and furnish a daily dish of *sauer kraut*, which, with dried apples and salted French beans, renders little bread necessary; and all are a resource against want, even when the potato crop fails.

Thirty years ago, amongst these people, no one thought of giving a receipt in writing; a man's word was as good as his bond; and yet travellers, who know nothing of the country but from hotels, have presumed to stigmatise them as devoid of all morality. But those who have entered their cottages, who can speak their language, who can enter into their domestic history and sympathise with their sentiments, cannot fail to give their admiration to a brave, industrious, and loyal-hearted people, long distinguished amidst ages of surrounding slavery by their liberal institutions and gallant resistance to the inroads of tyranny, and who now, in spite of all the disadvantages of their natural position, are keeping gallantly up with the rest of Europe in the march of intellect, and education, and industry. And it is the people, the little proprietors, who do all this; for Switzerland, be it remembered, is a republic, without great nobility or great capitalists; and, in comparison with richer and larger states, it may be said, almost without paupers. In the same part of the country, amongst a thousand persons between the ages of five and five-and-twenty, not ten could be found who cannot read and write.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

JAMES HOGG, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

(Continued from page 374.)

ALTHOUGH nothing ever very deeply, or at least very deeply and long, depressed the buoyant glee of Hogg's

mind, he about this time (1803) began to have greater cause for serious reflection than had hitherto been the case with him. He had lost the farm of Ettrickhouse, where his parents resided, and over whom his heart yearned. Their circumstances were far from affluent, and they themselves, far advanced in life, had little prospect of being able to ameliorate their own condition, nor yet had he it in his power to lend them much assistance. Few sons were ever more affectionately devoted to their parents than was James Hogg to his, or felt more solicitude for their comfort and welfare; but he had still his own fortune to seek and pursue, and which, from one cause and another, proved in several respects sufficiently wayward. Perhaps his mind as yet had not decided what path in life he ought to adopt. Approaching to his prime, he was in all likelihood at this period not a great deal richer than when he started at first, while uncertainty of aim still haunted him; and energies, however great in themselves, if unconcentrated and directed to a point, may often be exerted without much advantage to their possessor. Literature still employed his attention, and diverted his mind in some degree from more worldly matters. He had gained two prizes from the Highland Society for essays connected with the rearing and management of sheep; and it must have been about this time that he went, as he informs us, three different journeys into the Highlands, two on foot and one on horseback, but in what capacity or for what purpose does not appear. Each time he penetrated still farther into the wilds of the north, till he had seen, to use his own words, 'a great part of that rough but valuable country.' What advantage accrued to him from these journeys, in a worldly point of view, is not known. Probably, though not pleasure-tours, ostensibly they brought him, as a man of the world, little more than pleasure-tours usually bring. As a poet, they afterwards proved of great value to him. They aided in enriching his mind with those images drawn from the sublime and wild scenery of nature, which he so much delighted to cherish, and often so happily depicted, and, indeed, but for which he might have failed in making himself known as a poet beyond a limited range. These by most poets are only used as auxiliaries, being kept greatly subordinate to what they gather and give forth from the more generally interesting field of human life and manners, but with him they are made to occupy a peculiar position, and constitute in a great measure the stamina of his most estimable effusions. He familiarised himself to a considerable extent with the geography of the country, picking up and remembering intelligently the names of its mountains, straths, and streams, and also with the character of its inhabitants, among whom he was a favourite, more particularly with such of them, whether rich or poor, as discovered by any means that he was the author of the popular ditty of 'Donald M'Donald.' His anecdotes illustrative of Highland character and manners were many, and in his way of telling them, for sly humour and drollery, utterly irresistible.

Hogg's partiality for the Highlands, together with the prospect or hope of bettering his circumstances in life, induced him to go thither with the intention of settling in the remote isle of Harris. He does not state what the nature of his prospects was, or even of his occupation, and it is questionable whether or not this is now known to any one. All the personal friends of Hogg knew well that there were few things which he more disliked than to recall and converse upon bygone affairs which had been repugnant to thought or disagreeable to feeling. His motto in this respect literally being 'let bygones be bygones,' he verified it in practice, especially as relating to his schemes and procedure in Harris, whatever these in reality might be. He says to his friend, to whom he writes his memoir concerning this: 'After my return from the Highlands, in June last, I put everything in readiness for my departure to settle in Harris, and I wrote and published my 'Farewell to Ettrick,' wherein the real sentiments of my heart at that time are simply related, which constitutes its only claim to merit. It would be tedious

and trifling to relate all the disagreeable circumstances which ensued; suffice it to say that my scheme was absolutely frustrated.'

The going to settle in the Highlands was an event in the history of a Lowlander of Scotland in those days, regarded as much more remarkable and adventurous, and spoken of among the rural population accordingly, than the going to America or Australia, or indeed any foreign country, is now. Hogg, in the prospect of change and height of his hopes, had spoken much of the promising nature of this enterprise among all classes in his native district; and when the anticipated advantages and his high expectations came to nought, he returned from it so deeply hurt at its total failure, that he says, 'in order to avoid a great many disagreeable questions and explanations, I went to England during the remainder of the summer. On my return to Scotland, having lost all the money that I had made by a regular and industrious life, and in one week too, I again cheerfully hired myself as a shepherd, with Mr Harkness of Mitchelslacks, in Nithsdale.'

Amid all these changes of fortune, Hogg still continued from time to time to write verses on various subjects; but more particularly, after the encouragement which he received from Mr Scott, his attention was directed to the traditions of the Forest, which he turned into verse. These effusions, which had now accumulated on his hand to a considerable extent, were written in imitation of the ballads of the olden time, a style of composition which, to execute well and consequently successfully, is the most difficult almost of all undertakings. These ballads or traditional tales he entitled 'The Mountain Bard,' and published while yet a shepherd at Mitchelslacks. The publication appears likewise to have been set about through the encouragement or at least with the approbation of Mr Scott. The Shepherd having gone to Edinburgh for the purpose of making arrangements, was introduced by this talented individual to Mr Constable, who undertook to publish the work on condition that the author would procure two hundred subscribers for it; this he not only soon accomplished, but ere long three hundred more names were added to the list. As on all such occasions, a considerable part of the subscription money was never realised, but it appears that the liberality of certain of the subscribers made amends for the deficiency of others. Mr Constable had likewise published his prose work, 'Hogg on Sheep,' and including £86 arising from this, and the proceeds of 'The Mountain Bard,' the author received from his publisher this same year nearly £300.

The ballads of 'The Mountain Bard' formed as to appearance a respectable volume, and the pieces themselves were indicative not only of excellent poetic powers, but indeed of that very rare and peculiar cast of genius which is requisite for writing successfully the old border ballad; yet they upon the whole, as imitations of this, were a failure. They possessed the poetry or the same cast of thought with the ancient ballad, but the manner of expression proved somewhat different, it is difficult to say how or why. The language appears too marked or too much defined, it being a principal peculiarity of the ballad to suggest carelessly or slyly more than what it decidedly expresses. The *thought* is there, and brought somewhat into view, but it is the view which one may obtain of the rose, so overhung by the green foliage of the bower of its birth as that it can be perceived to be there and nothing more. 'The Mountain Bard,' however, whatever it might be by others, was much liked by the country people, especially the inhabitants of the more immediate localities where the traditions on which the ballads were founded obtained, and it had the merit of inducing several to become readers who read little or none previously.

The sum of £300 was a fortune to one who had all his life been stinted to the proceeds of his labour as a servant; and, if indeed prudently or economically managed, might have rendered him henceforth independent. It put it amply in his power, meanwhile, to sit down in the cottage of his parents, or any other rural home, and labour for more in

the way which was certainly the most congenial to his heart; but instead of this, finding himself so much richer than ever he had been before, he went, as he informs us, 'perfectly mad.' By this madness he means his entering into farm-speculations without anything like prudent or at least sufficient calculation. Hogg has been much blamed, both by those who write and who speak, for his imprudence in this respect; and a recent writer speaks of the indications of his incapacity for business as pervading the whole transactions of his life. It may be so; such reflections are the lot of men of genius, while others who have been equally as incapable and equally unfortunate as they, have escaped from the proud and often harsh judgment of such commentators because less known. The unjust or most grievous part, therefore, in this chiefly lies in the circumstance that even among men of genius the severer reflections of this kind almost always fall upon those who have raised themselves from the lower ranks of life. Little or nothing of this nature is said, for example, of Sir Walter Scott; and yet it is difficult to see any very great difference in the imprudent circumstance of Hogg's taking farms at too high a rent, and purchasing stock for them at too great a price, than in that of Sir Walter buying land too dear, and adorning it at an expense which, in proportion, involved him as deeply in debt and difficulties as the Ettrick Shepherd involved himself by his farming speculations. At all events, he took one pasture farm at a rent one half more than it was worth, having, he says, 'been cheated into it by a great rascal, who meant to rob me of all I had, and which he in the course of one year effected by dint of law.' In the mean time he had taken another extensive farm, and found himself involved in business far beyond his capital, as he would have required, he still further avers, a thousand pounds for every hundred that he possessed, to carry forward advantageously what he had undertaken. Thus he daily got into deeper difficulties, blundering and struggling on between these two inauspicious farms for three years.

It is frequently the case, and a sore evil it is, that he who does most to assist a friend is often the most ungratefully neglected, when that assistance proves inadequate to relieve from embarrassment and perplexity; so at this time did it seem with Hogg in regard to his best and hitherto most beloved companion, his hill-harp. If poetry had put the boon of £800 in his pocket, one could imagine that only some very singular infatuation would have induced him to enter so broadly upon the toils and cares 'of a world so cold,' apparently for the sole purpose of casting that boon away. He surely loved poetry in his heart, as every true poet will, nay, must love it, and his sitting down with the sum which she had given him in his possession to advance her interests and his own fame would have seemed a much more likely procedure than the course which he pursued. Had he spent the pittance upon pleasure-excursions, or in any matters of romantic adventure, since it was not his nature to continue inactive, it certainly would have seemed more in keeping with the poetic character, and it is believed that he would have been less blamed for it than for entering upon the untoward and most harassing of all tasks—farming without a sufficient capital. But the reason which he himself assigns may best explain his procedure in this respect. He had resolved to use poetry as a staff, but never as a crutch, and while he thus strove to be independent of her forthgivings and aid, he involved himself in very vexatious difficulties, and lost at all hands, even to the extent of reputation itself—reputation as a farmer and man of business. Baffled in his worldly pursuits, he was forced back upon his hill-harp, which he represents as having lain so long neglected in the moorlands. In his opening of 'The Queen's Wake,' undoubtedly the finest of all his productions, he reflects upon these circumstances with a beauty and simplicity of thought and feeling which is truly interesting. Invoking the harp, he says:

'Come to my heart, my only stay,
Companion of a happier day!
Thou gift of heaven, thou pledge of good,
Harp of the mountain and the wood!

I little thought, when first I tried
Thy notes by lone St Mary's side—
When in a deep untrodden den
I found thee in the bracken glen—
I little thought that idle toy
Should e'er become my only joy.

A maiden's youthful smiles had wove
Around my heart the toils of love,
When first thy magic wires I rung,
And on the breeze thy numbers flung;
The fervid tear play'd in mine eye,
I trembled, wept, and wonder'd why.
Sweet was the thrilling ecstasy,
I know not if 'twas love or these.

Ween'd not my heart, when youth had flown,
Friendship would fade, or fortune frown;
When pleasure, love, and mirth were past,
That thou shouldst prove my all at last!
Jeer'd by conceit and lordly pride,
I flung my soothing harp aside,
With wayward fortune strove a while,
Wreck'd in a world of self and guile.

Again I sought the bracken hill;
Again sat musing by the rill;
My wild sensations all were gone,
And only thou wert left alone.
Long hast thou in the moorland lain,
Now welcome to my heart again.'

Before conceiving the idea, however, of writing 'The Queen's Wake,' which ultimately fixed him so high in public estimation, he had a variety of other difficulties to encounter and contend with. Finding himself 'fairly run aground' in his farming speculations, he returned to his native Ettrick, giving his creditors all that he had, without asking at the time any settlement, which he alleges would not have been refused, and for which inadvertency he afterwards severely smarted. Whatever may be the case on such occasions in cities and towns, certain it is, in the rural districts of our land, few things have a more chilling effect upon the hearts of the population in general, and even upon those of quondam friends, than for a man to fail in his attempts to ameliorate his circumstances in life. It also falls the most heavily upon him who might seem the most excusable for making such an attempt, or even deserving of the greatest praise for it. But if the individual has been hitherto essentially connected with the lower order of society, his presumption in attempting to rise above that order, and so happily leave it far ever behind, seems to provoke dislike; and unless it may be the individual's own more immediate relations, no one sympathises with him for his misfortunes. Rather would they seem, in a certain sense, to triumph over him as if a victory had been achieved. Hogg tells us that on his return to the Forest he found the countenances of his friends altered, and even those whom he had loved and trusted most disowned him. When he left Ettrick for the Highlands, he composed and published his farewell to it, and there are sentiments expressed, and assertions made, in that simple production, which the poet would not have ventured to do had they not been consistent with strict truth, far otherwise they bore the air of an unnecessary challenge. He says, for example—what it was a proud thing for any man to have it in his power to say—

'There is nae man in a' your banks
Can ever say that I did wrang him.'

Hogg had proved unfortunate, meanwhile, in worldly matters, but he had done nothing dishonourable; the part painful to contemplate, therefore, in this department of his history rests with human nature itself, reflecting upon it, in the circumstances of the case, little credit. But as those who degrade esteem and friendship by regulating their forthgivings according to the smiles and frowns of fortune, deserve, at least, to be warned of the meanness of such conduct, if haply they will take warning and relent, so it becomes a matter not ungrateful to the generous heart to know that not a few of those who withheld the light of their sapient countenances from the Ettrick Shepherd in his native vale, merely because he had been unfortunate, lived to see the day when they would have accounted themselves honoured, if by any chance he had happened to speak to them or come under their roof. The most trying of Hogg's worldly misfortunes had, for

the most part, failed in depressing his spirit. He himself avers, so far was it otherwise, that he was in general most cheerful when most unfortunate. The truth is, or at least seems to be, that mere worldly matters, neither when he was young, nor when he had become old, ever possessed any very palpable or permanent claim upon his heart and mind; and it was perhaps much more the restless buoyancy of his nature, together with the love of change, which tempted him, without premeditation, to enter so broadly upon 'a world of self and guile,' than any desire or expectation of realising great worldly wealth in the world's ways. On the other hand, he possessed that within himself, though apparently at this time without knowing it, yet upon which he acted as if unconsciously, which set him above being dependent upon the countenance of acquaintances and friends, 'for either fun or favour.' As it was poetic genius which constituted the claim of the Ettrick Shepherd upon public attention, above those of his competitors of the crook and plaid, so was it this, upon the whole, which supported him amid the severer trials of his life. Nor let the proud and lordly smile at this remark. If these trials of the poet of the mountain and the glen appear trivial, they may nevertheless in reality be as great and as deeply felt by him as are those of the statesman and warrior, when he reaps blame instead of praise, or disgrace instead of the laurel which he hoped to win. Hogg acted as they likely enough would have done in these circumstances. When he found that the inhabitants of his native district put little value upon him, notwithstanding all the entertainment which he by his genius had even already afforded them, and that consequently they were disposed to esteem and countenance a man only according to his success in the mere affairs of the world, his mind assumed that prouder tone which is so natural to, or rather which is inseparable from, inherent and conscious worth, combined with superior intellect. Those persons that *disowned him, and who told him so to his face*, as he himself informs us, he laughed at and despised, resting confident in his own resources that he would by and by show them that they were wrong in doing so, and thus, as it were, be avenged. Yet we know for certain that this was only the outward aspect which the matter assumed, or which pride prompted and enabled him to give to it. He once, in confidential conversation, assured the writer of this, that nothing of all his misfortunes and vexatious difficulties ever half hurt his heart so much, and rendered him so long secretly sad, as when he found *that he had no home in the Forest of Ettrick*.

It indeed required a mind and heart of peculiar stamina to bear themselves lightly amid the pressure of his present circumstances, and the dark gloom which overhung his future prospects. He passed the winter in Ettrick, and was for that half-year *without money* in his native place and land. A wealthier neighbour, at a former period, by taking the farm which he possessed, and in which he supported himself and parents, drove him out of Ettrick at first; and now poverty and the frowns of fortune and of his fellow-men, more especially of reputed friends, combined to drive him out of it once more. He had now likewise lost his former status and reputation as a shepherd, both in consequence of his having appeared as a poet, and as a speculative farmer. Even his former masters, to whom he applied, and with whom, much to his credit, he had always parted on the best of terms, refused to reinstate him in his old occupation. Cut off thus from the care and sympathy of all, and worsted at every hand, he, amid the utter desperation of his circumstances, formed the resolution of going to Edinburgh, and pushing his way in it as a literary man—thus making the crutch his staff. This, he informs us, and as we have observed, he had resolved never to do, but circumstances leaving him thus no alternative, he accordingly, in 1810, went to the metropolis. The first thing which he did on his arrival there appears to have been applying to Constable to publish for him 'The Forest Minstrel,' a collection of songs, about two-thirds of which were his own, the rest supplied by correspondents. One of these deserves here to be particularised—Thomas M.

Cunningham, brother of the more celebrated, but not better poet, Allan Cunningham. This young man possessed the genius, and wrote in the true Scottish style of song. Had fate spared him, and he continued to persevere in the art which he so promisingly commenced, he in all probability would not only have rivalled his brother, but many others. His thoughts and poetical expressions, if not so original, or eccentrically beautiful as those of Allan, were yet more interesting to the heart because truer to simple nature. A manuscript volume of his earlier productions, which the writer of this has seen, contains some poems remarkable for their graphic wit and humour in the Scottish style, and more particularly one of these entitled, 'Dialogue between the Auld Kail-pot and the Tea-kettle,' written after the manner of Burns's 'Twa Dogs.'

Such then, at least, was one of Hogg's correspondents in the affair of 'The Forest Minstrel,' and who supplied a considerable number of songs to it, excellent in their kind, if popularity be any sound test of a song's excellence. They, along with the Shepherd's own, were and are still sung in almost every rural circle. Hogg's were the songs of his youth, and in general more fitted for such circles, than for the shops and drawing-rooms of a city; but he had nothing else, he informs us, to offer for publication, having for so long given up all his literary exercises. It requires great powers as well as great perseverance to awaken and to keep alive public attention and interest in the wide field of letters, more particularly in a city where every one is either already engaged in planning or in pursuing his own projects; and where society in general is not dependent upon books in the main, whether poetical or prosaic, for entertainment, a comparatively unknown bard from the mountains is apt enough to remain unknown still. In Edinburgh, he says, he found that his poetic talents rated nearly as low as his shepherd qualities were in Ettrick. He applied to newsmongers, booksellers, and editors of magazines for employment, but in vain. Any of these were willing enough to receive his lucubrations and give them publicity, but then no money—no money, which suited the poor poet very ill. It was still something in his favour, however, that these lucubrations themselves were not rejected. Mr Constable seems to have hesitated to publish 'The Forest Minstrel;' but after Hogg had called upon him several times, he at length condescended upon publishing an edition of a thousand copies at five shillings each, proposing, further, to give the author half profits. Constable, however, never offering him anything, and he, secretly fearing that the affair might not have proved a good one, never asked any remuneration.

For the advantages which the Ettrick Shepherd had hitherto enjoyed, it will, we think, be readily acknowledged that he had done marvellously much; but although he had embraced the opportunity of letting the world know the unfavourable circumstances under which he had all along laboured, by publishing a sketch of his literary life in 'The Mountain Bard,' yet the book itself has not gone so widely and popularly abroad as that every one should have seen and read it. It will probably ever be the case, while the world yet remains, that authors must struggle, or, as it were, fight themselves into popularity. Friends may be judges of literary productions, as well as of the inherent cast of the author's genius, and not only fondly predict his future eminence, but assist him in many respects in promoting his fame and welfare; but still a man's personal friends, however powerful and persevering, are few and of little weight to bear him forward against the tide of more popular and already established authors, of whom, we are glad to think, every generation of the human race still has its share. The public in this respect is indeed independent, since if the immediate writers of an age are not to its liking in general, it can still revert, and cling to those of the ages which have passed away. Doubtless the greatest calamity which can befall a professed author is neglect. This, if from among the lower order of society he has forsaken all to follow literature, generally implies poverty, with all its concomitant evils; but still, if he really writes well, and *true to nature*,

dwelling upon and illustrating those things which are interesting to the human heart in all places and times, it is not the case in these days, nor has been the case 'for many days gone by,' that he shall live neglected. The world possesses an intelligence which will find him out; and, indeed, if it purchase his publications at his outset, so far as to put the means, if prudently managed, in his possession, as it did in that of the Ettrick Shepherd, that he can set himself comfortably down and furnish forth for it further productions, it appears to do all in this respect that can reasonably be required of it.

Hogg, when he entered Edinburgh with the intention of following literature as a profession, was in the thirty-eighth year of his age, and he informs us, 'that all this time I had never been once in any polished society, had read next to none, and knew nothing more of human life and manners than a child.' This, however, is the account which a man gives, or perhaps is in a panner necessitated to give, when he sits down to write his own history. The Shepherd here appears to draw his plaid to the one side in order to screen the aspect of ostentation; but, drawing it too far, he permits vanity to peep out at the other. And what does it amount to in the main? A good deal more than he durst venture to declare—if, indeed, he himself was aware of it. A mind of such cast as that of Hogg, whether he had been in polished society or not, could no more lack that intuitive perception or knowledge which enables the individual to calculate—and to calculate with certainty—what human nature is, and will do amid the circumstances and station in which it happens to be placed, than it could be wanting to the mind of Burns when he wrote his 'Tale of the Two Dogs,' and depicted the life and manners of those higher ranks of society in which he had then never once been, equally with as much graphic vigour and accuracy as the life and manners of those of the humble cottage among whom he had been born and bred.

When Hogg's endeavours to find employment among the literati proved fruitless, his next expedient was to fall upon a plan by which he might render himself independent of them, and which was to start a weekly publication on his own footing. From this his friends appear to have striven to dissuade him, particularly Mr Constable himself. Probably they did not know as well as some others how difficult it was to persuade the Ettrick Shepherd past any literary undertaking which he had set his mind upon, or formed the resolution to follow out. After some difficulties in getting matters arranged with regard to printers and publishers, the paper entitled 'The Spy' was set on foot, and continued to be sent forth to the world in weekly numbers for a whole year. Hogg, not without good reason, regarded the furnishing forth of this weekly periodical as constituting rather a remarkable affair in his literary enterprises. He commenced it without asking, or having the promise, or even the view, of any assistance from others. The labour of the whole, therefore, was destined to devolve upon himself. Yet, without despairing of his own resources for weekly supply to its columns, he boldly put his hand to the plough. The late Mr Gray, of the High School, and his lady, however, so soon as they learned that the publication was Hogg's, warmly interested themselves in it and wrote papers for it occasionally; so likewise did a few more friends. But the matter was mainly furnished by himself, and when terminated, the entire production, of which no copies, or at least very few, are now extant, amounted to 415 double-columned quarto pages; so that the author, as he may be styled, might well term the year in which 'The Spy' went forward a year of literary drudgery, more especially when he found at the end of it that, all matters being settled, he was upon the whole rather a loser than a gainer.

The individual who during this period, and indeed at all times, interested himself in the poet's welfare and views the most deeply and effectively was the late Mr John Grieve, son of the Rev. Mr Grieve, a Cameronian clergyman, who lived at Cacerbank, in Ettrick, and one of the best of men. His son and Hogg had known one an-

other from their earliest years. Friendships formed in those days

'When the heart is light, and hopes are bright,
And the cares of life are few,'

do not always last through life, but when they do continue uninterrupted 'they are the dearest of all.' Resting upon the foundation of the unselfish sincerity of unworlly companionship, the heart desires not to take back what it unhesitatingly lavished forth, but thus lives on in the strength of unbroken confidence. The regard which this gentleman—for such he was in the true sense of the term—entertained towards Hogg no time or circumstances could ever alter or diminish so long as life lasted. Grieve was also a poet, though not by profession. He contributed a few songs to 'The Forest Minstrel,' one or two of which are still sung, especially the one to the air of 'The Banks of the Devon,' beginning

'My lassie is lovely as May-day, adorning
Wi' gowans and primroses lika green lee.'

Hogg, during the first six months of his stay in Edinburgh, lived with Grieve and his partner, Mr Henry Scott, likewise a native of the vale of Ettrick, and who, after a further acquaintance with the Shepherd, became little less warmly and lastingly attached to him than Grieve himself. These friends were truly happy in one another, and rarely separate when circumstances would possibly permit of their being together. These gentlemen encouraged Hogg in his literary pursuits, while supplying all his personal wants with an unsparing yet unpretending as well as an unwearied hand; and it speaks much to the credit of Hogg's honest simplicity of heart when he says, 'I was fairly starved into Edinburgh, and had it not been Messrs Grieve and Scott would, in a very short time, have been starved out of it again.'

Grieve's estimate of Hogg, both as a man and a poet, was very high; the love which he showed for his society, and the respect which he paid him in every way, evinced his good opinion of the man. He knew his character well; nor perhaps was his estimate of his poetic powers far from the truth, when he conceived that scarcely any effort in poetry was above his reach if he would duly devote himself to it; but he constantly deprecated his carelessness and indifference. Doubtless it was more these two last disqualifying circumstances, than the lack of poetic abilities, if he has not placed, by his writings in this way, his fame upon an imperishable foundation; but with all his inattentiveness to studied and careful composition, it may be predicted that

'No time from the memory of mankind shall sever
The tales that he told and the strains that he sung.'

And one thing seems certain, that, while the Ettrick Shepherd is remembered, Grieve and Scott will not be forgotten.

The next thing of a literary nature in which Hogg became deeply interested was 'The Forum,' a sort of debating society whose members threw its doors open to the public; the entrance-money for each individual was sixpence, and the society had almost uniformly a crowded attendance. It met weekly, in the evening, and continued for three years running, without any falling off of the crowds which flocked to it. Hogg was appointed secretary, with a salary of twenty pounds a-year, which, however, was never paid, for what reason does not appear. He says hundreds were given away in charity, and that they were exceedingly improvident. Even charity itself, it would seem, as it relates to the poor poet, does not begin at home.

Of this society Hogg always spoke in terms of high approbation, averring that it advantaged him more than any thing in which he had hitherto been engaged, inasmuch as it let him feel, as it had been, the pulse of the public, and understand precisely what it would receive and what it would reject. Although dissuaded by all his friends from becoming a public speaker, yet having pledged himself to his associates, and having, he avers, abundant confidence in himself, he rejected their counsel. After entering the lists of public debate, he spoke every night in the society that it met, and sometimes twice on the same night; and

although he occasionally incurred pointed disapprobation, he yet, upon the whole, was a very great favourite. He was wont to say that he himself had proved the least fortunate of the members that constituted that society. And in his memoir he writes, 'I have scarcely known any society of young men who have all got so well on. Their progress has been singular; and I am certain, people may say as they will, that they were greatly improved by their weekly appearances in the Forum. Private societies signify nothing; but a discerning public is a severe test, especially in a multitude, where the smallest departure from good taste or the question was sure to draw down disapproval, and where no good saying ever missed observation and applause. If this does not assist in improving taste,' he adds, 'I know not what will. Of this I am certain, that I was greatly the better of it, and I may safely say I never was in a school before.'

Sometimes their meetings, it appears, were somewhat ludicrous in the eye with which he surveyed them. To him more particularly the formality of the presidents was so irresistible that it prompted him to write a musical farce, in three acts, entitled, 'The Forum, a Tragedy for Cold Weather,' in which he broadly took off all the members, himself, of course, among the rest. It appears, likewise, that about this time he wrote another musical drama, in three acts, of which Mr Siddons, to whom it was shown, highly approved, with the exception of a few trivial things in it, and purposed acting it on the return of the season; but the poet saw him no more. Still further, at this time, he wrote a tragedy in good earnest, entitled 'The Hunting of Badlewe,' only a few copies of which were printed as feelers of the public, but, as it was not favourably received, it went no further. Mr Siddons had always shown himself friendly to Hogg; and, among other things, made him free, from year to year, to the theatre.

During the time that the Forum flourished, the poetry of Scott and Byron was in the height of popularity; and Mr Grieve, reflecting upon the circumstance of how high the public taste ran for poetic compositions, and judging from some of Hogg's pieces that had appeared in the 'Spy,' considered him capable of writing something deserving of public attention also, and urged him to the task. He planned 'The Queen's Wake,' chiefly for the purpose of getting some ballads and metrical tales, which he had already written and was loath to lose, stowed into it; and, in this way, a few months from the time that it was first proposed served to bring it before the public. He at first was coldly received by Mr Constable when he proposed the work to him for publication; he was busy at the time, and requested Hogg to call again, which he did: finally Constable told him that if he would procure two hundred subscribers to ensure him against loss, he would give the author a hundred pounds for liberty to print a thousand copies. Hogg felt that he would be necessitated to comply with this proposal, and with much reluctance, getting a few subscription-papers thrown off, the friends to whom he handed them are long procured for him the requisite number of names.

After all, however, 'The Queen's Wake' fell into the hands of Mr George Goldie, a young bookseller in Prince's Street, who had become acquainted with Hogg at the Forum, and so insisted upon him to see the MS. of the poem that the author complied. Goldie's terms were better than Constable's, inasmuch as he offered to the author in money all that Constable had done, and the names of the subscribers over and above to himself. Hogg, loath to quit with his friend and former publisher, Mr Constable, tried him on the score once more; but, having at the time differed with Scott, he, in the heat of his huff, would do nothing beyond uttering reproaches against all poetical men for their unparalleled ingratitude. Mr Goldie consequently got the work to publish, and it made its appearance in the spring of 1813.

'The Queen's Wake' was favourably received, becoming at once popular so soon as published, and in a short time two editions were sold. A third edition being wanted, the author offered it to Constable: the bargain was soon made

and the book sent to Mr Ballantyne to be re-printed. Mr Goldie, however, on receiving intelligence of this, so remonstrated with Mr Constable as to induce him, much against the author's inclination, to give up his bargain. Goldie, it appears, entered precisely into Constable's terms; and Hogg, thus brow-beat in the matter, as he considered himself to be, was obliged to suffer the edition to be printed off in Goldie's name. In about a week after the books were lodged in his premises, he stopped payment; 'and yet,' says the Shepherd, 'in that time he had contrived to sell or give away more than one half of the copies.' But although Hogg received little or no remuneration for the books thus disposed of, an advantage of another kind accrued to him out of this misfortune. It proved the mean of his being introduced to Blackwood, of whom, now that he is no more, it may be said that he was not only generous and kind-hearted, but possessed mind which could appreciate talent, together with that active benevolence which warmly disposed him palpably to assist every one whom he regarded as a friend. He and the two Messrs Bridges having been appointed trustees over the bankrupt estate, deeply interested themselves in Hogg's welfare, thenceforward showing him attention and kindness which delighted him meanwhile, and filled his heart with grateful recollections ever after.

Hogg by this time had been introduced to the principal literary characters of the metropolis, chiefly through the kind attentions of the Rev. Robert Morehead and two amiable ladies of the name of Lowe; and having thus at length fought himself into honourable notoriety, by producing an eminently interesting, and what may be termed a national poem, at a time when the minds of men and women were alike disposed to hail with warm appreciation the poetic author himself and his effusions, the Ettrick Shepherd became an object of interest and acknowledged consequence. Many began to inquire into the facts of his history, and finding that it was indeed a truth that he who could scarcely either read or write when he had grown up to man's estate, had thus ranked himself among the standard poets of the day, a personal acquaintance with him was greatly coveted and often anxiously sought after. It is needless to reflect upon those who seem to care so little for original genius, that they neither seek after it while it is yet comparatively in the shade, nor attend at its levee to do it homage when the wide world in general has decided in its favour, and willingly bows to its superiority. But there are others who concern themselves equally little about it, who know both that it exists and where it is to be found, and who, while they lend it no countenance and aid when it haply struggles amid poverty, like a star underneath a cloud, are the first to serve their own purposes by it so soon as it fairly shines forth with the halo of fame surrounding its brow. It cannot be supposed that such men court its possessor either for his or its sake, yet do they diligently seek his acquaintance, because the being acquainted with him contributes to their importance in the eyes of the more generous. Others there are again, who, after they have done as much as could be done in order to doom aspiring genius to perpetual obscurity, are equally ready, when it has once fairly burst the bands which they sought to 'lay upon its loins,' to assail it with adulation, thus endeavouring to fan the noble lion into placidity when they can no longer successfully cope with him. As for the Ettrick Shepherd himself, devoid not only of acrimony, but possessed of a native and cheerful benevolence which disposed him to regard with lenity and hail with kindly encouragement the most humble literary pretensions, he was far from being difficult of access, and one introduced another, till he became, ere long, personally known to many. Nevertheless he made himself to society as scarce as possible; not, it is believed, so much from design as from the sway of those feelings which rendered him happier in the company of those with whom he associated when poverty and comparative obscurity, like the wooer's love, yet 'bound him han' and fit,' and who felt in every way the same towards him then as they did now, accepting that they were veridically indulged their

generosity by rejoicing in the triumph accruing from his success.

The reviews which noticed 'The Queen's Wake' had all, with one exception, written favourably of it. The 'Eclectic' constituted this exception; in one of the numbers for 1813 it laboured to hold up the poem, which every person was fully disposed to be pleased with, to ridicule and contempt. The 'Edinburgh Review' approved itself more cautious, and said not a word about it till once it had fairly got into the third edition. 'Jeffrey then,' says Hogg himself, 'gave a very judicious and sensible review of it, but committed a horrible blunder in classing Mr Tennant, the author of 'Anster Fair,' and me together as two self-taught geniuses, whereas there was not one point of resemblance. Tennant, being a better educated man than the reviewer himself, was not a little affronted at being classed with me.'

One individual Hogg had long earnestly desired to meet and be acquainted with—the author of 'The Isle of Palms.' This poem, on making its appearance, delighted, or rather enchanted, the Shepherd much, as it has done many others. The beauty of the language and ideas in the visionary scenes of bliss and woe, which Wilson, eminent alike for his poetry and his philosophy, depicts in this poem, had a tendency 'full oft' to divest 'the hard of the wild mountains' of all worldly feelings. He reviewed it, he says, in the 'Scottish Review,' meaning perhaps Constable's or the 'Scotch Magazine,' which was then going on in Edinburgh. So did he do, also, many other poems. Wilson, who is now, either personally or otherwise, known to all, was then little known in Edinburgh. Sir Walter, then only Mr. Scott, was slightly acquainted with him; but as it was one of the peculiarities of this gifted personage rarely to introduce one individual to another, judging it of no avail, Hogg, that his long cherished wish might be gratified, ventured to introduce himself to Wilson, inviting him by letter to come and dine with him, of which invitation he accepted. Their meeting was frank and friendly. Wilson, as he is one of the greatest of men by virtue of the power and universality of his genius, so is he one of the most generous. John Grieve, who was also present, was one of the best; and a party consisting of Wilson, Hogg, and Grieve could scarcely fail of being as deeply interesting and instructive as splendid. Wilson and Hogg thus became personally acquainted, and their acquaintance soon grew into a friendship which continued, it is believed, with very few, and no serious, interruptions so long as the Ettrick Shepherd lived. After this meeting the latter paid Wilson a visit at Ellerslie, his seat in Westmoreland, where, remaining for some time, Wilson introduced him to a number of his friends, and more particularly to the principal of the Lake poets. Hogg loved Southey, and took a pleasure in speaking of his goodness and amiability, as well as his greatness; but between Wordsworth and the Shepherd there appears to have existed little sympathy, notwithstanding the circumstance of his deigning to visit him and 'the braes o' Yarrow' when the tone which dictated 'Yarrow not visited' had passed away.

Hogg's next production, though not his next publication, was 'Mador of the Moor.' During all this time he, in the summer months, had been in the habit of paying, annually, a visit to some part of the Highlands. In one of these excursions he resided, as he frequently did, at Kinnaird House, in Athol, the seat of Chalmers Izett, Esq., whose lady had always taken a deep interest in the Shepherd's welfare, and in whose good sense and taste he placed great confidence. She urged him to write something, no matter what, by way of keeping his mind in use, and when asked for a subject, she, without premeditation, suggested the river Tay. The poem at first, therefore, was intended to be a description of the scenery of that river. He fixed upon the Spenserian stanza, partly from the hope of his being able to improve the power and harmony of the verse by a certain management of it, and partly from the circumstance of its suiting descriptive poetry well. He proceeded with his descriptions, but, fearing that a poem merely descriptive would fail of proving sufficiently inter-

esting to the most of readers, the poem was changed into 'Mador of the Moor,' and many of the descriptive parts of it were ultimately suppressed. Unquestionably some of Hogg's best poetry is contained in this work.

(To be concluded in next Number.)

CONFESSIONS OF A GAMBLER.

[From the 'New York Illustrated Magazine.']

I am an old, grey-haired man. I have outlived not only my friends and my own generation, but even my passions and my vices. I am about to write my confessions—to lay bare to the world the heart of a gambler—to expose it in all its rottenness and corruption, as a warning to the young.

For many a year I have walked the world alone—for a gambler has no communion with it, more than the tiger has with the animals of the forest, or the vulture with the winged citizens of the air. I have gone through life, blasting and destroying—crushing the green young heart—bitting and poisoning its springs—cursing it with mildew and barrenness. By my means many a youth has passed from innocence and happiness to guilt and misery. I have lived, spoiling and being spoiled. I have been lucky and fortunate. Out of the misery and blood of a thousand victims I have coined wealth; and now, in the midst of my ill-gotten fortune, I sit down to make what reparation I may.

Some of these sketches have been written for years—before I was utterly corrupted—before I became, both externally and internally, a fiend; others I have marked down with the trembling pen of old age. I have passed through the world like a stranger, an isolated and solitary being, not bound to my species by any ties, either of love, kindness, gratitude, or pity. None will now remember my name; and when I die there will be none to lament over me.

My father was a merchant in one of our northern cities, and I was taken from school, when fifteen years of age, and placed in his counting-room. Changed as I now am—my heart withered and blasted by the fierce fire of passion—I look back on my youth as though it were the dream of a former and better existence. I cannot realise that I was once a lively, happy, and innocent boy—that the world once seemed bright and pleasant to me—and that I had once a fellowship with man and a kindly feeling for all around me—while I now sit, like a maniac in his cage, wrapped in gloom and loneliness. I cannot feel that the current in my veins once ran warm and beating, and that my heart was once green and bright as that of the orphan boy who owes me his bread, and who is the only human being that loves me. Yet it is true. I was happy once—happy as he is. There were few families so happy as ours. It consisted of my parents and two children—myself and a sister elder than I. We lived together peaceably and in harmony, and our fireside was in truth a paradise.

When I was about seventeen, I met Emily B—— at the house of a friend. There is a thrill in this heart yet at her name, for I loved her. Ay, I—the cursed and degraded—the outcast and abandoned—the corrupted and callous wretch that I am—I loved her. Perhaps the fallen archangel loved some bright being before he plunged from his high estate into the lowest hell. Life, which before had been bright and glorious to my young spirit, became infinitely more so. A tumult of joy, happiness, fear, and transport agitated my breast. She was my existence—her voice was like an echo within my own heart. She—but this is wandering from the subject, and I feel doubly wretched when I wander amid the wrecks and ruins of past happiness.

I was more than seventeen years of age when I first entered a gaming-house. I had hardly known of their existence, when one night I accompanied a friend into one. I had with me something near twelve hundred dollars, which I had collected for the purpose of depositing in bank the next day. My friend, borrowed fifty dollars

of me, which he bet and lost at faro. Determined not to let it be lost, I began myself to bet. As my money glided away, I became feverish, hot, and rash. I bet without judgment, and soon lost five hundred dollars. Alarmed and startled, I sprang from the table, left the house, and hurried home. My mother and sister were still up, and, with a strong effort at self-possession and cheerfulness, I exchanged a few words, gave a light answer to their anxious inquiries, and hurried to my chamber. My brain burned like a volcano, my heart oppressed and pained me, my tongue was dry, and my throat sore. Hour after hour I paced my chamber, I cursed my own folly and guilt, and I already felt my heart withering and wasting.

It was easy for me to replace the money which I had lost. I did so. Night after night I revisited the gaming-house. I felt the curse upon me. An eager love for card-table possession of me. My dreams were of piles of money—of sudden and favourable changes of fortune. Sleep forsok me. I grew thin and pale, and the insatiable appetite of the gambler filled my heart. In the course of a few weeks I had lost ten thousand dollars. The plague came upon the city. My father, my mother, and my sister were attacked. I watched by them till night came, and then called up the servants, and went to my usual haunts. They were desolate and deserted—all but one—and the dealer only was there. The streets were silent; the room was gloomy; and the foul scent of the atmosphere of pestilence was around as we played. I won: his hoards of bills and gold were spread out, when he changed colour. The plague had seized him—he fell, and the burning fever came on him. I took my winnings—for then I would have scorned to *steal* his gold—and returned homeward. I heard loud cries, and rushed in. Death was there. The plague had done its work. My parents, my sister, my Emily, were dead. Thank God! they died, and none of them knew that I was a gambler.

Since then I have been a wanderer. I have seen many countries, yet nowhere have I found a friend or one to love me. Fortune has favoured me. Stores of wealth, inexhaustible stores, are around me; yet I have enjoyed nothing. I have practised all the frauds and tricks of the 'profession.' Young men have come where I was, innocent and unsuspecting, and have gone away wretched, corrupted, and ruined, to perpetuate crimes which afterward rendered them a loathing to society. Guilt, red guilt, is on me—the damning consciousness of crime which has wrought much misery.

Let none imagine that a gambler is ever happy. Even though successful, the agony of guilt is on him, and tortures him. The groans of orphaned children—the last gasps of despairing suicides—the cry of the multitude at the gallows where his victim is suspended—the agony of the mother lamenting her lost son—the silent despair of the grey-headed father—the breaking heart of the woman for her lover—all haunt his sleep, and curse him with remorse and clinging terror. I would warn the young against this terrible vice—this parent of crime—this fell hydra of gaming. Let them believe one who has seen it in all its aspects, from the *salons* of Paris and the hells of London to the foul dens of Natchez and New Orleans. Let them believe me when I tell them that it is a curse and a destruction to its votaries. It does in truth turn the human heart to ashes.

I wish to write down the scenes which I have witnessed. I might make a large book of them; and I request him into whose hands these sheets may fall, after my death, to publish them to the world. It is the only good service I have ever rendered to my species.

There was a time when I took the most intense interest in a horse-race. The fiery coursers fleetly away side by side—the eager anxiety of the crowd—the excitement of the sportsmen, and the rapidity of the bets, make it the favourite amusement of the gambler. It seems to be generally considered as the least reprehensible of all kinds of gaming, and is accordingly tolerated in many states, the laws of which are in other respects very severe

One race which I attended after I had passed the meridian of life is indelibly fixed upon my memory. It was in the western part of the United States, in the year 18—. I had been but a day or two in the place where it was held, and was totally unacquainted there. For reasons which must be obvious, I shall neither give the locality of this sketch, nor the true names of the parties. The occurrences, as I shall pen them, are facts, and I have no right to trample on the already bruised feelings of those to whom the remembrance is full of keen agony and anguish. Suffice it, that it was in one of those communities where horse-racing is tolerated, as tending to improve the breed of their horses, and being free from the cruelty of cock-fighting, and the frauds of other kinds of gaming. How conclusive the reasons for its toleration may be is not to my purpose.

Early in the morning I stood upon the race-track, which was a circular course of a mile; a rough and uneven path, just cut in the woods. The horses for the first race, a grey and a sorrel, were already there, walking up and down; and bets were taken rapidly on the grey. There were, perhaps, five hundred people present; and at a little distance from the track I observed a faro-bank and a roulette-table, both surrounded. Among the crowd I saw at a glance many of the fraternity, who are easily distinguished by a practised eye, though it would be impossible to describe the distinctive marks which enable one to single them out in a crowd. Certain it is, however, that it is easily done. Gamblers are all clansmen; they stick together, and when one of them is 'broken,' he finds no difficulty in obtaining a 'stake' again, to enable him to continue the practice of his frauds and villany. My attention was particularly turned, however, to one young man who was eagerly betting, and yet seemed not to belong to the clan. He was a tall, stout, ruddy man, about thirty years of age, once, without doubt, handsome, but with his countenance now disfigured and bloated by the indulgence of ungoverned passions and the demon of drunkenness. He was well dressed, and bore the appearance of a gentleman. I discovered that a number of the gamblers had gathered around him, and had combined to 'pluck' him. They were offering large bets against the grey, and, I know not for what reason, I determined to rescue him. It was no virtuous or kindly feeling which prompted me to it. It was rather an instinctive movement, proceeding from a momentary repugnance to those of my own herd, which has to some degree clung to me through life. I was not known to them as a gambler, and I watched them closely. In a short time the young man had bet five hundred dollars. I walked to him.

'Will you allow me to take some of these bets off your hands?'

He bowed, and in a polite, gentlemanly manner, answered, that he would do it with pleasure, as he knew but little of horse-racing. I took every bet that was offered, and in a short time had three thousand dollars bet on the grey. Now, I was convinced that the grey would lose. Does the reader understand why I bet on him? I will explain in a moment. There was a tall, harpy-looking gambler busy about the sorrel, and I believed he was the real owner of him, though another acted as the ostensible one. I accosted the tall fellow at once, but privately, and offered bluffly to bet a thousand dollars on the *sorrel*. He was nonplussed for a moment, looked wildly around him, and took me up. I then retired to give him full play. When he thought me out of sight, he went to the horses, now nearly ready for running, whispered to the little negro who was to ride for him, and pretended to tighten the girth of his jockey-saddle; but, as I expected, he loosened it. The horses were brought up, the judges were at the stand, my friends anticipating the rich harvest of three thousand dollars, already staked, were grinning and whispering, at the certainty that the sorrel would win, as he easily could have done. I mounted my horse; the racers started beautifully, abreast, with springs like greyhounds; I rode swiftly across the track. The sorrel

saddle turned—the boy came tumbling in the dust, and the horse, frightened at the saddle under his belly, 'flew the track' into the woods, and the gray beat. I coolly pocketed two thousand dollars, after paying the one thousand which I had lost, and my gentlemanly acquaintance took his five hundred.

After the race was over, I made some inquiries concerning him, and the following is what then and since I gleaned of him and his character.

Lieutenant Donovan, of the U. S. Army—I do not give his real name—was one of the finest and most accomplished officers in the service. His father had been a captain in the revolutionary war, under Marion and Sumpter, and had educated his son with a view to the profession which he had so honourably followed, and to the service of the country—the only thing in which he gloried. Donovan's grandfather was an Irishman, and had transmitted all the virtues of his countrymen to his descendants, as well as many of their faults. Donovan himself was one of the finest specimens of the true gentleman, as well as of the United States' officer. Of fine appearance, cultivated mind, and excellent education, he was brave as a lion, generous to a fault, and the most gleesome and convivial of his mess. He was universally beloved by his comrades, whose pride and affection centered in him, and withal, he was in a fair way for rapid promotion. He had seen service in Canada and on the lakes, and, after the war, had been stationed for two or three years at a frontier post. In the mean time, however, he had married a beautiful and accomplished woman—a splendid, Juno-like creature, who accompanied him to his outpost, where he was stationed as assistant-paymaster, and braved with him the desert's privations and the savage. Why then was he not happy? why these signs of dissipation and the scathing of hot passion in his face? The fiend had seized upon him. The insatiable appetite for gaming had clutched his heart, and gnawed it, as the 'winged hound of heaven' did that of the chained Prometheus: intoxication, its servant and minister, followed it, and poured its deadly poison on the festering heart. He became irregular in his habits, intemperate in his conduct—estranged and self-exiled from her. The lips of the anxious wife were often pressed to the hot, feverish brow, and defiled by the polluting breath of the gambler and drunkard. Bad as I have been—steeped in sin and shame to the lips—I thank my God that I never had a wife to pollute even with a gambler's caress; for, drunkard I never was. The victim of the tyrant—chained to a corpse which he was forced to bear about, day after day, and night after night, while it festered and rotted away, and dropped piecemeal from the gyves and fetters which held the dead to the living—suffered nothing in comparison with the pure-hearted and virtuous being, compelled, night after night, to pillow upon her unstained and innocent bosom the loathsome head of the drunkard and the gambler—the remains of what she still loves.

She left him at length, and returned to her friends; but when did the fire of love grow cold in the heart of woman? She could not but look back to him, and she determined again to see him—again to attempt to wean him back to self-respect and to himself. She was on her way to the frontier, and I remember passing her at a place on the road—a gentle yet magnificent creature—with a high, proud, yet mournful countenance, like one into whose soul the iron had entered deeply, and rusted there.

I have thought that when my parents and my only sister were swept away by the hot pestilence, had Emily but survived, I had been a changed and a better man. With the eyes of the plague-stricken, dying gambler upon me—in my very soul, like a hideous dream—I had fled homeward; and there they lay, not pale, as seems natural in death; but black, distorted, ghastly, and dreadful. A most terrible feeling of horror, and dismay, and self-hatred, and contempt, filled my heart, and had Emily then lived, perhaps I had lived another life—who knows? Here was Donovan, with a glorious and blessed creature of light and love following him, while he was madly

squandering his money—his money? No! not his!—at a race-track. This tremendous passion for gaming masters and enthalls, one by one, all the other passions—love, kindness, friendship, even *avarice* itself. All the other passions become its ministers, or are annihilated.

But I am wandering. That night Donovan entered a private room, and was locked in, with three men; all gamblers—one, the harpy I have already mentioned; the others, *officers of government*. I would have prevented it, I believe, but I was too late. They were together two days and nights, playing brag. I do not know how they played; but, from my knowledge afterward obtained of the character of the villains who gorged themselves upon him, I *know* that they played him foul. Manson, one of the officers of government—a general—won of him five thousand dollars at one brag, from which he released him on the payment of half the amount. Donovan had with him about ten thousand dollars, in United States drafts—of which, and all his money, he was swindled before they separated. As soon as the sitting was over, the confederates, or two of them at least—the harpy aforesaid, named Campbell, and Manson—started in company with poor Donovan to get their drafts cashed at New Orleans. He appeared like a wretch dragged to the gallows between his executioners. His fine sense of honour all gone—degraded, despised, even by the villains who had ruined him, with his head hanging on his breast, dejection in his eye and despair in his look—demons themselves would have pitied him. His wife heard the dreadful tidings of his final ruin—his final apostasy from honour, and in speechless agony retraced her sad steps to the residence of her friends.

The vultures, however, never reaped the wages of their villany. A comrade of Donovan, Lieut. D—, who happened to hear the news of their robbery, pushed on ahead of them, and stopped payment of the drafts, and wrote immediately to the proper department. Manson and Campbell left Donovan sick, penniless, and abased, in New Orleans, and hurried back as if a bloodhound was tracking them.

Some two months afterward I was ascending one of the western rivers in a steamboat. I observed a man in one of the berths, and recognised him to be Donovan. He was on his way to his post; for what object Heaven only knows! for the bolt of disgrace and dishonour had fallen upon him and blasted him. He would of course be cashiered, and could not be recognised by his former comrades. He was thin and meagre, his face pale and bloodless, his eyes clouded and sunken, and his dress abandoned and neglected. During the first day he rose once or twice, and to me the sight which he presented was most awful. I had seen men swinging on the gallows, and suicides, bloody, and blackened, and mangled, with the pistol shot; but here was one, young, accomplished, generous, and brave—an outcast and fallen. His sense of honour, his proud feeling, had all gone; he was bowed down, humbled, trodden in the dust—*committing suicide by starvation*. He ate nothing, but drank immense quantities of brandy; talked to no one, and on the second day did not rise from his bed. He still drank—drank! and on the third night I watched by him. His reason left him; his sunken eyes glared fiercely, and for an hour he uttered the most terrible cries. None slept on board that boat; his cries were not shrill, but loud, hoarse whisperings, which rung and echoed through the boat. 'Oh, this fiery serpent—his fangs pierce my heart like live lightnings! Gnav on, reptile—conscience has a more torturing tooth! Help! help!—close around me, comrades!—My own dear girl!—my wife!—smile on me! Ha! old man, I did not expect you—not you, *here*. Ha! ha! ha! he laughed—'Look here, doctor—into this hand! See!' and he moved his hands as though shuffling the cards—'Is it a good one?—I go five thousand better! Lost! lost!—all lost! I say, what is that blackness in the corner? Is it death?' He raised himself upright, his eyes glared, his hand quivered—'Cashiered! dishonoured!—a dog!' he whispered, and fell back on the pillow. Donovan was no more.

CLASSES: IN RELATION TO MODERN TENDENCIES.

III. THE ARISTOCRACY.

Of all the classes in society, no one seems at first sight to have so feeble an apology for its existence as the aristocracy. Numerically a handful, compared with the body of the people, and being bone of the bone and flesh of the flesh of the meanest beggar that hobbles barefooted and in rags along the streets, they yet live ostensibly only for enjoyment, and have all the world besides as ministers to their gratification. What compensation is made to humanity for their toleration? Whence came they, and why do they continue to live in this state of exaltation above their fellow-men? The logical reason can give no satisfactory answer to these questions. The speculative reason doubts and hesitates, wavering between alternatives, recognising the elements of some apparently valid reply, but still unable to shape them into a full and sufficing form. The historical mind looks into the past, and supposes it sees glimmering through the vista of thousands of bygone ages an explanation adequate to account for, as well as to justify, the fact of an upper class. Practical men, in the receipt of a competency, acquiesce in the anomaly, as one so familiar to their understandings as to have lost all the characters of a problem that needs any solution whatsoever. Society moves on, however, inquisitive, grumbling; probing the matter ever deeper as it advances, and evincing more and more resolution to question unflinchingly till the answer, the whole answer, and nothing but the answer, is returned. Meanwhile, we have to inquire at what stage this questioning has arrived, and what especially are the relations of the aristocracy to the tendencies characteristic of the present age. But the interest and sufficiency of the discussion will greatly depend on a previous view of the fact itself of an aristocracy, and of the more general causes which have made it figure so conspicuously in the past history of the world.

One may easily see that an aristocracy, in its origin, however modified it may have become in modern times, is a birth of an early and comparatively a barbarous age. For what are the grounds on which rest its pretensions to respect, but show and military pomp? It addresses the senses, with a design to dazzle and overpower; it looks to blood, as the phrase is, for honour; personal merit, unless as it consists in external seemings, is no introduction to the favoured circle; distinctions, in short, which are calculated to strike the vulgar eye, in periods of war and physical activity, are what chiefly separate the aristocracy from the classes which stand below them in social rank. The course of time, as it brought changes along with it, dimming the lustre of reputations which once shone regnant amidst the multitude, and evolving new merits and corresponding honours, created rivals to the primitive aristocracy. First merchants, then artists and men of letters, and more recently the working classes, have successively risen above the low level of the world, and taken their places in the sky as recognised indicators of humanity. Moral worth and genius now hold unquestionably a higher place in general reputation than a title marking descent from this or the other person who distinguished himself in this or the other war or petty intrigue for family or party advancement. Society is daily becoming less massed and more individualised: the father may yet securely transmit his lands to his heirs, but along with them little or none of his reputation, good or bad; parents and children are more at present than before recognised as separate persons, having a character to make for themselves, which cannot be reflected either backwards or forwards. Nevertheless, the aristocracy are yet powerful as a class, and bid fair in this country to exercise for some time to come a considerable influence upon its destinies. On this account, one must look more profoundly into the character of an upper class as a force, if its relation to future civilisation would be at all duly estimated.

As the dominant power in society, till within a compara-

it must be exercising over our thoughts, feelings, customs, social and political institutions, an immensely greater influence than its claims, tested by the abstract reason, can by any means justify. It has all the authority of the past to assist it, nor can any force of recent growth be otherwise than in a disadvantageous position in restricting it. In the first place, the mere fact of an old historical existence, extending back from the present time to a period well-nigh fabulous, during which it has figured the most conspicuous object in all remembered events, being feared, revered, obeyed, sung by the poet, and immortalised in the historian's page, is of itself pregnant with explanation of the power which the aristocracy yet exercise over the tendencies of the age. A line of authors, however illustrious, is not, simply as such, the twentieth part so impressive to the vulgar imagination as a family line, if the lineage be noble, owing to the independent position of genius, and the want of external continuity of name and residence among those who are ordained to be its representatives. The transmission of a name, titles, lands, family privileges, and so forth, together with the pomp and external decoration which usually form part of a noble inheritance, acts on the fancy and popular sentiment with a force to which nothing, unless through the culture of the mental faculties, can be made to bear any natural equality. Into the recognition of an aristocracy we are born, and everything around reminds us of our subordinate position. If our infancy and youth be thus fed by notions of this kind, no little vigour of mind, no feeble sentiment of self-respect, no dim insight into the unutterable grandeur of the human spirit, will serve to shake the imagination free of all factitious influence from this source. Only a higher idea and aspiration will neutralise its impression. Then, but not till then, will time vanish before the eye as a mere accident, and the eternal relations of man come into clear and solemn prominence.

But it is not simply as a thing of the past that the aristocracy come before the mind: they possess a present existence, being proprietors of the greater portion of the land, legislating directly and indirectly for society, and living surrounded by all the signs of power and importance. By these means, they are able to perpetuate the condition of thought which the study of the past induces on the popular mind. The people are accustomed to receive law from the upper classes; and, naturally, an original and not a conventional right is supposed to belong to the lawgiver. A transference, in short, of all the ideas, feelings, powers, desires, and privileges of masters, is made by the commonality to those whom they never see except accompanied by all the paraphernalia of rank, while they imagine themselves the appropriate counterparts to those of servants, by whom obedience is due for ultimate reasons which neither time, chance, nor improved morality will affect. It is difficult, and in ordinary circumstances impossible, for either party to act otherwise than as if so much as this were validly claimed on the one side and as validly due on the other. Aristocrats, who are born such, are of course educated with the view of eventually filling the place in social and political life which their inheritance has secured for them; nor, while every eye waits their desires, and every foot is ready to run their errands, can they very easily evade the inference, that a natural difference exists between themselves and those who are thus officious. The character is moulded on this idea, and it acts itself out in forms which serve as its most efficient exponents. On the part of inferiors, again, they are habituated from infancy to play a humble part in the drama of life. No higher object has been set before their ambition than to be the servants of the titled and the wealthy; to build palaces for them to live in, and coaches to ride in; to weave delicate cloth for dresses to them; to prepare ingenious dishes wherewith to tempt their appetite; in brief, to view them as the guns of the world, from whom the more light and warmth received the better, and to equal whom, by becoming self-dependent, would be only a folly and a wantonness in the attempt, and certainly

In considering this matter, however, we must beware lest we overlook the fact that wealth gives access to means of personal improvement not possible to plebeian life, and that the habitual sentiment of having been born to command clothes the manners with an air of dignity and grace which cannot fail to impress all those to whom these accomplishments are wanting. As a rule, admitting of exceptions, too, it should be remembered that titles and lands have been usually won by public services; implying talent, skill, bravery, character, or some quality more or less in repute at the time. If the descendants have not inherited, along with the nobility, the personal merits which originally gained it, they are yet educated, in one sense, with every advantage. Out of this education, accompanied with the circumstances of upper rank, originates a style of address, which more than anything else inspires the general mind with awe and a sense of inferiority. Nothing, we believe, tends so much as this to secure that deference from all classes lower than the highest, which is generally conceded to the aristocracy of Britain. Good men, and wise men, and all orderly and well disposed persons, feel that there is something, be it much or little, possessed by the upper rank which seems to justify its elevation. It embodies apparently more of the splendour of humanity; if not in spiritual gifts and exalted well-doing, yet in types of material magnificence and external accomplishments. For this reason, the obsequiousness which lower life pays to nobility, may be viewed as in some measure proof of its aspiration rather than of its meanness. From want of anything better as a symbol of attainment, it invests rank with all the qualities which it thinks desirable. Too distant from it to inspect narrowly the composition of the divinity, it ascribes to it a range of attributes and a measure of them which exist only in the imagination of the worshippers. The mistake can be rectified with difficulty; for other influences come in to perplex the judgment, and the business of life presses too much to allow of time for subjecting the phenomena to the scrutiny requisite to a true estimate.

So much, then, the aristocracy has to say for itself; and the inquiry now arises, what are the relations of this class to modern tendencies? As its power lies chiefly, although not wholly, in the popular imagination, it is obvious that, so far as present movements tend to the culture of the general mind, they tend also to the annihilation of the factitious influence of the rank, titles, and all the external dignities belonging to the aristocracy. To this extent, we have no objection to the fall of feudal power. But the prospect of all classes, including the aristocracy themselves, being inhabited by spiritual ideas, by views of the moral relations of things, and by impulses towards the realisation of a simple and pure method of life, is so distant, that we must be satisfied if society is even tending towards this consummation. At present, and until education be more general and also higher, the loss of any class in society could not, perhaps, be safely met. Each stands for so much, and each has something valuable which the rest have not. Enormous means of good are in the hands of the aristocracy; nor should it be forgotten, or mentioned with slight notice, that many of the most important schemes of modern popular improvement have originated with the nobility, and that individuals among them wield their power for the general welfare, in a degree which serves to moderate any excess of zeal against others who live only to themselves and care for nobody else.

The education of the people, we are persuaded, is now much more an object of solicitude to the aristocracy than it was before; a change which brings this class into closer sympathy with the age than might at first be expected. This improvement of feeling has arisen partly from the fear with which the awful ignorance and consequent immorality of the lower orders inspired them. Before then, the greater the ignorance of the people the more calculable was their dependence; but they outgrew that ignorance sufficiently to desire improvement. Turbulence was the first form through which the reviving spirit manifested itself. Once insubordinate, the gross animal way of ruling

them was found inadequate and inapplicable; education was therefore thought of as the next best means of moderating the popular opposition. Partly, however, the improved feeling alluded to has been growing stronger and stronger, as the working classes succeeded in vindicating their claims to education. Indirectly, the success of the experiment has improved the aristocracy. They have become conscious that a force exists in human nature, independent of rank and titles; that a working man may be a great man; that the stamp of immortality is common to persons of all classes. Not only has this infused a greater liberality into their minds, leading them to recognise a dignity in personal merit, which is a formidable rival to the titles and other distinctions of their class, but it has, on the whole, reacted favourably on themselves, by elevating their conceptions of life, and suggesting to them a truer manner of fulfilling the purposes of Providence. Partly, also, it must be added, the improvement in the matter referred to is owing to the general advancement of the aristocracy in the tone of their feeling, apart from any impulse which such causes as we have been considering may have communicated.

From the very nature of the case, and the relative position of parties, the upper classes can never be so much disposed to innovation as the middle and lower. Although, strictly speaking, and viewing the question from the highest point, the improvement of one class is advantageous to all other classes, yet society is never so pure in its aims as that the common good shall be the general object of desire. To those above, every step upwards made by those below is supposed to detract from the value of their position. In this, to some extent, they are right. In proportion as the under classes ascend, they become less and less tributary in a wrong way to the aggrandisement of those in the upper ranks. They must share the government of the nation, since they have qualified themselves for discharging such duties with success. Legislation ceases to be partial as soon as all departments of the people are equally represented. But this antagonism need not necessarily endure in any extreme degree. The people cannot pause now, seeing that they have gone already so far on their way. Nor can the aristocracy fail to yield more and more to the popular demand. This fact requires only to be generally believed, in order to promote a more amicable feeling between the two parties. The literature of the day is freely expounding the doctrine, and is thereby fulfilling its appropriate function as mediator. Peaceful means of improvement cannot but be successful in producing the fruits of peace; love, and joy, and hope are, more often now than before, animating every organ of education.

With this paper we close our series of articles on classes. We confess that we look upon the times with partiality, because we consider them to be full of splendid promise for the future; and we have seen that the different classes of society, in their relations to modern tendencies and to one another, are occupying new starting points, and are evincing more common sympathy, as well as community of aim, than they did before. Let us trust that the grounds of our confidence may not prove fallacious. The serious realisation of life, with a sterner resolution than heretofore to follow the Spirit of Providence, can alone enable society to go on with safety and prosperity. 'Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.' Such is our creed; nor will history, though searched from beginning to end, furnish any other which has claims equal in credit.

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.

GLASGOW FAIR.

SINCE the earliest ages of antiquity, people have devoted some portion of their time to excitement and amusement. The Greeks and Romans had their feasts and rites, their gatherings and merry-makings, as well as the nations of Germany; and while we have our harvest-homes, Christmas jovialities, and fairs, the tribes of North America and

the Pacific have their competitive strivings at ball and boomerang play.

The feasts of Ceres amongst the ancients were analogous to the harvest-home in England, or what we call the 'kirk' in Scotland; and the Saturnalia of old has its representative in the modern Beltane day. In Rome, the people yet abandon themselves to the joys and gaieties of the Carnival; in Sicily care flies before the influence of St Rosalie. The French are famed for their fetes and holidays; and the Spaniards are said to be far more jealous of losing their bull-fights than their liberties.

Rational amusements are certainly conducive to the health of a nation's morality, as well as necessary for the physical health of a people. There seems to be a natural impulse in the human constitution to eschew at times the more serious duties of life and to engage in recreative enjoyment. We seem to feel and acknowledge the mesmeric influence of sunbeams and flowers, and to spontaneously award to what may be termed the climacterics of the seasons the power of awakening a general jousness. There are various species of amusement, all harmless enough in their way; but certainly our estimative powers graduate more rapidly than the joys of our childhood and youth, for many of the sports which we venerated during our early innocence have fallen before our ripper reason.

We plead guilty to an inward sympathy for the amusing or ludicrous. Age has not damped our ardour for dancing-bears, or philosophical pigs and dogs; and we would now as willingly walk a mile or two after the mysterious curtain-veiled tent of Punch, as when we used to forsake our 'Adam's Grammar' and 'Cæsar' to sympathise with the peak-capped hero in his combative labours. We have been at border games, where the 'flowers o' the forest' bounded along the sward like the fallow-deer which stout Earl Percy was hardy enough to hunt upon the same spots in days of yore; we have seen curlers at their 'roaring play'; we have lain on the hill-side and rapturously viewed the kilted clansman hurling the kebar, or snapping their fingers as they madly bounded through the 'reel houlachin'; we have paid our boyhood's homage to All-Hallow fair and Leith races; but, chief and head of all the fairs in broad Scotland, is the midsummer carnival of our western metropolis, Glasgow. The good citizens of St Mungo's fair town are said to be very jealous of their architectural fame, and to look with complacent faces upon the lovely Clyde. We never heard that they manifested any concern about the precedence or dignity of their 'fair'; and certainly, from what we saw, they need not; for any other that we ever had the privilege of visiting was a mere echo of it—a perfect shadow and abstraction of the noise, bustle, excitement, and laughter-beaming faces of Glasgow fair.

A July sun, no matter of what year—as the principal points of our description of the scene apply to any year—shone resplendently and propitiously upon the stately brick erections, and clapboard and canvass edifices, which have a sort of permanent location at the western limit of Glasgow's beautiful Green; and its rays blistered, with the ardour of their gaze, the newly painted, flaring caravans that formed a parallelogram from the foot of Saltmarket Street to Hutchisontown Bridge. The season was a wonder to every body, for its rainy state was below the average of a shower-a-day; and the good people of our manufacturing metropolis were all on tiptoe, dressed in their best habiliments, and looking as if they were determined to be happy.

We used to believe, in our juvenile innocence, that there are only seven wonders in the world; we had seen the fact affirmed in good black print, and consequently we never doubted it until we had passed down that famous locality where, in days of old, flew the shuttles and treddles of Bailie Nicol Jarvie of deathless memory. Few unprejudiced persons will be bold enough to affirm that a congregation of actively employed weavers do not produce a very perfect discord; all the looms, beams, treddles, shuttles, and weavers in the bailie's employment conjoined, would have hidden their diminished heads as, high above their timbered din, rose the Babylonian storm of human

and metallic sounds connected with the fair. Seven wonders! why a person could have compiled an encyclopædia of them; for wonder and curiosity were painted in every face, and the caravan-men might certainly calculate upon a midsummer harvest.

The magistrates, with a fatherly care of the lieges, had inhibited the passage of vehicles from the Gorbals to the Gallowgate, *via* Hutchisontown Bridge and Saltmarket Street, and *vice versa*; and this enchanted region was rendered impassable to the proscribed by several stout upright posts. A dense and eager crowd kept constantly moving to and fro, and as you entered the Saltmarket barrier, it did not require the primitively painted signboards at the several entries to inform you, in choice orthography, that 'penny rills were constantly hear all the time of the fare.' Here were 'toys for girls and boys' of the most temporary and captivating descriptions—portable windmills, of the most particoloured and gossamer texture, and lambs with Virginia cotton fleeces and tin horns, for sale at the charge of one halfpenny. Wooden dishes lay huddled together as if they had grown on trees, and, having only cost the trouble of gathering, were to be disposed of at little or nothing. There might be seen flaming caricatures of human creatures, in painted frames, performing all the despairing extravagances of distracted love. Here trays full of pigs' feet and sheep's trotters, inviting the hungry ones, with limited means, to eat for a copper. The confectioners, grocers, and cooks seemed to have piled all their goods into their windows, for pyramids of almonds, and pillars of comfits, with mountains of raisins, and groaning trenchers with ham, pigs' heads, and parsley, met your gaze on every hand.

The Saltmarket is not a very inviting street; it is broad, with high irregular buildings on each side, and rather dark lateral outlets, while dirt and dinginess seem to have settled like indigenous elements on all its externals, human or masonic; yet during the fair it is like a conservatory full of exotics. Maidens from the country, with cheeks like peonies, and heads radiant with ribbons of the warmest colours, flash up and down its causeway, in various stages of hurry and excitement. Youths, with intensely blue bonnets and superlatively red plush waistcoats, tramp heavily and determinedly to the centre of attraction at the Green. They seem to care as little for obstacles as Cæsar or Napoleon did, for they plough their way with their elbows through the human obstructions in their path, and tramp unconcernedly over anything smaller than a 'hurley.' As you reach the foot of the mainway the plot thickens. A mute-looking fellow, with a large square transparency hoisted on a pole, invites all who can read to go and see the mummy from Ichaboe; while a person who is entering sundry speaking-trumpet protests against muteness, is commanding all the world to walk into an otherwise empty tenement to behold the 'learned pig.' The timid and philosophical only respond to these outpost appeals, however, the former to brace their nerves for the real essential business of the fair, the latter to perfect their knowledge of anatomy perhaps, or to qualify themselves to speak upon educational subjects. You are at the foot of the Saltmarket now, and, spirit of Orpheus, what a hodge-podge of sound appalls and pales the sense! Oh, ears attuned to harmony! Oh, delicate tympanums! Lovers who teach the lute to weep your woes, and troubadours who wake the dulcet patriot lay, approach not this Babel, for there is a climax and conjunction of sounds rendering the tortured air sufficient to torture and confound Niagara. Bells, which do not ring the more merrily that they are cracked, keep up a vehement competition with fragmentary gongs and speaking-trumpets, while bass and kettle-drums, not to mention tambourines and all classes of wind instruments, come out in most tremendously crushing vigour. The proprietor of the 'Siege of Amoy' and the battle of 'Chusan' has outthorowed Hector however, for his veteran band, who keep up a constant succession of *bona fide* platoon firing, drown all minor sounds with gunpowder. Turn to the left, pass through a considerable orifice, and now you are in the grand square, where a

motley and heterogeneous assemblage is moving and buzzing around you; 'fustian jackets' and mill girls, with their clean shortgowns and striped kirtles, have dropped work to enjoy themselves for a day. And certainly there is no lack of exertion to gratify them; every stage is full of life and superlative animation, and the voltigeurs fly about as if they had been formed of India-rubber. If ever man worked hard for his bread and butter it is that short, thick, shockheaded, black-visaged man, with the glazed hat and cord smallclothes; he has lost his voice in calling and bawling to the lieges, and he is evidently striving to supply his desideratum of tongue by violent physical contortions and rapidly changing muscular developments; and certain it is, that if his two hundred and odd bones could speak, they would unanimously protest against his violent usage of them; he looks as if he were dancing upon hot plates, his feet move up and down so with a rapid uneasy motion; he thunders on the partition which divides the mysterious temple of mirth from vulgar gaze, and roars some hoarse roopy adjuration, when, lo! at the voice of the exorcist, a tall, lath, limber figure, with legs describing a triangle from the knees, supposing the stage to be the base and the knees the point of coincidence, moves slowly and with an ineffectual though violent attempt at majesty, towards the front of the stage. His arms are folded across his narrow chest, and a green tattered plaid hangs from his drooping shoulders. His green tunic is patched with pieces of cloth which bear affinity in neither warp nor woof to the garment with which they are allied, and his green worsted galligaskins are darned conspicuously with black. Suppose his short crisp whiskers to be a hair rope, carried for a particular purpose round the throat and jaws of a most stupidly repulsive-looking criminal, and you have a pretty correct notion of 'Wallace the hero of Scotland' at the fair. 'Rob Roy' follows the martial 'Sir William,' and he, as behoves him, has a freebooter easy carriage. We mistake if he could not carry a coal sack as familiarly as he carries his head, and be as free with loafers and Bohemians as he is in tartan. His bonnet is pulled down on one side of his face, to conceal a villainously black eye, and with the other he is all smiles to a 'rose of Allendale,' who wears a muslin rose upon her chip bonnet as large as a soup plate. Oh, war and love travestied, this is rich indeed! Pass on; there is laughter in that group no doubt, but there is a moral in it too. It would take more space and genius than we possess, or ever arrogated to ourselves, to give life-like consistency to this scene of perpetual transmutation. Here is Toby the dog, with spectacles across his snout, and looking like a professor of Greek. There a denuded athleta balancing weights upon his chin, or staggering about with a long tobacco pipe upon his nose. Groups of Tyrolese peasants are dancing away upon the elastic planks; while a king, bedizened with crown of pasteboard and gems of glass, or a prince, wrapped up in a mysterious pall-like black cloak, flits through the crowd to 'moisten his clay' in a vulgar manner with very vulgar-looking people. On one side you see the feet, legs, and hands of a dwarf sticking out of the miniature window of a miniature mansion, in order to induce a penny inspection of the whole carcass. On the other hand, you behold a gentleman reversed, that is with his feet up in the air, dancing a hornpipe, and at the same time balancing a pole on his toes; and close beside him Brian, the gloomy and misanthropic priest of Clan-Alpine, is shouting lustily, 'Walk up, ladies and gentlemen—only a penny!' Swings, roundabouts, and hobby-horses ply their tireless vocation, and the patrons of these establishments are generally far to the north side of juvenility; while a lion queen, with sceptre in hand, and enthroned in a howdah on the back of an elephant, moves slowly through the crowd, and points with a solemn air to the door of the menagerie, and mutters the cabalistic words, 'Ladies and gentlemen, only a penny.' Peep-shows and pea-gun target-shooting compose the amusements of youth, while 'cover-downs,' 'dindie-toasters,' and 'roly-polies,' boast a mixed company of votaries. There is a camera obscura and a group of statuary, not forget-

ting the skeleton of a whale, a stuffed mermaid, a horse with six legs, and a pig with two heads and eight feet, with et ceteras 'too numerous to be mentioned.'

We could not but rejoice in the admirable indifference with which the people patronised the various caterers for their amusement and candidates for their copper suffrages; they were like the 'yellow domino' at the feast, everything went down his throat, and the good citizens of Clyde's proud city went down every show's throat with insatiable alacrity. No matter whether the exhibition was intellectual or bombastic, the human stream kept up a constant alternation of visits with a zeal and perseverance worthy of Parisians at the fete of St Genevieve.

And these are the popular amusements of the people! We rejoice when labour can throw down his implements of exalted toil and devote a portion of time to the relaxation of his weary limbs and the rebrighting of his dull eye; yet we did not feel at all satisfied with our view of Glasgow fair. There seemed to be a frenzy of fun, an exaggeration of enjoyment, in both the actors and audience, that impressed us with a painful sense of unhealthiness. The people, said we to ourselves, are not accustomed to rational amusements; and this fair is like a safety-valve to the human engine, by which the exuberant spirits of youth, which had accumulated for perhaps a year, may be let off and harmlessly dissipated. Could not the speculative philanthropists of the new era rationally educate the optative qualities of the human mind? and could not proprietors of museums and zoological gardens take the heavy toll off the ports of rational and instructive amusement, and bid the poor to enter? Differential charges, or uniform low rates, to meet the ability of the most numerous class of the community, should be the principle upon which directors of all zoological, artistic, or botanical institutions should act, if they wish to consult their profit more than the quality of the money paid, or calculate the probable good to the community from such a procedure more than the positive gentility of their visitors. The cheap system has been tried with excellent effect by the Royal Scottish Academy of Edinburgh. At their annual exhibition of paintings, they throw open their rooms in the evenings at a low rate, and the working classes have shown their estimation of the attempt by crowding to the institution. They have been inconveniently crowded, it is true, but that was to be expected where dandy coxcombs and well-dressed loungers come to vitiate the atmosphere and quiz the *canaille*; but it is an axiom now, that small profits induce ready sales, light duties produce increased profits, and, of course, bearable embargoes upon rational exhibition-doors will not detract from the profit columns of exhibitors.

Glasgow fair was a most remarkable illustration of bombast and frenzy throughout. It seemed as if the showmen wished to destroy the senses of the lieges before they sought to gratify them, the yells and sounds were so deafening. There were many things to be seen, a knowledge of which would doubtless have added to the intelligence of the visitors; but the frenzy of gesticulation and the incoherent verbiage of the showmen were only intended and eminently calculated to produce laughter in the sprightly youths and smiling maidens who feasted their eyes on what would never reproduce one instructive thought. We left the busy scene, impressed with the conviction that some amusements must have a highly beneficial and elevating influence on the people compared with the extravagances we had witnessed, and trusting to see the day when Glasgow fair would be as rational, elevated, and dignified as any of the permanent recreative establishments patronised by the middle classes, and that it would then flourish as long as the city.

HENRY CONSCIENCE.

WE are much better acquainted with the habits of thought and the hopes and mode of life of our continental neighbours than our immediate ancestors were, in consequence of peace, our friendly relations with them, and the facilities afforded by our cheap literature for diffusing such

knowledge extensively amongst our people, by translations from foreign authors. The productions of Eugene Sue, Balsac, and George Sands have more forcibly illustrated the artificial hollowness of French high life than the most attentive observer from any other country could have done; while the mode of thought and expression adopted by these authors powerfully illustrates the exaggerative and inordinate tendencies of the French popular mind. We have some splendid descriptions of scenery, some thrilling developments of the passions, some beautiful protests against force-assumed power and in favour of the down-trodden poor, but we have no assurance of popular elevation from the convictions of high, holy, and incontrovertible principles—no hope given us from any source save that which is human. We have evidences of the tendency of the German mind, more from the accounts of the proscription and gagging of her authors than from the receipts that reach us of their thoughts; but Sweden has sent us the beautiful tales of Frederika Bremer, and the poems, in prose, of Hans Andersen: and now, Belgium begins to give us an infusion of her spirit. Previous to 1830, Belgian literature, like Belgium itself, was merely provincial, copying its tone and tongue from France; since that period there has been a reaction towards nationality, and now the Belgian language is written and received with much favour. We extract the following short biographical notice of one of the most popular of Belgic living authors from the *Athenaeum*, whose history, wonderful as it is, could be paralleled by those of many of his literary brethren. It is one of those romances of literary life which are being enacted every day, and which the pride of the actors, not the lack of ability, prevents them from exposing to public view:

Henry Conscience was born at Antwerp on the 3d of December, 1812. His father was an *aspirant de Marine*, and employed as an inspector of the dockyard at Antwerp. His mother, to increase the means of supporting the family, opened a shop in the general grocery line. When the French left the city in 1815, the father of young Conscience directed his attention to the purchasing of the ships which now were out of use. These he dismantled and broke up—selling the materials at a profit. This prosperous business soon converted the little grocery shop into a wholesale warehouse, and enabled the fortunate speculator to purchase a small estate. Our young author was from his infancy of a feeble frame, and a meditative, silent, and somewhat fretful disposition. As soon as he was able to read, he displayed the rudiments of a thoughtful mind. At seven years of age he lost his mother. About the same period, a circumstance occurred which more than any other influenced the future character of his life. His father, in addition to his other branches of business, commenced the purchasing of waste paper from the old-book shops and stalls. His granaries and lofts were soon filled with books of all kinds and in every language. Good and bad, new and old, were thrown together in this literary Golgotha. Every day increased the store; and young Henry's love of reading increased with the increasing means of its gratification. His daily occupation was that of rummaging amongst this heap of books; and culling from the heterogeneous mass the most rare and curious, or those which promised him the largest amount of pleasant and instructive reading. It is a somewhat remarkable fact that, though the subjects which he has so successfully treated are those requiring the more lofty and refined faculties of imagination, yet at this period of his life his favourite books were those on physics, natural history, medicine, &c.; poetry and novels were thrown carelessly aside.

In this manner passed three years of the youthful Henry's life. Wedded to his books, he had no Sundays, no holidays, no games, no recreations of any kind other than those which a diversity from one severe and abstract study to another afforded. When he was eleven years old, his father purchased a small piece of ground in the suburbs of Antwerp, on which he built, with his own

hands, a sort of *hermitage* enclosed within a garden, and established himself there with his two sons. No servants were kept—no company was seen; and the life which the whole family led was characterised by the ascetic severity of that adopted by the ancient Christian hermits of the desert. The only thing which broke in upon the monotony of their existence was that the father sometimes absented himself for three or four months together, for the purpose of visiting various seaport towns in Belgium and France, to purchase old ships and marine stores; and during these absences, the two young men were left wholly to themselves. This kind of life lasted for about three years: and Henry was fourteen when his father married again—a circumstance which exercised an unfriendly influence on the happiness of our author. His stepmother took possession of the house in the woods, and treated him and his brother with great severity. This state of things seems to have aroused the parental affection of the father, for he removed his two sons to a school at Antwerp, and thus they were placed beyond the sphere of domestic persecution. Here Henry, appointed to hear the lessons of the young scholars, imbibed from the employment notions of independence, and formed the resolution of becoming a teacher. To this special duty he directed his studies. He taught himself German: and, by an economical management of his time, contrived to give private lessons on various branches of education—which enabled him to realise a few florins each month.

This was a hard and mortifying lot, in which every day ushered in some new misfortune or humiliating incident. An event, however, soon took place which gave a new direction to his movements. The Belgian revolution of 1830 broke out. The words of liberty and independence fell on the ear of young Conscience with a most harmonious sound. He bade adieu to his school, his private teaching, and his father's house, and entered the army as a common soldier under the command of General Niellon. Here he served till 1834, at which time he had risen to the rank of serjeant-major. Before the revolution the Belgian army was not remarkable for order and discipline; and this circumstance explains in some degree the fact of one endowed as Henry was remaining so long in, and enduring with so much impatience the rules of, military life. But the persecutions which he had endured while under-master at the school at Antwerp had aroused within him a love of personal independence that made the rigid military discipline now attempted to be introduced unbearable, and he determined, therefore, on quitting the service and returning once more to his father's house. Here, however, he found no means of independent subsistence. For some months he knocked at every door in Antwerp, in search of employment either as clerk, shopman, or *commis voyageur*. After suffering great hardships and privations, he was struck with the notion of writing a book. A ray of hope entered his troubled mind and gave him courage for its execution. The work of Guicciardini, which relates the splendour of Antwerp during the sixteenth century, suggested to him the idea of a series of tales relating to that period, and 'The Year of Wonders' was the consequence, and his first literary essay. It was speedily translated into German, and favourably received both in Belgium and Germany. But the pecuniary advantages did not keep pace with those of a more spiritual kind, and Conscience found himself in debt to his printer. At the same time his father pointed out that he could maintain him no longer, and that he must provide for himself in some other way. So Henry left his father's roof, carrying, like Bias, all his fortune with him—a small parcel of clothes in a handkerchief, and the sum of *two francs*.

In this disconsolate hour, when the unfortunate author knew not where to go or what to do, he met an old school-fellow, who took him home and lodged him for a few days. During this interval the king's painter, Wappers, who knew Conscience by his book, interested himself in his favour, spoke of the young author at court, and advised him to offer a copy to the king. The painter

lent him some clothes, and took him to a royal audience. The monarch treated him kindly, seemed to take an interest in his fate, and gave him a subsidy of twenty-five pounds. Encouraged by his unexpected good fortune, Conscience began upon his second work—'Phantasia.' A publisher presented himself who promised to do great things for the author, but the latter never received a shilling from him; and, after labouring assiduously for six months, found himself again in want. A small situation yielding twenty pounds a-year was obtained for him from the governor of the province; and after office hours he proceeded with the composition of his third work, 'The Lion of Flanders.' This is a historical romance, in three volumes, whose object is to depict the events that took place immediately before and after the famous battle of the Spurs. It is full of lively and spirited descriptions, and greatly esteemed in Belgium, France, and Germany; into the languages of which two latter countries it was translated soon after its first publication. Conscience spent fourteen months in the writing of this work; and when the expenses were paid, the first edition yielded him the sum of *six francs*! Meanwhile, however, his reputation was increasing daily, though, being an ardent champion for the Flemish as a national tongue, he made himself powerful enemies among those who contended for French as the literary language of Belgium.

Notwithstanding the success of 'The Lion of Flanders,' Conscience had yet to struggle with his evil destiny. His pen being an insufficient resource and his pride greater than his vanity, he adopted the resolution of working as a gardener to eke out his income by the wages of a daily labourer. Thirteen months had passed in this toil when he sought one of his old protectors, and confided to him the story of his moral and domestic sufferings. Through Wappers, the king was again made acquainted with the position of Conscience, and again the royal bounty gave him for the moment mental liberty. A year afterwards, the situation of registrar at the Royal Academy of Paintings in Antwerp became vacant, and Wappers solicited and obtained the appointment for Conscience. Thenceforth he was sheltered from misfortune. Since that time, he has produced 'Count Hugo Van Craenbove'—'Sketches of Flemish Life'—'Winter Evenings'; a collection of Legends, Tales, and Reveries'—and a 'History of Flanders.' From the day of his bettered fortunes his works have yielded him annually a small sum, which, added to his salary, has made him comparatively independent. Most of the books which we have enumerated have been translated into German, Polish, and Danish. Thomasso Gar in Italy published an edition of Conscience's works; and the Abbé Negrelli has edited the three Flemish tales in the Italian language.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

If none but dogs were the inhabitants of Constantinople you would find it sufficiently difficult to make your way through a city where heaps of dirt, rubbish, and refuse of every credible and incredible composition obstruct you at every step, and especially barricade the corners of the streets. But dogs are not the only dwellers. Take care of yourself—here comes a train of horses, laden on each side with skins of oil—all oil without as well as within. And, oh! take care again, for behind are a whole troop of asses, carrying tiles and planks, and all kinds of building materials. Now give way to the right for those men with baskets of coals upon their heads, and give way, too, to the left for those other men—four, six, eight at a time, staggering along with such a load of merchandise, that the pole, thick as your arm, to which it is suspended, bends beneath the weight. Meanwhile don't lose your head with the braying of the asses, the yelling of the dogs, the cries of the porters, or the calls of the sweetmeat and chestnut vendors, but follow your dragoman, who, accustomed to all this turmoil, flies before you with winged steps, and either disappears in the crowd or vanishes round a corner. At length you reach a cemetery. We all know how deeply

the Turks respect the graves of the dead—how they visit them and never permit them to be disturbed, as we do in Europe, after any number of years. In the abstract this is very grand, and when we imagine to ourselves a beautiful cypress grove with tall white monumental stones, and green grass beneath, it presents a stately and solemn picture. Now contemplate it in the reality. The monuments are overthrown, dilapidated, or awry—several roughly paved streets intersect the space—here sheep are feeding—there donkeys are waiting—here geese are cackling—there cocks are crowing—in one part of the ground linen is drying—in another carpenters are planing—from one corner a troop of camels defile—from another a funeral procession approaches—children are playing—dogs rolling—every kind of the most unconcerned business going on. And what can be a greater profanation of the dead? But, true enough, where they were buried four hundred years ago, there they lie still.—*The Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn.*

SOLEMN THOUGHTS.

(For the Instructor.)

"We all do fade as a leaf."

We all do fade away

As leaves in autumn hour,

Or as the dewdrop's ray

From summer flower:

Like the bright hours which bring

The early light of morn,

Or the sweet voice of spring

On zephyrs borne;

Or like the passing gleam

Of summer's rainbow ray,

Or like the midnight dream,—

We fade away.

All must alike obey.

The dread destroyer's power

No human hand can stay

One short-lived hour.

The infant voice of praise,

Youth's gay and beating heart,

The 'old and full of days,'—

All must depart.

The proudest sons of fame,

The young, the fair, the gay,

The high and honour'd name,

Must pass away.

The passing place of youth,

The early loved of yore,

Whose hearts were love and truth,

Know them no more.

Their very name will seem

Like a forgotten tone,

Their fitful life a dream,

Their mem'ry gone.

Then should our thoughts arise

From earth's vain, sordid things,

To worlds beyond the skies,

On rapid wings—

To that bright world above,

Where sorrow is unknown,

Where saints shall dwell in love

Around the throne;

Where God from every eye

Will wipe away the tears

Through an eternity

Of blissful years.

L. C. W.

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OLD FLINTS.

It may be supposed from the adjective that the Old Flint is the chief and senior branch of the flints, and that all the other flints, from a skinflint to a pistol-flint, are intimately conjoined with them in the bonds of consanguinity; but such is a great mistake. The pistol-flint and the skinflint preserve a remarkable affinity in their appearance, being small and sharp, and, in their essence, being hard and cold; but although the old flint may possess the *dura mater* of the one, and the corruscative qualities of the other, he is burly and personable in appearance, and the 'splitting of hairs,' and the arithmetical problem of discovering 'how many beans make five,' form none of his pursuits when at home. The old flint has a most contemptuous opinion of all the other flints, and evinces as much affection for them as a jealous rich old uncle generally does for the spendthrift nephews who he believes are panting to see his name in the obituary of a daily paper and their own in his final settlement. They do mean things, and such doings the old flint despises. The skinflint would boil an animalcule for the sake of its tallow; and pistol, gun, rifle, and blunderbuss flints never scruple to aid burglars and highwaymen in their nefarious practices; but an old flint is the soul of honour, and would scorn to bend his obdurate muscles to the performance of a despicable action. The old flint, unlike the undistinguishable and undistinguished pismires of fashion, has not lost his identity in this transition age of innovation—'this age of levellers and stirabouts;' his low-crowned broad-brimmed castor occupies its old position still, wedging his round bullet-head as tightly as if it intended to be buried with him, and his broad-toed top-boots look as stubborn and conceited as if they had not gone out of fashion thirty years ago; his capacious waistcoat is not ashamed of itself in this age of gentlemen's stays and belts, and his breeches or wide short pants are a practical joke upon tights and straps.

To say that the old flint was ill-natured would be laying ourselves open to an *ex officio* information, and all the contingencies and liabilities of a case of defamation; although some people not sufficiently acquainted with the abstruse science of temper, and perfectly indifferent to all the terrors of wigs, gowns, and jury-boxes, have been foolhardy enough to asseverate that such is the fact. We confess him to be only a few removes from a 'crusty customer,' and that he vibrates at almost equidistance from what the Scotch call a 'dour dug' (stubborn dog); but no person cognisant of the minute phases of the physiology of the passions would ever affiliate the old flint to either. 'Ap-

transcribe in text pothooks long ago; and although we did not make much of the apophthegm upon paper, notwithstanding it was recommended to our studious attention by declamatory precepts and filaments of good stout bend leather, it was excoriated into our constitution, and has clung to it with indelible tenacity. 'Appearances often deceive'—remember that, good reader, and remember that there is another means of testing the nature and quality of things. What a simple-looking thing a bottle of soda-water is, with its orifice plugged and muzzled with cork and wire! what an innocent phenomenon is Cayenne pepper, when it has not amalgamated with saliva and become intimate with a vigorous palate! and lucifers and gun-cotton do not at all strike us as dangerous through the medium of the visual organs! There are essential qualities in these things which require development before we can be said to estimate them; there is an indispensable process of analysis necessary before we can assume to understand them. The old flint, in a state of quiescence, is like any other flint, or anything else in fact; you would not believe that there was anything eccentric in his nature unless you were aware of the fact, which Euler propounded, but which nobody has yet established, that there is a subtle ether pervading all bodies and all space more active than electricity and a great many degrees more rare in its constitution. In looking at the old flint's round red nose, which is generally a pretty accurate model of a pear, and in gazing upon his circular highly coloured face, which might often be mistaken for the sun in a fog, you would hardly, unless cognisant of the fact aforesaid, believe what attrition could bring out of him. Considerably above five-and-forty, and generally placed in that elysian position of life called 'easy circumstances,' the old flint possesses a goodly proportion of foibles, and he has the power of indulging them. He is like a domestic animal of the genus *felis*, whose colour is sable, very smooth and amiable when stroked with the fur, but ruffle him, brush him up against the grain, and you might as well expect to grasp a torpedo with impunity or crush a burr-thistle in your gloveless hand without being phlebotomised in consequence thereof, as to imagine that he would suffer you to interfere with his indulgences patiently.

'I am sure you will have another attack of quinsy, my dear,' says old flint's better half, who is indeed his better half all to nothing. 'You are sleeping again at that open window.'

'I wont have another attack of quinsy; and I am only dosing, love,' says old flint, blandly, through the napkin which he has thrown over his head, which said head rests with stubborn gravity upon the top rail of a stout ma-

'Do rise, dear!' pursues the lady, whose ideas are rectilinear, and whose determination is like a Gothic tower built on rock and stoutly buttressed round with reasons.

'I incline to rest,' says old flint, and the tone in which he enunciates the laconism is more curt and sonorous than musical.

'Of course you do, and to catch cold for your pains!' exclaims the lady, also going up the gamut.

'Don't bother me, now,' snorts the old flint, still maintaining his immovable position, to the manifest danger of disrupting his good lady's temper.

'You be bothered!' says she.

'And so I am and have been,' says he, 'for these thirty years.'

At which allegation, whereof there is no mistaking the meaning, the insulted lady bounces out of the room, wondering 'in all the world what tempted her!'

The old flint rises, and it is evident from the increase in the size of his nose and lips that the steam is up. He grasps his coat—a new and recent importation from the tailor—and if there was only a body in it, the manner in which he clutches its collar would be portentous of strangulation. He takes it from the peg—if it covered a human enemy he would certainly peg it into him—and diving his clenched fists and arms into it with much energy and vehemence, sets to the donning of it with convulsive pertinacity. Huch! was ever a man so tormented—two or three contortions—a pause—does he give in? Never say die is the word—a few rapid electric wriggles—and the old flint is at it again, as fresh as paint in spirits, but perspiring at every pore—he gets it on, that was expected, but will he keep it on? there's the question; it fits him like a wet kid glove on a stretcher, and his arms are standing out at right angles from his body as if they were in a state of cataleptic rigidity; his eyes are staring from his head as if some person had caught hold of his hair behind and was determined to take his scalp off. Could Socrates have borne this? Socrates wore a toga, and it was well for his consistency that he did so. The old flint wears a coat, and it has worn away in a few minutes every particle that was left of swart in his temper. Off it comes—take it easy, old flint—they'll take it easy who next try it on, for there is not a sleeve in it now—and flinging himself into an older acquaintance, which has become habituated to his corporation and choler, and dashing his hat almost down to his nose, the old flint sallies out to the street, after amputating the leg from a chair and causing the cat to perform sundry somersets down stairs.

Do you suppose that the old flint plumes himself upon his victories, or that he feels pleasure in contemplating his sundry collisions? There are dear-bought victories as well as dearly sold defeats; and although the old flint is the last man in nature to acknowledge himself the cause of his own little disquietudes, he is the first to deplore them. It is not from an original love of opposition that the old flint is *rabunxious*, for when well stroked and sleeked you might lead tears out of him. It is from the manner in which he is woke up that he comes out; go into him in a quick, curt, and biting manner, and depend upon getting your bill discounted in kind and the small change thrown over the counter with a praiseworthy liberality.

'Room for one, mum—sit up, please, gentlemen—a lady!'

'Full, sir,' says old flint, placing his umbrella firmly on the floor of the omnibus, and crossing his hands on the knob with a determined air; 'perfectly full, sir!'

'Room for twelve inside, sir,' says the cad, touching his hat and staring firmly at the pertinacious old flint.

'Yes, of whipping-posts!' is that gentleman's sarcastic reply.

'The lady is waiting, sir!' continues the cad, eyeing his burly opponent with a mixture of entreaty and wrath, curling his nose and acerbating his upper lip.

'And so are we!' shouts old flint, striking his umbrella firmly to the boards, and at the same time rising and thrusting his head from a side window to shout to the driver.

At this critical juncture the lady is hurriedly pushed into the vehicle—the door is slammed to with a noise like the report of a pistol. 'All right,' cries the chuckling cad, and off rattles the buss again.

'I protest against this, sir!' shouts the infuriated old flint, in a voice heard above the rattle of fifty wheels, when his astonishment has allowed him to draw breath, and realises the impudence of the grinning fellow behind.

'You're a scoundrel, sir!' he shouts, in the majesty of his wrath, and shaking his umbrella in the face of the cool official. 'You ought to be discharged, you ought.'

'Thank you, sir, for your good opinyn, but I'd rayther not,' responds the wag, touching his hat and winking with his left eye, much to the increase of the old flint's wrath.

'We are perfectly stewed in this abominable vehicle,' exclaims the old flint, looking round upon his fellow-passengers with the air of a man who had said something very severe, but at the same time what was incontrovertible.

'If some people would pay for two seats as they ought, according to bulk,' chimes in the cad, who has thrust his face into the orifice behind, and heard the insulting epithet applied to his buss, 'there would be less steam and fewer ill names going in people's weekles.' The tone in which the learned functionary delivers himself of this mysterious hint shows that his feelings are hurt.

'Come, sir, no insolence,' says old flint in a fury.

'Appeal to you, mum, if I haven't been perfectly polite,' says the cad in a respectful tone, as he hands the lady down the broad steps, and old flint comes stumping after her.

'You have, indeed,' says the lady, tossing her head and looking askance at the wrathful gentleman who had rudely obstructed her entrance into the carriage.

'He has, to you, ma'am,' says old flint, with a grin.

The look, the tone, the insinuation, are too much for the lady to bear. She remembers his ungallant endeavours to make her walk—and well she may, for these endeavours are only a few minutes old—and turning upon the fat burly individual who has ruffled her equanimity, she puts sundry questions to him regarding his opinion of himself, catechises him severely upon the meaning or import of his conduct, appeals with much force and vigour to his sense of shame, and at last winds up by asking him if he knows who it is he is insulting.

Old flint has reached the bank by this time, with his right thumb hooked to his suspender, and his umbrella thrown carelessly over his left shoulder. He has the air of an ill-used man, and he feels that he is so, for 'Never in the wrong' is the motto of old flint.

The most exciting and excited moments of an old flint's life are those in which he encounters 'an old file.' Ah! a dangerous opponent to anything or anybody of a hard or flinty nature is an old file. Reader, you recollect of the fable of a viper trying its teeth upon a file—a young untampered file, perhaps—and how it fared? Then think what would have happened with an indurated, hard-tempered old file—a rasping, grating piece of steel, with teeth more enduring and equally willing for action with those of a shark that had been upon fever diet for a fortnight. You cannot ruffle an old file, because he is roughened up to the greatest state of asperity possible already; he has always a coat of mail upon him, which keeps him from feeling the severest or most pungent rebukes and rebuffs, and he grinds away at his opponent with a devotion of purpose and untiring zeal, which would be commendable in any cause but that of fling. When flint meets file then comes the tug of war. It used to be said, when Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war, and then some *factions* fellow (we have no sympathy with *factions* people) punned the phrase down to 'when flint meets flint then comes &c.,' meaning thereby two bellicose tailors. But the meeting of old flint and old file beats the meetings of Greek & Greek and flint & flint all to nothing.

Suppose a crowd, gentle reader—a dense mass of quiet dreamy people listening to a quiet speech from the hustings, upon that quiet unexciting topic called politics

The old flint is wedged amongst the human wedges like a real flint in the doghead of a musket; he is perspiring—that is more an effect of his obesity and the state of the temperature than from the influence of the speech he listens to; he holds his hat and stick above his head, and as he is pretty tall they are over other people's heads also. There is a degree of undulation in the crowd, which rather gives a pendulous motion to the old flint's hand; his stick comes in contact with the hat of the old file, the key-note is struck, and off goes the file, rasping and sawing into the bone and marrow of the luckless wight who has stirred him up.

'Pardon, sir,' says the old flint; but he says it gruffly, as an injured man might be expected to make a concession to show his breeding.

'Put the pardon over your cane, sir,' says the old file, sneeringly, 'and if it is as soft and oily as your tongue, it will prevent it from damaging hats in future. Pardon, sir—hum—a pretty compensation for a hat value eleven shillings. If all the pardons that have been tendered me had been bank-notes, I should have been rich to-day, I tell you. Pardon! well—'

'Well!' interrupts the old flint, 'what then; you are inclined to quarrel, I think.'

'If you would please to think for yourself, sir,' chimes in the old file in a taunting way, 'you would perhaps arrive at correct conclusions; but in thinking for me you give yourself trouble without the chance of thanks. Some people are always thrusting their noses into other people's scent-bottles, however, and—'

'And you are a very impertinent fellow, sir, I assure you,' shouts the old flint, his leading characteristic trampling down the barriers of his prudence, reason, and caution, and working its way into the tips of his fingers and the point of his very much inflamed nose.

'Thank you for the assurance, sir,' continues the file, in the same monotonous but agonising tone. 'You could well spare a larger quantity of it, and leave yourself a goodly stock, after all. If assurance were gold-dust or diamonds, sir, you would be a rich man, but as it is neither the one nor the other, you do well to give it away.'

'Silence sir,' shouts the old flint, with a flashing eye, at the same time making sundry demonstrations of crushing the old file to powder; but he is hemmed in amongst a delighted auditory who assuredly sympathise with the latter person, and as the exertions of the former are very violent and disturbative, he finds himself unsupported by those around him, but driven from side to side with a rapidity that would certainly improve his wind if he could long continue the exercise.

The old flint is not one of your passive enduring men—he despises such notions. *Bear*, when it is a verb passive, imperative mood, enjoining passivity, he does not understand; when it is an expletive, with the affix *ish* stuck to it, however, he has a constitutional idea of the word.

Work away, old flint! it's a pity that so much labour should be expended in vain! There he goes with his head *à la battering ram* into a gentleman's waistcoat. Right and left go his elbows, like the flukes of a whale; he has lost his hat—dire calamity—but if his head had not a pretty strong connexion with his neck, he would have been minus that very necessary appendage to a human body long ago. 'Clear the way, boys, here he comes!' shout the crowd. The incoherent mutterings of the old flint are lost as they come holding out from between his firmly set teeth; but he has no thought of flinching, and as he works his way to the outside of the crowd, with his garments in as distracted and incoherent a condition as his mind, any body that did not know him would pity him.

They are a rare family the flints—fiery, furious, hard, determined people all through. There's your flints of one class have been known to endure thirteen weeks of hungry attrition, called 'striking before they'd split a penny'; another class of flints called skinflints have allowed these simple flints to suffer on before they would concede a half-

out-and-out determined customer, is the old flint. You cannot easily break into the heart of flint if you lay it upon a hard surface, but get a soft substance under it and it is sure to go. So with the old flint. Try to press him between files, or steel, or stones, or anything whose specific gravity is equal to his own, and you develop naught but fire; but get the soft side of him—tell him of wo, or poverty, or pain, or of the mind that in its moping darkness feels not but whispers to the big warm heart to feel, and tears—his heart's ambassadors—will come to answer for the soundness of his bosom's core. The old flint is true British oak, gnarled and knotted a good deal, but fresh and loveable—serviceable stuff for all. We never see thunder-storms unless there is a conjunction of two opposite elements; and we are certain that the short-tempered, fiery, phosphorescent, electric, old flints, would never come out strong (they say so themselves) without attrition.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

JAMES HOGG, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

(Concluded from page 392.)

Hogg now conceived a fancy for writing a series of poems or tales, to be entitled 'Midsummer-night Dreams,' the first of which was 'Cannel of Dee,' published in his 'Winter Evening Tales'; the second, 'The Pilgrims of the Sun.' This Mr James Park of Greenock persuaded him to publish separately. Renouncing, therefore, through his friend's advice and urgency, further concern, meanwhile, about the series of dreams, and deferring the publication of 'Mador,' the 'Pilgrims' were offered to Mr Constable. He was deeply engaged in ponderous works at the time, and got the poem shifted into the hands of Mr Miller. His minions, or manuscript-judges, however, condemned it as extravagant nonsense, and the publication of it was delayed. Nor was it published till Mr Murray brought it out in London; but as it had also been condemned by those on whose judgment he could rely, as being the most wretched poem ever written, he refused his name to it as publisher. Not only all the private judges, but the trade itself, with the exception of Mr Blackwood, seemed combined in a league against the poor 'Pilgrims.' After all, the poem, when it did come out, was favourably received. The reviewers praised it much; and in particular the 'Eclectic Review' bestowed upon it as much commendation as it was possible to bestow almost on any work. Still, however, it sold somewhat tardily here—not so beyond the Atlantic. It was reprinted in two different towns in America; and in that country 10,000 copies were disposed of. It contains some very beautiful, as well as some very powerful, poetry, and the first and last parts, of the four of which it consists, more especially, can scarcely fail of proving deeply interesting to any one who reads them, in whose heart and mind the love and appreciation of wildly original and beautiful poetry have been implanted.

He next published the 'Poetic Mirror, or Living Bards of Britain.' This curious production proved very popular and sold rapidly. It is a singular work, and discovers, perhaps more than any other of the author's writings, the remarkable versatility of his genius. It was originally intended to consist of *bona fide* poems procured from the different authors themselves, whom it, in subject and style, undertakes to imitate. To a number of these living and popular bards, the Shepherd, either personally or by letter, had applied, and they had not only assented to his request, but Southey, Wilson, Wordsworth, Lloyd, Morehead, Pringle, and Paterson, together with some others, had each communicated the poems which they were willing should thus make their appearance. Wordsworth re-claimed his afterwards. Scott, upon whom Hogg relied with unhesitating confidence for his support in the matter, on being applied to, pointedly refused, telling the Shepherd that 'Ilka herrin' ought to hing by its ain head,' and this frustrated the whole scheme. Hogg was deeply mortified, as well as highly offended at this refusal, yet, not knowing where or how to affix blame and expend his

all mankind. He wrote the former an abusive letter, shunned or refused to speak to him for many a day, and, in short, strove to hate him as much as possible.

Departing now from his original intention, he conceived the idea of writing imitations of these living poets himself, which he immediately set about, and in consequence of which the work received the title of the 'Poetic Mirror.' The glass was so far distorted as to caricature the features very considerably, but each and all of them, nevertheless, were eminently recognisable. Well, however, as he succeeded in displaying the mannerism of each bard whom he included in his list, there is little question but that he could have done the whole more justice, had he bestowed upon it more time and pains. But, as usual with him, at least for the most part, he commenced without premeditation, and wrote recklessly and fast. With the exception of the delightful 'Epistle to R. S.,' which is by Pringle, and was not at all written as an imitation of Scott's manner, which in the book it professes to be, he finished the whole in about three weeks.

Hogg, the year following, published his 'Dramatic Tales,' in two volumes; but they not exciting all the interest in the public mind that seemed reasonable to expect—for they contain much eminent poetry—he in a great measure laid aside his poetic pen. It was probably his success in the variety of style evinced in the 'Poetic Mirror,' that suggested to him the idea of entering upon dramatic composition on so extensive a scale; and one might imagine, even from what is exhibited in this work itself, that he could scarcely have failed of proving successful. Yet, according to the public estimate, the reverse was the case. It received the tales with indifference, as it sometimes happens with things truly good in themselves, and when no one therefore can assign a sufficient reason. The composing of dramas is like the writing of ballads—they possess a style of their own, and to put forth which, or realise in practice, requires a peculiar cast of mind. Condensation of thought and shrewd tact in expressing what observation has taught to the mind of life and manners, would, in this kind of composition, seem indispensable requisites. The want of these appeared less a defect in Hogg's genius than a fault in his practice. He wrote, for the greater part, hurriedly and at random, and this almost inevitably superinduces a style more sounding than solid, or bombastic than philosophical. Good plays are moral philosophy, laconically and interestingly expressed. The scenery of earth and sky, and all worldly things, animate and inanimate, may be hinted at, and brought in for illustration, but an extensive knowledge of the nature of man, in all its workings and ways, is most necessary; and this must not be departed from, because it is human nature which, in these writings, is to be illustrated. Too much of wild romance detracts from effect, and destroys interest; and verbose and sounding language serves only to hide what it should be the writer's aim and art pithily and strikingly to discover. Well-defined thought in the mind almost always requires little and very simple language to express it; and simplicity in this respect will be found to be power. Deep and comprehensive matters thus duly pondered and defined, are rendered plain, and therefore prove effective. Shakespeare accomplished this as if by god-like intuition, yet even he would have done better through greater care and deliberation. The poems and songs of Burns appear so simple in thought and natural in expression, that it might be supposed from their complexion, as they thus stand, that they cost the composer little or no trouble; but on the contrary, and in reality, to render them such an entire transcript of nature, it required every thought to be deeply and accurately weighed, and every expression to be rigorously chosen; had he acted otherwise, his poetry would not have stood the test which it has done, and which it is still likely to do. Hogg approved himself great by the wayward originality of his plans, and wild beauty of his thoughts. These, however, could have rendered him still greater, and fixed his fame on a singular as well as an unalterable foundation, had it been his will and cast to have given them forth less recklessly; for it is cer-

tain that no man, whatever his abilities may be, can write so well, even in his own way, off-hand, as by premeditation, followed up by careful immediate study. A beautiful picture is all the better of a suitable frame, and this cannot be given to it without careful workmanship; so likewise, many pictures, however beautiful both in frame and front they may be, will never garnish your apartment happily, if, instead of being carefully and judiciously hung up, they are confusedly cast down and scattered about.

The Ettrick Shepherd appeared to possess a buoyancy of spirit together with a firmness of mind, which, if it did not prompt him, yet enabled him to write unhesitatingly. He seemed to fix almost on the first subject that presented itself to his mind, and, when he had commenced it, he paused not to inquire whether it promised well or not, nor suffered himself to become heartless in the undertaking. The supply which he furnished weekly, and for a whole year, to the 'Spy,' goes far to show that he could write at all times, or when he pleased, and was always satisfied with the present production. He was forty years of age before he commenced writing the 'Queen's Wake,' and it may give some idea of the fertility of his inventive as well as industrial powers, to state here the works which he produced and published in the seven years succeeding to 1813. He produced the 'Queen's Wake,' the 'Pilgrims of the Sun,' the 'Hunting of Badlaw,' 'Mador of the Moon,' the 'Poetic Mirror,' 'Sacred Melodies,' the 'Dramatic Tales,' the 'Brownie of Bodsbeck,' the 'Winter Evening Tales,' the 'Border Garland,' and the 'Jacobite Relics of Scotland.' These constitute fifteen volumes, but are, after all, only a part of his mental produce during this time. He meanwhile contributed many articles to periodicals, and wrote also other effusions which were still retained in his possession. It ought to be here mentioned that, from the time that the 'Spy' terminated, he had, together with his friends, been planning and speaking of some new kind of periodical or magazine, which he and they conceived that the public required. When he happened to mention the matter to Pringle, he found that this gentleman and his friends had also been contemplating something of a similar nature, and they agreed to join efforts, if haply, by these, they could succeed in getting it set on foot. It was spoken of to Blackwood, and he also having a similar object in contemplation, arrangements, not without various difficulties, were made, and thus originated 'Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.' Those more immediately concerned in the conducting of the work having, shortly after, disagreed among themselves, Hogg was called in from the country by Blackwood, and the confusion and ill-humour in which he found the different parties, suggested to him the idea of writing the 'Chaldee Manuscript.' He transmitted it from Yarrow to Mr Blackwood, without the least intention of its being published; nor did Blackwood himself think of publishing it: but some of 'the rascals,' as Hogg styles them, to whom he showed it, after having 'interlarded it with a good deal of nonsense of their own,' insisted upon its publication. It made much noise at the time, and likely enough assisted in making the magazine more popular than it might otherwise have been, had those well-intentioned people who spoke so bitterly against that which now could neither be recalled nor amended, allowed it to pass by in silence.

From the time that Hogg left his native vale to follow literature as a profession, to the year 1814, he had no country-home, having almost constantly resided in Edinburgh. In 1814, however, he, through the generosity of Charles, late Duke of Buccleuch, was placed in possession of the farm of Altrieve-Lake, lying in the bosom of the Vale of Yarrow, at a rent which his grace said in his letter 'should be nominal.' As no rent was ever exacted from him, the farm, though small, was a boon, not only of importance to him in a worldly point of view, but in every way gratifying to his heart. The duke informed him that he had long had a secret and sincere friend in the duchess, who, while living, had solicited such a residence for him. Harriet, late Duchess of Buccleuch, was much beloved; even the mention of her name came over the land and the hearts

of men as if it had been the breath of benevolence itself; and none, perhaps, adored her for her goodness, pure and exalted as it was, more than the Ettrick Shepherd. 'The Forest Minstrel' had been dedicated to her, and though she had since ceased to live, her request made to her lord in the humble poet's behalf, now that he knew of it, was rendered, in consequence of her subsequent death, all the more sacred in his estimation. It came, moreover, as a reward to his poetic merit—the reward which is ever dearest to the true poet's heart, and therefore so to his. Besides this, nothing could possibly have given him such an importance in the eyes of his countrymen—those among whom he had thus returned to dwell—as this palpable patronage of the Duke of Buccleuch. Even those to whom he, in other years, had herded cows, together with others, began now in good earnest to believe that the Ettrick Shepherd had surely become a man of ability at last, that he was thus of such consequence. The gentlemen and ladies who, in their carriages and otherwise, visited him in his humble hut—for in such he dwelt till a more suitable abode could be built—likewise tended greatly to aid and confirm these better opinions of the poet that had begun to obtain; and he had, or might have had, a welcome and a home in every house, high and low, throughout the wide extent of these pastoral regions. These themselves, and still more especially those in the more immediate vicinity, were fraught with many associations calculated to render them interesting to one of his temperament. His forefathers and their relations had seen and suffered persecution for religion's sake among these glens and wilds. Many of their descendants, and consequently his near relations, still lived among them; and his own residence lay within a mile and a half of Blackhouse, where he had spent ten of the happiest years of his earlier life. His mother was now no more, but his father, though old yet far from frail, still survived; and it made his heart glow to all, it may be said, both below and above the sky, to know of and foster the conscious pride that the old hoary-headed father experienced from day to day that his son had at last been enabled to welcome him home to a farm or possession which the proudest of the land could not take from him, as they had formerly done others. Had the Ettrick Shepherd had his choice of the place whereupon, throughout the boundaries of his native land, he would reside, it is far from improbable but that he would have fixed upon the one which had, even thus unsolicited, and altogether unexpectedly, fallen to his lot. His native Ettrick, beneath whose daisies he now sleeps, would not have been preferred to the Yarrow, especially because it has no Lake of St Mary, and no Loch of the Lowes, no Megget, and no Douglas Burn. Neither, upon the whole, is it so near to the solemn beauty which clothes the steep green mountains of Moffat-dale, and the wild and unutterable loneliness and grandeur which eternally reign around the impressive solitudes of Lochskeen.

'What does all this avail?' asks the worldling. It avails much. It made one of the human race around whose brow flame had bound one of her most imperishable garlands—the garland of poetry—comfortable and comparatively happy. It becomes now our turn then, to ask a question also, Where is the possession to be found, whether here or hereafter, that will ever do as much for the cold-hearted, calculating, worldly-minded man? Yet such a man knows that to be happy is the first and last longing of the human soul. He may know this also, that, in order that the wanderers of earth may be warned and internally prompted to look beyond it, happiness, after which all seek in one way or other, is not intended ever to be complete below the sun. Hogg accordingly did not long continue satisfied with the farm which had thus been gifted to him. 'I then began,' says he, 'and built a neat cottage on my new farm, and forthwith made it my head-quarters. But not content with this, having married in 1820 Miss Margaret Phillips, youngest daughter of Mr Phillips, late of Longbridge Moor, in Annandale, and finding that I had then in the hands of Mr Murray, Mr Blackwood, Messrs Oliver & Boyd, and Messrs Longman & Co., debts due, or that would soon be

once more to farm on a larger scale, and expressed my wish to the Right Honourable Lord Montague, head trustee on his nephew's domains. His lordship readily offered me the farm of Mount-Benger, which adjoined my own. At first I determined not to accept of it, as it had ruined two well-qualified farmers in the preceding six years; but was persuaded at last by some neighbours, in opposition to my own judgment, to accept of it, on the plea that the farmers on the Buccleuch estate were never suffered to be great losers; and that, at all events, if I could not make the rent, I could write for it. So, accordingly, I took the lease of the farm for nine years.'

This affair proved an unfortunate one. The farm itself needed many improvements, such as building, fencing, and draining; while the extensive stocking which it required had to be purchased at a very high rate, and shortly fell proportionally low as it had been high. The Shepherd, after calling in the money due to him, found that he had still by far too little capital. He got into difficulties at the commencement, out of which (notwithstanding during the two years immediately succeeding his entrance to the farm he, by his writings, had realised £750) 'he could never redeem himself till the end of the lease; at which time,' continues he, 'live stock of all kinds having declined one half in value, the speculation once more left me without a sixpence in the world.'

Since the Shepherd himself has given no account of this matter which seems satisfactory to others, and since those who write concerning it appear to be altogether as uninformed on the subject as they appear to be unacquainted with pastoral affairs in general, it may be best here to state what is conceived to be the true solution of the matter. Simply, then, it was disease in his stock which principally superinduced Hogg's embarrassment by reducing its value, or rather by placing an almost insurmountable barrier against its regular annual sales. The disease which got into it is one of the most infectious, and at the same time productive of the most deteriorating effects. All store-farmers fear and detest it; and as it cannot long be concealed from those who are experienced in pastoral affairs, no man will purchase sheep out of a stock which is even suspected of being tainted with it. Besides, a sort of disgrace attaches to it; so that master and man, as it were, feel degraded by and ashamed of having it in their flocks. The shepherds, especially, who are trusted to attend to all such matters, are blamed for their stupidity and carelessness in allowing it to enter and increase. But though blamed, it is chiefly in secret, for another feature of the affair is that it is rarely spoken of, and especially to those more immediately concerned. Partly delicacy of feeling, and partly self-interest on the part of others, prevents them from even hinting that they are aware of the existence of that which every pains is taken to conceal. To publish it abroad is not only like taking money out of the pockets of those whose flocks are tainted, but the neighbouring flocks around are scathed in their reputation, as being suspected of having caught the contagion, as all know they are most apt to do; and the calamity is great, both as it relates to disagreeableness and actual loss. After it has once fairly got in among sheep, it is almost impossible to root it out again; and since there are remedies for it, if attended to in due time, the reproach rests chiefly with the shepherd for not detecting its inroad and preventing its further spread; as, before a master knows of its existence it may be too late. Whether there be truth in the averment or not, we do not pretend to decide, but certain it is that most men connected with pastoral farming assert that such is the infectious as well as tenacious nature of the disease, that it will remain in the very ground of a farm for years, so that, were untainted sheep put upon it, they would thus, long after, catch it from the land itself; and in this case, as its progress must prove the more insidious, so must it be the more detrimental, as its effects, when they do discover themselves, will be in a manner universal. It is surmised that even in this way the stock of the Ettrick Shepherd was so far deteriorated as to be

and, purchased at a high rate, they might not pay, from year to year, much more than the interest of the money laid out upon them, if they paid as much. It is needless for men, therefore, who apparently understand nothing practically and distinctly about these matters, to philosophise upon them, speak of inaccurate calculations, improvident measures, and singularly obscure perceptions and judgment in the world's ways and methods of accumulating cash, when the truth can be told, and which when told is sufficient to explain the mystery. But the Ettrick Shepherd might at the time forbear from recording this in a history of himself, which in the main only professed to give an account of his *literary life*, for various very important reasons.

He now returned to his former cottage and farm, which no doubt it is a pity he had ever quitted, especially to enter upon a business in which fate itself seemed to have determined that he should at no time prosper. He had still his pen, however, his children were healthy, his wife lovely as she was prudent, and happiness prevailed as much as ever. He found it necessary, however, about this time to enlarge his cottage, for unfortunate as he had been in his worldly means, it did not in the least prevent those men who now see meet to set themselves forth as being capable of sitting in just judgment over his character and conduct, from rendering additional accommodation necessary. This is indeed a part of the matter which has never been taken properly into account, and it may be stated by way of illustration, for facts in such cases are best, that on a day when a certain individual came to dine with the Shepherd and his family only, as they expected themselves, fourteen additional persons, before the day was done, dined in the house. He who wrings out of the author's heart and brain that wherewith he shall furnish his own table, will perhaps say, 'It was very imprudent in the Shepherd; he and his family and single friend ought to have *denied* themselves.' But if he says so, it will only further serve to illustrate the truth, that he is wholly unacquainted not only with the cast and manners of the country, but with the Shepherd's character. Since the generous poet and his no less generous partner did not deny themselves to the wandering poor, how should they have done it to their friends and acquaintance? Hogg, among yon 'gay green birks' and yon hoary hawthorn, that skirt the margin of the lake of St Mary (for this is also a fact) gave a shilling unasked to a poor boy because he was so careful and pains-taking in conducting his old blind father along the way leading to Moffat; and when assailed with thanks by the youth, whose eyes were as the eagle's though his hair was 'brown and weather-beaten as the tufted moss,'* as well as by the old man, who could not see the green birks and the hoar hawthorn, nor their images mirrored in the beauteous bosom of the deep blue mountain lake, he said, 'Na, na, my wee man, dinna mind the giving o' thanks to me, but dinna forget to give them to Him aboon the sky who gives baith you and me a' things that we possess here or shall enjoy hereafter; and be ay as kind to your puir auld blind father, for if sae ye be, then if man winna take care o' you, God will.'

Hogg's many friends and acquaintances, of all ranks of society, throughout the boundaries of his native land, together with the classical and romantic character of the district in which he dwelt, laid him open to the inroads of many visitants. Nor, in consequence of his fame, now widely extended, were his visitors confined to his own countrymen or yet to those of the sister kingdom. The day of the fourteen diners, above mentioned, might be an extra chance day, but every morning, noon, and night, especially throughout the summer and autumn months, brought more or fewer to his home whom he loved to see. Those who came in carriages or on horseback, to call or by appointment, were less difficult to deal with, because they came at regular hours; they had their refreshment and it was by; but those who haunted the hills and holms of Yarrow for their scenery, or its lakes and streams for

their trout, came almost at all hours. Many have marvelled, as well as the writer of this, how Mrs Hogg's patience became not oftentimes utterly exhausted; but if the lord of the little bein ha' was a poet, whom nature made generous of her own will, the lady was no less a philosopher, versant in all the inexhaustible friendliness which supplies dry raiment to the wet and food and rest to the weary, and the smile of welcome departed not from her countenance nor the law of kindness from her tongue. To a friend whom the Shepherd had gone forth to convey on his way a little, 'between the gloamin' and the mirk,' he said, 'My bit house,' looking back to it, 'is enow just like a bee-skep, fu' o' happy livin' creatures, and nae doubt, like a bee-skep, it will hae to cast some day, when it can haurd its inhabitants nae langer.'

At Mount-Benger and Altrivie Lake together, he, after the publications already enumerated, produced a number of other works, and wrote many articles for periodicals. He published his prose tales of 'The Three Perils of Man,' and 'The Three Perils of Woman,' each class in three volumes; 'The Confessions of a Fanatic,' 'Tales of the Wars of Montrose,' 'The Shepherd's Calendar,' 'The Queer Book,' and 'Moral Essays.' 'Queen Hynde,' a long narrative poem relative to the invasion of the Danes, &c., he published in 1828. This poem was partly written at a much earlier date, but, after being long flung aside, he resumed and concluded it a short time previous to its publication. It is dedicated *throughout* to the ladies of Scotland. In these dedicatory parts, so often as they recur, the poet alike discovers his wit, his humour, and his tenderness. While these passages, for the most part, are very entertaining, the rest of the poem is fraught with interesting description, both as it relates to the scenery of nature and the character of man. Many passages are singularly poetical and splendid, and one female character, more particularly, appears to be almost altogether original as a figurer in poetry, yet all the while very natural.

Hogg having gone to London in 1831, for the purpose of making arrangements with some of the booksellers in regard to the republication of his prose works, found himself a person of no small consequence in that great city. He was induced to mingle much in society, and met with many interesting and distinguished individuals, being treated by the liberal and generous-hearted sons of the south in every respect as one whom they delighted to honour. He, on the other hand, deeply and warmly felt the force of their flattering attentions, and was more than pleased with the reception which he met with. On his return, however, he did not appear to lay a great deal of stress upon those artificial scenes and sights of public notoriety and entertainment to which he had been conducted. The heart of Hogg loved not man the less but nature more, and even in the midst of the queen of the three kingdoms, his mind appeared to have been frequently returning to and wandering among the mountains and streams of his native land. The writer of this knows not whether it may redound to the credit of his mind and taste, or militate against them, to mention, that he saw few things in London that he considered so remarkable or felt to be more interesting than the Fishmarket. This each day, or at least as often as possible, he visited—not to purchase salmon for his breakfast table, but to see and examine the varieties of the finny race which, it is well known, are there exhibited. 'But, alas! sir,' said he, 'it would have broken your heart as nearly as it did mine, to see the great cartloads o' dead laverocks that they bring into yon city. Where they get them, or how they catch them, is ill to ken; but man takes advantage o' a' creatures, the best and the bonniest as well as the worst and most ungainly. I have a suspicion that the folk yonder wad hae mair delight in seeing them cast into a cart yon gate, aboon ane another, than they wad hae in seeing them rise in a May morning frae 'mang the dewy bent, a' in a flock, off the top o' Ettrick-pee, where, puir things, they could sing their fill in safety, with the braid blue sky o' Scotland aboon them. I remember when I read, in my young days, in Bruce's Travels, that the larks sing the same notes in

* See Peter of Barnett, in the 'Poetic Mirror.'

Abyssinia as they do here—and there can be nae doubt but our Highland pibrochs are just imitations o' their songs—I thought that it must be a tolerable country after a'. But I trust that our Scottish laverocks, at least, will never show themselves sic fools as to cross the border into England to be baken into pies and devoured yon gate.'

Having arranged matters for giving to the world a new and uniform edition of his works, the Shepherd returned to Scotland, and the first volume of 'The Atrivie Tales' made its appearance in the spring of 1832; but here meanwhile the series stopped, in consequence of the failure of the publishers. As usual with him, for the greater part, he took this misfortune lightly, i. e., if it changed his views and feelings for a time, so far as to render them annoying or vexatious, this passed away so soon as he began to contemplate other resources to which he could turn himself. But it is not altogether true, as some allege, and as he himself indeed sometimes takes a fancy for averring, that such casualties produced no disagreeable effects upon his mind. This is true, that while he certainly was as much averse as any one of the human race, perhaps, to the indulging in anything like settled melancholy feelings, or the uttering of complaints of grief and repining, he also appeared to possess a power and a method of dismissing what was disagreeable from his mind, and thus driving 'dull care away,' more almost than any other man. His hope and anticipation seemed strong as the sun in the firmament of heaven, and if a cloud came over it, the obscurity served only to interrupt not effectually to check its beams—they still shone, pouring themselves forth, though in another direction than formerly. As in unfortunate casualties he was one who certainly had no inclination to brood over them despondingly, so did he seem altogether like one who had no time for such a state of existence; and the true secret of all this seemed to be his mental decision. He appeared readily or at once to make up his mind about the best and the worst of any matter that particularly concerned him, and this done, it possessed a firmness which prevented it from any palpable degree of vacillation or change.

The year succeeding that in which he returned from London, his friends and countrymen proposed giving him a public dinner, for the purpose of testifying their regard towards him as a man and a poet. The meeting was much more numerously attended than had been anticipated, a number of the principal literary men of Scotland, as well as a few from England, being present on the occasion. The meeting took place in the Tontine of Peebles, John Wilson, Esq., professor of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, occupied the chair, and William Aitchison, Esq., Menzies, now of Linhope, was vice-president.* This meeting proved worthy of its object as a testimony of esteem for literary worth and talent as existent in one who, as said his great predecessor in song, had raised himself 'from the veriest shades of life' to poetical eminence in his native land, without the aid and advantages even of ordinary education. Cordial as splendid, it was, as it well might be, deeply gratifying to his heart. He said, among other things, that 'he had sought fame while yet among the mountains he wore 'the crook and plaid,' and he had sought it in the city, and now, when he saw so many of the most talented gentlemen of the land around him, thus met even on his account, well might he exclaim, I have found it at last.' Those present, feeling and reflecting that it was much more pleasant to themselves, and useful and encouraging to genius, to do the possessor of it honour while he yet lived to respond to it, than when by death the light of his countenance should be withdrawn, made the proposal, which was universally

favourably received, that they should in like manner meet annually to pay the Shepherd this mark of respect; but before another meeting succeeded the first, an event took place which prevented those who had met him on this occasion from meeting him any more in this scene of things. Though still cheerful, he showed slight symptoms of declining health for a few months, which, arising from a latent affection of the liver, eventually terminated in death. He died at Atrivie Lake, on the 21st of November, 1836, in the sixty-third year of his age. His remains were conveyed to and interred in the churchyard of Ettrick, where they repose not more than two bow-shots distant from the place where lately stood the cottage in which he was born. His widow has erected a simple but handsome stone to mark the place of his rest, but without any inscription save his name and the dates of his birth and death, surmounted by a harp neatly carved on the headstone, whose silence, which must ever more remain, seems to overawe and interest the heart of the beholder as well as its appropriateness and simplicity. When the dark clouds of winter pass away from the crest of Ettrick-pen, and the summits of the nearer lying mountains, which surround the scene of his repose, and the yellow gowan opens its bosom by the banks of the mountain stream, to welcome the lights and shadows of the spring returning over the land, many are the wild daisies which adorn the turf that covers the remains of THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.* And a verse of one of the songs of his early days, bright and blissful as they were, is thus strikingly verified when he says,

'Flow, my Ettrick! it was thee
Into life that first did drap me.
Thae I'll sing, and when I dee
Thou wilt lend a sod to hap me.
Pausing awa'ins will say, and weep,
Here our Shepherd lies asleep!'

As the character and manners of the Ettrick Shepherd have, through one channel or another, been frequently much misrepresented, and consequently erroneous impressions gone abroad concerning him, it is of importance to offer a few observations whereby these erroneous impressions may be removed from the minds of such as may not have had an opportunity of judging of his real character for themselves through the medium of a personal acquaintance. Those who had this pleasure—this honour—could rarely feel offended at the man and the poet; and the longer that his friends knew him he became by them the more beloved and respected. If he erred at any time, it was still seen that it was not through design or selfishness, but much rather as a boy errs, through inadvertency; while the unalterable and undecaying kindness of his entire disposition, endeared him very deeply to the honest and susceptible heart.

When in his prime, the Ettrick Shepherd was in stature five feet ten inches and a half. Well proportioned in every respect, his *make* combined strength and agility. His chest was capacious, and his shoulders square, and otherwise 'tight o' lith and limb'; his leg was well rounded, his ankle and foot small; his forehead was high and well formed; his hair, which, as has already been mentioned, he in his younger years wore long, was auburn, slightly inclining to yellow—in later life it became dark brown mixed with grey. The colour of his eye was dark blue: quick and clear, it sparkled with rays of that intelligence which indicates the cast of the emotion which might at the time sway the mind, or the feeling which might reign in the heart. When artists failed of taking successful likenesses of him, he was wont to furnish an excuse for the failure, by saying that 'his face was out of all rule of drawing.' But his features, though far from regular, were yet

* This gentleman is well known throughout his native land for his intelligent appreciation of literature and literary men, and his generous attention towards them, together with his remarkable talents for public speaking. There were few friends whom the Ettrick Shepherd loved more for his friendly word or esteemed more highly for his powers of mind than Mr William Aitchison, who, on the occasion in question, was elected croupier, as representative of the farmers.

* A gentleman who had shortly before returned from travelling on the Continent, told the writer of this that, on his paying a visit to Ettrick Churchyard he was not a little astonished to find the grave of the Ettrick Shepherd covered with almost innumerable wild daisies, while on the rest of the graves there were few or none, till he either surmised or was informed (I forget which) that the turf which covered the poet's remains had been brought from a spot where these beautiful wildflowers grew abundantly.

bold, expressive, and pleasant.* While, in the main, the most prominent feature of his mind was perhaps sly humour, the groundwork of his whole character may be said to have been that of *singleness of heart*. This in him was characterised by such a remarkable degree of simplicity, that few, till after long acquaintance with him, could understand or appreciate it. Men of the world, expecting haply to meet one, who, though a poet, was at least somewhat of their own cast, could not well understand why it turned out otherwise, and much less could they readily comprehend that native simplicity which constituted the cause of the anomaly. He thought as simply as he acted and spoke; and to many his remarks appeared very peculiar, if not sometimes bordering upon the impracticable and absurd; but those who remembered his observations, and tried them by the test of the experiences of human life, discovered, sooner or later, that they had their foundation in a true and deep philosophy—a philosophy so simple and so true, and found out as if it had been by intuitive inspiration, that it was difficult for mere ordinary minds to comprehend it, till, at least, illustrated by the forthgivings of experience. When he disliked, or disesteemed any one, he did not conceal his sentiments, but in general spoke out what he thought, in such a way of truth and simplicity, that however much the individual might regret the Shepherd's disapproval of him, he yet could scarcely feel offended. The Shepherd himself, when offended by any one, entertained no bitterness of feeling towards him, although, at the same time, he maintained his plea with positive power. When the late Lord Napier destroyed from off the Lake of St Mary the boat and boat-house which Mr Ballantyne of Tinnis had put upon it, and which was ever free to Hogg and his friends, the poet and his lordship corresponded by letter on the subject, and the matter was somewhat made up; nevertheless, nine or ten verses were inserted in the ballad of Mary Scott, in the last edition of the 'Queen's Wake,' in consequence of this procedure, which casts a reflection upon his lordship, though evidently by a mind that entertained and cherished no malice.

Of all men who ever lived, the Ettrick Shepherd died, perhaps, possessed of the youngest heart; for that heart never grew old, but was as fresh and unselfish when his locks were mingled with the grey hairs of threescore years, as when the sunny ringlets of 'green eighteen' waved above it. Nothing at any time hurt his feelings so much as to hear one man depreciate another, excepting, perhaps, his being informed that a countryman had been guilty of performing a naughty action. He took a pleasure, if not a pride, in having many people, young and old, living under him; and by old and young he was alike loved and respected. The unselfish or unworldly cast of his heart and mind left kindness and generosity to reign towards them uninterruptedly. † His manners were those

* None of the likenesses taken of the Ettrick Shepherd appear very successfully executed. The best one of his more advanced years is in Mrs Hogg's possession, done by Mr James Scott, an artist now in Edinburgh, and who was sent down from the London Academy by Allan Cunningham, for the purpose of taking a correct portrait of the Shepherd. The best one of his earlier years (a facsimile of which is given with the present memoir) was drawn, we believe, by Mr W. Nicolson, an artist who is now no more, in the year 1817.

† These verses commence thus—
'Red Will of Thistlestane came on,
With sullen and indignant eye,
and end—
'Who ne'er in all his restless life
Did unbecoming thing—but one.'

‡ He said one day, coming in from the field, 'I have received ill news.' As the Ettrick Shepherd was no bearer of evil tidings, some anxiety was manifested by his partner in life and others present. 'It is not much, after all,' he continued, 'but only that stupid bank is broken, and I have a good many o' the notes; but neither would I regard this, were it not that I the other day paid these poor fellows, who have been labouring hard, late and soon, a' the simmer to me, with the notes, and they are not worth a farthing to them. There is nought for't but just to send for them and pay them with other money.' One said he thought the law would not oblige him to do so. 'I never heed the law o' the land,' said the Shepherd, 'in such cases. We have two laws forby this, and that

of a gentleman, and not of a clown, as they have been sometimes said to have been. They were simple and at all times unassuming: gentle and kind, without any apparent design on his part, they did not only delight but fascinate. Whether when at home or abroad, he in his dress was always even inordinarily neat and clean. At his outset in the world he mentions the very indifferent clothes which he was necessitated to wear; and it was probably the dislike at ragged array which he then imbibed, that prompted him in after-life to dress uniformly so well. Luckily, however, while he thus prized good raiment he was devoid of the airs of foppery. In his youth he received, as the reader is aware, little or no scholastic education, and it was perhaps from his consciousness of the disadvantages arising to himself from this, which, when he had it in his power, induced him to build a small school on his farm in order that the children of the district, who lived far remote from the parochial school, might receive the benefits of education, and who otherwise than through this might have been comparatively deprived of them. Although his own children were not come the length of attending this school, he nevertheless, by way of encouragement to it, afforded a free lodging to the different individuals who taught it from time to time. His benevolence thus induced him at least to endeavour to prevent those educational disadvantages in the lives and histories of others, which had been so deeply experienced in his own. And much as he was admired and respected by the surrounding inhabitants, high and low, those shepherds and others of a similar rank whose children were educated in this little benevolent institution, will not only remember the Ettrick Shepherd with admiration, but the rising generation, when they reflect what he has in this respect done for them, will cherish his memory with tenderness and gratitude.

The shepherds of the Forest, and those more especially of the Vale of the Yarrow, were proud of Hogg because of his fame as a poet; and perhaps one of the reasons why they loved and respected him so much as a man, was that, although he had raised himself above his own original rank and theirs, he never was otherwise in his bearing towards them than the *unsophisticated, uncelebrated* shepherd. And this leads us to confute another erroneous impression concerning him. Those unacquainted with him personally imagine, either from his own writings or the writings of others, that he was egotistical and vain; which, however, is very far from the truth. Unless to his confidential friends, it was with the utmost difficulty that he could be brought to speak of himself or his works—of others he spoke freely, almost always to praise them and not to blame. The numerous lucubrations which young writers sent, or brought to him for his opinion, would almost have worn out the patience of any man, yet he tolerated them still, giving as much praise, and consequently encouragement, as he conscientiously could. Those who were personally acquainted with him, we feel certain, will bear testimony to the accuracy of these observations, and especially that everything which they had heard or believed concerning his uncouth manners and his egotism, was confuted, and that most effectually, so soon as they came into his presence. Cheerful and unassuming, it was a presence which inspired the hearts of the susceptible, not only with pleasure, but with actual happiness. He was subject to no gloomy and disagreeable moods of thought and feeling, and the simple and sincere kindness of his heart never departed from his friends. He was wont, before he was celebrated as a poet, to be much about the cottage of the father of him who writes this memoir, and, like others, he was kindly welcomed and hospitably treated; but unlike others, or at least unlike many, he did not till his dying day ever forget the kindness which he

a good deal nearer hand home, as well as that they are a very great deal cheaper—we have the law of God and the law of humanity, and I cannot rest satisfied till this matter be righted.' The matter was righted accordingly, the Shepherd saying, that it was better for him than for them to take chance of the unsubstantial money, for he got his far more easily than they got theirs.

received, but rejoiced in the welfare of every member of the family, and most of all in his who can thus from his inmost heart shed a tear-drop over the memory of so dear and so lamented a friend.

Oh, sad is the heart when its hopes have departed,
And lone is the land when its bards pass away;
The valley seems waste and the mountain deserted,
Though summer should spread all its charms to the day.
Adown by yon bower on the wild braes of Yarrow,
The Shepherd of Ettrick sang wildly and free,
But the harp that could charm us from sadness and sorrow
Awakes not again with the voice of the morrow,
And the days we have seen we again ne'er will see.

'Tis lonely to think of his sleep in the chamber,
Where light from the day to the eye never comes,
Who loved o'er his own native mountains to wander,
And joy in each glory which nature illumines.
Oh! it was not thus when, afar by St Mary,
We join'd in his glee through the long summer day,
And listened his songs, that the breezes would carry
From those that at fold or at hay-field would tarry,
And welcome the bard whom they loved as his lay.

Yes, he was beloved from the dawn of his childhood;
Beloved till the last of his suffering was seen;
Beloved now that o'er him is waving the wild-wood,
And the worm only living where rapture hath been.
But the reign of the bard is not empty and over,
Though his tongue be untuned and his hill-harp unstrung;
The land of the living has lost him for ever,
But no time from the memory of mankind shall sever,
The tales that it told, and the strains that it sung.

THE LONG LOST FRIEND.

'The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy; but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted.'—*Keats*.

OFTEN have I wept. With my tears this world has nothing to do;—yet with these tears joys mingle. The remembrance of a long lost friend, dear as kindred of nearest tie, is now before my mind—not as that of a spirit doomed to awful destiny, but of a happy immortal in a region of life, and light, and glory. His high position I grudge him not. Would I were high as he! And yet, strange were the scenes through which he passed. My heart trembles to think of them. Some of them were scenes of sin, degradation, and sorrow.

Desirous, in early life, that in due time he might go forth in the dissemination of the light of truth, all his powers of thought, all his time, and every pittance he could spare from the means of a bare subsistence, were devoted to the attainment of requisite qualification. The delight of gradual advancement in knowledge gave strength to hope, and vigour to application; but dire disappointment was the ultimate result. His sun went down ere it was yet day. Oh, the sad results of disappointment! They change a man into something that is not his real self. Life, however, in every grade, demands activity; and if the means of its support are denied in one form, they must be sought for in another. My long lost friend, possessed of marked attainments in literature and science—now that the more grave department of mankind eschewed his services—wrote for the gay world, catered amid frightful scenes to gratify perverted tastes, and even made experiments in deep depravity, that his representations of them might in some measure correspond with their more than imaginary reality. Oh! I could narrate many a strange scene, but shall not; my flesh creeps under the influence of a partial review of them. Better, surely, is it to bury them in oblivion than risk, by exhibition, their contaminating infection; for, while virtue more or less has a place in every heart, there are chords there also which vibrate to vicious manifestation.

It would seem strange, were the statement made, that the practice of vice may sanctify the soul; and, while strange, it would not be true. Vice, however, in its punitive results, may afflict the soul and awaken latent moral principles implanted there, which vegetate like corn under the clod, that ultimately rises higher than the earth on which it grows. This has often been the case with in-

structions communicated in early life; especially with maternal instructions. To this fact, one writer feelingly refers in the following terms: 'There is an efficacy in the bended knee, in the outstretched hand, in the uplifted heart, in the accents of prayer issuing from the lips of a mother supplicating God to bless the child, which faith may interpret for its encouragement, and the future day realise. There is a solemnity in the act itself peculiarly calculated to elicit all the best feelings of the heart, and quicken it to diligence in the use of means most adapted, through mercy, to ensure the blessing. Discouragements may arise, impressions that once excited hope may vanish, the fruit may not be apparent; yet, in after times, under circumstances of the most unpromising nature, amid scenes, perhaps, of folly, vice, and dissipation, or in the sober moments of sickness and sorrow, the remembrance of a praying mother may present itself with overwhelming emotions. The events of early days may rise up in quick succession before the mind, until the long lost wanderer, recovered from the slumber of death and sin, may live to be a monument of the pardoning mercy of God, and his last accents be those of gratitude and praise for a pious mother.'

Hert I could weep again, not in tears of sorrow, but of joy. Here my mind now turns from a scene of desolation, where thorns and briers grew, to a cultivated garden, in which there is an abundance of delicious fruit—where flowers of fragrance in rich variety put forth their loveliness, and stifle by their luxuriance every noxious weed.

Past indiscretions had carried discipline in their train; bitter pangs had arisen out of transient pleasure; and the soul subdued by reckless indulgence, through its connexion with a nature grosser than itself, now sought a quiet place of rest, where, undisturbed, it might possess greater meekness for ultimate destiny. Every false appliance is now set aside, and abhorred; a cheating world with all its fascinations is now utterly despised; and nothing short of the perfection of moral character is the object of a firm resolve. But his strength decreased, the first symptom of which, to sympathising friends, was a countenance, now flushed with a rosy hue, and now tinged like the yellow leaf. In his physical constitution, the destructive principle increased apace. Yes; but as he became weaker, he became holier. Still, it is true, he clung to life, not for its own sake but for the sake of others, and wished to live that the sincerity of altered views and feelings might be exhibited in a broadly marked devotedness to the welfare of mankind. I see him yet—I hear him yet. Though pale and emaciated, and at times full of pain, calm resignation sat enthroned on his countenance, with their attendant graces of confidence and hope. It was as with a voice from the grave that he said, 'To the frustration of my plans I yield—there is a necessity for compliance; but in this necessity my own will is involved; and the power that imparts the reconciliation is, in itself, soothing to my soul.' Then, the crisis came—the body ceased to have conscious presence in the midst of weeping friends; and, with a mind agitated by mingled emotions, I followed the remains of the departed to the mansion of rest.

Death to the captive oft-times proves a friend;
Nor more than this his heart does scarce desire,
When worn with toil, and with earth's cares oppress'd.
The burden, once removed, is felt no more;
And never more shall any pressure weigh
On mind, or body. The release is not
For days, or months, or years; but lasting as
Ages rolling over, 'mid brightness pure
As uncreated being—brighter far
Than the united glory, ten thousand times
Ten thousand, of yonder golden sun in
Heaven's high vault, pouring contempt and scorn
On polish'd earth, though sparkling in a crown.
The burden once laid down, and earth to earth
Committed; then the immortal substance,
Purer than ether, and more fleet than air,
Enters its home of rest, and glory bright—
Of glory never seen before, nor shall
Be ever seen, while clay and time are ours.
The land is healthful whither it has gone;
'Tis more than beauty—peace and friendship there

Are permanent enjoyments. Night to night
Succeeds not; nor day to day; nor seasons
Ever varying from cold to heat—from
Heat to cold again. Ever new the scene,
And newer still, as Being infinite
Unfolds its unimagined stores of light.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

IN spite of the unhappy agitations to which, as viewed in political or sectarian aspects, the cause of education has temporarily given rise among us, it is a great and cheering fact that knowledge is everywhere on the increase, affording pregnant indications of the approach of still better and brighter days. Learning, in all its branches, is walking in rapid strides over the face of almost every civilised nation upon the earth. The dark clouds of ignorance, which hung so gloomily over the times of our forefathers, are being dispelled by the clear light of knowledge, like the mists of morning before the rising sun. The fountain of instruction is unsealed, and in every direction is emitting its salutary streams. It is, however, a lamentable truth that, in this vast extension of education, the female members of the community do not duly participate. The fact is too glaring to be denied—that, of the advantages which are derived from the acquisition of knowledge, and the cultivation of the intellectual powers, they do not receive their just and rightful share. As a class, the march of mind has left them far in the rear, spell-bound by ignorance with all its train of evils. The amount of learning deemed requisite to procure respectability in man, is considered in woman as extraordinary and superfluous.

It is, however, in the hope of contributing in some slight degree to the production of a wiser and more healthful tone of feeling, and of impressing our readers with the necessity that exists for a more extensive culture of the female mind, that we submit to them our thoughts on this important subject. But we deem it requisite, at the commencement of our observations, to enter our protest against a certain opinion which has been widely circulated and extensively received, and which we regard as being pregnant with mischief to the social well-being of society. We refer to the inhuman idea that the mind of woman is essentially of an inferior character, and less susceptible of cultivation than that of man. This notion, so universally prevalent in the eastern nations, is still lurking in the secret thoughts of the public mind; dethroning woman from the high eminence on which she was primarily placed, and reducing her to a state of vassalage; robbing her of that respect which is her indisputable right, and causing her to be regarded as the mere slave of man's passions, or the servant of his will. But the idea which is exerting so baneful an influence we believe to exist without the slightest foundation; and we doubt not that, if the mind of woman were placed under equally favourable circumstances, it would develop itself as largely and evince itself as powerful as that of man, for the greater vigour of his intellect is doubtless owing to the greater amount and superior manner of his education, just as the shrub which receives the requisite amount of culture and attention will become stronger and more vigorous than that which is neglected, though both may possess the same inherent powers of vegetation.

An enlarged and educated mind is unquestionably attended with many advantages. In it is one of the essential elements of true dignity, inasmuch that he who possesses it has that which endows him with more real nobility than he could possibly possess without it, even though he wore the imperial coronet, or the tiara encircled his brow. In it also is a high degree of enjoyment—a well-spring of happiness—a deep fountain of pleasure. To these, and every other advantage connected with it, woman has a just and legitimate claim; and to withhold them from her is to rob her of her rights. It is not, however, from these considerations, forcible as they are, that we draw the grand argument for woman's education, but from the influence which, from her station in society, she must necessarily exert. That woman possesses an incalculable amount of influence is a fact universally acknow-

ledged because universally felt. How often has man found her to be

'A blessed influence, prompt to nerve
The soul sore moved from truth to swerve!'

When the snares of the world were around him, and temptation from within and without had bribed over the witness in his own bosom, how often has he thought of the silent monitress who was sitting alone, guarding the comforts of his home; and the remembrance of her character, clothed in moral beauty, has scattered the clouds before his mental vision, and sent him back to that beloved home a wiser and better man. But without any further general reference to woman's influence, let us just glance at that which she possesses in the most important position which she sustains in society, namely, the position of mother. All history abounds with facts illustrative of the vastness of maternal influence. Innumerable instances might be adduced of eminent men having ascribed all their excellences to the instrumentality of their mothers; while the cases in which a similar debt is acknowledged to fathers are extremely rare. Indeed, it is a well-known fact that the influence which the father exerts over the minds of children is but feeble in comparison with that exerted by the mother. We do not forget that the husband is the head of the wife; but he is only so as respects relative position, authority, power to protect, and facility to support. She is the 'weaker vessel,' not the weaker agent; she is inferior in power to stem the torrents and withstand the tempests of life, but not inferior in capacity to wield an influence over mind. And her domestic position, combined with her fineness of feeling and quickness of taste, render her a suitable instrument for fashioning the elements of moral and intellectual habits. Her duties, too, or at least those of them which occur most frequently, bring her into immediate contact with mind. While her husband is operating on the tangible affairs of life, she is operating on the intellect and the heart; and while he is conflicting with commercial or professional difficulties, she is conflicting with the far higher difficulties of restraining the opening depravities of a child's temper, or guiding the development of its intellectual powers. Thus the character of the rising race of men and women exists at this hour in the bosom of their mothers. The mother deposits in the heart of childhood the seed, the fruit of which shall be developed in manhood. It is an important fact, that during the first few years of our existence more is done towards the formation of our character than during the rest of our life, however long. Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images of the things which surround it, but with this difference, that the images remain after the things of which they are reflections disappear; for the sentiments imbibed, and the feelings experienced in the early part of our life, constitute inherent habits of mind, and thus become the substratum of the future character. Now, as the conduct of the mother is the pattern on which the eyes of children most frequently rest, and from which their earliest impressions are received, it requires but a slight amount of reflection to see that the influence of woman, in her maternal capacity, is the mainspring of the character of society—the power which sets all its machinery in motion. It is true that man shares with her the responsibilities of the domestic circle; but in the business of forming habits and developing the intellect, he is rather the wielder of authority to sanction, than the wielder of influence to produce. The work of training the minds of children devolves essentially upon the mother. In numberless and nameless ways she exerts over them that paramount influence which is the instrument of fashioning their habits and intellects into whatever form they assume.

If, then, such an amount of influence is possessed by woman, how important it is that she should have a rightly-constituted and well-cultivated mind! Her task may not require proficiency in many branches of knowledge, but it requires masterly skill in reducing complex subjects to their elements, in diving beneath the effect to the cause, in detecting the more subtle differences and resemblances of things, in reading the future in the present, and in ris-

ing from particular facts to general laws or universal truths. And as the duties which devolve upon woman, in her maternal capacity, require such qualifications, it is evident that, unless her mind has been previously prepared by proper training and discipline, she can never rightly perform those duties, and her influence will become to society a blighting, withering curse.

It may be asked what kind of education the female members of society ought, according to our views, to receive. We will answer in a few words. And here we must be allowed to express our disapprobation of the sacrifice of useful attainments which is made at the shrine of what are called accomplishments. We do not, of course, reprobate all accomplishments. Some of them have, undoubtedly, a tendency to refine the taste, and impart fineness of tint to the beauties of woman's character. But even these should be attended to only when a female has acquired the more solid attainments which qualify her for exerting a benign moral influence on society, and performing well the prospective duties of wife and mother. One subject with which females need a better acquaintance than they at present possess is that of *mental science*; for those upon whom the charge of forming the mind naturally devolves, should certainly know something of the materials on which they are to operate. A more general diffusion of a knowledge of the philosophy of the mind, as a part of female education, would, we doubt not, be followed by the happiest results. It is true, females do not require to be metaphysicians; but they need to be well taught in practical views of the intellectual faculties, in the phenomena of their operation, and in the modes of training and strengthening them. Without enumerating any more particulars, we would desiderate as much general knowledge as would make a woman feel at home in listening to any intelligent conversation, and qualify her for directing the curiosity of her children, and inciting in them a thirst for knowledge and a faculty of practical observation. In fine, all a female's objects of educational attainment ought to be selected and acquired with a view to practical utility. Instead of learning matters which fit her only to amuse the idle fancies of friends, she ought to learn those which will qualify her to perform, with an enlightened mind, whatever duties may devolve upon her as a most influential and responsible member of society.

TOM BENSON'S NOTES.

SCENE IN A NEW ORLEANS CABARET.

I NEVER knew a sailor who was possessed of the true salt-water infatuation save one, and that was old Jim De Clin. The insanity of love for the sea was as radically fixed in the old coxswain's constitution as if a mermaid had nursed him and Neptune had stood godfather at his baptism, and we never saw the fixed outlines of blue mountains rise above the horizon, nor heard the land-breeze piping amongst our cordage aloft, but old Jim declared that he felt sick and aguish. 'I was born in a Dutch packet,' he would say, 'cradled in a Nantucket whale-boat, sent to school in a razee, apprenticed to a schooner, and married at twenty to this here frigate; and as I never saw anything come to a ship or ship's crew but wreck and robbery from getting on land, I can't fix the use of it nohow, save to grow taties and other longshore grub, and serve for holding an anchor now and again.' I never could subscribe to the old man's philosophy, however, even although a snow-white head, a hale kindly visage, and an earnest blue eye conjoined to recommend it to me. I had forsaken the land for the sea, and I did feel at home on ship-board, it is true; but still, like the great majority of my comrades, I felt a dancing lightness about my heart, like the reverberations of first love, whenever I got my foot fixed upon *terra firma*. I never felt less disposed to listen to the venerable coxswain's prelections upon maritime optimity, nor happier to escape from the fever-breeding islands of the Gulf of Mexico, than in December, 18—, when the U. S. frigate Vermont began to divide the dirty waters of the Mississippi, and to stand up the river

for New Orleans. Mayhap the reader has often heard of this city, and has never seen it. If such is the case, he occupies the most enviable position regarding it that I know of; for to hear of it is much more pleasant than to see it, and much safer too, as regards health, life, purse, and morals.

We cast anchor on a Sunday morning, a short distance below the city, and in the middle of the dull, sluggish river, about a hundred miles from its mouth. On the east bank, and apparently in a flat, swampy hollow, the low, unimposing-looking houses of the city, with the mean, dingy public buildings, and here and there a vinegar-cruet looking steeple, met the eager eyes of my shipmates, as they gazed from the deck and calculated how much the purser might have chalked up against each of them, and how many dollars they could shake in their pockets to-morrow.

New Orleans is one of the meanest-looking cities I ever lay alongside of; a fleet of flat-bottomed cod-boats riding quarantine for a month could not present a more humble appearance; and, looking to the land alone, you might as well expect honey in the heart of a miser as wealth in that parallelogram of brick, stone, wood, and stucco. Look to the river, however, and the scene and impressions alter; there are no piers, no wharves, nothing like the great building works that one meets in almost every seaport town, to attest the wealth and enterprise of commerce; a high bank of earth or gravel, called the levee, runs along the west side of the city; and by this bank thousands of masts lift their heads aloft, and shake their several pennons to the wind. The inland boat-trade of twenty thousand miles concentrates here. The great parent water and her mighty tributaries send down their fleets of boats from the grain-growing states of the far north, and from the lands of cotton and tobacco, and to Florida on the east, as well as to the most southern point of Louisiana, New Orleans is the point of commercial centralisation. Ships laden with the merchandise of America are incessantly moving down the river bound for every port in the world, and steam-boats are passing and repassing with a rapidity that almost mocks the ability to enumerate them. Between two and three thousand boats sometimes lay moored and jammed together by the levee, and some eight or ten thousand boatmen are generally added to the number of the New Orleanese when the spring trade of the north opens.

There was not one on board the Vermont, from the captain to the youngest powder-monkey, save old Jim De Clin, that did not rejoice when our best bower-anchor lay firmly imbedded in the mud of the Mississippi; and if humble petitions could have proportionally exalted Captain Burr in his own estimation, he must have smiled with inward satisfaction at the prayers addressed to him for leave to go ashore. Captain Burr was a Yamkee—a tall, spare, quiet man, with muscles of iron, but a heart, I believe, of the best quality of human flesh. His blue eyes were deep set beneath two shaggy bushy eyebrows, and his grey hair hung over his shoulders in waving curls; but there was an expression of kindness, conjoined with firmness, in his face, which made the sailors love it, and honour his grey hairs for its sake. By his officers he was universally respected; and although the tars might discuss the propriety of wearing flannels within the tropics, and grumble at the scrupulous exactitude with which the stern disciplinarian inspected every berth, and saw that every man regularly performed his ablutions, yet they rejoiced in the comparative absence of disease on board our ship, and declared that old Father Burr's ways were 'out of the way,' but well meant. If Captain Ethan Burr was a reserved and scholarly sort of man, Lieutenant Ethan Burr was completely his opposite; father and son never loved each other more strongly than did these two men, and the strength of their love was a striking illustration of the divinity of the paternal and filial sentiments, for in temperament they possessed no unity. In the fundamental essentials of manhood—in urbanity, benevolence, and courage—they were one, it is true; but the gay, laugh-

ing, and agile lieutenant presented a striking contrast to his father, whose gait time had sobered, and whose frame toil and study had bent. Lieutenant Burr was a favourite with both officers and men, and even the little reefers would not fear to crack good-natured jokes about Father Burr before his son; but the most careless and licentious of speech in the ship felt that if they had been inclined to breathe the captain's name lightly, the most dangerous place to do so would be in the lieutenant's presence.

'Pipe these foretop-men for a holiday ashore, Harris,' said the young lieutenant to the boatswain, on the second day of our arrival.

The order was obeyed; and upwards of a dozen of as stout and active lads as ever wore duck trousers and straw hats, lowered the jolly-boat into the dull, sluggish stream. 'You, Benson, and you, Old Jim, are booked for this cargo—tumble in.' I moved forward to obey, but De Clin lingered, as if loath to follow, and, taking his hat from his head, while he rolled his quid from cheek to cheek with great velocity, he said, with a demure aspect, 'Is it orders, sir?'

'Orders! to be sure it is orders!' said the young man, with a merry twinkle in his eye; 'we will have you spliced to a negress, and settled as keeper of a grog-store in this paradise here before we leave the land again; and why do you hesitate to go where so much bliss awaits you?'

'As for being spliced, Mr Burr, that's a matter I have not settled yet; and as for the gal being black or white, that's another question coming arter: but in regard to selling grog like a lubberly pursuer that's studied nothing about a ship but 'rithmetic; and, again, as to living in that swamp, like a gagged alligator, to be swept off with the yaller fever to-morrow, there is one man that never can agree to such a thing, and that is old Jim De Clin.'

'Tumble in, my good old fellow,' said the lieutenant, and he laughed at the serious expression on the old man's face; 'you must see on what sort of soil the timber grows of which your cradle and home have been built.'

'And they tell me coffins for burying men on shore are made of timber too,' muttered the old man, as he agilely threw himself over the side, and slid down amongst the foretop-men, who welcomed him with a faint cheer.

'Keep the lads well together, Ethan,' said the captain, leaning over the bulwark, and speaking to the lieutenant more as a father than superior officer. 'I also depend much upon you keeping them peaceable and sober,' and he kissed his hand and smiled to his son, who lifted his hat from his head and bowed, as the boat moved noiselessly towards the levee.

We ascended the bank of the river by means of a wooden gangway; and, leaving De Clin in charge of the boat at his own earnest solicitation, we followed our officer through the open and rather inviting-looking faubourgs into the narrow dingy streets of the old town. It was nine o'clock of the morning, and the itinerant costermongers were bawling their fruits and vegetables from place to place, in every variety of tone, and in a great variety of languages. The negro women conveyed enormous head-loads of fruit to the mansions of the voluptuous merchants; while Mulattoes, French, Spaniards, Germans, Dutch, English, and Americans drove their mules or horses through the streets, and shouted to them in their several tongues. Sometimes we heard the rattle of a mounted policeman's sabre as he galloped through the dirty confined thoroughfares; and we saw a gang of slaves, chained together, and driven by a one-eyed mulatto, who kept lashing them almost incessantly with a long whip. The streets are cleaned by slaves sent to do so by their arbitrary masters as a punishment, who receive some twenty-five cents a-day for each man's labour; while the poor negro sweaters under a burning sun at the will of his tyrant, half-clad, and almost unfed. Lieutenant Burr muttered something about southern scoundrelism as we passed the chained slaves, and it was well that the majority of those who heard him were of his own state of Massachusetts, for to a Louisianian heart sympathy for the blacks is truly a black offence.

I and my shipmates walked quietly and demurely behind our officer, gazing about us from right to left, and making some ridiculously delightful attempts to read the signboards of the French storekeepers, when the sound of a fiddle attracted our ears, and, as if by simultaneous consent, we entered the drinking-house, or cabaret, from whence the noise of laughter and the patter of busy feet also issued. The room into which the French *maitre d'hôtel* ushered us with obsequious alacrity was large and also well lighted and aired, even although the ceiling was low; about three feet from the roof the clapboards were hinged all round, and were let down towards the outside by pulleys and strong cords, admitting the light without the direct scorching heat of the sunbeams; and here girls and young men of every shade of colour, from jetty black to pale yellow, were chattering in numerous broken languages, or dancing to the sound of two fiddles, which a grey-haired negro and a blind white man were driving the bows across with great apparent zeal and energy. Sitting on benches which were arranged round the wall, on which our men also seated themselves, were the regular attendants of the *sal du bal*—dark-eyed girls of Spanish origin, with perhaps a dash of Indian blood, giving warmth to their soft smooth cheeks, were chattering and smiling to one or two ruffian-looking blacklegs, who had probably been chased by Judge Lynch from some of the new settlements in Texas, and who, instead of their legitimate garb of tar and feathers, wore red flannel jackets and broad sombreras, and spent with reckless improvidence the money which they had no doubt as easily acquired. Here you might see a fair girl coquetting with a lank, lean-jawed mulatto, whose enormous bowie-knife was ostentatiously displayed in the leathern belt that bound his dirty calico blouse to his waist, and who was at liberty to strike or kick that girl in our glorious republic with impunity if he pleased, because she was an octoroon, that is, one part of her blood out of eight was black, and that was sufficient to neutralise, according to southern ideas, all the virtues of the seven red parts that had sprung from and flowed from a Caucasian stock. An Indian, half drunk and in rags, stood in a corner, with a stolid countenance and dreamy eye, and seemed to notice nothing but the tumblers of brandy that glanced in the hands of almost every one around him. The loose low bodice and short brightly variegated kirtle of Spain was in juxtaposition with the tight-fitting, peaked spencer of France, and the gay silk head-dresses of the negresses contrasted brightly with the braided or curled hair, which was the only covering for the head worn by many in that room.

Lieutenant Burr looked upon this scene for a few minutes with apparent interest, until observing that the men seemed irksomely alive to his presence, and that the hilarity and activity of the dance were being intermitted that he and his attendants might be scrutinised, he beckoned upon myself and Alandro Dias, a handsome spirited Spanish Yankee and captain of the foretop, to follow him; and, passing from the saloon, he led us up a creaking wooden stair, and into a large billiard-room, where the clouds of cigar-smoke hovered over yellow, withered-looking gamesters, whose eyes seemed bursting from their sockets while they watched the roll of the balls, distributed the cards, or rattled the dice, but who settled into a listless-like indifference after every game was finished, until the climax of another seemed to rouse them again to calculate with excited countenances the hazard of their ventures. I did not like my company, and I saw that Mr Burr was doing violence to his feelings to gratify my shipmates, while the large black eyes of Alandro Dias kept watching the countenances of the several silent actors before him with uneasy suspicious intensity, and his hand ever and anon seemed to move instinctively to the handle of the knife which hung in his belt. There was one fellow standing closely eyeing us when we entered, whose slouched hat shaded his face, and whose long black tangled hair hung carelessly down his brown cheeks; but neither the shade of his hat, his thick matted beard, his long straight hair, nor the mantilla which was wrapped round his person in

a free cavalero manner, could conceal the sinister expression of his snake-like eyes, and the hectoring bully-like gait which practice in insolence had made to sit upon him as consistently as if it had come by nature. I pronounced him a slave-hunter in my own mind whenever my eyes rested on him; bloodhounds and torn negroes rose insensibly on my mental vision, as if his eyes had mirrored to my soul the pictures of the deeds which were sketched on the tablets of his memory, and I started with a strong impulse, adverse to his safety, agitating my arms, when, with disgusting familiarity, he swaggered up to Mr Burr, and, taking him by a button, said, with superlative insolence pervading both tone and gesture, 'You play, sir?'

'Yes, when I wish to be played upon,' said the young lieutenant, coolly but firmly, disengaging his button, and throwing the hand that held it carelessly away from him.

The blood mounted into the face of the blackleg, and his eyes became dull and muddy with the foul purpose which seemed to have awoke in them as the lieutenant turned his back; but the clear eye of Alandro Dias was upon him, and my fingers were within three feet of his throat, so he deemed it prudent to swallow the affront and to say, with a sinister smile, 'So monsieur has been played upon before now?'

'Which question presupposes that I am an instrument at present,' said the gay young man with a laugh. 'I am a Yankee, sir,' he continued, turning towards the gambler, 'and I generally answer questions in Yankee fashion. Am I a fiddle, then, at whose expense the loafers in the *sal du bal* keep up the dance? Am I an organ, for monkeys, dressed a la Hispaniola, to caper familiarly round, and pull by the button? or a harp with golden chords, that gentlemen who have got their legs blackened, and a discharge of feathers from the community of Natchez, would cause vibrate to their own tune: come, sir, let us have your opinion?'

There were two round purple spots seen for a moment upon the ruffian's cheeks, and his beard shook with passion as Alandro and I joined in the laugh at Mr Burr's wit and his expense; but he checked himself with an effort, and, walking towards the billiard-table, coolly dispossessed the player of the rod, and began to amuse himself by driving the balls.

'I have an hour to spare, and I shall engage you during that time,' said Mr Burr, approaching the table, and nodding to the amateur.

'I can play better upon this board than upon words, I promise you,' said the stranger, with a sneer.

'The confession is more honest and honourable to you than the profession,' said the young seaman, indifferently.

'It would be well for some men to confess and receive benedictio before they begin to give their wit unlicensed employment,' said the blackleg, significantly.

'It is pleasant to hear you repudiate even the licentiousness of wit, which is amongst the simplest of your home-grown sins,' said the lieutenant, smiling; 'it makes us hope that the shame of a modern Gomorrah shall yet depart from this part of the republic.'

'You are saucy, sir,' said the gamester, placing the balls in order with a careless swagger.

'And you are inclined to be angry,' replied Mr Burr, as he struck them, and sent them rolling over the board.

At this moment Alandro and I were drawn towards a window, by the shouts and laughter of some of our men, who were dancing before the door of the cabaret; but I distinctly heard the dialogue proceed nevertheless.

'And for what reason do you observe that I am angry?' muttered the brigand through his clenched teeth.

'For the same reason that you note my sauciness,' was the laughing, careless answer.

'And pray tell me my reasons for so observing you,' said the gambler, in a husky voice.

'That you might pay me a compliment,' was the reply.

'Ay! and I will pay you a sharper one still,' he shouted furiously, at the same time drawing his bowie-knife, and striking the unsuspicious young man in the breast, before he could throw up his arm to defend it.

In the blindness of impulse I threw myself upon the assassin, and flung my arms around him; and I also soon felt his keen blade ripping my flesh and grating on my ribs. In vain attempted to hold him; a sickness came over me which completely dissipated my strength; and the murderer being strong and active soon threw me down beside my poor officer, and bounded towards the door. He had just reached it, and was vanishing from my sight, when Alandro Dias caught him by the cloak, and threw him violently into the middle of the billiard-room again. His hat fell from his head as he staggered against the gaming-table and upset it, at the same time revealing one of the most passion-distorted faces I ever beheld. The vein on his brow were swollen like whip-cords, and the white foam from his mouth dabbled his sable beard. His long black locks hung in disordered tangles down his cheeks and his eyes were bloodshot and opaque. He rushed upon my gallant shipmate, knife in hand; but he had one of the most active and cool of human beings to contend with in Alandro Dias. The young foretopman clutched his right wrist with a grasp of iron, and, tripping him up, threw himself forcibly upon his breast. The brigand made furious efforts to heave Alandro from him, but my comrade twisted his legs round the assassin's till his garter snapped with the tension of his muscles, and he pinned his arms to the floor by main strength. The ruffian bit and screamed with all the fury of a madman, but he could not rise, for Alandro held him as if he had been in a vice of iron. My cries and those of the murderer soon attracted the notice of our shipmates, who came rushing up the stair; but they were too late, save to seize and bind the miscreant who had laid one of the most gallant youths low, and stilled the throbblings of one of the warmest and most kindly hearts.

I shall never forget the woful expression of old Jim De Clin's face when I, bloody and weak, was led into the boat, and he was told that the gay and beloved officer who had joked with him scarce an hour before was murdered. I was spared the pain of seeing Captain Burr receive the account of the dire catastrophe. He shed no tear, I was told, and he uttered no ejaculation, nor gave expression to any feeling—but a tremor was seen to shake his frame, and a palor overspread his face, indicative of the most intense and poignant suffering.

The culprit was tried, condemned, and executed, and a deputation from the Louisiana court of justice waited upon our captain to intimate the capital expiation of his crime by the murderer; but the old man refused to see them, declaring that they had insulted his son's memory by slaying his assassin as an offering to his manes, and advising them to examine the morality which tolerated the education of such a ruffian before they condemned him to the gibbet.

There was scarcely a word spoken on board of our frigate as we dropped down the river and bade a sad but willing adieu to the 'queen city of the South.' We felt as if we were leaving a friend behind while we fled from a pestilence; and some of us almost believed that we were in an enemy's country, until we were out once more into the blue waters of the Gulf. It was only then that old Jim De Clin ventured to catechise me concerning the New Orleans cabaret, and to shake his head and declare that his early impressions were deepened on his heart by the sad issue of our adventure, and that he now more than ever dreaded the shore and loved his own blue sea. I never hear the name of New Orleans without a feeling of horror, and dice and gaming-boards are my aversion. Perhaps the tender wound which sometimes yet makes my side smart will be a monitor through life to keep the occurrence sensitively alive in my memory.

A DAY AT SMITH'S FACTORY IN MAUCHLINE.

WHILE inspecting the operations carried on in the factory named above, the mind will not be overwhelmed or oppressed by the vastness, power, and grandeur of the ma-

chinery employed; neither will it be bewildered in the complicated maze of delicate operations, and their minutely perplexed subdivisions; but it will be filled with a lively sense of the beauty of arrangement, and the elegance of results, flowing from those well-contrived appliances which persevering intelligence has brought to bear upon what at first sight may appear only a trifling object of human industry. It has been said, however, both wisely and well, that 'he who is successful in making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, is entitled to be ranked among the benefactors of his country and his species:' admitting the full truth of this apophthegm, as applied by its great propounder, it is not less true that the individual is equally entitled to a like meed of commendation, who, by the peculiar bent of his mind, and the unwearied application of his ingenious industry, has been enabled greatly to extend the usefulness of an established manufacture, or by a change in some portions of its employment to create an entirely new one. If this proposition be admitted, and its truth we scarcely expect to find disputed, that extent of praise is due to Mr Andrew Smith of Mauchline, who, in the pursuit of his ingenious business as a manufacturer of wooden snuff-boxes, has acquired over Britain and the continent of Europe a fame for the elegance and tasteful beauty of his manufactures. It is hardly necessary to state here that the merit of inventing wooden-hinged boxes is not due to Mr Smith, his claims to distinction in this department of his manufacture resting mainly on his successful application of scientific principles to their construction, combined with rare good taste in improving the style of their decoration and finish, which, under his direction, have raised this branch of industry so high as fully to entitle it to be ranked among the elegant arts of the country. But it is not the manufacture of those beautiful articles alone which constitutes his claim to public notice, his fertile ingenuity having aided him in the fabrication of articles of *bijouterie* almost innumerable, including ladies' work, dressing and card cases, albums, fans, trays, screens, paper-cutters, and fancy table-tops; and, 'though last not least,' buttons; the whole of these things, besides numerous others, being manipulated in a style of unusual mechanical excellence, and tastefully embellished by choice artistic devices. To create and fully establish, in an obscure inland village, an extensive business, and to acquire for the locality a degree of celebrity such as that obtained by Mauchline for the manufacture of this description of goods, bespeaks the union and exercise of ingenuity, perseverance, and enterprise, seldom to be found in combination, and still more rarely to be met with so concentrated and developed as to arrive at the full maturity of its growth in one generation; yet a success so entire and enviable has attended the exertions of Mr Smith, who, still in the vigour of intellectual and physical manhood, has established for himself a reputation, and for his manufacture and his native village a character and a source of wealth, which promise fairly to continue and increase for many generations. * To effect such an achievement by the legitimate application of innate sagacity, diligence, and good taste, is of itself sufficient to entitle the man and his labours to a high degree of public commendation; and the spread of his individual fame becomes a matter of general importance, stimulating, as his example must necessarily do, to the persevering application and development of latent genius, and encouraging the exercise of well-directed industry. With a view to aid as far as possible in fostering and spreading this most desirable feeling, we will devote a short space to the description of a recent visit to Mr Smith's manufactory.

On first entering his premises, Mr Smith, with much suavity of manner and unostentatious kindness, conducted us into a workshop about seventy feet in length by ten in breadth, profusely lighted by a range of small windows along one side, and having a narrow wooden bench running

in front of them from end to end of the apartment; along this bench were placed, at regular distances, from fifteen to eighteen instruments, constructed on the simplest principle of the turning-lathe, each one worked with ceaseless industry by a boy. These are employed in fitting the wire shanks or eyelets into, and smoothing the wooden moulds for, the 'Breadalbane buttons,' as they have been called, from the circumstance, as we understood, of the first set made having been purchased for the Marquis of Breadalbane. The button manufacture is one which has been but recently engrafted upon Mr Smith's other operations; but from the systematic simplicity, yet complicated number of the processes, through which each one is made to pass previous to its completion, it is well worthy of a brief description, more particularly as the processes are identical with many of those employed in forwarding and finishing the far more important-looking articles of his manufacture.

The moulds of those buttons are made from choice planed, of picked equality in the grain, which is first cut into strips of about two inches in breadth and about a quarter of an inch in thickness. These strips are then put into an oven very much heated, in which they are subjected to a continued high temperature till they are brought into a semi-charred condition. This is done with a view to effectually destroy the glutinous and saccharine principles contained in the wood, and so to prevent its susceptibility of atmospheric influences, as to avoid the possibility of its contraction or expansion from the effects of heat or moisture. After the pieces of wood have been thus prepared, the slips are placed under the operation of an exceedingly simple and beautiful drilling apparatus, which, from the peculiar construction of its bits, at the same instant gives the requisite form to the button-mould, drills a hole for the reception of the eyelet or shank, and detaches the button from the contiguous wood. Those preliminary processes of sawing and drilling are performed by machinery driven by water-power, erected in premises situated on the river Ayr about two miles from the village, and which contain also the roasting oven already mentioned; in this place the moulds are thrown into large barrels and carted up to the finishing manufactory in Mauchline. Here, by means of the apparatus first described, the eyelets are screwed into the drilled hole in the wood, which at the same moment receives a rapid and perfect smoothing. The button is now passed to another boy, who carefully fills up with a hard-drying compost any void intervening between the wire of the eyelet and the wood, and the whole is then subjected to a process of jappanning, the drying of which is effected by the buttons being placed in rows along the shelves of an oven, heated to about two hundred degrees of Fahrenheit. When, after repeated coatings, they have received a sufficient thickness of this material, they are submitted to the polishers, who reduce them to an exceedingly smooth and regular surface. They are then ranged into pieces of wood perforated with apertures wide enough to admit and small enough to hold firmly the eyelets, and so arranged as to form regular parallelograms; in this arrangement they are securely fixed upon the table of a very simple ruling-machine, which admits of being readily turned and adjusted in every direction. The colour is then applied by means of a steel-pen made on the same principle as a drawing-pen, and so fitted to the machine as to be capable of being drawn with the greatest precision and facility along the edge of a guiding rule, the distance between the lines being regulated by a carefully divided wheel and axle. The number of lines of one colour being completed, the pen is then changed, or, having been cleaned, is supplied with a new colour, and the process of ruling is repeated till all the colours required in the pattern have been duly applied. The patterns here alluded to are those of which fully coloured tartans form the only or the chief characteristics; but the processes of preparation are the same whatever may be the form of the object or the style of its decoration. Where only one tint is employed in the embellishment, the design is applied by the simpler process of transferring an impression printed in that tint from a copperplate; other styles of

* We were informed that, with the exception of the 'Breadalbane button,' the whole of the articles produced in this establishment, and all the processes of their manufacture, have been equally under the management of Mr William Smith, the lately deceased brother of the present proprietor.

decoration are effected by the manual application of artistic labour. Of these latter more hereafter; let us in the mean time proceed with the button manufacture, which, if not the most elegant, is the most recently adopted of Mr Smith's very ingenious productions, and, furthermore, it embraces a full application of all the operations gone through in the varied branches of this business. The pattern having been ruled upon the mould, the buttons are then transferred to another set of operatives, mostly girls, who varnish them, and place them into an oven, again to be dried and to have their surface hardened; this being two or three times repeated, they are then polished to a proper degree of smoothness, and after being carefully cleaned and re-arranged in their racks, they receive their last coating of varnish; this restores the brilliancy of the coloured device, the clearness of which had been considerably dimmed and diminished by the smoothing process. After receiving this coat of varnish, they are very carefully preserved from dust, and immediately replaced in the oven, whence, having been properly hardened, they are withdrawn, and being arranged in cards and papered up they are ready for packing and transmission. The extreme beauty of form and elegance of device, together with the lightness and durability of fabric possessed by these buttons have brought them into general and well-deserved repute. The manufacture is entirely new, it having been introduced by Mr Smith only a year or two ago; yet so greatly has it risen in favour, particularly among the higher classes of society, that it now forms a principal source of employment for the industry of the village, occupying about one hundred and twenty individuals, the produce of whose labour amounts to upwards of one thousand dozens per day, while the demand is still progressively increasing; to meet the exigencies of which the spirited inventor is making large additions to his premises and machinery.

Many of the other articles manufactured in this establishment present a much more striking appearance than those which we have endeavoured to describe; but the process of production being nearly similar, and differing only in degree and application, a minute description of them is not requisite; still some of the varieties are of so elegant and unusual a kind, and so strikingly simple in the mode of their operation as to merit a more special notice. Of this nature, in particular, is the invention of a process by which the most complicated designs can be printed in gold from copperplates upon thin paper, and from this latter transferred with unerring success to articles of any shape or dimensions without in the slightest degree breaking the continuity of the gold. The substance by which the design is transmitted Mr Smith retains as a secret, the immediate agency being an exceedingly delicate and well-regulated pressure applied over and through the intervention of a thickish cake of vulcanised caoutchouc, probably the most elastic substance known to exist in the solid form. The designs worked in gold consist chiefly of exquisitely drawn scrolls, elaborate running ornaments, and such like devices, all of which are designed and executed with much delicacy and beauty. After being laid down and fixed upon the previously prepared article, the paper is washed off (an exceedingly nice operation), and the varnishing and polishing processes are gone through, as already described. Another very interesting and beautiful style of embellishment, which is here elaborated with much success, is exactly the reverse of that last described, consisting of the metal being laid on first. This is chiefly applied to ladies' card-cases, work-boxes, and other articles presenting generally flat surfaces; it consists in covering the article with a sheet of tin-foil; over this the processes of japanning, as first described, are fully performed, the whole being finished over by the colour or device which is to form the prevailing tint or groundwork. This being satisfactorily effected, the article, whatever it may be, is fixed on the table of a ruling-machine, and the devices, generally a combination of straight and waved lines, although of course any others may be adopted, are etched

white surface of the metal, rendered still more lustrous by the action and pressure of the etching tool; this process, when regulated by the principles of good taste, as everything we observed in this establishment is, produces a chaste and lively effect. After the etching has been completed the article is varnished and polished like the others, by which the most perfect equality of surface is restored, and, when finished, has an effect equal in appearance to the finest enamel. In this manufactory are also extensively produced fancy table-tops and ornamental screens, trays, and caskets, adorned with landscape and figure subjects painted and finished with a sufficient degree of artistic excellence to please the taste of the most fastidious connoisseur; fans are made also in great numbers, and of rare beauty, which meet with their principal share of appreciation among the polished society of the Parisian saloons; snuff-boxes which might grace the fingers of an emperor, and, in short, every variety of fancy article—the matchless accuracy of the workmanship, the pure taste of the decoration, and the real beauty of the finishing being worthy of each other.

To the intelligent stranger a visit to this establishment must produce emotions of mixed surprise and gratification. In a quiet agricultural village, where the utmost extent of ingenuity he could reasonably expect to meet with would be indicated in the fabrication of improved implements of tillage, what must be his surprise to find a whole community of well-tutored artists, busily engaged in the most delicate and complicated operations. Here he will find skillful designers sedulously labouring to mature the fruits of their intellectual conceptions, well-trained engravers engaged in reproducing those designs, a copperplate-press fully employed in multiplying impressions of them, and eminently skilled artisans busied in bestowing on them the last advantages of mechanical knowledge. To perceive all this, and to know and feel that it has been originated and brought together and made to flourish in an unpromising neighbourhood, and that it is regulated by the workings of one mind, imparts an ennobling consciousness of intellectual power befitting the exalted destinies of man, whose high prerogative it is to have been formed after the intellectual image of his Divine Creator.

A MIRAGE OF TRAVEL.

(From the last leaf of the Manuscript Journal of an Officer.)

CAN you not behold and recall to the mind's eye the classic land of Italy—scale the Alps and hear the roar of the avalanche in the midst of the glaciers—wander among seas of ice, and shudder on the brink of their yawning chasms and rocky shores, hemmed in by lofty precipices and pinnacles that pierce the clouds and threaten the vault of heaven itself? Can you not descend the rapid Rhone, the far-famed and lovely Rhine, or the grander 'the dark rolling Danube,' where ruined castles and dungeon-keeps frown on you from every steep—where the mist of former ages seems yet to hover, shrouding the spectre forms of robber-knights with closed visors and sable plumes—where superstition yet reigns, and is nursed in the many convents and monasteries which meet you at every bend of its turbid course, and whose vesper or matin bells, as you glide along, sometimes break a spell or add a charm? When tired of nature you fly to art; and whose blood does not thrill when wafted to St Peter's dome? Rome and her grandeur lies spread before you: the Coliseum, the Capitol, the Forum, and all the mouldering ruins of the mighty past. People them with the heroes of ancient times—or, if the imagination be not vivid enough, descend to the halls of the proud Vatican, where their statues bring them to forcible remembrance. Again away: View the lovely Genoa and her marble palaces—fair Florence and her Tribune studded with the rarest gems of art. A touch of the magic wand, and Milan's magnificent cathedral, with its airy pinnacles pointing the path to heaven, stands before you in all its snow-white purity; and, O thou floating city of the sea, Venice, 'that vast metropolis of glistening spires, with

ancy, has sounded like enchantment—'that scene of light and glory,' how the memory loves to linger on her gongolias and gondoliers' song—the marble mansions of her proud nobility—her domes and minarets—her palaces and prisons, and Bridge of Sighs—her men of noble mind—her Foscaris—and still she stands a wonder to the world! Once more the scene is changed: Naples and her infernal fires stir up the very soul. You wander among the skeleton and ghost-like streets of the disemombled Pompeii; descend the dark damp grave of Herulanum; scale the rugged lava and burning ashes of Vesuvius, listen to its subterranean thunder, and inhale the sulphurous vapours from the brink of the boiling crater itself! Again the mirage assumes another form: stirring life and the gay coteries of Paris or Vienna flit before the mind:

'In all their golden pomp I see them now—
Their swarming streets, their splendid festivals;
I see their halls sun-bright at midnight shine,
I hear the music of their banquetings.'

or you are in a regal garden, with sparkling fountains and shady trees, enveloped in the clouds of a 'light cigar,' listening to the lively strains of Strauss, the sweet ethereal music of Rossini, or the grander symphonies of Beethoven or Mozart. You tread the halls and palaces of princes: scan the pictures and statues of ancient days—they start into being, and the mind rushes back for centuries, and again wades down the stream of time hand in hand with these reanimated heroes. Whatever mood the mind is in you can waft to it its fancied forms; and he time that might otherwise have been passed in a melancholy stupor, or spying figures in the ever-varying members of the fire, is often turned to pleasurable account, roaming over the world's wide domain.—Away, ye railway trains, with your earthly flight—ye aerials scud-ding on the winds of heaven—what is your rapid race to ours? The lightning itself could not act as a guide to the ath of imagination's wild and wide career!

A GREEK FIRE-SHIP.

I will try to furnish some idea of a Greek fire-ship. Suppose first an empty hull, of about fifty or eighty tons burden. Inside her is placed, by her broadside or beams, half a dozen kegs of powder, with as many barrels of tar, covered with dry brushwood, old tarpauling, and other combustibles. Through the hold, from stem to stern, there runs a channel or canal, about the form and size of an English spout, containing a plentiful train of powder. This is covered with brushwood and other inflammables, until the hold is full. Aloft, she is rather rudely rigged, but safe and manageable even in bad weather. Her ratings, cordage, masts, and bulwarks, are smeared with tar, and at her yard-arm ends grappling irons are fastened, fit to entangle her with the ship alongside of which she may run. She is manned with a captain and four sailors, and towed a boat astern for their escape. Thus fearfully armed, this terrible sea-horse, this *machine infernal*, stalks about generally at night, looking out for the Moslems. As soon as the fleet is observed, she bears down, gently, on some great first-rate, singled out as the victim. One of the men is at the helm, the rest are in the boat astern, with a match lighted. She dashes against the Turk; the boats grapple her upper works; the match is applied to the train, at a hole astern; the steersman leaps into the boat; the boat sheers off; the train fires the brushwood; half a minute the hold is a furnace; the flames ascend the rigging, and in five minutes the ship becomes a mass

of blazing element. The enemy, unable to break away, or check the devouring flames, takes fire at once. The crew, some eight or nine hundred poor defenceless mortals, are either burned to ashes with the ship, or leaping overboard, meet death in a milder form. Such are the fear and confusion, that on these occasions but few Turks could reach either a ship or the shore! Only about three months before I landed at Spetsia, one of these fire-ships had burned a tremendous ship of the Othomans. I think it was the admiral. The English papers were full of the affair. Little did I imagine, on reading the details, that I should board one of these fearful machines—that I should converse with the very men who achieved the appalling feat: yet so it was. I walked out one morning with two captains; in our progress they showed me the bronze cannon they had taken from the poor burned Moslems. 'Other ships sank,' said my companions, 'but as the fire had literally melted the guns, we could not fish them up.'—'Many of my countrymen,' I replied, 'would sacrifice much to see what my eyes now behold.' Yet one cannot but heave a heartfelt sigh over the ashes of eight hundred poor Moslems, burned and drowned in the dead of night, and ushered into the presence of Deity, without an acknowledgment of the Son of God. Ye children of Ishmael! may your rapid advances in civilisation lead you eventually to the divinest science—that of the cross!—Wilson.

THE NINE PARTS OF SPEECH.

1. Three little words we often see
Are articles—*a, an, and the.*
2. A noun's the name of anything—
As *school or garden, hoop or swing.*
3. Adjectives tell the kind of noun—
As *great, small, pretty, good, or brown.*
4. Instead of nouns the pronouns stand—
John's head, *his face, my arm, your hand.*
5. Verbs tell of something being done—
To *speak, read, write, sing, jump, or run.*
6. How things are done the adverbs tell—
As *slowly, quickly, ill, or well.*
7. Conjunctions join the words together—
As *men and children, wind or weather.*
8. A preposition stands before
A noun—as *by or through a door.*
9. The interjection shows surprise—
As—*oh, how pretty! ah, how wise!*

THE 'HEART-MELTER.'

Three or four hundred Lutheran hymns have been translated into the Tamil language for the benefit of the Tranquebar churches. Zeigenbalg began the work and Fabricius finished it. One day a Hindoo recited to an English missionary, in the course of their conversation, a verse of a beautiful hymn; when the latter, astonished, inquired of the stranger where he had found this verse. 'Oh,' he replied, 'I have a book, the Heart-Melter, which contains a great many such verses.' As the missionary had never heard of a book having this title, he wished to see it. The Hindoo produced it, wrapped up with great care, kissed it reverentially, and put it into the hands of the missionary. And what was it? An old Tranquebar hymn-book, to which, as the title-page was lost, the Hindoo had given the name of the 'Heart-melter,' indicating thereby the heart-subduing influence it had exerted upon himself.

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